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The Golden Era

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The Golden Era

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"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WORDS.

There is naught in the world can build a wall
  So high as words can make it;
And never a chord of love so strong
  But the strength of words can break it.

O, guard thy lips—thou that hast love
  Too near thy heart to sever,
Lest thou sit down and mourn and mourn
  Its broken bonds forever.

—*Hilyard.*

WALT. WHITMAN. "The good, gray poet" is gone from us.—The divergences of critics matter not to him now. Was it poetry that he wrote? Or was it not. Was it great? It was strong and strange. A president of the United States refused to give him a government appointment because he had written "Leaves of Grass." England, for the same reason, called him "the good gray poet," and named him with the great of the earth.

Strange and strong, and a toiled long,
    He gave to the world his best.
    Let guerdon and burdens pass,
Lay him down with his crown
    And let him rest
    Under the leaves of grass.

"OUR SPANISH" In the sub-name of the poem by "the poet of the Sierras" on the name of our "Gate"—which appeared in the January number of THE GOLDEN ERA—there was was a great blunder. By some "hook or crook" or hallucinating abberration of the editor's brain, (anticipating that an editor has one) a superfluous "the" stood boldly and uncompromisingly and unblushingly at the beginning of the name, making it *El Puerta de las Palmas* when it should have been, and was intended to be, only *Puerta de las Palmas.* And behold! that self-interpolating, impudent "the" was not only a superfluous "the," but it was a man "the" when it should have been a woman "the." And then a citizen of San Diego—an eminent citizen of San Diego—a lawyer, a man whose ears have become so attuned to the music of the Spanish language that the wind blowing the wrong way over a Spanish adjective would cause him to have inflamtion of the auditory nerve, this eminent citizen arose in his righteous wrath and in the columns of the *San Diegan* completely demolished the poet of the Sierras. But, as in the ordinary expression of legal and other justice, the punishment fell upon the wrong man. The luckless poet had not been asked to even assist in the Spanish spelling—poets not being supposed to know how to spell in any language. The real perpetrator of that mis-sexed "the" would much have liked to take shelter behind the Poet's name, (because the Poet would not have cared,) but the still small voice whispered, "coward," and the little hatchet story, etc.

There is another man of San Diego, a young man, a tall, fair, handsome young man—a soldier, a poet—who also takes critical umbrage at "our Spanish." His objection is to the imaginary Chilean's usage of "tengo." He says it was not used according to the books; and he sends us an entire conjugation of the verb tener, and kindly underscores a supplementary explanation, showing how it should have been used. But since our soldier-poet—who has never done very much fighting, nor written very much poetry—is probably new in the field of criticism, the suggestion is gently made, that imaginary words put into the mouths of imaginary men are not circumscribed by the laws of books.

It would be such unpolitic political economy, to make a four dollar and a half grammatical blunder to save the purchase price of a twenty-five cent grammar.

A sham fly on a pin hook will "catch" more "bites" than a bate of live, kicking grasshopper.

"HUMAN BRUTES." Sir Edwin Arnold has said that this book by Emile Zola is the greatest novel of the year. How the refined, soulful author of the "Light of Asia" could make such an expression of such a book will remain a conundrum to everybody who has read the "Light of Asia" and reads "Human Brutes."

It is horrible; so vulgarly brutal (begging pardon of the brutes) that one comes out of the book with the feeling that they have had a plunge bath in coagulated blood.

STRENGTH AND EGO.

The desire to rule is a sign of inherent weakness. The man who wants to make the world (and its wife) acknowledge that he was born to "boss it" is usually deferential to his cook and afraid of his typewriter. The woman who is always bobbing up serenely to show off before the public mistakes her invulnerable egotism for ability, and mostly culls the knowledge she would inculcate on a gaping world from the encyclopædia or the back of the dictionary. The greatest greatness is too humble to know itself. The lion does not swagger; the eagle never hops upon the fence to cackle.

IS IT A QUARENTINE?

The cruiser, under orders, sailed away and left us; and no appropriation is made for harbor defense at San Diego. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, keeping its contract under protest, floats timidly into our inviting bay, and rides at anchor safe beyond the reach of contact with the outermost edge of any wharf. It refuses to take a passenger, and carries away with it the South American mail that should have been left to speed overland on its way to the waiting cities of the East.

Is San Diego quarentined for the mumps or anything? Or what is it?

A SMILE FROM CALIFORNIA.

"Once a Californian, a Californian forever," is particularly exemplified in the loyalty of Alice Denison Wiley, of Chicago, who, in that region of the icy East, cultivates every summer in her garden the wild California Poppy—the Spaniard's "cup of gold." She poetically calls it "A smile from California."

And it is California's winter smile, that follows in the foot prints of the rain.

AN ETIQUETTE-ICAL POSER.

The following prettily, daintily written little, fashionably scented stationary, question fluttered into the office like a meek-eyed, questioning carrier-pigeon:

Dear Editor:

I am puzzled over a question of social etiquette which I cannot find in any of the books. Is it right for a fascinating widow to invite a married man to sit with her in her box at the theater after the man's wife has refused to accept her invitation? Please answer, and oblige,

Yours very truly,

(MRS.) SARAH ADALINE A——."

Your question, dear madame, is a poser. There is no universally acknowledged standard of right and wrong. In the society of the Cannibal Islands it is the best form to eat each other's entire bodies; while in very civilized society they devour only the hearts of each other. If it was your husband whom the fascinating widow invited to accompany her to the theater after you had refused her invitation for yourself, it was the correct thing to do;—we are verging a very civilized society. If, on the other-hand, you are the fascinating widow, and comtemplate inviting a gentlemen to sit with you in your box, whose wife has refused to accept your invitation, (or extending him any other invitation that his wife has refused to accept) why—well, unless you have a large plenty of scalp lock, and much money to back you in the enterprise, wait until you have removed your residence to New York—and ask Ward McCalister.

THE BURNS' LITERARY SOCIETY of San Francisco recently offered a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best poem on the subject of "Hope." The prize was awarded to Hon. Nestor A. Young of San Diego. The following strong, beautiful lines are the poem:

APOSTROPHE TO HOPE.

Ah hope divine, sweet pilot of our destiny,
Thou art the inspiration that doth lead
Mankind to thoughts and deeds sublime;
Or standing on the sentried heights of time,
Above all storms, beyond all doubts and fears,
Thy face aglow with heavenly fire,
Doth sweetly chant in grand harmonic flow,
Attuned to Arch Angelic symphony,
Soul-stirring themes—seraphic dreams—
Leading where Heaven's eternal splendors glow.

It is difficult to be original on a subject so trite; but the author has here succeeded. The poem is one of the small nuggets of gold that occasionally tumble out of the quartz-ledge of literature.

THE poem of J. J. Owen, editor of the *Phœnix*, in San José's local poets' contest for the Unitarian Church prize, is so poetically superior to the one to which the prize was awarded that an uninterested reader must wonder at the decision. J. J. Owen, though not claiming to be a poet, and by far too busy a man to idle much time in the mystic realm of the unreal, has nevertheless produced some beautiful gems of poesy; things that will not be forgotten when their author is dead.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

(TO H. W.)

The tenderest, the truest of all men art thou;
In our rough pathway thou hast ever walked ahead,
And with thy footsteps trodden smooth the way for mine.
Thy gracious loving care, thy lips' most gentle speech,
And all life's pretty courtesies that wedded ones
Forget when wanes their first white moon of love,
Thou hast observed them ever unto me,
Till thou and love and life are one inseparable—
I love thee so.

M. M.

March 30th.

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AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ANTEDILUVIAN.

BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN.

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THIS adventure took place at Marchand's, the well-known restaurant in San Francisco, in March, 1886. I had just arrived from Los Angeles, and was hungry. But I had hardly seated myself when I was joined by an elderly-looking gentleman, who smiled serenely as he sat down opposite me at the same table.

His face was round, his forehead high, his nose Roman, his eyes lustrous, his hair white and luxuriant, and his beard like his hair in color, and flowing. He was genteely dressed:—his outside raimentconsisting of light cassimere pants, Prince Albert coat and low-cut vest. After settling himself well into his chair, he addressed me as follows:

"I have taken the liberty, my dear sir, if you have no objection, of joining you in the discussion of an ample modern meal; for, sir, let me assure you that, upon my honor, this is the first time in several thousand years I have had an opportunity of sitting at breakfast with a gentleman. Indeed, sir, if I am not greatly mistaken, the last time I appeased my appetite in company with a congenial spirit was with my exhiliarating old friend Noah, the distinguished navigator, so-called."

Naturally enough such a speech arrested my attention, and I looked directly into the queer old fellow's face, but I discovered only candor and intelligence therein, and I asked, somewhat humorously undoubtedly, but with an affectation of seriousness:

"Do I understand you, sir, to allude to Noah of sacred history?"

"I refer to that same dear daparted old-timer, with whom I was on terms of exceeding intimacy."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; and who I knew just as well as I did Adam, and Moses, and Daniel, and Nebuchadnezzar. Why, many and many a time have Noah and I hobnobbed over a friendly glass of wine."

"Well, well, well!"

"It is true," he continued, "that I was tolerably along in years even when all those historical fellows were boys; but I used to frolic with them at times, nevertheless. I made the first kite Methusaleh ever flew, and many a time have I kicked football with Cain and Abel. Adam and I used occasionally to sample the ardent together in the Garden of Eden. Noah and your humble servant knocked around promiscuously over the same vineyards upon numerous occasions; and what Solomon and the individual who is addressing you didn't know about the erring gender don't grow luxuriantly on any of your quarter sections of wild oats to-day."

During the progress of these last irreconcilable utterances I had concluded I had "pooled issues" with a lunatic, and I therefore kept one eye upon a carver lying upon my side of the table, and the other upon the nearest place of exit, fully convinced that the result of the matinee would be a fight or a foot race. Still, I was getting mightily interested in the old party, and I resolved to take the possible chance of an uproar, and encouraged the *seance* by interrogating:

"Did any of your old-time comrades have hop-bitter baseball clubs, Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup cricket associations, steel railway boodlers, sugar and oil trusts, Salvation armies, and go-as-you-please walking matches?—did they ever paint towns red and—"

"Sir!" he replied, in a tone of unaffected surprise and indignation. "If you think you can make a butt of me you are most awfully mistaken. I will depart at once. No modern man ought insult or ridicule a person of my age and erudition." And the distressed relic of an antediluvian period stopped the progress of a single tear.

That I became embarrassed is apparent, but my curiosity overcame my momentary perplexity and I broke a short but uncomfortable silence by calling for a bottle of choice claret and requesting the sad-faced pilgrim to join me in its friendly absorption. He brightened out like a sunbeam, and declared that nothing could give him greater pleasure. The waiter soon returned and filled two small goblets with Chateau Lafitte. My companion drank the blushing beverage with *gusto* and observed, after smacking his withered lips:

"My congenial friend, that wine has an exquisite bouquet, and is as delightful as any I ever quaffed with my old comrade Nimrod, when that excellent marksman and your obedient servant used to go out after larks."

I came very near interrogating the curious old creature just at this point as to whether he and the other "old boys" he had so flippantly alluded to had ever gone out *on* larks, but the notion that he might possibly brain me on the spot checked me in my hilarious intention and I maintained silence—a silence which the old gentleman broke by saying:

"The delicious sensation produced by that one single nectareous gill has made me feel more companionable, not to say more familiar, indeed; and I ardently wish to prolong our acquaintance and conversation."

These syllables were so prettily and so pleasantly articulated and the manner of the old gentleman became so warm and so sympathetic that I could not have resisted even if possible danger had seemed impending, and I was not unmindful of the fact, of course, that we were in a public place, and where there were generally only fashionable or other well-behaved people to be met. So, in response, with some well-chosen words, I placed my newly made acquaintance at his ease. He then looked me right in the eye and said:

"On the whole this is a very beautiful world, isn't it?"

"Taking everything into consideration and referring particularly to myself," I replied, "I am constrained to believe that there is a good deal to enjoy here. I am not so rich as to be mean, selfish, suspicious and generally unhappy, nor so poor as to be underfed, shunned, and generally miserable. Coupon-cutting and wood-cutting are vocations alike unknown to me. I have never wanted for a meal, however, or a bed, or clothes to keep me comfortable; and, on the whole, I have always felt that the world had been quite good to me and was quite good enough for me."

He complimented me upon what he was pleased to term my frankness and my felicity, and proceeded:

"May I respectfully ask you to present your impressions touching the creation of this beautiful world? Do you believe that this world was made in six days, and that Adam was the first man; that there were mountains high enough for Moses to ascend and hold converse with Jehovah; and that during what fictitious writers call *the* flood, rain fell incessantly for forty days and forty nights, inundating the planet upon which we live, and that every human being except Noah and his family—and all other living creatures except those which it is claimed were also taken into the ark—were drowned or were otherwise swept from the face of the earth?"

This was only a simple question to be sure; but there was enough in it to somewhat indicate the character of the person who had asked it. In other words I suddenly felt that I knew my man; and I replied, therefore, with as much precision and impressiveness as I could quickly summon:

"I spring from good old New England dyed-in-the-wool Puritanical stock, sir, and I believe everything touching the creation and the destruction of the world as recorded in the Bible. I have never examined the dangerous writings of Volney, Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, Darwin, Huxley, Draper or Renan. I believe, firmly, in the existence of heaven and of hell, and hope for no perfect bliss except that to be found in Abraham's bosom. Pardon me, sir; but I will come directly to the point: I *do* believe that this beautiful world was made in six days, according to scripture; and that Adam was the first man; and that, on one occasion, the Almighty, in a great paroxysm of anger, destroyed all living things that he had made except Noah and his family—"

"And a certain number of beasts and birds and reptiles and insects, *et hoc genus omne*, for breeding purposes, eh?"

"Yes."

"How provoking! Will you be kind enough, my dear sir, to tell me, then, why it was not just as feasible for the Creator to have made all of these living things over again if he at one time produced them with such infinite ease and perfection as you give him credit for? If you possess what may be termed religious faith which prompts you to believe that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe did so far forget himself, once, in his inexcusable rage, as to ruthlessly destroy much of his matchless handiwork, is it at all consistent that he should have selected a few wretched human beings, a menagerie of animals, an aviary of birds, and a vast collection of repulsive reptiles and insects as spectators and survivors of so grand and appalling a catastrophe? There is nothing in the whole range of your so-called sacred history so utterly fallacious and unreasonable as the legend of Noah's flood. There is a stupendousness of untruth and ridiculousness about it that throws all other holy fabrications in the shade. For instance, my friend, did you ever turn over carefully in your mind—of course you have a mind?"—

"I think so."

—"What the dimensions of such a vessel must necessarily have been to have carried Noah and his family and his immense collection of living things, and provisions for the cruise from the commencement on to the end of the great storm? Did you ever reflect upon the sanitary effects of so many people and animals huddled together for several months? Did it ever occur to you that, during the forty days it is said to have rained, water must have fallen to a depth of more than a thousand inches every twenty-four hours? Believe that Jonah was made a nauseating meal of by a voracious whale, if you will; that Daniel was thrown among ferocious lions that did not tear him in pieces; that Shedrach, Meshach and Abednego were cast into a fiery furnace and not even scorched; that Sodom and Gomorrah were spectacularly destroyed by celestial fire; that Lot's wife was transformed into a pillar of salt, and that the gifted Nazarine emerged from an unnatural wedlock; but do not, I beseech you, my friend, place any dependence upon that narrative of the deluge; for that story is a prodigious lie, from beginning to end, and so ridiculous a one, it seems to me it should seem to every one, as it is prodigious. There were numbers of deluges, or inundations, in Europe and Asia during the Quaternary Epoch; and this so-called Noah's Flood was one of them, and was occasioned by the upheaval of a part of the long chain of mountains which diverges from the Caucasus."

"Sir, I—"

"Listen!"

"Proceed, Sir."

"You fully believe the so-called statements of the Evangelists concerning the wonderful physical events that accompanied the Crucifixion, of course?"

"I most assuredly do, sir."

"And you undoubtedly interpret the meaning of such events as evidences of the indignation of the Omnipotent?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are mistaken. There were a great many superstitious people in those days and very few scientific ones. Bear that distinctly in mind. An earthquake, or an inundation, or an eclipse, was looked upon by the multitudes as an exhibition of the wrath of the Invisible One. Science is steadily clearing the way of many obstacles, however. It has been satisfactorily proven by Herr Kalb, a *savant* of our own day, that there was a total eclipse of the moon concomitantly with the earthquake that occurred when Julius Cæsar was assassinated, on the 15th of March, B. C. 44. He has also calculated the Jewish calendar to A. D. 41, and the result of his researches fully confirms the facts recorded by the Evangelists of those physical events I have just spoken of. Astronomical calculations prove, without a shadow of doubt, that, on the 14th day of the Jewish month Nissan (April 6,) there was a total eclipse of the sun, which was accompanied, in all probability, by the earthquake, '*When the vail of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rock rent*'—I am quoting Scripture, you know—Matthew xxvii. 51. The writer of St. Luke, too, refers to that eclipse in these words: *'And it was the sixth hour*, (12 noon) *and there was darkness over all the land till the ninth hour*, (3 o'clock p. m.) *and the sun was darkened.*—Luke xxiii. 44. Herr Kalb's mode of reckoning corresponds perfectly with the result of calculations made by reckoning backward from the great total eclipse of April, 1818, allowing for the difference between the old and new styles, which also give April 6th as the date of the new moon in the year 31. Of course, you are willing to admit that scientific men, who can calculate to a second the periods of commencement and termination of eclipses *to take place*, may reckon backward with the same degree of acuracy?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Further: As the vernal equinox of the year fell on March 25th and the Jews ate their Easter lamb and celebrated their Frib Passoh, or Feast of the Passover, on the following new moon, it is clear that April 6th was identical with Nisan 14th, of the Jewish calendar, which, moreover, was on Friday, the Paras Kevee, or day of preparation for the Sabbath: and this agrees with the Hebrew Talmud."

"And this should convince me, you think, that the physical events which transpired concomitantly with the crucifixion had nothing whatever to do with said crucifixion?"

"I do not know that I think anything of the kind. I do declare, though, that by the united testimony of astronomy, archæology, and traditional and biblical history there should be no doubt that the date of the crucifixion was April 6th, 31. I was not present at that cowardly and inexcusable murder, and cannot vouch for it on my own knowledge. Still, I am certain enough about it, and I am also certain, as are all thinking men of the present age, that the physical events of that day had nothing whatever to do with the atrocity of the occasion."

"You are very clever in denouncing the crucifixion as an atrocity. But it is very plain, all the same, that you are not a Christian—you do not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ—you are really a being without religious sentiment. Indeed, I doubt if you own a Bible."

"Why, I just quoted from Matthew and Luke. I own a Bible, my friend, and I have read it a great deal. But I have examined other writings as well. I am unlike you, to this extent:—that I never shrink from giving all things that I do not thoroughly understand patient and candid and I trust intelligent investigation. I have read a great many books upon Christ and Christianity, but I have also examined into the writings of men who have written by the light of the calcium illumination of modern research. It is an unfortunate fact that there have been too many histories of the Bible and New Testament canons tainted with blemishes which make most of said histories simply worthless to truth-seekers. Very few there are, indeed, that have not been written in a spirit of advocacy, while a majority of them have been produced with a set purpose to favor the earliest recognition of the gospels as best known. Now, sir, what do you know about the gospels, anyway? When were they written? We'll see, now, who knows the most about this thing, after all."

"Well, I have been informed that Luke was written six years and Mark ten years after the death of Jesus."

"You don't know, then, that unprejudicial inquiry long ago unanimously disclosed the untruths of such unscrupulous statements? You are not aware that chronological investigations long ago led to conclusions that none of the gospels were written during the first century?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have to admit that I have never made these things subjects of detailed study. I had supposed that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had been written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"Why Luke was written in 170, Mark in 175, John in 178, and Matthew in 180 A. D. Any paid preacher will tell you that, privately."

"My friend, you surprise me. I have always looked upon the Bible as a holy book, and have always firmly believed that its authors were inspired; and I shall always maintain this opinion."

"That's right—stick to your opinion. But let me attempt to enlighten you by presenting a panorama of facts."

"Certainly. Let us drink each other's health again, first, though, and then you may proceed, for I am really interested in what you say, although whatever you do, or may, say has no possible effect upon me—remember that!"

"O, that's all right; I'm merely chatting, not arguing. Indeed, I wouldn't give a dime to convince you. If reason and reading and the progress in your own church and the many revisions of the Bible that have taken place do not set you to thinking, nothing I could say would appeal to your fine sense and reasoning faculties. In the first place you must bear in mind that the early translators of the Bible and those who first disseminated the doctrines of Christianity were men who were entirely satisfied of the truth of the dogmas of the things as they saw them before they began to write, consequently they imparted as much seeming consistency and reverential feeling to their productions as was possible, and recommended them in either an impressive or fascinating or aggressive way to that Christian world which, up to a late day, has generally shrunk from the bare suggestion of candid investigation into the beginning of its creed. At the present time, however, there is a very large and continually increasing class of people in all civilized countries who are unsatisfied with this kind of history and who feel that to get at the actual truth, divested entirely of the glosses of prejudice and superstition, it is necessary to put aside all preconceived ideas and to examine the records with a single eye to the ascertainment of the truth. These reasoning people perceive that the history of a party or a sect, even at the present day, written by a member of that party or sect, must necessarily partake of the prejudice and narrowness or *trade mark* of the organization. You may readily catch on to what I declaim by perusing Catholic and Protestant histories of France and England; Abbot's and Scott's description of Napoleon; Grant's and Beauregard's opinions of Shiloh; or, say, Democratic and Republican estimates of each other's political action—and in hundreds of other cases easily to examine, you may put your finger on the parts which proclaim the prejudiced or otherwise interested writers, because, directly they find themselves discussing events in which the people of their own organizations or creeds bore conspicuous parts, they begin to warp the facts or incidents in order to favor the side or sides they prefer, or from some other motives none the less eleemosynary or discreditable. The first triplets born were Superstition, Ignorance and Bigotry, and they came into the world early; and they are scattered well over creation even now, but are being quietly killed off, daily, nevertheless. The first really complete English translation of the Bible was made by Miles Coverdale, an Augustinian friar, in 1535."

"I've got you."

"Got who?"

"Got you—dead."

"Aren't you a little slangy for one so good?"

"Pardon me—but I am of the opinion that a man named Wycliffe, that famous leader of the Poor Priests, and for a while rector of Suttleworth and lecturer of Oxford, was the first translator of the sacred Scriptures into English, about 1390; or, say a hundred years before the birth of Tyndale."

"Yes; I should have said *printed* in English—that is Coverdale's and Tyndale's translations were the first printed in English, while Wycliffe's translation was spread among his followers in manuscript form, for types and printing presses were unknown in that day. By the way, my friend, what an immense amount of work those Lollards, clothed in red sackcloth, feet and heads bare, performed. Why, after a lapse of five hundred years there are more than one hundred and fifty of Wycliffe's manuscript Bibles, more or less complete, still in a good state of preservation, here and there throughout England."

"Do you know when the first translation of that sacred book was made?"

"Yes; the first translation of that so-called sacred book—or that part of it known as the Old Testament—into the Georgian language was made by Euphemius, in the eighth century; but his translation has been grossly corrupted and interpolated by succeeding translators and revisers so that, could the founder of the Iberian monastery on Mount Athos resurrect himself and compare the Sclavonic version with his own he would fail to perceive anything decidedly similar about them. It was not until 1743, however, that a Georgian Bible appeared in print, which was published at Moscow under the auspices of a number of prominent Georgian noblemen, among whom were Princes Arcil, Vakuset, and Boachar. The first English translator of the Bible was William Tyndale, who was born near London in 1490. His translation made its first appearance at Antwerp in 1528, and was somewhat fragmentary, of course. What is known as the King James version was a translation and came into use in 1610.'

"That is my Bible."

"I guess not. That version has been revised with a vengeance, so that the King James and the revised edition are not as like as two peas, don't you see."

"But it is the preferred Bible of the world."

"Yes; and the next edition will be the preferred Bible of the world, no matter how many changes and eliminations may have been made."

"But it was authorized."

"Do you look upon the original Bible as the work of inspired writers and translators?"

"To be sure, I do."

"Well, then, who authorized its revisions? God or man? Great printing houses are interested in changes of text books and other school publications—a revision of the Bible once in a while is a good thing for its printers and publishers, isn't it?"

"O, I don't deny that there are those who are interested in its revision once in a while from that standpoint—the mechanics who build our churches and cathedrals must receive remuneration for their labor, mustn't they?"

"Oh, my friend, you dodge the question—your comparisons are slightly off. The Bible is supposed to be an inspired book, and if so, no human being has a right to tamper with it. But you can pray to God from the top of a woodpile with your hat on with as much fervor as if on your knees under the dome of St. Peter's. I do not look upon the Bible as a sacred book any more than I do upon the works of Josephus or Bunyan. It is a wonderful book, however, but has lost much of its majesty by your so-called authorized versions; while much that has been permitted to remain should have been eliminated. All in all, it has been injured, and its seeming holiness mightily impaired."

"But its teachings are still good?"

"Much of its teachings are the bases of the laws of the present day. Moses was the first great law maker and law giver; Jesus drew a good deal from Moses, and Mahomet, as keen as the Damascus blade he wore, purloined from his illustrious predecessor. Christ, on account of his purity and innocence, and persecution, has more followers than Moses; but Mahomet has more followers than that same sublime man who walked erect from Galillee to Calvary, and who the whole world should honor as a great and good man and teacher of good things."

"Why has Mahomet more followers?"

"Because Mahomet taught one God; and while, personally, he was not so pure or so sinless as either Moses or Jesus, he disseminated a better and more consistent standard for the one great common belief that is steadily gaining ground among highly intelligent and thinking people, and which will some day become the universal religion of mankind."

"I am constrained to declare that you do not believe in the Immaculate Conception or The Trinity?"

"Why should I? I have read and observed closely. I study Nature and the Infinite. I put all this and all that together, you see. In the first place the earliest allusion to the Immaculate Conception is found in the Epistle of Ignatius in 115, or, say eighty years after the death of Christ. Isn't that a very long time for so wonderful and heinous a doctrine to be made a possibility? Again, the doctrine of Christ's miracles was just as late in being disseminated. One hundred years, nearly, after his birth, the theory of Christ's divinity was spectacularly proclaimed, and then followed despotic declarations of his supernatural powers and performances. As to the Trinity, that was not preached until the second century."

"You undoubtedly scout the resurrection and the immortality of the soul?"

"The resurrection was not preached until seventy-five years after the cunning Iscariot sold his Master on a margin. That, too, is a mighty long period for so remarkable a doctrine to lie unutilized. Even then, the earliest view of it denied a resurrection of the body, which was not thought of until the second century. It was at least one hundred years after the death of Christ before the belief of the immortality of the soul became prevalent."

"But, don't the Bible preach the immortality of the soul, and have not such eminent ministers as Moody and Talmadge, Kalloch and Murray, Barrows and Douns, and Sams Small and Jones preached it?"

"Let me assure you of a fixed truth:—Nowhere in the Old Testament is the immortality of the soul taught, and not a single verse so much as intimates such a doctrine. It is to Plato, in fact, and not to Christian philosophers and educators that you owe the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Even if it did, it would not be in advance of the heathen, generally, who, the world over, believe in a Great Spirit above and an after life. Do you know, my friend, that there isn't an educated minister in the city of New York, San Francisco, or Boston who believes in the so-called Immaculate Conception? Mind you, I say educated; I don't mean leaders of Holiness Bands, Christian Science scamps and cranks, Salvation Army disturbers of municipal peace and burlesquers of religion, and all theological lunatics and illiterate Bible pounders, generally—I mean men of education and intelligence, who have graduated from institutions of learning. What do you think?"

"O, you couldn't change me in my religious beliefs, if you talked to me a year."

"So?"

"So. You know I told you at the start that I stand by the Bible. I acknowledge its divine precepts and its laws. My mother taught me to love the Bible, and I shall always do so, even if only out of respect to her, God bless her memory. I also believe firmly in the divinity of Christ."

"What evidence have you of his divinity—what single thing did he ever do that was divine?"

"Didn't he come into the world to save sinners?"

"I am not aware that he did."

"Well, he did."

"Well, if he did, he wasn't a tremendous success, my friend; for, according to the statements of the ministers and newspapers all over the world, there is and always has been a very lively lot of sinners that never came within the influence of his so-called divine teaching. Jesus Christ came into the world just the same as any human being. He might have been found in a stable, just as Moses, his predecessor, was picked up in the bullrushes. Millions of illegitimate children have been found in stables and hotels and under bridges and on doorsteps—these are generally called foundlings. If Moses and Jesus were born out of wedlock and placed where some good persons could get them they were foundlings. But that didn't happen to besmirch them, because they turned out god-like and exemplary and great. The world is better for their teachings, although the latter would be termed a religious crank instead of a god by a majority of religious people if he were living to-day."

"You do not believe he came into the world divinely, then, to save sinners?"

"I have answered that question once."

"But didn't he die to save sinners?"

"I cannot say that he did. At any rate, the sinners come and go, just as before. Seriously, Christ died like any man would under the circumstances. His crucifixion was an atrocious crime. He was nailed to a cross, while he was feeble and sore, and he was subsequently pierced to death. He undoubtedly believed he was the son of God, and in his dire distress and pain he called upon the Omnipotent to save him. But no succor came from any source, and he died from great pain and loss of blood. There was no earthly occasion for that murder, however. The young man was doing good instead of harm. But he was making too many converts throughout his section of country, and he was in the way, don't you see?—and a lot of ruffians and demagogues saw to it that he was put out of the way. Why, the same kind of creatures cut off heads at the Tower of London three or four hundred years ago, and in Paris less than a hundred years ago. The greater portion of the Bible—the Holy Bible—the Word of God—is a description of butcheries of the most devilish sort."

"But the world is the gainer by the crucifixion, isn't it?"

"I cannot say so. There is a glamour about the crucifixion and the so-called resurrection that will last for ages, undoubtedly, and the world is probably none the loser by it. A martyr, even if a tyrant, finds his way to one's heart. Who has not dropped a tear over the murder of Marie Antoinette and her husband? What human being has not sympathized with the despotic brute who died at St. Helena? Sentiment is the dynamite of the heart, you know, and the spear that was so murderously driven into the quivering flesh of the gifted Nazarene has pierced the hearts of all who have loved and honored him for his purity of thought and action. That infamous crime upon Calvary created a religious feeling than can never be fully repressed."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"Why, I say it boldly. There may be a greater than Christ some day, but none better."

"Then you believe in religion?"

"As far as it has a tendency for good, I do. Science can never place obstacles in the way of law and order, and all religions must conform to the latter."

"Science conflicts with Christianity, though don't it?"

"Science and common sense conflict with the Bible and with the God of the Bible, most emphatically. It is not the aim of scientific essayists, however, to repress true religious emotions or aspirations, or to empty the universe of God. Science should not conflict with true Christianity, which simply means as close an allegiance to the Sermon on the Mount as is consistent with human nature in its noblest state. The continuance of high morality and obedience to governmental laws means the perpetuity of the rigor of Christian religion and truth. True theology, which is the dissemination of Christian truths, cannot be eradicated. Huxley, in one of his earlier reviews, says that extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules."

"Then you differ with Huxley?"

"No, no; I believe in true theology. But I scorn the platitudes of the so-called theologians."

"You do not believe that theology is a science, then?"

"It should be a science, but it is not. Some day theology will become a science, and then there will be no conflict between science and Christianity. Then truth will prevail, and men who have been educated to preach will dissemble and lie no more. Do you know what science is?"

"I might not define it correctly."

"Well, your dictionary will inform you that 'science is a systematic arrangement of truths according to their mutual relations.' But Huxley is briefer and simpler, when he terms it 'trained and organized common sense.' Are the emanations from the pulpits of the world, generally, highly suggestive of avalanches of trained and organized common sense? Not if I know myself—excuse the slang, please,—for I have lived quite a while in this city."

"I do not agree with you on the main point; for it seems to me, that, so far as history and experience may be trusted, no theologians of eminence have been extinguished. Athanasius, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, and scores of other gifted theologians, in my humble opinion, are not extinguished. I am perfectly well aware that all they preached is not fully accepted at the present day. But their doctrines of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ is justified by the experience of all believers, and science, instead of extinguishing these theologians, as Hercules strangled snakes, is like Cronos, devouring her own children."

"Why, you are graphic and vigorous."

"Didn't the Copernican theory of the universe extinguish the Ptolemaic? And where was Descartes' doctrine of vortices after Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of attraction?"

"So far as that is concerned, astronomy has extinguished astrology, chemistry alchemy, and electricity magic and miracle and spiritualism, while geology has helped vastly to open the way to scientific research. Certainly none of these have elevated your so-called religion or confirmed the holiness of Genesis. From that book to Revelation our planet is as flat as a pancake."

"I admit the errors of the ancients. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, your truly scientific men are not a unit in their theories. The convulsionists have been devoured by the uniformitarians; the evolutionists are pitching into the creationists; the advocates of the theory of the transmitationists are making short work of those who dare insist upon the persistence and immutability of species. It is not all harmony in the scientific camp, by any means."

"Correct you are. It is not perfect sunshine in the theological outfit, it seems to me. The Episcopalians have had it hot and heavy over the revision of the Prayer Book; the Presbyterians are at sword's points over the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith, while reformed churches are making tremendous headway against the doctrines of a hundred years ago. The idea that God created men and women for eternal punishment is fanatical; that none but the elect are redeemed by Christ is ridiculous; that a proportion of the infants born are merely fuel for hell-fire is revolting; and that God made the devil and let the latter get the best of him is wicked and absurd. The most disreputable of all theological crimes are the pulpit attempts made all over the *civilized* world to exalt God's sovereignty and at the same time cast a slur upon his greatness, justice and love. As a general thing, ministers do not believe what they preach. There isn't a meeting-house in the land in which, if an alarm of fire was given, the preacher wouldn't drop his elaborately prepared sermon and make for the first place of exit."

"You think their escape would be a survival of the fittest, don't you?"

"A survival of the fleetest, you should say. But that is neither here nor there. What I want to convince you of is that these ministers preach all around true religion. They prefer to give you a weekly dash of technical theology, and to impress it upon you that God is good and just to all and prove that he is not. They embellish their manuscripts with the declarations that Christ came into the world or died to save sinners and in the same breath tell you that none have yet been saved. They preach too much promiscuous theology and too little good, plain religion. To tell you the truth, my friend, the day is fast approaching when all ecclesiastical systems will pass away and there will be no technical Christianity in the land. The preacher in Westminster Abbey at present tells his congregations that Christ came to teach peace and good will, while every niche and corner of that magnificent cathedral is filled with monuments and sarcophagai of men who made the killing of human beings an art. Christ taught peace, but the world honors above all other creations the man who is the most successful expert in killing. In your own land there are monuments to Grant and Lee, Thomas and Jackson, McPherson and Johnston, but none to Chapin, or Edwards or King. It is nearly two thousand years since Christ preached virtue, peace, forgiveness and unselfishness, and he preached it vigorously and well, and set the little world who knew him a good example. He had no theology, no philosophy, no ecclesiastical tendencies or ruptures; no Brunos, no Luthers, no Popes. But he preached truth and morality and fair dealing, which are not distinguishing trade marks to-day among the majority of your professional Christians."

"I agree with you in some particulars; but whether I do or not, I can't help saying that you are an agreeable old gentleman."

"Well, I don't know how agreeable I am, but I am old enough, surely."

"How old are you, anyway?"

"As strange as it may seem, this is my birthday, and I am twenty-seven billion, nine hundred million, eight hundred thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one years old to-day."

"Great Scott! but you are an old-timer, ain't you?"

"Yes; I've revolved on this festive planet of ours a good many times. Now, sir, would you like to have me describe the earth from its beginning down to the present time?"

"I certainly should. A man of your age must know a great deal."

"I am able to present you an accurate and detailed account of the commencement and growth of what is called the world; or, to speak more scientifically, the growth of our planet, from its gaseous birth in space, through its process of assimilation, its dark Plutonian periods, its glacial epochs, its terms of aqueous, ferniferous, reptilian and mammiferous life to the time when humanity began, a few millions of years ago."

"I am all attention."

"I will commence with the primitive epoch, when our planet was merely a puff, or a vapor, the interior of which was 195,000 deg. centigrade. Of course, this mere puff was eighteen hundred times as large as its present bulk; and, among the agencies which would operate in its condensation, was its passage through the frigid planetary intervals, where the temperature cannot be less than 100 deg. below zero. This would gradually form the crust of the earth, which, now, by some thirty miles of thickness only, holds us out of the incandescent horrors below. At the same time the molten mass, operated upon by the sun and moon—as it still is, though now so much spent that it only issues volcanically in its throes—would rush up in great waves when the crust was thinner, not only forming those immense wedges of primitive granite which erect themselves in many of the mountain ranges of America and elsewhere, but many of those irregular stratifications which make the sections of rocky deposits look like huge agates for a Titan's ornaments. These eruptive rocks are called Plutonic and volcanic—the former including the granites and the kindred compact rocks formed far below the surface and cooled under great pressure; and the latter including trachytes, basalts and lavas, which are of looser textures, and have cooled nearer to and upon the surface. By the way, my friend—but of this you are probably aware—there are about three hundred volcanoes on this little sphere of ours, more or less active, a number of which, when you for a moment pause to consider what they serve to vent, no one will be disposed to grudge, however wide a berth he may wish to give them. Aararat, Sinai, Orizaba, Shasta, Tacoma, St. Elias, and hundreds of other extinct volcanoes may yet again blaze forth and destroy hundreds of thousands of people. They are at present asleep and sublimely inactive."

The old gentleman then took a long breath and a sip of claret and continued.

"The next great epoch is the Transition—"

"Proceed, sir, with the—"

"When light began to pierce through the deep mists of the exhaling and condensing atmosphere, and the mollusks and primitive vegetables came to life. This epoch is divided into four periods: The Silurian period—isolated projections, only, beginning to gather around the accumulation which slowly formed the land divisions of the present time; shallow and extended seas, under which reefs and rocks were rising; a dim light, here and there, and the simplest forms of vegetable and crustaceous life—why a lobster salad, of which I am very fond, was the first thing I ever ate."

I at once called for a lobster salad.

"In the Devonian (or old red sandstone) period, all things had perceptibly changed."

"How do you know of all this?" I involuntarily asked.

"I know of all this because I was one of the first men on earth," he replied, quietly.

"But you were not living at the age of which you speak?"

"O, no; but when I came into the world the footprints of time were fresher than they are to-day, and yet your modern men of science may tell you almost as much as I can. What I tell you are truthful results of my own knowledge and research; but science and unimpassioned investigation will corroborate all I say. Why, I 'll make you ashamed of yourself before I get through with you, young man."

"In the language of Vassar, you mean you will sit down on me."

"Hard!"

"Well, don't get vexed, old man: you know I must put in a word, once in a while, just to let you know there are two of us here—don't you see?"

"Shake."

"Shake."

"As I said before, during the Devonian period, all things had changed and advanced. The Primitive Tribolites, with their four-hundred faced eyes, of whose remains whole quarries were found, had given way to more perfectly articulated creatures: vertebrated life, as represented by a considerable variety of fishes, also appeared. There had been, as yet, no forests, but now they began to show themselves:—first in the shape of gigantic ferns, then in asparagus trees, from forty to ninety feet in height, thus introducing the marvelous carboniferous era, which is divided into sub-periods—those of carboniferous limestone and of the coal measures. These periods were of unknown and incalculable lengths; it is estimated, however, that one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred years would be required to form only sixty feet of coal; the astonishing character of these calculations appears when you bear in mind, young man, that the coal measures in Wales are twelve thousand feet by actual trial. The characteristics of this period of wonderful provision for the latter ages were excessive heat, humidity and an equal and high temperature over the whole face of the earth. Owing to the inward heat there was no perceptible climatic difference between the poles and the equator. I have plucked flowers, pulled radishes and picked beans the same year at the equator and at the poles. Vegetation grew with a rankness and a rapidity that baffles conception. Bananas and pineapples, and all kinds of citrus fruits, which you may find in Central America to-day, grew in profusion at the poles at the time I speak. The Arctic ocean was as sunshiny and as navigable at that day as the Grecian archipelago is at present. But there were, as yet, no birds, no mammifers, no saurians. One or two varieties of muddy reptiles of small size appear, the principal of which is the Archegosaurus minor, a queer thing, with a head like a pointed shovel. The Permian period was similar in its characteristics, but more progressive, a number of animals and vegetables being added—among the former of which may be noted the Productus Horridus, a nightmare abortion of slimy fertility."

The old party again took breath, and looked upon the wine when it was red, and I hazarded an opinion, thus:

"This general epoch unquestionably corresponds to that Second Day, as recorded in the Sacred Book, in which God said, 'Let there be light!'—the influence of the sun being gradually admitted, according to your narrative, through the reluctantly subsiding elemental conflicts of many years?"

"Many years! Many millions of years! Now comes the Secondary Epoch—divided into the Triasic, the Jurassic and the Cretaceous periods. This epoch introduces many kinds of forest trees; some of which were bigger than the *sequoia* and redwoods of California to-day; reptiles of appalling size, form and strength; and crustaceans in such numbers that the greater part of the earth's surface is covered with them, and much of its substance composed of their calcareous remains. The salt and chalk rocks were found—the latter being composed almost entirely of minute crustaceans, as the analysis of any bit of chalk powder under the microscope indicates. The Secondary Epoch is the most marvelous of all the chapters of creation. Here are the great saurians; the Nothosaurus, the Ichthyosaurus, the terrible Pleiosaurus, and the dreadful Pterodactylus, to see only chilled one's blood. It was an epoch of ferocious terror. Of course, you know these creatures have all been found in fossil; with the remains of their species, as well as of others, within them, as they were probably overtaken in acts of carnage."

"Their conflicts in the midst of these convulsions of nature must have been fearful?"

"I should say so. Pleiosaurii and Ichthyosaurii filled the seas. Innumerable ammonites floated on the surface of the water—the nautilii of those days—some of them three and four feet in diameter. Turtles and crocodiles of tremendous size crowded about the shores. The pressure of the atmosphere diminished, the earth was cooling off—something like climate was establishing itself. Vegetation increased in forest forms, and palms and other trees appeared; and at last, in the Upper Oolite division of the Jurassic period, the first bird was discovered—the famous bird of Solenhofen—the feet and feathers of which have been found exquisitely lithographed in the Nevada and other quarries of the present age. A few other birds appeared in the latter part of this epoch, in the Cretaceous period, so-called because the rocks deposited by the sea during the process are almost entirely composed of carbonate of lime from remains of shell-fish. In this period the great terrestrial saurians—the Iguanodon and Megalosaurus—appeared, preparing the way in the uniformly progressive processes of nature for the gigantic mammifers which were next to grace the swelling scene."

The old gentleman was warming up perceptibly. He was in a glow, and beads of perspiration stood out all over his face. These accumulations he removed with a red silk handkerchief, then took a swallow of wine, and proceeded:

"The Tertiary Epoch follows, with the mighty Pachyderms. Just observe, my friend, the course of nature: In the Primitive Epoch—chaos, convulsions, darkness; in the Transition—ferns, fishes, light; in the Secondary—trees, succulents, reptiles. Now, in the Tertiary, the whole face of the earth blooms, and the mammifers rule supreme—not few, nor small, but in countless numbers and of great size. Of the saurians and other reptiles we have only fossil remains; but of the mammifers, some have come down to a late day, preserved in Siberian ice, in the skin and sinews which they had in life. There are three divisions of the Tertiary Epoch—the Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene—indicating by their etymology that they are more or less remote from the Beginning and from the present. There were plants in these periods which are still represented on earth. The horse, too, appeared; and the mammoth, the remains of which you have seen in your museums. The mammifers, trees and flowers, now only found within the tropics, flourished where Franklin, Kane and Greeley sailed and explored, showing surprising differences of temperature between those days and yours. The mammifers of the time I speak fed upon trees. Of these, the Paleotherium magnum, constructed from many fossils by Cuvier; the Xiphodongracilis, for which you are indebted to the same great naturalist; the Dinotherium, the Mastodon gigantus, found in North America in 1705, but fully collected and erected in 1801 by Peale; and the Swaltherium, or four-horned stag, about as large as a modern-sized elephant, are among the more important. At the close of the Pliocene period the great landed divisions of the world, Europe and Asia especially, had gained very nearly their present outline."

"I should think that your—"

"Don't interrupt me! For gracious sake let me proceed. Don't you see. I am coming to the Quaternary Epoch, which is distinguished by a series of European deluges; the Glacial period, and by the appearance of Man? Don't interrupt me. This epoch is divided into the Past Pliocene and the Present (or upper) Pliocene Periods. It is the era of *Elephas primogenus*, or Mammoth, whose skeleton stands for wonder in the St. Petersburg Museum, grandly rescued from Siberian ice; of the colossal Spelacean bear, tiger, and hyena, of the prodigious edentata;—the Megatherium, which burrowed in the earth, with limbs that could tear up the great trees of Mariposa like thread; and the Mylodon and Megylonyx, all of America. There were great convulsions all over the earth during this period. Deluges inundated many lands. Earthquakes turned over the mountains of Norway, and built up the Appenines and the Alps. Rivers were made and obliterated, and gorges like the Yosemite, Yellowstone, Hetch-Hetchy. *les Gorges de Trient*, and others that are as well known, were created at a single stroke. A great destruction of organic life ensued, but the devastation was nothing to what followed: A reign of snow and ice, which denuded a portion of Europe and all the corresponding belt of the world, with the region north to the pole. And this glacial action will in time destroy the earth, for there is a time coming when the magnificent cities of the world will be covered with eternal snow and ice."

"And when that takes place—"

"I tell you, sir, to cease interrupting me."

"But I wish—"

"Shut up, you scoundrel!"

"I am no scoun—"

"If you dare utter another word, you insolent ruffian, I'll brain you on the spot. I'd as leave kill you as I would a dog, you infernal—"

"Here he is!" "Here he is!" shouted a couple of men; and simultaneously they rushed upon and secured my companion.

"What are you doing, gentlemen? What do you want?" I cried, in great amazement.

"We want this runaway lunatic!" replied one of the assailants.

"He escaped from the sylum yesterday," added the other.

And they handcuffed him, and took him back to Stockton.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

SONNET.

In monotones against the winter skies,
In distance purple, greenly-grey anear,
The California mountains proudly rear
Their peaks; tears fall from February's eyes
On them—anointing magical! Their guise
Is changed. The ice-plant masses bloom anew,
Like rose leaves set with pearls of frozen dew,
They make on spaces vast a faint blush rise.
The cactus swells her awkward fans in pride:
The painted cup flames red; with sudden blaze
Oenotheras light up the hill slopes wide.
The orient's splendor now each peak arrays:
It is with gold and scarlet beautified,
And gleams with emerald and chrysoprase.

—*Lenore Congdon Schutze.*

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

To Teachers and Students:

The San Diego County Board of Education has decided to hold the Southwest Summer Training School at Coronado Beach from July 25 to August 15, 1892.

Arrangements are in progress to secure eminent teachers.

Tuition and board will be very reasonable. A delightful and instructive time may be anticipated.

Catalogues will be mailed on request as soon as published.

HARR WAGNER,
Secretary County Board of Education.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF SAN DIEGO has been received. It is neatly printed, and the arrangement throughout reflects great credit upon City Superintendent DeBurn and his aids. President W. J. Mossholder of the Board of Education makes the following brief but excellent report:

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

It affords me great pleasure to be able to report that in no previous year have the schools of San Diego made such progress as during that which closed December 31st last.

The total enrollment of pupils in October, 1890, the last month that the pupils on Coronado attended the city schools, was 2,190. The segregation of Coronado in October, 1890, took 202 pupils from our schools, and the number enrolled December 24th last was 2,233. This does not include those enrolled in the kindergarten department, and shows that we have gained more than we lost by the segregation of Coronado, and in addition thereto 325 kindergarten pupils, which indicates a very healthy growth of the population of our city.

After the passage, by the Legislature, of the act permitting the State school moneys to be used for the support of kindergarten schools, the Board adopted and incorporated the kindergarten system into our public schools, opened five schools, and employed five teachers for this work. Two others will have to be established in the near future, one in the central part of the city and one at Old Town. Industrial or manual training was also adopted by the Board as a part of the course of instruction in the grammar departments, and an instructor in this work was employed who was educated at the Cogswell Polytechnic School of San Francisco. This instructor is at one building one day and the next at another, and admission to his work rooms is partly the reward for faithful work in the school room. Great interest is taken in this work by the pupils.

One of the needs of the Educational Department is a commodious building for the High School. This will be a necessity within the next two years. It should be more centrally located, and more accessible from all parts of the city, by car lines or otherwise, than is the building now in use. The Russ building will be needed for a grammar school before a new high school building can be erected, considering the steps which it will be necessary to take to secure the funds and erect such a building. It is necessary therefore that action be taken by this Board at an early day to secure such a building. The Middletown, B street and Sherman Heights buildings are now used beyond their original capacities, the basements of these buildings having been furnished, and the overflow of pupils from the other rooms sent there. These basement rooms are not lighted as well as school rooms should be; therefore it is necessary that a high school building should be ready for use as early as possible.

The B street building was erected in 1889, and cost $26,750. The Eighth Ward building, just completed, is a duplicate of the B street building, but cost only $21,984. This would indicate that the cost of building is much less at present than in 1889, and that it would be a favorable time in which to secure a new building for the high school.

I feel justified in saying that the seventy teachers now employed in our schools are second to none employed in this or any other State, and the Board has had only the interests of the youth of our city in mind when selecting these teachers, and we believe that their work is being well and conscientiously done.

The finances of the Educational Department have received very careful attention from the Board. It has been the policy of the Board to have our schools second to none in this State in everything which would assist the pupil in obtaining a common school education, yet the Board has furnished only the necessaries—not the embellishments. The Board has endeavored to have sufficient funds on hand to pay all debts incurred by it at maturity, and to not ask its employés to wait for months for their pay. Had the Board not given great care and attention to its finances our schools would have had to close, when a bank in our city closed a few months ago, in which a large amount of school moneys were deposited.

The Board would be pleased to see more interest taken in our schools by parents of pupils as well as by our citizens generally. A parent ought to take enough interest in the education of his child to visit the school room and acquaint himself with the locality where his child remains five or six hours daily during ten months of the year.

The work of the Educational Department has grown to such an extent that it requires daily supervision. This the Board cannot give, but must rely upon the City Superintendent to perform these duties in addition to his office labors, and I am pleased to say that Superintendent DeBurn ably performs these duties, and to the satisfaction of the Board. During five days of the week his presence is required among the schools. Mornings, evenings and Saturdays he is at work in his office, where Mr. Tyler, the assistant clerk, labors from eight to ten hours a day, in fact he and the Superintendent often have to remain at their office until eight o'clock at night to keep up with their work. Very respectfully,

W. J. MOSSHOLDER.

EBB TIDE.

The tide went out—the cruel tide,
And left the naked breakers bare,
With all the woes the world would hide
Proclaimed everywhere.

My love went out—ah. cruel tide,
And left my naked heart again
With every grief the soul would hide
Proclaimed unto all men.

—*The Lover, in Town Topics.*

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR GEOGRAPHY NAMES.

C. M. DRAKE.

"WHO gave the names to all these places, and why did they give them such queer names?" said one of my boys, who had been studying the local geography of San Diego county.

"The Indians named many of the places; such as Otay, Cuyamaca and Pauba; the Spaniards or Mexicans named more than half of them, including the many named after the saints; and the later settlers have given most of our English names. As to the names being queer, I think that many of them are very pretty," I replied.

"But how came the places to have these names, and what do they mean?" said the lad, whom we will call Roy.

"Many places were named after the people who lived there. Rainbow postoffice was named after Supervisor Rainbow, who was one of the earliest and most prominent settlers there. Foster's station was named from the owner of the Santa Margarita rancho, and so with many other places, such as Foster on the Cuyamaca railroad; Murrieta after its former owner, etc."

"Yes, and Perris and Winchester upon our railroad were named in honor of some railroad men," added Roy, "just as people named Mt. Whitney, Mt. Tyndall and Washington, after those men. But why so many saints in San Diego?"

"You must remember, Roy, that the early Spanish settlers and explorers were very religious people. Every man had his patron saint, and each day of the year had its one or more saints to whom that day was sacred. So if a navigator discovered a fine bay or a place on Saint James' day he called it San Diego. If Saint Bernard was his patron saint his ranch must be called San Bernardo. Thus the memory of Saint Humphrey is kept green by our San Onofre mountains and creek; Saint Margaret and the flowers by Rancho Margarita y Las Flores; Saint Philip is remembered in the San Felipe rancho, and a dozen more saints in like manner."

"Yes, I know San Mateo creek is named after Saint Matthew, San Francisco after Saint Francis, and San Juan after Saint John; San Marcus means Saint Mark, and San Luis Rey was Saint Louis the King, just as San

Luis Obispo is Saint Louis the Bishop. But all places are not named after people," said Roy.

"There are very many names which describe the place in some way," said I, "and these names are more pleasing to me than those named after people, or that third class of names selected in memory of some other place, like Carlsbad (Charles' Bath), or because the name sounds well, as Linda Rosa. Point Loma means hill point, and is very appropriate. Ballast point, where the empty outgoing vessels used to take in stones for ballast, is also good; Ballena mountain, which does look somewhat like a whale; Cuyamaca, which is a rainy region, as the Indians called it; Temecula, where the rising sun strikes earlier than elsewhere; Temescal, which is truly a sweat-house in summer—all these, and many more, are very suggestive."

"To be sure! And Campo means a camp, and Potrero, a pasture ground, and El Cajon, the box; and Agua Caliente is hot water; Agua Tibia, warm water; and Agua Hedionda, stinking water," said Roy, after glancing at a list of names I had on my desk.

"See if you can find more descriptive names," said I, encouragingly.

"Yes, there is Oceanside, and Pacific Beach, and False Bay, and Escondido, (hidden) and Lakeside. And are Las Pulgas (the fleas) and valley of old women (Valle de las Viejas) and Vallecitos, (little valley) and Rincon del Diablo, (devil's corner) all descriptive, too?"

"Certainly; and there are many of the Indian names that are descriptive, and mostly of some kind of water. In Jamul, Jamacha, and Japatul, the *ja* is water. Farther north *ja* becomes *pa* in Pala, Pauba, Pauma and Pachanga. The Indians would call one place antelope water because they had seen antelope there. Another would be the water where grew the reeds which they used in weaving their water-tight baskets. In another the taste of the water, its smell, its size, or some other thing would determine the name."

"I think Capitan Grande is a good name for a mountain," said Roy. "That means the big captain; but there is no volcano in the Volcan mountains."

"Well, there are enough *rabbits* in the Conejo mountains, just beyond to make up for it. And the Coyote mountains are well named, too; and the Mescal valley, for its many century plants. But did you ever notice how many rivers and mountains are named from their color? There are Blue mountains, Green mountains, Black Hills and White mountains in all languages. There are dozens of Colorado or Red rivers' as well as White, Black, Green and Chocolate (brown) ones. Matagnagat is Diegeño, for *red hill*, too, I am told."

"Why did they call the grant south of San Diego the National Ranch?" inquired Roy.

"I have been told that it was first a reservation by Mexico for the horses, etc., of that nation, and hence was the Rancho del Nacion. But Tia Juana was not *Aunt Jane* in earlier times, but was an Indian name something like Tiwana, which meant the same as Del Mar—by the sea. But as *Ti* was uncle and that did not fit with *Juana*, which the Spanish thought was the latter part of the word, they *corrected* it to *Tia* Juana, which sounded all right to them. Many names have been corrupted in this way, while there are others which were once appropriate, but are now no longer so. Perhaps in fifty years from to-day people will wonder why Cholla (cactus) valley was so named, or Encinitas (little oaks), or Alamos (cottonwoods). But what have you learned from our talk about naming places?"

"I have learned," replied Roy, "that places are named, first, after people, such as residents, owners, discoverers or noted men. Second, after some quality or incident describing the place. Third, to keep in mind some other place or home; and fourth and last, as many people name their children—some ill-fitting name that sounds well."

ARBOR DAY.

Tree planting was very generally observed throughout San Diego county by the teachers and pupils of the public schools. This is the first time in the history of this State that a systematic effort has been made to observe an arbor day. At least 5,000 trees were planted. It is the intention of the Superintendent to carry out section 1546 of the school law in every available manner. The teachers, trustees and school children are to be commended for their hearty co-operation.

PLANT ME A PALM.

Plant me a palm tree, plant me a palm.
It grows in the desert lands,
And the traveler, fainting and doubtful, sees
And praises with lifted hands.

Plant me a palm—a sacred palm,
It faith to the faithless shows;
And out of the sands in our deserts of life,
The palm tree of victory grows.

—*Madge Morris.*

At the Middletown school, San Diego, a beautiful fan palm, presented by Stearns Scott, son of Chalmers Scott, was planted in the name of Madge Morris Wagner, by the class in the department of Mrs. Frances Nellis. The forty little children of the receiving class recited in concert her poem, "Plant Me A Palm."

The following response to the children from the author (who was not present) was read to them by Mrs. Nellis:

"I thank you, little ones, for the pretty compliment you have paid me. I have received no other honor which I more appreciate, because the heart of a little child is true And I thank you for planting a palm. If I could make a speech I would like to make a speech to you, but I cannot; so I will write you some little things about the tree which you have planted in my name.

"There are more showily beautiful trees than the palm—all trees are beautiful, and all beautiful souls love trees—and there are trees of larger use; but there is no other tree in the world that has so many and such varied uses as the palm. There are more than five hundred species of it, and every particle of a palm tree, from the top-most tip of its leaves to the end of its fibrous roots, is used for some purpose. Hats are made of it, and bags and fans and mats, and clothes to wear, and thread to sew them with, and hammocks to swing in; and the people in its native countries cover the roofs of their houses with it, and cook the young plants and eat them; and burn the tree sometimes and use the ashes for salt; and wine is made of its sap, and oil, and wax that is just like beeswax; and butter and sago, and acids, and beautiful chemical crystals; and so many, many, things that you could not remember them all if I told you.

"It grows in a limited latitude, in both the old world and the new, and in the big island continent that is called Australia. In some of these places the palms grow to enormous heights, and have leaves fifty feet long. Think of a tree standing up straight and naked as a post, so tall that you would have to hold your little heads back to see the top of it—with a great bunch of leaves swaying from the very tip-top of it, each one of them fifty feet long!

"Some of the kind of palms, though, have not strengh enough to stand alone, and have to grow against something to lean upon; and when they get too high they fall over—just as some people do. Don't be that kind of a palm.

"There are a few palms of the kind that you have planted that grow wild in California. I have a little baby palm in my garden that I dug up on the desert away out on the other side of the Cuyamaca mountains. I sometimes think it is lonesome for its desert, and does not like to grow in a garden. It grew in a little grove of palms—no other trees but just themselves—in an almost inaccessible desert cañon. There were about fifty of the trees, I think, and some of them as tall as the taller of the two old date palms at Old Town.

"The ancient peoples believed the palm to be sacred. It was the sign of victory. And the gentle Saviour who blessed the little children blessed the palm tree too. Its history is as old as the history of time.

"I thank you again—and your dear and lovely teacher—for planting a palm in my name; it is my favorite tree. Shall I tell you why? Because it is such a lonesome tree. I love it for its sublime loneliness. All the other beautiful trees that have been planted to-day grow in companionship with each other; great forests of them sometimes. Their branches touch hands and their leaves whisper together when the winds blow among them, and they know each others language; and birds sing to them and bright-eyed little animals chatter to them, and grasses grow and flowers blossom at their feet; and the murmurs of little crystal streams, and the songs of the mighty rivers are for them. But the palm tree grows alone out on the great, burning, barren, lonesome deserts of the earth. No smile of flower or voice of water or song of bird ever greets it; only the hot glare of the desert skies and the hot glare of the desert sands—and its language is the eternal silence of God.

MADGE MORRIS WAGNER."

WILLIAM G. YOUNG, of San Diego, son of Hon. Nestor A. Young, was unanimously elected college poet of the Leland Stanford Jr. University. Score one for San Diego. The young man is undoubtedly a genius, and if age carries out for him the promise of youth, his name will be one widely known.

A VISIT TO ELMWOOD AND SURROUNDINGS.

BY I. W. HOWERTH.

A WALK of about ten minutes from Harvard Square westward on Brattle street, past the Longfellow house, brings you to a short avenue, lined on both sides with gigantic elm trees, on one of which is a small sign bearing the word "Elmwood." Turning to the left you are soon before the house in which Lowell was born, lived, wrote and died. It is a large three-storied, yellow and white wooden structure, with old-fashioned windows and chimneys that look like "The wind pipes of good hospitalitie." Before we go up the broad cement walk leading to the doorway, let us look about the grounds a little. They may be said to be a "park" of about thirteen acres. Not like a city park, where everything is kept in perfect order, where each particular tree is made to stand erect and in line like soldiers in a military company, and even the flowers toe the mark like little tots in a spelling class, but a genuine country park from which Nature has never been chased with hoes, and rakes and pruning knife and where the trees, grass and flowers have straggled about and assumed in many instances an unkempt and rakish look.

Lowell delighted in his grounds. Through the pine forest in the corner, along the little stream that trickles over the rocks, and across the wide lawn, are paths worn by his feet as he walked and dwelt in "thoughts that echo through eternity." It is well known how he loved his elm trees—the "never unsympathizing trees" which grow thickly over the grounds. He has thus immortalized one of them:

"And one tall elm this hundredth year,
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who with an annual ring doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows with his palatial mass
The deep canals of flowing grass,
Where glow the dandelions sparse
For shadows of Italian stars."

The great heart of the poet was open to all the beauties of nature. Things animate and inanimate were his friends. "Why," said he,[‡]

"Th' aint a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human."

But you are anxious to get into the house. Come on. Here we are in the great hall-way almost large enough for us to play "drop the handkerchief"—hardly large enough to play base-ball.

[‡] See No. X, II series of Biglow Papers. Hosea Biglow to editor of Atlantic Monthly: I think it is one of the finest things he, or any one else has ever written

Everything about us is grand in its proportions, like the generous and kindly nature of the poet.

To see the study we must go up the broad stairs, two flights. Here: high up in the southwest corner of the building, where the sunlight falls in spite of the bushy elms, is the room from which issued almost all of Lowell's poems. It is really a double room with long rows of books. statues, and painting and many precious souvenirs. There is a fire-place between the two divisions, at which we may suppose the author sat on wintry nights to smoke and toast his toes.* A large round center table is covered with books and such other litter as a writer accumulates about him. Over the mantel is a large portrait of Mrs. Lowell, and on an easel is a picture of Mrs. Burnett, her daughter, who now occupies the house. Look out of the windows and you will see shimmering in the distance the "Sliding Charles" that winds through the Cambridge marshes on its way to the sea. (See "Under the Willows.")

Southwest of the house is the great Mt. Auburn cemetery, a veritable city of the dead, where Lowell and Longfellow and Agazzis; with many other illustrious people are laid away in "breathless darkness and the narrow house." Lowell's children are there. It was of his eldest daughter, Blanche, that he wrote in the beautiful little poem "The First Snowfall." Mabel, who is also named in the poem, is the Mrs. Burnett to whom I have referred. She is Lowell's only living child.

Just here a bit of gossip, which I have learned from an old lady acquaintance who knew Lowell from childhood, may be interesting. While in college (Lowell was graduated from Harvard, as his father and grandfather had been before him) the poet became intimate with a young William White who had a rather distressing number of sisters. James and William seem to have scattered some wild oats about Cambridge, indulging in many little pleasantries not particularly indicative of the future poet. It is not necessary to mention these, for you might think them essential to the development of a great character.

Through William, James made the acquaintance of the sisters, and whether from a desire to lighten William's burden, or for more selfish reasons, I do not undertake to say, he married one of them. Her name was Maria. After her death he employed a governess to take charge of little Mabel. This governess was highly educated and good looking, but very poor. Lowell's family did not consider her on the same plane as themselves, and were somewhat indignant when—oh well, I am sure you have all guessed the rest of the story. This wife of the poet died in England.

But let us turn our attention again to the house. If these old walls could speak, they would to us "a tale unfold." What memories cluster about the place. Great men af Europe and America have been entertained here. Washington has shared its hospitalities. The groans of wounded soldiers echoed through the house in Revolutionary times, when it was used as a hospital. Thomas Oliver, the last royal Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, a Harvard graduate of 1753, built the house in 1763 to 1767. This Oliver was president of the Council of Massachusetts, but was so obnoxious to the people that a mob of 4,000 indignant men surrounded his house and persuaded him to resign. He left Cambridge and never returned. The house was then bought by Elbridge Gerry, who lived in it while he was President of the United States. Charles Lowell, father of the poet, was the next purchaser, and it has belonged to the family since.

As we leave the house and come up Brattle street we see many things that have been celebrated in prose or verse. The graveyard, the marshes, the sidewalks, the trees, even the dust of the streets, have been immortalized by Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and others. Howells has sent the horse cars, which pass us on our way down the track of the ages.

Here is the spot where

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stood."

When the old chestnut tree was cut down a chair was made of its wood, and presented to Mr. Longfellow. The house in which Mr. Pratt, the village blacksmith, lived is still standing. Just across the street lived the poet, T. B. Reed. Poets, novelists, historians, men of science and of statecraft have walked this street ever since the voice of Hooker and Whitefield resounded in the church over there, and the echoing tramp of the soldiers of Putnam and Warren was heard in this "first camp ground of the Revolution."

Lowell is our heritage. He is of use to us only in so far as we make his thoughts and spirit our own. His writings are full of beauty, wit and wisdom in which we may all, rich and poor, equally share. They are all ours.

"A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee."

Not long ago I visited his grave in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. It is yet unmarked. It lies at the foot of the little hill on which Longfellow was buried. The two great poets are thus "neighbors in death as they were in life." As I stood there where the ground is worn smooth by the feet of reverent friends, and listened to the moaning of the wind through the elms that stretch their long arms over the grave, as if they would shield the friend who loved them so well, I thought how little, how infinitely little, is that part of Lowell that has been put under ground. I was regretting that I had never seen him when, suddenly there came a thought as if it were a voice, like that heard at the tomb of a greater than he, "He is not here; lo, he goeth before you" in every great cause: "there shall you see him."

THE chief warder of one of our prisons said to a newly-arrived felon:

"You have the privilege of working at any trade you prefer."

"That will suit me exactly. I'm an æronaut."

Another gentleman in the same institution wanted to be a sailor.

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*See poem addressed to Charles Eliot Norton.

SUN GATE.

Naming The Gate.

Call the parson and name the child,
Brim full of smiles—our household joy;
Father is proud, and mother glad,
When parson is naming the girl or boy.

Call the Captain to name the ship;
She is going to sail through St. James Gate.
They have broken the bottle on her prow
And named her after her native State.

Call the country of freemen out;
Babies, nor ships we name to-day.
Come parsons, captains—come one and all,
And give us a name for the gate of our bay.

I 'll give it a name to suit it well,
For the present time and the days to be
As the sun shines through and ships sail in
Through the gates from the outer sea.

Flower gate would suit it well;
Fruit Gate, better still, if I may,
I' d call it Sun Gate, and let this be
The name for the gate of St. James Bay.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1891. —*Isaac White.*

[The above poem, which has just arrived, probably tried to come by way of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.]

The Clemenceau Case in San Diego.

The bills said it was a "purely ideal"—an expurgated edition as it were—which was probably the reason why so many boxes at Fisher's were full of gentlemen whose wives had headache, or something, and could not go.—Several boxes occupied to over-fullness! and not a lonesome woman in them. Men most always like to go alone to "purely ideal" innocent plays.

This particular ideal, expurgated dramatization of the unholiest of Duma's unholy writing is not nasty enough to be funny, nor funny enough to be nasty; nor sufficiently indelicate to be forbidden the stage—as it was in New York—nor yet sufficiently indecent not to disappoint people's expectancy. It is the fine art of suggestiveness—with variations.

THE KING OF ANNAM.*

The king of Annam has a hundred wives,
Dank Khauh, the king of Annam;
A churchman said to the king, said he,
"If you could, what more would you have or be?"
And the king said, "Just 'Siam."

M. M.

[*] There is a pun in this poem which no one but the author has yet been able to discover.

THE GAIN.

Thou who hast gone before me, thou hast won
More than the calm relaxing of all care;
More than that dignity, unearthly fair,
That looms the death-couch over and upon.

The peace of sepulture, the benison
That broods above that hallowed acre, where
Thy tomb lies hidden: these have small compare
With the soul-calm beyond the highest sun.

What hast thou gained, my lost one? Not alone
That robe whose woof prepared of olden time
Endows thy limbs with spiritual grace;
But ministering at the sapphire throne,
In usefulness heaven-favored and sublime,
Thou lookst upon the glory of God's face.

—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

"Save me, save me!" she cried, as her head rose above the water, and she grasped a plank floating by.

"I beg your pardon," he replied from the Blackpool Pier, "but I want it distinctly understood that I'm a married man with seven children."

"Yes, yes; save me!" she shrieked.

"Then there'll be no falling into my arms and calling me preserver, will there?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"And you won't insist on marrying me for my heroic conduct?"

"No, no! only save me!"

"All right, I'll tackle the job," he responded, as he threw aside his coat. "You see," he explained, just before diving in, "I was caught by one o' these dodges once before, and that's how I come to be married. It me a bit particular."

These Three Demand Attention

I. **The Normal Music Charts and Books** for instruction in Vocal Music. These helps are the most satisfactory and the most widely popular of all the helps of this nature furnished for use in schools and classes. Used satisfactorily in more cities and towns than any other series published. The old systems are rapidly giving way to the Normal Course.

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LIBRARY TABLE.

Gov. J. N. Irwin has written for the April *Forum* a review of the causes of the political change from Republican to Democratic ascendancy in Iowa.

A notable political article in the April *Forum* will be an explanation of the condition in which the Presidential campaign finds the Democratic party—"The Democratic Outlook and Opportunity"—by Congressman Wm. L. Wilson, of West Virginia.

The *Century* will take up the campaign for good roads. The April number is to contain a suggestive article on "Our Common Roads," by Isaac B. Potter, editor of "Good Roads" and a practical engineer. The author points out the enormous loss to this country through the present general condition of American roads, a loss which falls not only upon the farmer, but upon city people as well, who are compelled to pay unnecessary prices for having produce brought to them.

One of the most important articles in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is, "Why the Men of '61 Fought for the Union," by Major-General Jacob Dolson Cox (at one time Governor of Ohio, and Secretary of the Interior, and now Dean of the Cincinnati Law School), which furnishes another aspect of the principles involved in the contest between the North and South, and which will be read with interest by those who have enjoyed Professor Shaler's and Professor Gildersleeve's views on the same subject.

The *Overland Monthly* for April is to be unusually rich and varied in stories. The following are announced; "A Bit of Forgotten Biography" (conclusion of the serial, Santa Barbara and Spanish Life), by Quien; "A Unique Ordeal" (what a young lady went through on Kearny st., in San Francisco), by Isaline Lamaison; "On the Black Butte" (an episode of danger and heroism in the hill country), by Chas. E. Brimblecom; "Happenings in Old Calaveras" (a character story of mining days), by Wm. S. Hutchinson; "Th' Las' Furrer" (a domestic tale of Oregon), by Ella Higginson.

The most interesting articles in the *New England Magazine* for March are "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott," by Mrs. Maria S. Porter; "Harvard Clubs and Club Life," by William Dana Orcutt, and "Milwaukee," by Captain Charles King, the military novelist.

The number for March begins the seventh year of *The Forum*, and for its seventh year several new enterprises in periodical work are announced. First and foremost, the "Silver Question." The discussion of the silver question has reached its acute stage in Congress, and is in consequence before public attention in a more serious form than ever before. The March number contains two papers on it—one by Mr. Bland, who makes his best argument for silver, and the other by Mr. Leech, Director of the Mint, who writes to show that in case of free coinage Europe would dump its silver on us.

Every painter and decorator in the United States should have a copy of the March, 1892, issue of *The Decorator and Furnisher*. There is a very practical article on the decorative uses of Anaglypta, in which they will be particularly interested. This article is from the pen of a well known London decorator, who is practically acquainted with the decorative uses of this new material for walls and ceilings. There are twelve illustrations of adaptable ceiling wall, dado and frieze designs in the Renaissance, Gothic, Pompeian, Elizabethan and Adams decoration, and the practical hints given as to the use of the material are invaluable to decorators.

In the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* appears a complete novel, entitled "But Men Must Work," by the popular author, Rosa Nowchette Cary. In the athletic series Julian Hawthorne sounds the praises of walking. A brief history of the leading Nihilists, by Countess Norraikow. Also short stories by Julian Gordon and George Edgar Montgomery.

Scribner's Magazine for March contains many noteworthy contributions. The opening pages have the widely announced last poem written by the late James Russell Lowell, entitled "On a Bust of General Grant," which is in the vein of Mr. Lowell's highest patriotism, ranking with the famous "Commemoration Ode." It includes a facsimile of one of the stanzas, showing the author's interlineations. Those interested in artistic subjects will find two articles appealing particularly to their tastes—the third and concluding paper by W. A. Coffin on "American Illustration of To-day," with examples of the work of Abbey, Reinhart, Smedley, Frost, Pennell, Bacher, Thulstrup, Pyle, Gibson, Loomis, Sterner, and Van Schaick.

If graceful literary style, pretty fancy and startling themes can interest, then *Tales From Town Topics*, the third (March) volume of which is now published, should find large favor. The book is certainly both dainty and bold in its tone, and, what with the witticisms and varied verse contained therein, should be quite worth any bright individual's perusal. *Town Topics*, 21 West 23d street, New York.

CHAS. A. CHASE,
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It is a popular mistake to suppose that cigarettes are always made out of sawdust. They are occasionally made out of tobacco.

From an election speech: "A genuine patriot should always be ready to die for his country, even though it should cost him his life." (Thundering applause.)

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was that it was not wrong, but impossible.

"Shall a husband keep his wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity. She will find out five times as much as he knows without the least trouble.

Thompkins: "Poor Mrs. Peatterly seems heartbroken over her husband's death."

Mrs. Thompkins: "Yes, she's been utterly unable to find a pug to match her mourning."

MARSTON'S.

In a few days

the spring-time business will be in full tide. Welcome to the Spring, not only for the flowers and verdure of the fields, but also for the freshness and beauty of the clothes we may buy. In early April the most interesting place in the world is a dry goods store. There's a cheerful stir and bustle; customers and clerks are all alert and happy. The new goods are tossed out upon the counter with a swing of satisfaction. What tone and style in the light woolen fabrics! What bright freshness in the zephyrs and challies! What delicate beauty in the muslins and embroideries!

We merely hint at the attractions that will be found at Marston's. Their stock will be more complete than ever. Among the new things will be Waists and Suits, so pretty and cheap that you'll shout for joy. Summer gowns for you, all ready to put on and wear. Percalines, ginghams and sateens, correct in style and make, at prices only a trifle more than the cost of the materials. Sorry for the dressmakers, but the world moves, and the greatest good for the greatest number is the watchword.

Let us also remind you of the handsome Capes that we shall show this season. Capes, Jackets, Blazers and Ulsters in all the new shapes and designs.

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Palace Crockery Store, BOYD & STAHEL, 1019 1021 Fifth st., San Diego, Cal.

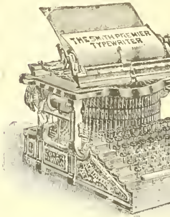
We take pleasure in calling the public's attention to the fact that L. E. Gordon MacLeod, Principal of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, has added a mathematical department to that well-known school, under the able superintendency of Wm. A. Burr, C. E., graduate of the Spring Garden Institute of Technology, Philadelphia. Also a special wood-carving class has been formed, under the able tutorship of M. Barnett. Address all communications to L. E. Gorden McLeod, Principal, corner Third and Spring sts., Los Angeles.

"Onward and upward" is a watchword that if followed invariably leads to success: and so it is evident that Mr. Brenfleck, the enterprising proprietor and manager of the Silver Gate Bath House, is on the road to success by the many improvements that are being made at that well-known resort for cold and hot salt water bathing. Among the many new improvements that have and are being made, we desire to call attention to the new family swimming tank, 26 by 42 feet. Mr. Brenfleck now has four separate departments: First, gentlemen's swimming tank; second, ladies' swimming tank; third, family swimming tank; fourth, private rooms for hot and cold salt water baths. The appointments of the Silver Gate Bath House are the very best, and the lovers of salt water bathing should not miss the opportunity of having a delightful swim at the Silver Gate Bath House, P. C. S. S. wharf, foot of Fifth street.

A SURPRISE.

It is quite a surprise to know that ITATA SOAP, which gives such good satisfaction for general household use, is of home manufacture.

Mrs. Remy's new millinery has removed to 1134 Fourth street. Finest and most reliable stock of millinery in the city. We are now receiving our new spring goods. Ladies will do well to call and see us before buying, as we lead in styles.



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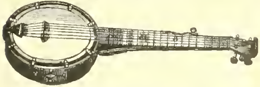

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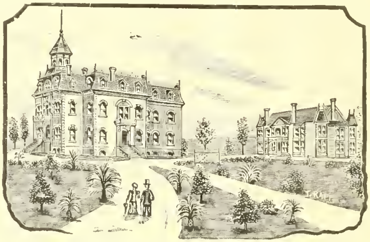

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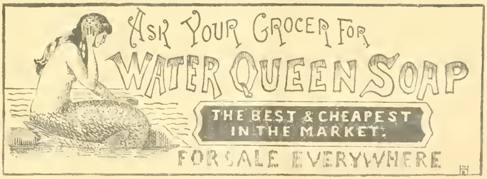

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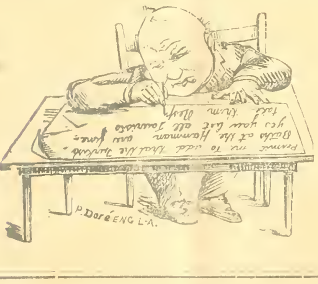
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