

Campbell Interurban Press.

Fourteenth Year.

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1908.

No. 41

Adjust Your "Specks," Charley.

The following short editorial "squibs" from Thursday's San Jose Times are really funny and make "us" fruit growers smile, considering that the weather bureau records show 1.6 of an inch shower on Wednesday. We are still looking for that rain that will be a "boon to the crops."

"Rain has come."

"Our people are happy."

"A great boon to the crops."

"This means prosperity for us all."

Parents Urged to Send Children.

The grammar school trustees are up-arms about children remaining out of school even on account of the scarlet fever scare. They say that the attendance has been so poor of late that it may be impossible to keep one of the present teachers, on account of a lack of funds. A large part of the funds for school purposes comes from the daily average attendance and when this is reduced a consequent reduction in money is sure to follow. This is an important question and should receive careful attention.

CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

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ELGIN C. HURLBERT

Editor and Proprietor

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BIRTH ANNIVERSARY OF JEFFERSON.

Celebration in San Jose.—"Bryan Volunteers of Santa Clara County" Organized.

Mr. Herbert Bashford, in the San Jose Mercury, gives the following well written account of the meeting of the "faithful" on last Monday evening:

There was a representative gathering of local Democrats at the Lamolle House Monday evening to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. The affair, while wholly informal, was one in which expressions of good-fellowship mingled with eloquent tributes to the founder of Democracy.

There were some 50 covers laid and, following the banquet, the details of which had been arranged by Major W. B. Hardy, the name of Judge Lawrence Archer was suggested as Chairman, and he was chosen amid enthusiastic applause.

Judge Archer, as one of the pioneer Democrats of Santa Clara County, was warmly greeted as he arose in response to the honor conferred upon him.

"I wish to thank you heartily for asking me to preside at this meeting," said Judge Archer. "It seems like getting back to old times. I may say that I began to preach the principles of Jefferson in Santa Clara County about 55 years ago. During this time many have wondered why I didn't get off on some other track, but the truth is I didn't know how to be anything but a Democrat. I am glad to see the old-timers present, and the younger ones also. All in all, I think you are a very respectable looking lot of fellows. I am very glad to see you here, and to be here with you."

Judge Archer impressed upon his fellow-Democrats the necessity of upholding the principles on which the party was founded. Following his remarks, Judge H. M. Hyland was called upon, and told several humorous stories in his inimitable manner and which aroused much merriment. He also read an extract from the inaugural address of Jefferson setting forth the vital principles of the Democratic Party. Judge Hyland closed with an earnest appeal to all present to work for the principles advocated by the immortal Jefferson, bidding them study deeply the life and character of the father of Democracy.

Thomas A. Carroll followed with brief anecdotes of early campaigning in Santa Clara County and predicted success nationally at the next election.

Attorney W. H. Rogers paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Jefferson, laying special stress upon the need of reform in this country and a return to the faith of those who founded the Republic. He spoke in feeling terms of that "great commoner" of today, W. J. Bryan, whom he termed another Jefferson in his advocacy of high ideals and in his courage to stand for the right and for justice. At the close of his address, which was listened to with rapt attention, Mr. Rogers presented for approval the following declaration, which was adopted by a unanimous vote:

"We, the undersigned, believing in the time-honored principles of Democracy as

taught by Thomas Jefferson, deified by Andrew Jackson, brought to the attention of the world by Abraham Lincoln and advocated by W. J. Bryan, do here by organize ourselves into a permanent body as the Bryan Volunteers of Santa Clara County, California.

"And we hereby invite all those who believe in the principles of William Jennings Bryan and desire his election to the Presidency of the United States to unite with us in this movement, irrespective of their past political affiliations."

Nicholas Bowden spoke briefly on the need of organization and told of his firm adherence to the cause of Democracy. His remarks were loudly applauded.

D. M. Burnett, among the younger members of the party, recalled some humorous campaign incidents which provoked much laughter. Short speeches were also made by J. H. Campbell, L. A. Spitzer, A. P. Murgotten, John Roll, Thomas Carroll, Clement Barnett, H. S. Hersman and John Fitzgerald.

Previous to adjournment, a committee was chosen to organize the "Bryan Volunteers of Santa Clara County." Following are the names of the committee: Nicholas Bowden, W. H. Rogers, T. A. Carroll, W. H. Johnson, Leo Archer, James P. Sex, E. C. Hurlbert, W. B. Hardy and Sewell Hatcher. The report of this committee will be received next Friday evening at 8 o'clock at the offices of Attorney Nicholas Bowden.

Following are the names of those who participated in last night's festivities in honor of Thomas Jefferson's birthday: Judge Lawrence Archer, L. A. Spitzer, W. A. January, H. A. Pfister, Thomas Bodley, Wm. Denker, M. H. Hyland, James H. Campbell, N. Bowden, W. B. Hardy, D. M. Burnett, W. H. Rogers, H. Bashford, Leo Archer, Roy Newberry, W. H. Johnson, A. S. Williams, E. W. Jack, J. L. McGee, James P. Sex, H. A. Blanchard, J. R. Ryland, T. C. Barnett, T. C. Hogan, S. Hatcher, Elgin C. Hurlbert, W. K. Jenkins, R. E. Dunphy, John Meyer, John Roll, H. A. Melvin, B. E. Kell, John P. Fitzgerald, E. V. Burke, Fay McCollum, O. Blanchard, Wallace Avery, N. Pellerano and H. S. Hersman.

The Proper Civic Spirit.

The thing that builds the city is proper civic spirit, says a contemporary. Every man who speaks a good word for the town, or picks up a piece of waste paper and throws it into the trash can or gets out at a primary and votes against a grafter is doing something to make the town. Every citizen who leaves his comfortable fireside to attend a public meeting in behalf of some interest of the city builds for the city. Good citizenship has not fulfilled all its obligations by paying taxes and keeping out of the police court.—*Calistogan.*

The junior class of the Campbell high school will present the three-act comedy, "Captain Rocket," next Friday evening, April 17, in the hall of the school. There will also be a curtain raiser, entitled, "Burglar Alarm," by four young ladies, and musical specialties between acts. The comedy and farce are being carefully rehearsed under the direction of Mrs. Olive Rutherford-Worth, who has a wide experience in this line of work, and the entertainment as a whole promises to be a success. "Captain Rocket" is one of the most laughable farce-comedies ever written, full of funny lines and situations.

Japanese Not Looking For War, but Getting Ready.

By HUNTER SHARP, United States Consul at Kobe, Japan.

THE Japanese are following literally the old maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war." It is NOT BECAUSE THEY EXPECT WAR with any nation, but because with their awakening they have become a farseeing and energetic race.

They are WORKING NIGHT AND DAY to place the country in condition to maintain its position as a first class power. They do not propose to recede from this position. It is a peculiarity of the Japanese race that they always have their EYES AND EARS OPEN AND THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED. They know all there is to be known about the resources and capacity of other nations, but little is known about the resources of Japan except generally.

For instance, there is not an American nor a Japanese nor a citizen of any other nation who does not know, if he cares to, just where the American fleet is any day in the week. Japan knows as well as we do the exact movement of our vessels. BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE JAPANESE FLEET IS, and I venture to say that there are few Japanese and probably no foreigners in Japan who can tell where the mikado's battleships are.

The government knows the advantage of being ALWAYS READY for emergencies, and, while, as I have said, the Japanese government has no idea of war with any nation at this time, it is ready or soon could be ready for war.

JAPAN DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT AMERICA BECAUSE AMERICA IS THE LARGEST BUYER OF HER PRODUCTS. JAPAN IS NOT IN ANY TOO GOOD SHAPE FINANCIALLY, AND, ALTHOUGH HER CREDIT IS GOOD, SHE IS SEEKING TO REHABILITATE HER FINANCES BEFORE SHE INCURS ANY FURTHER DEBTS. BUT THE JAPANESE ARE A PROUD PEOPLE. IF THEY FELT THAT THEY MIGHT THROUGH ANY INTERNATIONAL CIRCUMSTANCE LOSE THE POSITION AMONG THE WORLD POWERS THAT THEY HAVE GAINED, THEY WOULD NOT HESITATE TO GO TO WAR WITH ANY COUNTRY.

I have no doubt that the Japanese government will do everything in its power to enforce the emigration restrictions which have been prescribed, and I am confident that this country WILL HAVE NO CAUSE IN THE FUTURE TO COMPLAIN of the Japanese.

What Is the First Law of Nature?

"Self preservation is the first law of nature," answers Johnny Jones.

Correct, Johnny. Go right up to the head of the class.

This law applies to a community as well as to an individual. Under the severe operation of this law a town that does not take care of itself, that does not look after its own interests first, that does not look out for Number One, soon falls into a bad way.

That's just as sure as shootin'. It's the law.

We must obey the law or take the consequences. If



we in this town and community do not work together for our own good, the mutual good of all of us, in all lines of business, we have only ourselves to blame if the plane slides down the inclined plane instead of climbing the golden ladder of prosperity and progress.

For instance, if we do our retail trading with big city stores that have no interest in us except to get our money and keep it, local trade must suffer and shrink, town property values and farm land values must decrease—and there you are!

Johnny Jones, who knows the law, is a wise lad, but how about his papa and mamma?

Do they obey the first law as applied to the old home place? If they don't, Johnny may have to apply the law to himself when he grows up. He may have to go to the city to make a living.

Let's all think it over.

Full line Summer Hats just received

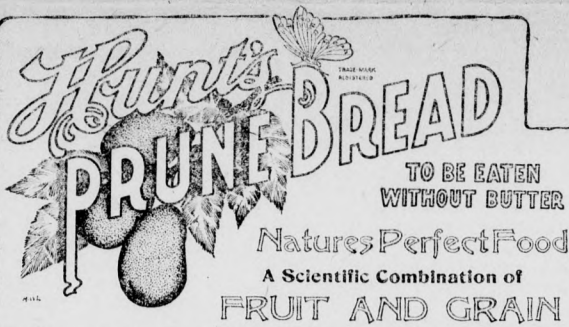
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Our stock is complete.
Our goods are the best.
Our service is unexcelled.

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It is particularly suited for growing children, taking the place of sweetmeats and supplying the material for a strong constitution. It should form a goodly part of every lunch basket.

Hunt's Prune Bread is made by bright, non-preserving machinery in a clean, light, well ventilated factory, operated under the most rigid sanitary conditions insuring absolute purity and cleanliness.

A distinguishing feature of this Bread is its superior keeping quality, which fact alone commends it to tourists, outing parties and all those who are unable to procure fresh bread daily. Presented in a neat, sanitary, hermetically sealed glassine wrapper, it will keep fresh for 10 days and should appeal to every student of hygiene.

LARGE FAMILY LOAVES 10 CENTS

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Sold by the Leading Dealers Served by the Leading Restaurants
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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Hot Cakes for Breakfast THE BEST EVER

USE *Allen's* 8 B. Pancake Flour Mixed with Cold Water or Milk—Pure, Healthful and Delicious. ALL GROCERS

COMMON SENSE.

Of all the gifts this side of heaven
That ever were to mortal given,
The best to have, the worst to miss—
The truest, sweetest source of bliss—
The one rail left of Eden's fence—
Stands the pure charm of common sense.

To earn our right to "daily bread,"
To not regret when time is fled,
To wisely speak and act and think,
To keep life's boat from ruin's brink,
To balance every hour's expense—
We need the aid of common sense.

Sometimes, no doubt, we need to view
The lightning bolts some genius threw;
But now we need, well mixed and stirred,
With silent thought or spoken word—
A sort of human fool's defense—
The wholesome aid of common sense.

Some things, perhaps, must still be
taught,
Where mighty minds their power in-
wrought;
But how to guard the priceless wealth
Of peace and love, of youthful health,
And how to keep our own few peace,
Is taught alone by common sense.

We pray for faith, and light, and peace,
For sin's remove, and love's increase,
For strength to meet the tempter's power,
For dying grace for dying hour—
But now, right in the present tense,
Give us, O Lord! good common sense.

To keep from useless jar and strife,
And bless the changing path of life,
To make each fountain purer still,
To take from loss its fatal chill,
And bring thy own sweet recompense,
We bow to thee, blest common sense.
—Boston Transcript.

What the Artist Saw

Caerlyon was a painter of romantic pictures—twelve-foot square historical canvases, which the critics say will some day be worth a fortune apiece, when the Pierpont Morgans of the future struggle to possess them in the International auction rooms, and Caerlyon, their creator, is in his grave, resting from his herculean labors. Caerlyon was big, like his works; a tall, gaunt, bony man, with long thin hands, long thin arms, and a long thin face, pallid, but strong. Moreover, Caerlyon was consumptive; but his wasted frame was full of fire; the inward flame which burns in—and eventually consumes—the artist.

Caerlyon's wife, Lilla, was utterly unlike her husband—as deeply loved wives so often are—and when he married her, his friends prophesied trouble. Caerlyon was a wayward slip of humanity, and it seemed as though clumsy old Caerlyon made a mistake, for once in his life, by choosing such a handful. It might have been surmised, when Caerlyon was painting his wonderful picture, Mary Queen of Scots at Holyrood, that he and his wife had at last discovered that they had acted unwisely in their marriage. Caerlyon, it is true, was imperturbable. But Lilla was in a fractious temper.

"You never paint me," she pouted, as she watched him at his canvas. "Why shouldn't I sit as a model? You haven't got a face yet for Mary Queen of Scots. Why not use me as a model for her?"

"At present, my dear," he responded, slowly, as he mixed some fresh colors on his palette, "at present, my dear, you are not beautiful enough to be my model for Mary Queen of Scots. I will not paint you till you are beautiful. At present you are—only pretty."

He laid down his palette, smiled, and took her hand. "Dear, dear girl," he said, "don't look so offended! You know what a rough brute I am. I have a dreadful habit of always telling the truth. Beauty and art and truth are the same to me, different words, but with the same meaning. I can't tell nice fibs about my work. Forgive me, sweet. Some day, I know, you will be beautiful, with the beauty I am speaking of; but not just yet. Now you get to learn—something which you haven't learnt yet—then you'll be beautiful. And then I shall paint you. I'm waiting for that day and longing for it; but I won't spoil it by pretending it has come already. Do you understand, Lilla?"

"If I'm not good enough to be your model—" Lilla was beginning, when the door of the studio was thrown open by the housekeeper, who announced, "Capt. Wiltshire."

Lilla brightened immediately. "It's Cousin Stanley! How lucky. I do so want to be cheered up."

"Precisely what I've come for," drawled Wiltshire, advancing into the room, his immaculate silk hat and a cane in one hand, and his other held out in greeting. "Afternoon, Caerlyon. How's the picture getting on? It looks stunning. Why hasn't Mary Queen of Scots got a face?"

"I'm waiting to find a suitable model," said Caerlyon, a shade colder. He did not care for Lilla's soldierly cousin, who seemed so frequently to find an excuse to call and take her out for walks. "Sit down, won't you?"

"No, thanks. Can't wait." Capt. Wiltshire remained standing, and twirled his moustache cheerily. "I've got a couple of stalls for the matinee. Will you come, Lilla? There's not much time to spare."

"Lovely!" Lilla clapped her hands. "I'll be ready in two minutes."

"It's going to rain, Lilla," objected Caerlyon.

"Pooh, who minds a spot or two of rain?" she retorted.

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "be sure and take your mackintosh and umbrella, dearest. You must wrap up well, or I won't allow you to go at all."

"Nonsense," she exclaimed. "You're a fussy. I shan't catch cold. A mackintosh and umbrella, indeed! You want me to look a dowd." And presently, Lilla departed, with shining eyes and a gay laugh—but without either mackintosh or umbrella.

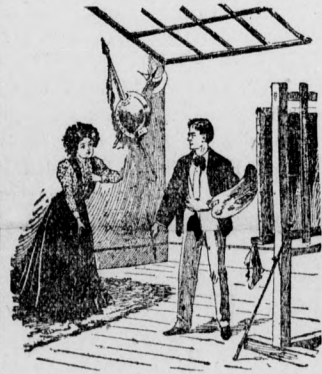
Caerlyon sighed, and returned to his easel. "I must give her time," he was murmuring. "Some day—some day!"

Caerlyon was aroused from his work by a sharp downpour of rain, beating stormily against the skylight of the studio. He stood motionless for an instant, listening to the sharp tattoo of the drops; then he flung down his palette and hastened to the window.

Below, the Chelsea streets were running with wet, and the few pedestrians who hastened along the pavements sheltered under umbrellas. The clouds were leaden; there was not a break in them. Caerlyon frowned anxiously and looked at his watch. There was still half an hour till the theater would be over. And when it was over, Wiltshire and Lilla would come forth, out of the hot air into this! All the cabs would at once be taken; the omnibuses would be crowded. Wiltshire was a careless fellow, and would never have dreamt of ordering a cab beforehand. Lilla would get soaked.

Caerlyon's hands clutched and unclutched nervously. He thought of his frail girl-wife out in this deluge, with no protection but her flimsy, pretty clothes and featherweight dust cloak, and no one to look after her but that fool, Wiltshire. It was maddening. He took a step toward the door. If he were quick, if he wasted not a moment, he might catch them at the exit of the theater. He would fetch Lilla's mackintosh, and take it to her. There was not a second to be lost. He dashed out of the studio, and half a minute later the housekeeper, roused from a doze by the sound of feet on the staircase, heard the front door bang noisily.

In the most comfortable corner of the most comfortable teashop of Bond Street—famed for its comfortable corners in comfortable teashops, where you pay for the comfort at the rather extravagant rate of a shilling per two-



WHY SHOULDN'T I SIT AS A MODEL?

penny cup—sat Lilla and Wiltshire, oblivious of the weather. The play had been dull; at least, Capt. Wiltshire thought it dull, because the characters on the boards were perpetually interrupting his whispered conversation with his pretty companion; and so they had left the theater at the end of the second act and taken a hansom to this pleasant retreat, where there were no unwelcome interruptions.

Capt. Wiltshire was a flirt—when he had someone so very suitable to flirt with as Lilla Caerlyon. For Lilla—though she did not guess it—was a very easily entertained person. Trifles amused her, if they cost money; and there are plenty of idle individuals of the Wiltshire type in this strange universe of ours who are able to believe that they are singularly successful flirts, for the simple reason that they can supply the small expensive amusements which small expensive minds appreciate.

"I've had such a ripping afternoon, Stanley," Lilla assured him, as they rolled homeward in their second hansom, through the drenched streets.

Wiltshire's spirit rose still higher, and he talked—for him—almost brilliantly all the way home in the hansom to Chelsea. "I'm getting on," he was thinking. "She's tired of that boor of a husband of hers, poor kid."

When they reached the studio they were both in the highest of spirits; he, because he was "getting on," and she because he had invited her to another theater next Wednesday.

Behold, the studio was empty, except for the housekeeper, who was staring dolefully at a large and unshapely pair of boots.

"Master's thick boots, ma'am," she said. "Es left them lying here, and gone out in all that rain, and 'asn't even took 'is 'at. 'E rushed out all in a hurry when the rain came, and I've been looking at the 'at stand, and 'e's took your mackintosh with him."

Lilla gazed at Wiltshire in dismay. "He must have gone to the theater to meet us," she stammered. "He thought I'd get wet. Oh, poor Dick, he'll be soaked."

"He can wear your mackintosh, then," laughed Wiltshire, throwing himself on to a couch and lighting a cigarette. "Silly of him not to realize I'd have sense to take a hansom."

Lilla glanced swiftly at Wiltshire, and bit her lip.

"What shall I do?" she said, helplessly.

"Do?" answered Wiltshire; "why, what you've to do is to come and sit

down here and talk to me. You can't do anything else. If Caerlyon will be such a lunatic—"

The door swung open, and Lilla gave a gasp of relief. Caerlyon appeared dripping. In his hand he held Lilla's mackintosh, but perceiving her, he dropped it and sprang forward.

"My dear child, I'm so thankful to see you. Did you get wet?"

"Not a bit, Dick. But where have you been, you absurd boy?" There was a note of anxiety in her voice. She had seen the hectic spot on each of his thin cheeks, and seen him shiver as the rain dripped from his clothes. "And why on earth didn't you put on my mackintosh, as you had it with you?"

"I forgot," he said, sinking into a chair, wearily. "I was thinking of you all the time. I hung about outside the theater till all the people had left. Wet? Oh, no, I'm not very wet." It was plain that his wetness was forgotten in the joy of discovering Lilla safe and sound. "No, really, I'm not wet—" he was repeating, when suddenly he was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

"My dear Caerlyon, it was idiotic of you not to trust me," Wiltshire lazily reproached him. "You ought to have given me credit for enough common sense—"

But Lilla broke in, peremptorily. "Dick, you must be off to bed at once. You've got that terrible cough, and I'll never forgive myself—Stanley, go to the chemist's and get some eucalyptus, and a bottle of embrocation. There's not an instant to be lost."

"Oh, I say!" drawled Wiltshire, "it's raining like mad, and you know how few hansomers there are about these Chelsea streets. Wouldn't it do to send the housekeeper to the chemist's, Lilla?"

Lilla turned on him a glance of scorn. "The housekeeper has got to stay and boil water, and do all sorts of things. Dick must be got to bed this minute, or his old illness will be upon him. Don't argue; go to the chemist's at once. You can take an umbrella, can't you?"

Whereupon Wiltshire thought better of his protests and went.

When he returned from his errand very bad tempered, and with his boots splashed with plebeian mud—for, as he had foreseen, no hansomers were to be procured—he sent up a pencilled note to Lilla, by the housekeeper, pleading for a moment's interview. "Now I've done this beastly job for her, perhaps she'll be nice to me," he reflected; "and I'll make her admit she's sorry she was so rude."

Lo and behold, Lilla returned a curtly verbal reply: "I can't see you. I'm too busy." And the housekeeper—horrid, matter-of-fact matron—added on her own account, "She's attending on her husband, you see, sir."

Upstairs in the sickroom Lilla sat by Caerlyon's bed and watched him with anxious eyes. He was coughing less now, and the hectic spots on his cheeks were losing their brilliancy. The fever was leaving him, though his great gaunt form was still very weak.

His bony hands, which had been playing restlessly over the covert, sought hers, and held them tight. "Lilla," he said, "let me look at you, dearest." He drew her toward him.

She bent and kissed him. "Good old boy, what is it you want?" she asked. "Haven't you had enough of looking at me these last few days, while I've been dosing you with that horrid medicine, and rubbing your scarecrow chest with the embrocation?"

"I can never have enough of looking at you, sweet," he responded. "Let me look at you again, now. No; not that way; turn your face so that the light falls on it. That's it. Now look at me straight. Yes; just what I expected. Just what I knew would come." He let go her hands and sank back in the bed. "What was it you expected?" she inquired.

"Beauty," he said softly. "It has come. I knew it would come. I shall paint you as Mary Queen of Scots now."

For the girl who had been "only pretty" had turned that mysterious corner which leads to womanhood and beauty. —London Telegraph.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the West," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive which had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"You admit that the whistle blew? I sternly demanded of the witness.

"Oh, yes; it blew."

"Now, I added impressively, 'if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the witness.

"Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineers blow his whistle after the man had been struck?"

"I presume," replied the witness, with great deliberation, "that the whistle was for the next man on the track." —Harper's Weekly.

Suspended Interest.

"Would you say that author has the gift of keeping your curiosity excited?"

"After a fashion," answered Miss Cayenne. "You are constantly expecting him to say something interesting, and he is always putting it off till the new chapter." —Washington Star.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to believe all the nice things he sees in the newspapers about himself.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IDEAS ON GOVERNMENT.

By Gov. Charles Hughes.



GOV. HUGHES.

There is nothing that I desire more than to see our Institutions work as they were intended to work, with every department of government performing its functions to the highest degree of efficiency, with every man true to his oath of office, and the entire administration revealing no imperfections except those that are the invariable result of our fallible human mind. In other words, free institutions for the benefit of all, with a majority in control, and energetic effort on the part of all to make that majority intelligent and expressive of the real progressive sentiment of the American nation. And so it is that underlying all we think or do is the determination that there shall be no alien hand placed upon the administration of government; that there shall be no perversion of its administration, which shall be impartial to the service of any particular interest; that there should be equal justice, ability and intelligent desire to serve the interests of all, and that in all our complications of policy we should be swayed by no desire to win the favor of the moment, but by a constant desire to build an enduring structure in which our people can live happy, useful lives.

GOOD HUMOR THE SAVING GRACE OF LIFE.

By Camille Melland.



The benefits of good humor cannot be exaggerated. The ideal would be always to be in good humor, or, at least, to be able to put one's self in it at will; to have only to press a button in order to see everything rose-colored. This is an invention which would surpass in utility all the others; unhappily, the inventor is still to come.

I do not fear to proclaim that good humor creates good humor. It is a truth of the best evidence. Have you not noticed that in your days of good humor fortune was mysteriously favorable? Those are the days when all succeed, when we all smile, all our wishes are

QUEEN WEARS FAKE RUBIES.

"Aren't They Beautiful?" Asks Alexandra.

Queen Alexandra is having much amusement with the imitation rubies which she, possessing some of the most magnificent jewels in Europe, can dare to wear. Her majesty rarely wore anything but pearls and diamonds formerly, so the rubies attract the more attention and arouse admiration, which the queen perfectly understands, is not provoked utterly by their beauty.

When any one praises the rubies her majesty says, as if much gratified: "Do you like them? Yes; they are very fine, aren't they? Beautiful!" But then she adds, smiling:

"Between you and me, they are imitation."

The rubies are such astonishingly good counterfeits that only an expert in gems can discover that they are false.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, the queen's close friend, bought some of the rubies from a foreign peddler for a joke, and then Alexandra first saw them. She purchased some, too.—The Record.

FATHER HEINRICHS.

Priest Who Was Murdered While Administering Holy Communion.

Father Heinrichs, who was murdered by Giuseppe Guarnacelo, an avowed anarchist, while administering the holy communion in St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church in Denver, was a Franciscan and popular in Denver, though



FATHER HEINRICHS.

he had lived there only since last September. In preparing his body for burial it was found that he wore a steel chain with sharp points adjusted to pierce his flesh constantly. He came from Paterson, N. J., to which city the remains were sent for interment. In Paterson Father Heinrichs had charge for three years of St. Bonaventura's church. Previously he had been in charge of an Italian congregation at Crogan, N. Y. He was born in Koeln, Germany, Aug. 15, 1867, entered the Franciscan order in 1886 and was ordained in 1901.

THE COAL SACK.

Astronomical Mythology of the Australian Blackfellow.

Immediately below the lower stars of the group which forms the Southern Cross there is a black patch in the sky, dark, sack-shaped and mysterious. The journey over the roof is also very long, and it is hard to squeeze through

gratified; our affairs, albeit the most embroiled, disentangle and clarify as if by magic; the people we meet have only amiable things to tell us; the letters we expect arrive, charged with everything we desire; it is on these days that we should ask, for we are sure to receive, to seek, because in seeking we are sure to find.

Good humor is often nothing but the consciousness of being loved. When we are in a position where we feel ourselves loved we know that all are pleased and we are in a joyous humor. As a general rule, order produces good humor, disorder embitters us. Make every day what it ought to be; do not remit; do not let accumulate the necessary obligations. In order to be in a good humor it is necessary and it is enough that we do our duty.

JURIST SEES A REAL "YELLOW PERIL."

By Justice Harlan of U. S. Supreme Court.



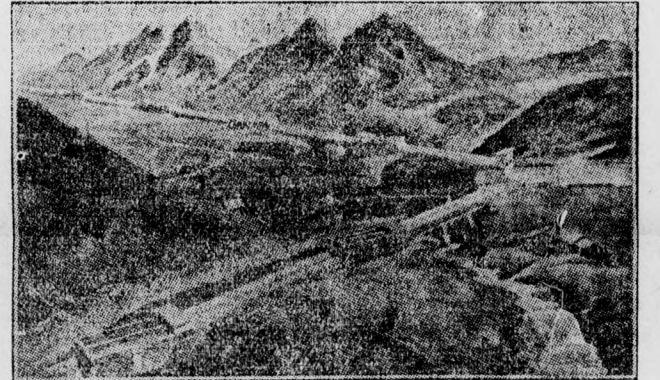
If I had the opportunity I would vote for an appropriation of \$50,000,000 a year for a period of ten years for a larger navy. The great importance of a navy is shown in the constitution, which restricts the appropriations for the army, but sets no limit for those for the navy.

There is no such thing as friendship between nations as between men. Nations make no sacrifice to preserve friendships and do not forbear to do certain things because they do not meet with the approval of another nation. The trend of the immigration of the white people in the past has been from the East to the West. There has been none from the West.

Just across the water there is a country with an immense population whose commerce we are seeking. There are 400,000,000 Chinese, as strong physically and mentally as we are. There is over there another nation whose people are progressive and ambitious. We may some day see a skilled army in Japan of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000. They will say: "You claim Europe as your country. This is ours. Get out!"

I don't think they have any such idea now, and we have no hostility toward them. But there will be a conflict between the yellow race and the white race that will shake the earth. When it comes I want to see this country with a navy on both oceans that will be strong enough.

A CANAL TO CROSS THE ALPS.



PROPOSED \$300,000,000 WATER LADDER.

The scheme is the invention of Signor Caminada, and it has won the support of the famous engineer, Senator Columbo, President of the Polytechnic of Lombardy. He proposes to connect Genoa with Lake Constance and to float barges over the Apennines and the Alps. In the space between his locks will be inclined tubular canals. There are two parallel tubes; the water descends them both, but crosses each line alternately, so that while the vessel descends with the sinking water in a section of one line, another vessel is rising with the rising water in a lower section of the other. The tubular canals will be constructed of masonry closed with iron gates. As the water will be in constant motion the canal will not be easily frozen.—London Graphic.

ally accurate astronomers explain that it is not a patch but rather something which becomes visible by reason of the anomaly that it contains nothing that is visible. The lay mind, preferring the black-bald reality to abstract truth, is somewhat startled to learn that an object is seen because there is nothing in it to see, but no one can dispute the fact; the coal sack is visible because it contains nothing that is visible. In other words, it is a vast hole in the stellar system in which there is not even a pinch of stellar dust to shed a flicker of luminosity. It is typically and absolutely the quintessence of blackness. Because it is so, and in contradiction of all preconceived notions, the human eye can see it without the aid of telescope or other instrument. Between the stars of the Milky Way there are many little holes in the stellar system—little by comparison, that is to say—but one must have telescopes and patience to find them. One need only cross the line to the southern hemisphere and locate the Southern Cross in order to see the coal sack.

With the wealth of legendary tale and fable woven around the northern stars by the highly gifted races gazing on them through the ages that are gone, one is tempted to speculate what tales would not have been constructed around that fathomless mystery had it appeared north instead of south of the equator. When it rouses the poetical impulse within the brain of aboriginal Australians, what might it not have done with the ancient Greeks or still more ancient Egyptians? But they were denied it. The aboriginal uses it, as he uses most things, in a topsy-turvy fashion. To him the world is a flat plain crowned with a dome-shaped roof.

When a man dies he has to go up to the roof and slowly journey over it till he can clamber down to the flat again and squeeze through, once more a man. The coal-sack is the hole he goes through to get onto the roof, and to get up to it is a very long climb. The journey over the roof is also very long, and it is hard to squeeze through

when he reaches the flat again. So long does it take that by the time a man has completed the journey not only his hair but the skin has grown white with age. Wherefore the black-bald reality to abstract truth, is somewhat startled to learn that an object is seen because there is nothing in it to see, but no one can dispute the fact; the coal sack is visible because it contains nothing that is visible. In other words, it is a vast hole in the stellar system in which there is not even a pinch of stellar dust to shed a flicker of luminosity. It is typically and absolutely the quintessence of blackness. Because it is so, and in contradiction of all preconceived notions, the human eye can see it without the aid of telescope or other instrument. Between the stars of the Milky Way there are many little holes in the stellar system—little by comparison, that is to say—but one must have telescopes and patience to find them. One need only cross the line to the southern hemisphere and locate the Southern Cross in order to see the coal sack.

The Wisdom of Experience.

There was no doubt in the minds of the Hobart family that young James had a remarkable gift. It remained for an obscure uncle from the Cape to drop a word of caution and of worldly wisdom.

"You say he's wonderful far-seeing, and can tell folks just how things are going to turn out?" he inquired.

"Yes, it seems so," said James' adoring mother.

"Well, now, if you want him to be the most unpopular man anywhere round, you just let him foretell and prophesy and forecast," remarked the old uncle, grimly.

"If you want him to keep a few friends you must shunt him off onto some other track. Let him work out sums in his head. That's a harmless practice."

"But why?" faltered the mother.

"Just this," answered the authority from down on the Cape. "When he prophesies things'll go wrong and they do go wrong, the heft of the blame'll be laid straight on his shoulders. When he says they'll go right, and they do, folks'll be too busy enjoying themselves to remember your James. And when he says they'll go wrong and they go right, they'll call him a fool. Now I'm above 70, and you mind what I tell ye!"

Philosophy.

"After all," said the optimist, "the best of luck is only what you made it yourself."

"It's all well enough for you to talk," growled the pessimist, "but I never get anything but bad luck."

"Well, then, it's up to you to make the best of it."—Philadelphia Press.

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 During the Past Week.

Oakland.—The Alameda County Funeral Directors' Association has decided to inaugurate a movement for the discontinuance of Sunday funerals in Alameda, Oakland and Berkeley.

Reno, Nev.—A purse of \$25,000 has been offered Tommy Burns and Jack H. Johnson for a finish fight on Railroad day, at Rawhide. Arrangements have been completed for the preliminary work and it will soon be up to Johnson and Burns.

Washington.—Edwin Jones, assistant Director of Printing at Manila, who had come home for the benefit of his health, is dead at Long Beach, Cal. He had been slated for appointment as chief of the Philippine Printing Office to succeed John S. Leach, recently appointed Public Printer at Washington.

San Rafael.—Fire broke out in the dairy barn of the John Reed estate at Hillarita, near Tiburon, and the conflagration was visible from all the bay cities. The dairy was one of the largest in Marin county. It was used for the storage of hay and grain and for the stabling of many head of livestock. The loss exceeded \$10,000.

Ogden, Utah.—An extra west-bound freight train was surrounded at Lucin and a refrigerator car loaded with meat was broken open and robbed of a large number of hams, choice pieces of bacon and considerable fresh meat. The robbery occurred while the train was sidetracked at that point and the five trainmen were utterly unable to cope with the horde of hoboes.

Portland, Ore.—Pamela Lake, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the Cascade Mountains, has completely disappeared. All that is now left is a great crevasse and the remains of the fish with which the lake abounded. Its disappearance is regarded as one of the strangest phenomena ever known in this State, and no explanation has yet been reached.

Hollister.—The Poultry Keepers' Association has secured a promise from the Railroad Commissioners that an investigation will be made into the complaint that the Southern Pacific is discriminating between local shippers and Wells, Fargo & Co. in freight rates on empty cases. The shippers claim they are charged 5 cents a case, while the express company is charged less than 1 cent.

Los Angeles.—During an attempted charivari at the home of Walter Hall of Hines Station, who had just been married, five of the serenaders, friends of the bridegroom, were wounded with birdshot. Hall, who had heard of the intended demonstration, hid under the porch of his home and opened fire with a shotgun as the first number on the program opened. None of the men were seriously wounded.

Los Angeles.—Dr. R. S. Lanterman, former Coroner, was convicted by a jury of falsifying expense accounts while in office. The jury was out about four hours. Dr. Lanterman resigned under pressure some time ago because of an indictment found against him by the Grand Jury. The principal witness against him was Clyde Sage, his former chief deputy, who has pleaded guilty to a similar charge.

San Francisco.—The demand for reading matter descriptive of California is increasing so rapidly in the East that it is difficult to keep the supply adequate to meet it. The California Promotion Committee is sending to its Eastern bureau in New York daily a box containing 1,000 pieces of literature from all parts of the State. Even this enormous supply is not sufficient to meet the demand, as the hard times in the East are convincing thousands of people that California is the best place to live in.

Long Beach.—Suspected of being an expert safe blower, daring highwayman, till tapper and burglar, Forest Moore, a boy of 14, was arrested after a hot chase by the police, who detected him rifling a cash drawer. In his pocket was found a black mask, similar to that described by several persons recently held up and robbed. A hardware dealer identified the youth positively as having bought powder from him the day before the Long Beach Milling Company's safe was cracked. Moore is large for his age, and exceedingly resourceful. He denies all knowledge of or connection with the many crimes charged to him.

"REDS" THREATEN CABINET MEMBERS.

Secret Service Men Guard the Home of Postmaster-General Meyer.

Washington.—Extraordinary precautions to protect Cabinet officials have been taken by the United States Secret Service as the result of the declaration of the Government's purpose to suppress anarchy, which has aroused the Reds. Within the last two weeks anonymous letters threatening the lives of high Government officials have been confiscated by the Postoffice authorities. Their contents have been communicated to the President, and action has been taken by Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service Bureau to safeguard the Cabinet officials.

Postmaster-General Meyer is one of the recipients of this sort of communication. When he went to Boston last week he was accompanied by two Secret Service men. The contents of the letter which threatened the life of the Postmaster-General are not disclosed. The letter bears the postmark of Paterson, N. J., the anarchist Mecca. Meyer has consented to have a detail of men guard him constantly. Special police guards are picketed about the Meyer mansion at all hours of the night and day.

Jails Filled With Foreigners.

Bellingham, Wash.—S. H. Hamer, Chief Immigration Inspector, has finished an examination of the inmates of the penal institutions and insane asylums of the State, and reports that more than 20 per cent of them are unaturalized foreigners. Full reports will be made to the Immigration Department at Washington, which ordered the investigation to learn the number of "undesirables" in the State. Measures will be taken to deport the imprisoned foreigners as soon as their terms expire, and an attempt will be made to send the insane back to the country of their birth.

Swindled by Faking Wrestlers.

South Bend, Ind.—W. J. Springborn, president of the Public Service Board of Cleveland, was last week made the victim of a gang of sharpers and lost \$10,000 betting on a fake wrestling match. J. W. Fleming and J. E. Foster are in jail, Fleming in Cleveland and Foster in South Bend. Springborn says he will prosecute to the limit. Fictitious names were evidently used here by the alleged sharpers.

Diplomat's Slayer Held for Trial.

San Francisco.—Whang Chang, the Korean patriot and revolutionist, has been held to answer to a charge of murder by Police Judge Conlan. The prisoner will have to remain in jail, as the Judge declined to fix a bail. Chang shot Durham White Stevens on the 21st of March in front of the Ferry Building. On the 23d Stevens died and a charge of murder was then placed against his slayer.

Competition for Orange Shipments.

Chicago.—The competition between Western roads to determine which can land oranges in Chicago in the shortest possible time is daily becoming more keen. The Gould line officials say they are putting oranges into Chicago on the seventh day from shipment. Other roads are taking eight days for the service, but it is doubtful if they will remain behind.

Big Parade of Anti-Prohibitionists.

Cincinnati.—A parade and mass meeting under the auspices of the Personal Liberty League, constituted one of the greatest public demonstrations this city has ever known. The demonstration was arranged as a form of protest against recent legislation and other formal movements unfavorable to the liquor interests. The marchers numbered 20,000.

Aeroplane Makes New Record.

Paris.—Leon de la Grange broke the record for distance in his aeroplane, covering in an official trial two and one-half miles in six minutes and thirty seconds. The previous best record was made by Henry Farman, the English aeronaut, and was something less than two miles.

Yuba and Sutter Promised Big Crops.

Marysville.—The apricot crop of Yuba and Sutter counties is bigger than ever this year. All fruit and grapes promise to be plentiful, but grain and cereals are suffering to some extent because of the lack of rain; but if showers come within ten days all will be well.

School for Chinese Only.

Victoria, B. C.—The Victoria School Trustees have decided to establish a separate school for Chinese, and a committee has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

TEMPERANCE WINS IN SOUTH BUT NORTH FAVORS SALOON

Elections were held in a large number of California towns Monday, in which the main issue at stake was the liquor question. In some places the question to be voted on was absolute prohibition, while in others it was merely proposed to increase the license required of the liquor dealers so as to cut down the number of saloons. In nearly every place the contest was a bitter one, and up to the last minute both sides worked hard to win.

In the northern sections the victory of the saloon men was almost complete. Vacaville, in Solano county, has the distinction of being the only point north of the Tehachapi reporting a successful campaign against the liquor element. Even in places where the women turned out and gave active aid against the saloons, as was the case in Healdsburg, the anti-saloon people were decisively beaten.

In the southern portion of the State, however, the situation was reversed. There is not a saloon left in Riverside county, the last two cities in that district which have to this time permitted saloons having voted to close them. In Santa Paula and Corona the banishment of the saloons was celebrated by the singing of psalms and hymns in the streets. Santa Monica, according to the latest reports, was the only city in the south which voted in favor of the saloons.

Riverdale City.—The Good Government League, on a high license platform, beat the saloon men's ticket by a large majority. All of the

League's candidates for Town Trustee were elected.

Healdsburg.—The voters of Healdsburg cast their ballot in favor of the saloon. The vote for licensing was 319 and against licensing 216.

Merced.—A fierce struggle took place in the city election over the saloon question, the saloons winning a victory by forty-one majority out of a total vote of 670. Over a hundred women worked at the polls all day in the interest of the temperance cause.

Sonoma.—The result of the election held here Monday was a blow to the anti-prohibitionists.

Vacaville.—By a vote of 183 to 106 this place voted in favor of closing the saloons.

Modesto.—The high license forces were defeated in the municipal election, the opposition electing two Trustees out of three. The campaign hinged on the saloon question, following the defeat of the non-saloon element at a recent local option election.

Paso Robles.—The city election resulted in a complete victory by the citizens' ticket over the anti-saloon ticket.

Santa Monica.—Santa Monica went "wet" by a majority of 194. The total vote of the city was 1,364 and only two of the wards gave majorities for the prohibition ordinance.

Cloverdale.—The proposition to increase the saloon license from \$120 to \$500 was defeated at Cloverdale by a vote of more than two to one.

WORK OF THE NATION'S LAWMAKERS.

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

Washington.—The Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds approved bills as follows: For a new Sub-treasury building at San Francisco, \$500,000; Postoffice building at Everett, Wash., \$200,000.

Washington.—The Senate Committee agreed to report Perkins' bill appropriating a million for the Sub-treasury building and site and removing the limitation on the cost of the site.

Washington.—The House took up and adopted the Cannon resolution calling for information from the Attorney-General and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor regarding the "paper trust."

New York.—A circular letter to all members of the clearing-house section of the Bankers' Association was sent out by the president of the clearing-house section of the association, urging opposition to the Aldrich bill.

Washington.—Through the energetic work of the California Outdoor Art League for the past ten years, the Congressional Committee on Public Lands has unanimously reported in favor of the Calaveras Big Tree bill, which provides that the Federal Government shall purchase the land upon which the trees stand and shall convert it into a National park. The object of the Outdoor League was to save the trees from the depredations of lumbermen.

Washington.—Herman Ridder of the New York Staats Zeitung, who represents the Newspaper Publishers' Association in its demand for free wood pulp so as to reduce the price of white paper, said after conferring with President Roosevelt, that he was sanguine Congress would not adjourn without passing such a measure.

Washington.—Representatives Smith, Needham, Knowland, McKinlay and Englebright appeared before the Public Land Committee to urge favorable action on the bill authorizing the Interior Department to acquire possession of the Calaveras big tree grove in California. The committee voted to report the bill favorably. It has already passed the Senate.

Washington.—The indications are that there will be little legislation from now on except the appropriation bills, and it is not impossible that Congress will be ready to adjourn at some time between May 15th and May 30th. The legislation urged by the President, including the bill amending the Sherman anti-trust law, which is before Congress as the national civic federation bill, is believed by the leaders to be doomed.

Washington.—By refusing to substitute the House ship subsidy bill for the bill which has passed the Senate, the House Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads practically put that question aside for this session. Friends of the ship subsidy feel that there is small hope for the measure.

Washington.—Arbitration treaties with Great Britain and Portugal and a naturalization treaty with Salvador were ordered favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

Immense Tiger to Greet Democrats.

Denver, Colo.—A monster tiger, constructed of papier mache, located at the principal four corners of the city, will welcome the delegates to Denver when they come to the Democratic Convention July 7th. This emblem has been selected instead of the prosaic donkey, as the striped king of the jungle lends himself more readily to the purposes of ornamentation. A special committee of citizens is at work devising plans for the suitable decoration of the city during the convention.

Urges Reduction in Cotton Acreage.

Atlanta, Ga.—In a signed statement to the farmers of the South, Harvie Jordan, president of the Southern Cotton Association, urges a reduction in cotton acreage of 33 per cent. Unless this is done, he says, prices will be low next fall. Mr. Jordan also urges growers to hold what remnants of cotton they have.

Auto Ambulance for Animals.

New York.—For use in its ambulance service, Mrs. Russell Sage has presented to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a \$4,000 automobile. Lorillard Spencer Jr. added \$500 to the gift to fit out the automobile for ambulance purposes.

New Canadian Immigration Law.

Ottawa, Ont.—Royal assent has been given to the immigrant bill providing that immigrants must come to Canada direct on through tickets or be liable to deportation.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN DOING

Important Happenings of the Past Week Tersely Related in Short Paragraphs.

Current Events in Every Part of the Globe Gathered by Many Correspondents and Briefly Reviewed for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Lisbon.—A treaty of arbitration between the United States and Portugal has been signed.

Madison, Md.—Night riders burned the tobacco barns and beds of Stephen Ryan near Vevay and left a note threatening to hang him if he replanted his tobacco.

Washington.—A. A. Adey, Second Assistant Secretary of State, left Washington a few days ago on his annual bicycle tour of Europe. He will be absent about two months.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Congressman Abraham Lincoln Brick of the Thirteenth Indiana District died suddenly here at a sanitarium. Acute Bright's disease is given as the cause of death.

Chicago.—Joseph D. Stubbs, the son of J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Harriman lines, died at the family residence, aged 36 years. Stubbs was in the packing business, handling California products.

New York.—Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the artist who sent his wife to Europe last fall to get a divorce, has been freed by decree of the French courts and is now married to Miss Julia Kuttner, his "soul mate."

Seneca, Ind.—Dr. W. W. Dailey, aged 60 years, one of the wealthiest citizens of Southern Indiana, was found dead in his home, hugging a "strong box" containing his fortune. He did not believe in banks. Death is supposed to have been caused by heart disease.

Montgomery, Mo.—Mrs. Gertrude Barney, who was elected City Collector, as a candidate of the Republicans and temperance people, was refused a commission by the City Council because she is a woman, and therefore ineligible. Another election likely will be held.

St. Paul, Minn.—Knut Ohnstead died last week, having literally starved himself to death in an attempt to fast for forty days in order to demonstrate his theory that the mind controls and sustains the body. His fast lasted thirty-one days, according to those who lived in the same house with him.

New York.—The entire junior class of New York University was suspended from the university for three days by the faculty as a penalty for the hazing of Henry Bloch, a freshman student. The affair had its origin in Bloch's refusal to obey certain rules made by the upper classes for the regulation of freshmen. In punishment he was dipped in the campus fountain.

Naples.—Coincident with return to activity of the volcano Solfatara, near Pozzuoli, Vesuvius is showing some signs of unrest. The activity of Solfatara is always supposed to coincide with the inactivity of Vesuvius, and in the present instance scientists are of the opinion that the activity of Vesuvius is caused by the large amount of rain that has entered the crater.

New York.—Marie Burroughs, the actress, who retired from the stage several years ago when she married her second husband, Robert Barclay MacPherson, and who inherited a large estate from him at his death, became the wife of Francis M. Livingston, who is connected with the Equitable Life Insurance Company last week. Her maiden name was Lillie Arrington, and she is a native of San Francisco.

London.—The formal reply of President Roosevelt to the invitation of Great Britain, offering the facilities of British ports to the American battle-ship fleet on its voyage around the world and asking the fleet to visit an English port, has been received at the Foreign Office here. The President points out that the details for the last leg of the voyage have not yet been arranged, but he thanks the British Government for its kind invitation.

Washington.—Although not settled, it is regarded as probable that Brigadier-General Funston, commanding the Department of California at San Francisco, will be transferred to the command of the Army Staff College and the special service schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., before the beginning of the new school term, September 1st next. Major-General Charles B. Hall, the present commandant at Fort Leavenworth, will retire for age on April 29th and his principal assistant will be in charge from that date until a permanent detail is made by the Secretary of War.

FLAMES, FANNED BY GALE, ALMOST DESTROY CHELSEA

Boston.—An apparently insignificant fire which started among rags on a dump in the city of Chelsea Sunday was fanned by a northwest gale into a conflagration which obliterated nearly one-third of the city. Five hundred dwelling-houses and public buildings were destroyed, 1,500 families were driven from their homes and 10,000 people made homeless. Three lives are known to have been lost, and it was reported that two other persons had perished, one a woman, having shot herself in a frenzy over her inability to save her property. Nearly one hundred persons were injured.

The ruins of the burned district are under guard of fourteen companies of State militia and marines from the Charlestown Navy-yard, and the city is under martial law to prevent looting. The soldiers are supplied with ball cartridges.

An estimate of the loss by an official of a prominent insurance firm placed the total at between \$7,500,000 and \$10,000,000. The total insurance, it was figured, was about \$5,000,000.

Neighboring cities and the commonwealth hastened to the assistance of the fire sufferers. Two representatives of the State Board of Charity were on the scene early, being sent by Acting Governor Draper. The Boston charitable authorities were also prompt to give assistance, while the Salvation Army and the Associated Charities made every effort to care for the homeless. Thousands were

sent to Boston, where they were furnished with food and lodging at numerous public buildings, such as schools, armories, etc. Various halls, churches and other public buildings in the unburned section of Chelsea were also thrown open to shelter the unfortunates. In addition to offers of financial aid and shelter for the homeless came guarantees from bakers, dairies, farms and provision dealers of a plentiful supply of food.

The fire raged before a forty-five-mile gale for more than twelve hours, defying the utmost efforts of the combined fire departments of Chelsea and several near-by cities and a large detachment of Boston firemen and apparatus. The fire area, which was in the form of an ellipse, a mile and a half long and a half mile wide at its broadest part, extended diagonally across the city from a point near the boundary line between Everett and Chelsea to the waters of Chelsea creek. It was useless for the firemen to attempt to check the on-rushing flames before the gale, and their main efforts were to prevent a spread of the fire on either side. Their last stand was taken at Chelsea square late in the afternoon, and for hours a doubtful battle was waged. At 9 o'clock word was passed that the firemen were winning, and with renewed energy the contest was pressed. At 10:50 official announcement was made by Chief H. A. Spencer that the fire was under control.

CHURCHGOERS POOR WORKMEN SAYS BUILDING CONTRACTOR

Los Angeles.—Members of the Young Men's Christian Association are deeply agitated because General Superintendent C. B. Weaver, in charge of construction of the \$500,000 Association building, has discharged all Christians he could find among the 200 men employed and declines to hire any. He declares that he can "get 25 per cent more work out of sinners than church members," and will finish the job with men making no profession of faith. Many men apply for work and frequently advance as an argument the statement that they are good Christians, in

which case Weaver unceremoniously consigns them to hades.

"There is not a Christian man on the job, as far as I know," said the general superintendent. "When I began I had a few Christians, but they didn't deliver the goods. They were a sissy lot of fellows, who thought that because they belonged to the church they ought to get the soft end of everything. I fired 'em."

Influential workers in the Association are likely to make strong protest. If they can do no more, they declare, they will take steps to have Christian workmen placed on an equal footing with others.

Will Send Big Petition to Congress.

Manila.—American commercial bodies here are planning to devote the Fourth of July to an interisland American-Filipino demonstration as a plea to the American people for legislative relief desired from Congress. It is proposed to prepare a monster petition and send it to San Francisco and thence to Washington by special car.

Thousands Perish in Flood.

Shanghai.—Disastrous floods are reported to have occurred at Hankow, in the province of Hu Peh. It is stated that 2,000 persons have been drowned. Seven hundred junks were sunk or wrecked. The floods are said to be due to an unexpected freshet. The waters caught the people unexpectedly in the middle of the night.

A Corner In Valentines.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"I'd like my New York paper," said Mr. Timothy Scott for the fourth time that morning.

"Just a moment, Mr. Scott," said the busy clerk apologetically. "You see we are very busy today," he continued, hastily making change for a small girl who had purchased a valentine. "Tomorrow's Valentine day, you know."

"I ought to know," growled Mr. Scott frantically. "You have informed me of that fact four distinct times this morning. Do you mean to say that all these people are buying idiotic pictures to send to their friends?"

"They are buying valentines—yes, sir," returned the clerk, with an apprehensive glance toward the several customers. "Your paper will be ready in a moment, sir. The package has not been opened yet."

"So busy selling valentines, of course. You needn't repeat the explanation," snapped Mr. Scott, turning toward the door. Pausing in the entrance, he looked back. The little stationer's was the only shop of its kind in the village. Here alone bloomed the flower garden of valentines. Here alone was the source of his annoyance. A diabolical plan entered Mr. Timothy Scott's clever head. A voice interrupted his musings.

"Here is your paper at last, Mr. Scott," said the clerk affably. The old gentleman looked about the store as he pocketed the paper. The other customers had departed; he was the only one there.

"Show me all the valentines you have in stock," he ordered sharply.

"Yes—yes, sir," gasped the perturbed clerk as he dived beneath the counter. Presently he emerged, dusty and breathless, bearing several large green pasteboard boxes.

"These in the store," he said, indicating the interior of the small room, "and these in the boxes are all we have."

Mr. Scott looked around at the rows of valentines. There were picture postals, lace paper missives, a few silk and satin beauties and an assortment of the coarse "come" valentines. All of them expressed varied degrees of sentiment, and they were all resplendent in cupids, intertwined hearts, flowers and tender verses.

"I will take them all," said Mr. Timothy Scott, reaching for his pocket-book.

The agitated shopman stared vacuously until he caught the fierce gleam in the customer's eye; then, with trembling fingers, he collected the valentines and placed them in boxes. In ten minutes the store was denuded of its festive array, and Mr. Timothy Scott was the proud possessor of six huge boxes of valentines.

"Can you obtain any more for me?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "There isn't another one in the village, and I couldn't get any one to drive twenty miles to Millertown after some."

"Very good," said Mr. Timothy Scott as he paid his bill. "I will send my man after the boxes," he said as he left the store and entered the storm of flying flakes. There promised to be a heavy snowfall, and Mr. Scott tramped cheerfully toward his handsome home very well satisfied with the result of his morning's work.

Late that afternoon old Benjamin staggered into the house under the load of boxes from the stationer's, and his master ordered them placed in a corner of the library, where he sat toasting his feet before the pleasant blaze.

"Dis yer paper is all de mail dey was, sah," said the negro as he placed the evening newspaper at his master's elbow. "Somehow, Mr. Timothy, seems like dey's powerful lot o' excitement down to de postoffice, sah."

"What sort of excitement, Benjamin?" asked Mr. Scott absently.

"Why, I dunno 'sactly, sah. I heard Mr. Downs say as how somebody had bought ebery valentine dey was in Beechcove, and dey want one to be hed fer love or money, nohow. Some aks like dey was put out about it. I expect some gemman has a lot o' lady friend's he's gwine to 'member dis yer day," he chuckled gleefully.

Timothy Scott's weazened little face flushed under its mat of snow white hair. "That will do, Benjamin," he said gravely, and the old servant retired.

"I dunno, Hetty," he confided to his better half, who was washing dishes in the kitchen, "seems like Mr. Timothy's growing pesky irritable lately."

"What's he been a-sayin' now?" wheezed Hetty, lumbering across the room. "I don't set no store by ole back's. Dey's powerful peevish and hard to suit."

"I don't remember what he sayed," returned Benjamin dubiously, "but he did look like he mought be sayin' something befo' long."

Mr. Timothy Scott sat late before his cheerful fire that evening with a feeling of discomfort beneath his white waistcoat whenever his gaze encountered the pile of boxes in the corner of the room.

"What are you going to do with us?" they seemed to ask reproachfully. "Are you going to send us on our several ways to cheer sorrowful lovers and make little children smile?"

No, Mr. Timothy Scott was not going to help the valentines to fulfill their several missions. He frowned aggressively into the fire, and the glowing embers sent shafts of light up the chimney and framed pictures in which

valentines played many a part, and they were very strange too.

There was a picture of a girl, such a pretty girl, small and dainty, with black hair and soft black eyes. She wore a white gown and a blue ribbon, and she was giving Mr. Timothy Scott a valentine, and Mr. Timothy Scott seemed to be very glad to get it. And there was another picture of the same girl, and a white gown and a blue ribbon, but her eyes were full of tears and pleading, while Mr. Timothy Scott was frowning at her with thick brows drawn closely together and a very angry countenance, and young Mr. Scott turned away and left the girl, and he never once looked back.

Thirty long years had he waited for her to send for him, but she had never evinced a sign that she knew Mr. Timothy Scott, save that she dipped a little old-fashioned courtesy whenever they met. And that had all happened thirty years ago, and she had never married and neither had he. She lived in a big, lonely house at one end of the village and he at the other in a house just as large and as lonely.

Something rolled down Mr. Timothy's nose and splashed on the white waistcoat. He jumped up and blew his nose violently. He rang the bell for Benjamin.

"More wood, Benjamin," he ordered sharply. "My fire is going out, and I am taking a cold."

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Timothy locked himself in the library and went to his safe, where he unlocked a secret drawer and took out a yellowed envelope, from which he drew a faded little valentine, the self same valentine that the girl in the fire picture had given to young Timothy Scott. This he placed carefully in his letter case. Then he called Benjamin.

"Have the sleigh around at 10 o'clock," he said amiably, and the grinning old servant hobbled away with alacrity.

Down the village street glided the great Russian sleigh, Benjamin guiding the handsome boys and Mr. Timothy Scott muffled to the ears in furs sitting in the back. People stared after the sleigh curiously, for the sight of the master of Scott house recalled to their minds that he was responsible for the fact that few people in Beechcove had received valentines that morning.

Through the great bronze gateway, which he had not passed since that other day so many years ago, they dashed up the broad avenue, sweeping in front of the colonial house, and he alighted with brisk agility. The long wait in the familiar drawing room, the parting of the velvet curtains, the coming of a diminutive figure with snowy hair piled high, soft black eyes and white dress, with knots of violet ribbon, and then, "Timothy," she said gently, "I knew you must come some day!"

The minister married them that afternoon—Violet Allen and Timothy Scott. Then the newly wedded pair entered the sleigh and were sped down the avenue and up the street to the Scott house, where old Hetty baked and brewed in a whirl of mad excitement. Benjamin was sent on fifty errands about the village, and when evening came there was a merry gathering of people in the old house. Every man, woman and child who was able to be afoot was there. The walls of the fine rooms were hung with gay valentines. The tables were covered with them. They were pinned to the draperies and suspended from the chandeliers.

Timothy Scott and his beautiful bride received their neighbors cordially. There was a banquet in the huge dining room, music in the hall, and then the bride gave to each departing guest a valentine as souvenir of the occasion.

"Timothy," said the bride when they stood alone before the hearth fire, "we must repeat this every year when Valentine's day comes around—the reception, the supper, the music, the giving of valentines."

"We will," said Timothy solemnly.

More Than He Could Do.

It was an interesting time at the house of Dobbs, and finally when the doctor came out into the hall Dobbs was in a state of excitement equal to an election night.

"Well, doctor?" he said inquiringly, grabbing the physician's coat front with both hands.

"Twins," responded the doctor briefly.

"How—how—many?" he asked in a dazed manner.

"The usual number," replied the doctor, smiling.

"Oh, yes—ah—excuse me, doctor. Boys or girls?"

"Boys."

"Boys?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm a ruined man!"

"Ruined?" was the surprised answer.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Why, doctor, for the last twenty years it's been all I could do to meet the demands of my boys for my old clothes, and now at my time of life to have to commence to wear two pairs of trousers at once in order to keep up with the procession is more than I can undertake. I see ruin with a big R staring me in the face, and I can't make a move to defend myself."

The doctor gave him a dose of chloral to quiet his nerves.

A Razorless Race.

The only known race of hairy human beings reside on the island of Yozzo, adjoining Japan. They are about 100,000 in number and are known to the Japanese as the "Mosinos" or "hairy people." They have the entire body covered with a profuse and remarkable growth of hair, the only exception being that the faces of the women are bare, but usually stained with a kind of juice so as to resemble the beards of the males.

PRESS NOTES

The Delta Alamos initiated some candidates last Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Plimpton.

On Monday evening the Epworth League met in regular monthly meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Beaver. A most enjoyable time was had. The regular semi-annual election of officers took place.

C. B. Archibald and family left on Tuesday for Vancouver, B. C., their new home. Our people generally regret exceedingly to see this family leave Campbell. For about ten years Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and two daughters have been actively identified with the best interests of the town. In music and literary circles the Misses Archibald will be greatly missed. Especially will their services be missed at the Methodist Church, where during their stay here they have been active workers, Miss Letitia being organist for several years. These estimable people carry to their new home the best wishes of a host of friends, who hope that somehow in the order of Providence they may return to live among us at no distant date.

Miss Lela Oliver has started in on her work as Census Marshal.

Prospects have been good for a good rain this morning a light shower gave further promise. The country is badly in need of rain, the orchardist needing it so that he can finish his work, while the grain men must have it or their crops will not amount to much.

After all there appears to be a pretty fair crop of apricots. At least, many orchardists are so claiming.

Scarlet fever has made its appearance in Campbell in a light form. Fern Gunsolus and Maud Fay, two little girls, have contracted the disease, but we understand they are getting along as well as could be expected.

Campbell now has a genuine Japanese store, having opened up in F. O. Putnam's store building.

Albert Herrman, of the Los Gatos road, is in Santa Cruz making arrangements for a cottage, where he and his three sisters expect to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hanger have been spending the week at Capitola, where Mr. Hanger has built a summer cottage.

The Campbell Improvement Club has designated Saturday and Monday, April the 25th and 27th as clean-up days. All residents of the town are asked to clean their walks and yards, of weeds, grass, rubbish, etc., and the Club will attend to hauling the stuff away. This is an excellent opportunity to put the town in splendid shape. Let everyone co-operate in the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wright, who came here from Pacific Grove a short time ago, having purchased the J. H. Robinson orchard home, have sold again, to a Mr. Palmer, of Los Gatos. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are now moving to the "Gem City," where they formerly lived. Our people will be sorry to lose this estimable family.

At the Union meeting at the Methodist Church, Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Orr, of Santa Cruz, occupied the pulpit and his sermon was much appreciated by the large number present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ringe and guests Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are visiting at the coast.

G. W. Page was in Palo Alto to-day on business.

H. S. Young was home Sunday on a visit with his family.

Dr. P. C. Hartman is enjoying a visit from his mother, and also his niece, Miss Louise Scammell, of Oakland.

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Primary Election Officers.

At the routine meeting of the Board of Supervisors Monday, the following officers were elected and particulars agreed upon for the primaries which are to be held on May 5:

Campbell Primary Election Precinct—Campbell election precinct shall constitute Campbell primary election precinct. Polling place, Campbell Hall; inspector, David Oliver; judges, J. M. Butts and J. B. Gard; clerks, A. B. Capp and R. R. Rucker; ballot clerk, John Evans.

Hamilton Primary Election Precinct—Hamilton election precinct shall constitute Hamilton primary election precinct. Polling place, school house; inspector, I. N. Leonard; judges, A. W. Elliott and F. K. Bartholomew; clerks, J. D. Hanscom and D. R. Pender; ballot clerk, A. E. Sargent.

Moreland Primary Election Precinct—Moreland election precinct shall constitute Moreland primary election precinct. Polling place, Doyle school house; inspector, A. P. Hamilton; judges, W. H. Roberts and M. Plunkett; clerks, W. E. Hyde and S. F. Graves; ballot clerk, C. H. Worthington.

Vineland Primary Election Precinct—The election precincts of Union and Vineland shall constitute Vineland primary election precinct. Polling place, Los Gatos Cured Fruit Company's warehouse; inspector, E. LaMontagne; judges, H. C. Plimpton and J. Mansfield; clerks, H. R. Roberts and W. A. Riggs; ballot clerk, John Cilker.

Easter Services for Sunday.

Preparation for Easter services at both of the Churches is progressing satisfactorily. At the Methodist Church the regular Easter services will be held at 11 o'clock with a sermon by the pastor. The Sunday-school exercises of music and speaking is to follow this service, instead of being at 11 o'clock, as previously announced.

Mr. Albert Herrman will sing a solo at the morning service.

At the Methodist church in the evening the choir of the church will render a cantata, for which a chorus of singers have been practicing for some time. In this special music the choir will be assisted by Mr. Arthur Moore, soloist, of San Jose.

At the Congregational Church special Easter music will be rendered in the evening by a quartet.

Don't Knock.

Don't knock, be a booster in your community. You don't know the fun there is in boosting. Welcome any innovation that brings with it new ideas. That's what you need, brother, in your business. If your neighbor has been successful in some line, tell about it. Don't knock. Keep your little hammer hid. The world hates a knocker. Blow some "hot air" if you will, it's better than knocking, anyway. Be cheerful. A smile has a growl beat a mile. Just try it. It will do you good. Things will be better about you. This old world of ours will be the better for your having been in it.—Exchange.

Mrs. M. Palmer and daughter Miss Bessie have gone to Carmel-by-the-Sea for the summer. They have many friends here who regret to see them go and trust that in the fall they will return to Campbell.

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May Sell Home.

Mrs. Clara L. Winchester is reported to be about to sell her magnificent villa on the Los Gatos road, which for years has been the pride of the county and the basis of legendary love. The report has gained credence in real estate circles during the past week, but it was found impossible to verify it Monday, the servants at the Winchester mansion insisting that their mistress was in Menlo Park. The story goes that Mrs. Winchester has been negotiating for the sale of the property with some eastern magnate, who is coming to the valley in search of rest and solitude. The consideration is reported to be \$200,000. No deeds have yet been filed. The rumor is lent color by the fact that Mrs. Winchester is known to have recently disposed of all her other holdings in this county, including over one hundred acres of land at the townsite of Los Altos. In addition to this it has been ascertained that she is fitting up her home near Belmont with the apparent object of making that her future domicile.

The beautiful Winchester home in this county has for years been the wonder of tourists and the food of housewives' tales.

It is said that a fashionable school for girls will be erected at Los Altos on the lines of Mills College and that the roster of the proposed institution is already filled. The building will be on the land formerly owned by Mrs. Winchester, and it will be conducted by a Miss Chandler, of Berkeley.

The little baby of Mr. and Mrs. James Kelley is recovering from a severe case of measles, the little one's life being despaired of for a time.

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 FANLINGER, 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. BRATTIE, Noble Grand.
R. E. GATES, Secretary.

Rebekahs
Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters 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. REESLING, 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.
ALFRED BELMONT, Council Com.
L. W. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

Fraternal Aid Association
Falm 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. BRANDENBERG, Secretary.

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Office: Bank of Campbell

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Room 54, Porter Building, San Jose, Cal.

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