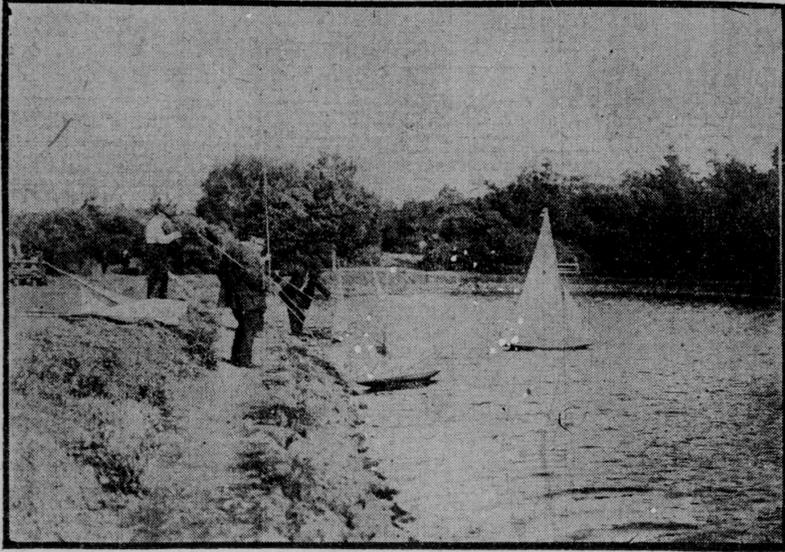


# Stray Things Of Interest From San Francisco



MODEL-BOAT RACING AT GOLDEN GATE PARK.

BY J. M. CARROLL,  
Special to The Union.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 16.—What proportion of the people who abandoned this city in the days of the great fire will ultimately return? Business men, property owners and dealers in realty are greatly concerned over this problem. While recent official statistics show a large increase in the number of trans-bay commutation tickets, there still remains in Alameda and Marin counties many thousands of people who formerly considered San Francisco their permanent home. A portion of these "refugees" have become fond of the dustless, comfortable rides by water to and from the city, and may become settled suburbanites. The rest are fuming and fretting because they are forced to spend so much time in daily travel. There are no desirable vacant houses in San Francisco. They are usually engaged before completion, provided the owners do not demand exorbitant rentals.

Oakland has, of course, been most benefited by San Francisco's misfortune, and today is striving mightily to retain the advantages so suddenly thrust upon it. For the first few months following that disastrous April the Oaklanders were vigorously disclaiming any intention of trading on the misery of the coast metropolis, but now all pretence has been cast aside. The chamber of commerce is especially active in the endeavor to retain and develop the greatly increased volume of business caused by the exodus from San Francisco, and has entered into an extensive advertising campaign, the expense being borne by the merchants, who have voluntarily assessed themselves. In the "Illustrated Literature" prepared by the chamber of commerce, Oakland is described as "the most rapidly growing city in California." There "transportation by rail and by water are united on the continental side of the bay of San Francisco," and it is therefore "the logical location for manufacturing."

**A Gigantic Struggle.**  
In the meantime the older town, staggering under its many handicaps, is endeavoring to get back to its former normal and prosperous basis. It is conceded that rebuilding is proceeding on a gigantic scale, but as yet there has not been a pronounced revival of trade in the old business district. Huge steel structures are being erected on all sides, but there is no rush to occupy those which have been completed. "For Rent" signs are numerous, particularly on structures designed for retail stores, and it is puzzling the most optimistic believers in the city's future to explain

be patronized once, perhaps, and then ignored. So its builders were not enriched, and Sutro got it for a price that was a trifle compared with its cost. He took with it many other attractions from the "Midway," and all were installed on the hill above the magnificent bath-house. He was planning to construct a recreational public resort for the terminus of the electric railroad which he built in opposition to the street railway trust. The project was never completed. The worries of private and official life wrecked the once powerful mind, and he became a child again. So the relics of the Midwinter exposition are rusting and rotting in the fogs and winds, and the old Firth wheel looms above its disintegrating neighbors as an object lesson of the uncertainty of human endeavor. It never turned on its axis in its new surroundings.

### Where Sailors Are Made.

One of the most interesting institutions in California is located on Goat Island, in San Francisco bay, and although hundreds of thousands of people view it every month from the passing ferry steamers, few of them visit it, although entitled to the privilege. It is the United States naval training school, where several hundred sturdy lads are being housed, fed, educated and fitted for many branches in the American navy. They are all American boys, for Uncle Sam is lending aid to the plan to secure the youth of his own land to man his ships of war. The youngsters are enlisted into service, with the consent of parents or guardians, when 15 or 16 years old, and remain until they attain majority. They are cared for conscientiously and competently. Individual talents are recognized and cultivated where they may be made of usefulness to the naval service. If an apprentice shows an interest in electricity, telegraphy, or machinery, he is placed in the charge of



MAIN BUILDING AT THE NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

board ship. The young sailors learn the intricacies of seamanship on the historic old Hartford, which was the flagship of Farragut when he stormed the Confederate forts at the mouth of the Mississippi and assisted in the capture of New Orleans. The old vessel has been utilized for short cruises in the past few years, but rarely leaves her moorings now, as a more modern steamer has been added to the equipment of the school.

The Government has been generous in its appropriations for the training station. The buildings are handsome, the grounds well kept, and every convenience consistent with healthful, simple living has been provided.

### Old Men at Play.

Out at Spreckels lake in Golden Gate park is frequently witnessed the spectacle of gray-haired men wrangling and disputing over the racing of miniature ships in much the same fashion that a band of boys would quarrel at a baseball game. Originally started as an amusement for children, model-boat sailing has developed an organization for the promotion of tournaments which has its code of rules and regulations, and the participants display as much enthusiasm over the events as if the America's cup was at stake instead of some petty prize. For the most part the members of the association are retired sea faring men, many of them formerly masters of vessels, and they show the same degree of pride in their little boats as they probably did in the full-rigged ships that once carried them across the seas. The model yachts and schooners are usually of beautiful construction and expensive make. Some of them cost several hundreds of dollars in their making.

These races were first held at Lake Merritt in Oakland, but when Spreckels lake was finished by the Golden Gate park commissioners, the racing contingent came over to this side. The lake covers a goodly number of acres, and as it is situated close to the ocean a breeze is always blowing in the afternoons. Pleasant Sundays invariably find a throng of spectators at the lake to watch the tiny craft speed over the rippling water. The boats are sailed without rudders, the sails being set for movement in one direction, but they do not always run true to course, and the owner is chagrined to watch his ship run full tilt aground. In that event he is permitted to shove it off with a long pole to renew its voyage. This is time lost to a poor sailor, but a delight to the owners of the other contestants.

### Must Be Amused.

Banks may suspend or close their money bags against the hungry hands

of the public, merchants may complain of business stagnation, manufacturers may curtail their working forces and the shopkeepers may complain of hard times, but most of the places of amusement are conducted on the same plane of popularity and prosperity that featured their existence in the booming days "before the fire." Specially true is this of the theaters devoted to vaudeville. The Orpheum and its cheaper imitators are crowded nightly. The melodrama has its usually large following among the younger generations, which always enjoy the thrills offered by the staging of dime-novel literature. The better class of plays draw profitable patronage and the operas, although high priced, are sung before well-filled houses.

But it remained for the opening of the season's horse racing at the Emeryville track to demonstrate that neither the financial stringency nor the prevalence of clearing house certificates exerted the slightest influence on the public appetite for amusement, excitement and gambling. The same old thousands were across the bay that Saturday to see the "ponies" make their initial runs, and the veterans were supplemented by the customary new crop of wise men who had figured to a dot a system to impoverish the book-makers.

It costs money to follow the races, merely as an amusement, and vastly more to play them. And it requires a small fortune daily to keep the track in operation. Twenty-eight bookmakers were busy on the opening day. Each pays \$100 daily to the management and as much more for clerical help and other expenses. That figures \$5600 each day. Then there are the six daily purses for the winning horses, which will approximate \$2000 per day. Salaries of track officials, maintenance of stables, wages of hostlers, jockeys' fees, and other expenditures bring the total daily expenses to over \$10,000. This amount is furnished by the public, and is independent of the moneys left with the "bookies."

These figures simply show that when the public desires to be amused, it will have its wishes gratified, no matter what the cost, nor the status of the finances of the community.

### Undesirable Visitors.

Unwelcome harbingers of winter are here. Forsaking the pleasant highways and the tramps and the "strong arm men" are paying their annual visit to the city, and they are to be observed in increasing numbers on the streets begging a dime for a bed or a cup of coffee. Many of them are simply what they appear to be—lazy loafers, who

have acquired a violent abhorrence for labor, and who prefer to exist on the uncertainties of charity than upon the comforts that honest muscular exertion would bring. But there are among this undesirable addition to the city's population men of less innocent or harmless type. The murderous foot-packer, the desperate thug, the safecracker and the cunning burglar are in the ranks of the mendicants spying out ground for future operations, and unless the police department begins an early campaign of "house cleaning" San Francisco is likely to experience another season of semi-terror that followed the crimes of the gas-pipe men last winter.

That the police department was either utterly incompetent under the chieftaincy of Jerry Dinan, appointed by Mayor Schmitz, or in partial collusion with certain elements of the criminal classes, was evident in the manner in which crime flourished unchecked. Innocent men were arrested and a chain of "evidence" that would surely send them to the gallows secured against them, so the newspapers were told. It remained for a plucky jeweler to expose the duplicity and inefficiency of the alleged detective bureau under Dinan, when his bravery led to the arrest of Slensson and Dabner, who are now under sentence of death at San Quentin.

When William J. Biggy was appointed chief of police by Mayor Taylor, one of his first acts was to thoroughly reorganize the detective force, and better achievements in the detection of criminals may be expected than heretofore. But preventive measures should be given first consideration, and Chief Biggy will secure greater protection to citizens and to their property by rigorously suppressing the "vagrancy law," and by riding the town of all men of evil repute or association. The late Superior Judge Wallace some years ago put an effective stop to highway robbery by sending every man convicted of that offense to state prison for twenty years. Stern judicial action in conjunction with an honest police chief and conscientious police force could accomplish wonders in reducing crimes of the wilfully violent variety to a minimum.

### Improvised Easel.

The candy tongs with which most dealers supply their boxes of confections can be easily converted into easels for small photographs and similar pictures. Separate the tongs to form an obtuse angle and at the bottom of the picture firmly clasp each side with an end of the tongs, so that the bottom edge of the picture and the edges of the tongs form a triangle.



THE DECAYING FIRTH WHEEL ON SUTRO HEIGHTS.

dic slope the myriad valleys are sentinelled by majestic hills or lofty mountains, and the people are familiar with the smiles and frowns of Dame Nature as seen from high altitudes. To San Franciscans, who daily ride or climb over the many hills of the city, the Ferris duplicate was a curious freak to

special instructors, who seek to qualify him for practical work. The general education of the boys from the bookish phase is not overlooked. There are the regulation school hours, not much different from those of the boy ashore. There are athletic exercises, daily military drills and work

bed and soon fell asleep. "I seemed but a moment since my venture through the rain to the next village when the old attendant entered and suggested my accompanying him to the kitchen, where he said I should not be troubled with those maledicti designs (cursed designs). Seated by the fire, he then told me the story of the wheels. "The owner of the house was an elderly man, who lived alone with this only attendant as man of all work. His master was comfortably well off, living frugally and never giving hospitality to any one. His one great failing was the desire to prove himself a genius, and to this end he strove to give to the critical world a masterpiece, the work of his own hands. "With a mediocre power of invention, combined with real talent for carving, he labored night and day without achieving anything. His favorite design was that of a circle which was supposed to perform all sorts of evolutions, the ultimate scope of which the reconnector failed to explain. He only knew that his master hoped to achieve fame. "Unfortunately his inventive power remained stunted, but still he labored on for week, months and years. This continued work, added to lack of air and sleep, preyed on his mind to such an extent that one day the servant returning from the town found him wandering aimlessly around the house, fingering the curious carvings which he had wrought and mumbling senseless words. "The attendant cared for his master for some days, but noting a certain wildness in his manner he at last consulted a physician, who caused his removal to a sanitarium in the nearby town. Many weeks had gone by and still the old servant had not received any encouraging news about his master. "I fear he will never return," he concluded, with tears in his eyes, 'and I will be left all alone.' "Although I was much interested in this story, I was relieved when I was shown to a large, comfortable bedroom on the ground floor, and being very tired I threw myself dressed on the

fortunate would-be inventor fall heavily to the ground, the smoking revolver still in his hand. The faithful servant knelt by his master's body, sheathing copious tears. His sorrow was heart-rending to witness. "Sleep was entirely out of the question for both of us that night, so after closing the bedroom door we repaired to the kitchen and calmly waited for dawn. We must have dozed in our chairs, for we were suddenly startled by hearing a loud knock at the door. "It proved to be one of the attendants of the sanitarium, who informed the servant that during the night his master had committed suicide there. "We know that," answered the servant, "but how did you come to know about it?" "Why," said the attendant, "I have seen the body at the sanitarium." "A puzzled look came into the old man's face, and beckoning to the attendant he led him to the bedroom. He opened the door—and we found the room empty!"

### Eight Flights Up.

When the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he described an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight-story tenement, a little further up the street. "Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building. "In answer, the old woman motioned for him to come up. Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights, and burst into the room where the old woman was. "Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire nor smoke became visible. "Oh, there ain't no fire here," replied the old woman, flashing an earnest trumpet. "I asked 'yer 'cause I couldn't hear 'no 'no you said 'way down there!"—Bohemian

## Tributes Paid to Great Men's Wives

THERE is something inexpressibly beautiful in a love which time has ripened into a fullness and tenderness such as Charles Kingsley exhibited to his wife after years of life together, when separation from the beloved sharer of his joys and sorrows was a bitterness scarcely to be borne.

Apart from her the most beautiful of environments was but a wilderness. "This place is perfect," he once wrote to her from the seaside, where he had gone alone to recruit his health after an illness, "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the loved one whose every look and word and motion are the keystones of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. Fool! I lay at the window all morning thinking of nothing but home; how I long for it."

Equally touching was Daniel O'Connell's devotion to his wife, as expressed to her in letters so tender and ardent that to read them almost brings tears to the eyes. "Yes, Sweet Mary," he wrote in 1825, "I could have wished to see one line also in that handwriting which gives me recollections of the happiest hours of my life, and still blesses me with inexpressible sweetness and comfort when we, darling, are separate. All the romance of my life envelops you, and I am as romantic in my love this day as I was twenty-three years ago, when you dropped your not unwilling hand into mine. Darling, will you smile at the love letters of your old husband? Oh, no! my Mary, my own Mary."

Even Bismarck, the man of iron and "despot of Europe," remained to the last day of his life the romantic lover of his wife. "My love," "My dear heart," "My beloved heart," "My darling," such are the terms of endearment he lavished on her to the last. "There has been no change in us," he writes in 1862, "since our wedding day, and I have never realized before that that was so long ago—five or six thousand happy days. May the Lord not consider how unworthy of them I am, and may he continue to pour out the fullness of his

blessings upon us without regard to our deserts."

"O Phoebe, I want to see thee much," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne to his wife, some years after their wedding day. "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. I am only myself when thou art within my reach. Thou art an unspeakably lovely woman." And when writing to her sister, he paid this beautiful tribute to his beloved helpmate: "She is a flower sent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul."

The love story of Robert Browning and his wife is one of the most beautiful in the history of human devotion. To say that he worshipped the very ground she trod on is no poetical exaggeration, for whenever he returned to London after an absence abroad he never failed to make a pilgrimage to her church, in which they were made one, and falling on his knees to kiss the paving stones in front of the door over which the feet of his bride had passed.

Very beautiful, too, was Tom Hood's love for the partner of his life, and the inspirer of that beautiful poem, "I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say."

"Bless you," he concludes one of his letters to her, "bless you again and again, my dear one, my only one, my one as good as a thousand, my only one, my one in love, T. H." "God bless you and give you strength to support this present misfortune," wrote C. J. Matthews, to his wife from his cell in Lancaster Castle, where he was imprisoned for debt. "A thousand kisses my own dearly beloved wife. I have your picture before my eyes all day. It has been a real comfort to me and I speak to it and kiss it every night. Once more, God bless you."

"This day, my love," wrote Lord Conningwood to his wife in 1806, "is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish for many returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days among my family, which is the only sort of happiness I enjoy."

letters, "so much, that by all that is good, I do and will ever be better pleased with your happiness than with my own, but O, my heart, if we might both be happy, what inexpressible joy would be! I think the happiness would be so great that it would make me immortal."

Few tributes of husbands have been more beautiful than Steele's dedication of one of his books. "How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my affected heart! If there are such things as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination or more charming in form than my wife." By his side, however, we may place Disraeli's dedication of "Sybil": "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages—the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."—London Tit-Bits.

### Japan's Child Labor.

"Forty-eight thousand children under 14 years of age are now employed in the factories of Japan at an average daily wage of five and one-half cents," says a writer in the September World's Work. There is the real menace of the Orient, comments the Oakland Enquirer. Japan has entered upon the factory system. The Japanese capitalist is the most remorseless devourer of the little ones the world has known. He has prevented any legislation whatever to protect the children, and they are remorselessly used as factory hands. And it is the Christian of Christian England and Christian America that is financing with the product of this condition of things that the American laborer is called upon to compete for world markets. It is from workers trained in this system that the industries of this country are to be recruited if the United States does not close the door against immigration of Oriental coolies.—Examiner.

## Entangled In Circles

A POINT to bear in mind in the following ghost story, says a correspondent in Rome writing to the New York Sun, is that it is recorded first hand and that the man who tells it is in worldly matters, at least, an accurate and trustworthy chronicler. This is the way he tells it: "I was bicycling through the lake district, and on one evening finding myself in a desolate spot some miles from the town of Varese, I looked about for a human habitation. Walking up a shaded road, I came to a dull looking, dilapidated stone house, the exterior of which was far from prepossessing. "At one time, no doubt, it was the home of an opulent farmer, but owing to the ravages of time and the elements much of the masonry had fallen into disrepair. The ill-kept garden surrounding it only added to its desolation, and I hesitated whether to camp out on the ground or seek hospitality from the unknown occupant within. "As I debated I felt a few drops of rain on my hand, and I realized that the storm that had been threatening to overtake me all day would eventually drench me should I remain outside. I made my way up the grass-grown path and knocked loudly. "At first there was no response. Then the door cautiously opened and in a sour-faced individual looked out and in gruff voice demanded my business. I explained my plight and after a good bit of grumbling I was allowed to enter. "I found myself in a large round entrance hall, which, in striking contrast with the exterior, was well kept and decorated in an unusual manner. The curious feature of the room was the furniture, every piece of which was carved in the shape of a wheel, the chairs, table and even the sofa resembling huge cart wheels. "My attention was attracted by a tall grandfather's clock that stood in a corner. It was beautifully carved and appeared like a perfect maze of circles. My head began to spin, and I rather regretted ever having entered a house which promised me a night of bad dreams rather than the good rest I needed. "I had almost made up my mind to