

There are no white soldiers or police in British New Guinea, where the natives number 300,000. The government consists of a British administrator, an executive council and the magistrates stationed at centers near the coast. There are 500 non-official white residents.

Garfield Tea is Nature's remedy for liver and kidney diseases.

You don't have to pump the organ to find out all the church gossip.

DISASTER ERASES CLASS DISTINCTION

EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO PLACES RICH AND POOR ON SAME LEVEL.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

Millionaire and Pauper Now Friends—Business Being Conducted Amid the Ruins—Heir to Wealth Born on Sidewalk.

San Francisco, Cal.—This town is "on the level" in every sense of the word, writes Richard Barry. You can stand on Tar flat and see Telegraph hill with no obstruction but a few skyscraper skeletons. South of Van Ness avenue it is not even a junk heap. No more ghouls are shot because there is nothing to steal, and they will have to pay men to carry off the smashed bricks. Russian, Telegraph and Nob hills, which formerly made such a magnificent metropolitan saddle against the Golden Gate, look as they do in the prints of '49 when scrubby bushes rambled across their barren faces. They have been scraped of foul and fair by a mighty muck rake. The homes of three-fourths of the people are annihilated, and as one walks through the desolation he slowly realizes that the world can never know what has happened; that 100 Pompeii would be swallowed in these ruins and that California in tragedy, as in all else, has shaken her jaunty fist in the face of history and written "finis" to the volume.

Social Distinctions Leveled.

Yet these smashed buildings and desolate streets do not present the significant leveling. The material loss is great, but it does not stagger the imagination. A few hundred millions will mend the hurt and there are many people here to-day who think the shake-up is worth the leveling. Society is on the ground, face to face. Every artificial barrier is swept away. The social distinctions built up in 50 years have been obliterated with the same swiftness and finally shown by the flames toward the property. The loss of life is small, the loss of social position colossal. Down to the elements, now nothing counts but human loss. Money has momentarily lost its purchasing power. Servants, luxury, habits, prestige—yes, amity, feuds, hatred, jealousy and contempt have disappeared. Humanity is in the hurt and every one is on the level.

Here are a few random incidents picked from the edge of the cataclysm: Fillmore street, a third-rate metropolitan artery, has become for the moment the business center of the town. Here, in dingy bakeries, cheap candy stores, tawdry photograph galleries and insignificant lodging houses, are found all that is left of the greatest business institutions on the Pacific coast. A sawmill that formerly employed 4,000 men has its office in a hall bedroom that used to rent for one dollar a week. A bakery that employed 300 carts before the fire is operating out of a hand laundry that was run by three women. The largest department store in the west is being resurrected from a soda water stand that has been roughly partitioned, the front 14 by 16 feet space being used for an office. In a rear room of similar extent the exclusive heads go for juleps and coffee warmed over an alcohol lamp.

Odd Quarters for City Officials.

You can see the chief of police in San Francisco as easily as you could see the sheriff of the most backwoods county in Arizona. He sits in the window of a corner grocery and as you pass on the sidewalk you glance at his bright face and hear his hearty laugh. The mayor issues his orders from the lodge room of a secret society. The superior court is being held in a Jewish synagogue, while the city and county records are buried in a tomb in the Masonic cemetery.

The newspapers that once occupied the principal skyscrapers in the city are being operated from four little rooms in the same block, no one of which has more than a 30-foot front or a 50-foot depth. On one side of each room you can see the sign "Subscription Department," on the other "Advertising Department," while on each rear wall is hung a rough sign, "Editorial Department."

One Newspaper Office a Bedroom.

One of the most fortunate papers, after much maneuvering, has managed to commandeer a second-floor bedroom, the nature of whose previous occupants is attested by the notice still hanging from the chandelier, which reads, "Don't Blow Out the Gas." In this tiny room, around two small tables, is congregated the journalistic talent that formerly conducted a world-famous organ from a suite of 15 rooms in one of the most magnificent buildings in the west.

10,000 Acres Burned Over.

A well-known Oakland engineer states that the area devastated by the fire in San Francisco approximates 10,000 acres, or about 15 square miles. There are few cities in the world where so much valuable property is contained in an equal territory. Within this 15 square miles were nearly 100 banks, some of the finest buildings in the world, thousands of mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and more than 230,000 inhabitants, besides 40,000 transients.

If further proof were needed of the leveling character of conditions it might have been seen yesterday afternoon, when "Mike" De Young, of the Chronicle, millionaire and political leader, stood in front of one of these little offices. Down the street in an automobile belonging to ex-Mayor James D. Phelan came Abe Reuf, the triumphant Republican boss. When he saw De Young he waved his hat and called out a hearty greeting, to which De Young responded with a gay salute. For one not intimate with San Francisco to fully realize what this means he must be told that Reuf, Phelan and De Young are the respective leaders of the most bitter and antagonistic political factions in the west.

If you still doubt that the millennium is upon us go down the street two blocks to where the relief committee is working 24 hours a day from the showroom of a vegetable grocer and you will find Gavin McNabb and Abe Reuf with chairs and arms touching, laughing at the same grim earthquake jokes and putting the two craftiest heads in San Francisco together for the immediate relief of the afflicted. A week ago as the bosses respectively of the Republican and Democratic ranks, America could have afforded no more striking instance of deadly rivalry than would have been adduced by mention of these two names.

Resurrecting a Dry Goods Store. From another cigar stand whitewashed, esthetic Raphael Well is resurrecting the most fashionable dry goods store in the city. He is old, wealthy and practically retired. He could easily turn his back on San Francisco and live the rest of his days, the one other place of his delight; but says he: "I shall stay here and see it all up again just as it was—with perhaps one difference, it will be about twice as good."

Up and down all the streets one can see curbstone fires, where the people are cooking their meals in obedience to the municipal order to light no fires in the houses. They being without large ranges, small kitchen stoves, improvised sheet iron ovens and the old brick Dutch ovens are used and from which are turned out some wonderful concoctions. Most of the servants have either run away or been sent away and the people who get their own meals out of doors are among the best in the city. Cooking their dinners in the streets may be seen girls who have been educated at Stanford, Berkeley, Vassar and Bryn Mawr.

Spreckels Heir Born on Sidewalk. But of all the astounding leveling feats accomplished by the fire and earthquake the most remarkable occurred in front of the Pacific avenue home of Rudolf Spreckels, son of the president of the sugar trust. There on the sidewalk, behind some screens, Mrs. Spreckels was safely delivered of a handsome and healthy son. It is a free state, everyone beginning over again, rich and poor alike, just as the front rank broke from the line the day Oklahoma territory was opened to settlement.

Not Fair Shake: Start Again.

Young men who can swing a small capital to-day will be millionaires in a few years. Millionaires who to-day are walking the streets mourning over their ill-luck will never again be flush. San Francisco, queen city of chance, born of the gambling fever, bred of the gambling energy, dreamed out of a gambler's visions of wealth and glory, with a fierce and terrible grandeur, has smitten all who loved her and said to the half million who had sworn by her: "It's not a fair shake; start again."

Rescue Insane People.

Many stories of heroism lie buried in the ruins, but some tales that make the heart tingle are slowly filtering through official sources. This is the story of the noble work performed by Mrs. Kane, matron of the Detention hospital, and Policeman John McLean, who was detailed there the night of the great earthquake. The insane patients at the ruined city hall were kept in locked cells, from which only the keys of the stewards could free them. At the hour of dawn on that fatal Wednesday morning, the structure in which the courts were housed was the first to fall. The weight tense nervous emergency and the officer of the detention hospital, which was on the ground floor. Steward Manville was so badly injured by the falling ruins that he died two days later. Mrs. Kane and Policeman McLean, however, managed to rush outside to momentary safety. Both of them are well advanced in years, but the nurse is a woman of intense nervous energy and the officer is a man of giant frame. As soon as they reached the open court they were greeted by the terrified shrieks of the insane that pierced through the smoking ruins around. They refused to leave their places charges, and both went back into the chaotic debris.

New Buildings Are Planned.

The work of rebuilding San Francisco will proceed rapidly. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs of New York has agreed to repair the Rialto building and to build again on the site of the Crossley. She and her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., have also stated that they will put up solid office structures on their Montgomery street site.

To Ask Lean of Congress.

Congress may be asked to appropriate \$100,000,000 to rebuild a new metropolis on the Pacific coast on the site of the devastated city, the money to be loaned on real estate security for 25 years at two per cent per annum.

This project, it is said, will be laid before the president and the leaders of both political parties in congress by Herbert Law, a San Francisco capitalist, after a conference with the leading business men of the city.

BURGLAR IN BOHEMIA

There were four studios on the top floor—double studios in the front and at the back, single studios in between. The middle studios had skylights and no windows. In the first was the Spaniard. In the second was the burglar.

At least that was what they called him—the burglar. Nobody knew who he was or where he came from, so the other tenants concluded that that was what he was.

He had had the studio for months. A few had peeped into it when it was being cleaned, for he was rather a neat burglar and insisted upon cleanliness. They were astonished at the luxury of it, at the hangings, the tapestries—there were even tapestries. It was astonishing to see a burglar with so much taste.

"He must have about \$400 worth of stuff in there," whispered the Spaniard in awe, his studio being very plain.

"He stole it, I reckon," said the artist who occupied the studio in the back. "We might decorate ours in the same way if we would," he added, with some mirth.

It seemed rather interesting, having a burglar under the same roof. The woman artist in the front studio listened eagerly to tales of this mysterious person told in whispers in the twilight or the candlelight and bid her diamonds in a different place every night. She double locked her doors and felt her hair rise slowly at each footstep. It was lovely, she told her friends.

"I have never seen him," said the Spaniard, "but I hear him come in every night at about three in the morning."

Sure enough, several nights at about that hour the woman was wakened by the stealthy tread of cautious feet.

"The burglar!" she whispered.

"I have never seen him," said the artist in the back room, "but I have heard him cough. He sleeps all day, I think. He never goes out until after dark."

Of course you couldn't expect anything else of a real burglar. Yet it seemed strange that he should carelessly give away his whereabouts by a cough. Still, the woman artist concluded that, climbing over tin roofs and up and down fire escapes, a burglar was as liable to colds as anybody, and let it go at that.

And then one night after four weeks or so of living under the same roof she came upon him.

It happened in this wise. She was often invited out to little parties where they whooped it up and stayed until all hours. She had dressed herself in her prettiest and gone to one of these. It was nearly three a.m. when she got home.

It was always too late for anybody to gaze upon her when she came home in a cab, she reflected moodily as her escort ceremoniously helped her out. Never in her society existence in New York when she had been brought home in cab or devil wagon had there been a soul to stand admiringly to see her all right.

She let herself in at the front door and began to ascend the half dark stairway. She had climbed up to the second landing when she heard another night latchkey insert itself in the front door.

"The burglar!" she panted, hand to heart.

She fell on the top step, picked herself up and hurried along the hall in her white dress and slippers.

Footsteps sounded back of her, stealthy footsteps that she seemed to know.

"He is our own special burglar," she thought to herself. "Maybe he won't rob a woman who lives on the same floor with him."

Nevertheless she clasped her hand to her only sunburst, and was very glad that her gloves were on, so he couldn't see her rings.

The last flight of stairs! The footsteps following, following! Coming nearer and nearer and nearer!

The last halt!

She took to running along this hall. She inserted the key in her door and looked wildly back over her shoulder as she was about to open it.

She forgot to open it, looking back over her shoulder. She stood perfectly still, her hand on the key, for there coming quietly up the last stairs and advancing into the last hall was a man in evening dress who wore white gloves.

With a small white gloved hand he freed the key in the door to the burglar's studio. He flashed a broad expanse of shirt front for a moment, then entered.

"That burglar of yours," she told the others disgustedly when morning had come, "is no burglar at all. He's only a society man"—N. Y. Sun.

Commits First Crime in Century.

According to a story from Paris, no man is too old to begin a life of crime. Theft of a pair of wooden shoes was charged against the prisoner. An investigation revealed that the man was more than 100 years old, having been born in June, 1805, and that he had never before, through his long life, been accused of crime. He was released by the judges and collection was taken up in the courtroom for his benefit.

Jailed for College Prank.

Vermilion, S. D.—In the district court here Elmer Johnson and Richard Brueschweiler pleaded guilty to the charge of arson and were sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The young men, who were university students, fired three old buildings here last summer and said they did it to improve the appearance of the town.

Librarian's Costly Error.

Forty years after the Bodleian library at Oxford had received a copy of the first folio Shakespeare—that is to say, in 1664—the librarian of that institution, clearing out some "superfluous books," dumped the first folio in the lot and accepted \$120 for the parcel. Now the Bodleian has a chance of buying it back again—for \$15,000.

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College Girls and Frankfurters.

The college girl is a lover of that peculiar delectability, frankfurter sausages. One of her favorite methods of consuming them is to boil them in her chafing dish and serve them up as the piece de resistance with olives and creamed potatoes. Another way is to broil them on hibachi over the gas.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A man never realizes what a small potato he is until his wedding day rolls around.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Disease always attacks the weakest spot, which is perhaps why so many get a cold in the head.

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