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I look in our windows for prices.

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Ladies' and Children's Camel's Hair French Merino, Knit Saxony and imported Sanitary Underwear.

**FERRIS'**  
Common Sense Waist for ladies, misses and children.

### A PLEA FOR THE REPORTER

A Man With the Kindest of Human Impulses.

WORKING SOLELY FOR MANKIND.

How He Should Be Treated By Men and Women of All Classes and Conditions of Life—Don't.

The News Gatherer.

Reader—What are you? Are you a banker or a pauper, a merchant or a salesman, a manufacturer or a mechanic, a lawyer or a doctor, a policeman or a criminal, a Knight of Labor or an anarchist? If you are, have you ever been approached by a meek, mild-eyed reporter, who politely asks you for an item, only to be gruffly repulsed? If so, don't do it again, but repent, for if you're not roasted in the next world you will be in this. When he asks you about the losses your bank has sustained, or the amount you have invested in shaky enterprises, don't misrepresent facts to him, because he has no intention of crying down your credit. He is only obeying the orders of his chief, and if you tell him the truth he may contribute his hard-earned money to help you out. If you are a pauper and he wants to know how you make a living on nothing a day, it isn't to inform the police, but only to get pointers on a special he has to write, and perhaps when he is through he'll give you a quarter and charge it to your fare. Then he'll put you in print, but it won't be in the police report, and if you ever get the paper it will contain some valuable pointers he made up himself, and will tell you how he would do if he was in your place. He has no designs to reveal trade secrets to a rival merchant, when he interviews him, and he only wants to see that clerks get shorter hours than his own, which are sixteen a day.

The manufacturer need have no fear that he will endeavor to stir up the mechanics to strike because he asks him how much per cent he makes on a day's labor. He is only preparing an article on free trade, and he wants to know how a mechanic how much he makes in a day, how much it costs to live and how much he puts in the bank, it is because he is a friend and would like to see him get ten hours for eight hours' work, and not because he wants to give it away to the boss and have the wages reduced. He never thinks of giving pointers to the other side when he asks a lawyer for particulars in a law suit, and is without guile when he asks a doctor how he managed to put seven-teen stitches in a cut on a man's head made with a beer glass.

Nothing could be further from his thoughts than the idea of giving a criminal the tip when he asks a policeman on the quiet to tell him confidentially the last news from the station, and if the criminal is caught, he does not interview him with the intention of printing a confession from him. He only wants to present the best points of his case to his intelligent countrymen so that they will know how to act when they go on the jury.

When the Knights of Labor catch him scribbling for the night, he should be treated gently because he is not trying to learn the grip or pass-words. If he is a morning paper man, he has already learned all about a "night of labor," and he is only trying to help them out.

Anarchists should look on him as a friend, when they find him taking notes at their meetings, for without him the effect of at least one-half of their most eloquent speeches would be lost in the rain. He is one of the few that appreciate their greatness. He recognizes the fact that there are wrongs to be righted, that one-half, or more, of the human family are downtrodden slaves, and he looks upon them as the other half, or less, and he makes a duty of the pleasure it gives him to let the biggest half know of how much the little half is doing for them, and the way they are going to do it. He should read the article, next morning, and find it cut down to a couple of lines. You can't understand what it is to hear the city editor say, "Too much gush," as he draws his pencil through the choicest paragraphs, a description of your best girl's sister's wedding, which you had shown the whole family before handing in the "copy." Neither have you heard him say, "We don't give free advertising," when he throws into the wastebasket an account of the opening of a new jewelry or clothing store.

No, reader, unless you're a reporter you don't know what it is. Then, the reporter has other things to render life miserable, and as you read, think it over and see if you are the cause. If you are the Main Guy of an Odd Fellow, Knights of Pythias or other secret society demonstration, and

think the success or failure of a whole convention depends on you, don't use the reporter harshly when he comes to see you. Don't say you wish there wasn't one within a mile of you, because if you had your wish, you wouldn't see anything about yourself and brethren in the next issue. Besides, that reporter may have been waiting wearily for you to come out and tell him in a word facts that would help him out.

If you are a traveling man, don't snatch away the reporter's pen, and if you see a reporter scanning the pages for the names of the new arrivals, because if you want to know about any particular person, the clerk can always tell you. Otherwise you will deprive him of notes that are sometimes as valuable as hours. If you are on his accustomed "run" don't look grim and refuse to talk because he doesn't fully appreciate your latest good story, for that story might not look well in print. It may be better to think about anything except business. And then it might be, as in one exceptional case, that he was called to attend a hanging in the morning, and a wedding at noon, and had a speaking acquaintance with the not so bad as that, he often has his nerves unstrung by minor appointments or want of sleep.

If you are a leader in society, and are called upon by name for some trifling information about your "At Home," remember that he is a gentleman. Don't give him a cold reception in the corridor, and treat him like a mere hireling, but use him as his position deserves. You know you would never forgive the paper if your reception were slighted, and you know also that his report far more than repays any little courtesy extended to him as an equal.

Ladies, you are accountable for many of the little bits that are charged to the reporter. But he doesn't blame you for them. So, forgive him when he can't keep his promise, and devote a column to your church societies or your charity fair. He meant well, and a special notice, and he blushed inwardly as he told you about the amount of space he was going to give you in the morning. But, he lost sight of the fact that the order from the office was to "boil them down to stick."

If you are a pastor, a deacon, or any other church official, don't look at him coldly when he asks for information about your church. Don't meet him with a chilly, "What do you want?" but let him know that he has sent the poorest reporter on the staff to do your meetings, for it makes him think of Pharisees, Sadducees and lots of other biblical personages. He knows that he can only count on you for help, and if you know it, and while you are answering the few questions he may ask to talk to half dozen more opulent members at the same time.

When you are a member, treat him like a fellow being at your meetings and societies. Don't bend in front of him or over him to make him feel an outcast, while you are exchanging compliments with people all around him. It makes him think that you regard him as a stranger, and that his only mission in life is to tell how much you have done for the church and how highly you stand in the estimation of the rest of the congregation. And you should remember, too, that when you or your pastor preach to hundreds, he preaches to thousands; that while your mind is wandering on a thousand things not in the sermon, he is following it carefully, and scattering broadcast throughout the country. Don't wonder that he is not an active member of your church. You don't know what it is to listen to the doctrine of "salvation by faith" in the morning, and then, an hour later, hear that "Faith without work is dead," only to have your ideas totally upset when you are sent to do a sermon on Universalism, where all are saved, scattered, and scattered, and scattered, so it lies," while others tell you with equal positiveness that there is a place for repentance in another world. Some are satisfied if you are baptized in infancy but others want you to wait until you are grown up. The infidel denies that there is any future state, and the spiritualist calls up your deceased ancestors to prove that there is, while another creed tells you the religion for the day is a religion of this world, and that the future can take care of itself. The reporter takes it all in. No theologian could listen to so varied a course of lectures without being strangely affected, and the reporter isn't even a reporter. Besides, there are very many little incidents that he has to unearth that not only tend to shake his belief in the faith of his childhood, but in mankind generally. He is a man of the world, and scattered, trusts betrayed, and all come his way in the day's round-up, and too often are coupled with them, the names of professors of religion and of light.

You don't know the chances a reporter takes, the trials he endures, or how he is treated. You don't know what it is to follow a policeman out at the "hour when graveyards yawn" to gaze on the victim of a tragedy, and shiver as gruesome visions float before you, when some belated feline king's death snags you near by, while the policeman is slowly locking or unlocking the doors. No, you don't. And you don't know what it

### THE WEEK AT GOLDEN GATE.

Along the Picturesque Mountain Trail to Bolinas.

EXCUSES FOR DODGING DUTY.

Cows Hiding Their Calves—Up the Steep Ascent—The Redwood Creek—A Lonely Miner—Sausalito Ferry.

Excuses For Dodging Duty.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—I am a good enough republican, I suppose, but I never can get enthusiastic over our California election. The railway men of the Southern Pacific and the Central are such enthusiastic republicans, and are so zealous for the cause that their zeal cools off my fervor. I would turn demagogue only there again I am confronted by a lot of Missourians from Pike county, who are so secessionist in feeling that they arouse in me a strong antagonism. It seems to me that with other people the hatred of the railways is stronger than the dislike to the Pikes, and I am satisfied that sooner or later my state will be solidly democratic.

And this in spite of the immense numbers of northern men who have flocked into California, and who have done so much to develop its forested industries. But they have all felt the iron heel of railroad despotism, and are gradually yielding to the conviction that the only remedy for our woes is a thorough assertion of state right doctrines including state ownership of railroads as public highways. Let me cite a little instance. A friend of mine has a vineyard about twelve miles from Martinez, and his vines lie upon the northern slopes of a foothill of Monte Diablo. He raises white muscat grapes, and has always a good sale for them in San Francisco. In an hour he sent me to Chicago per the Central Pacific, and though the grapes fetched an excellent price, his return was just half a cent per pound, the railroad getting 10c per pound for the transportation. I have seen some mad men, but I never did see a madder man than my friend.

AN ELECTION DAY STROLL.

For these reasons upon election day I leave the busy haunts of men and betake me to the comfortable face of nature, and thousands of other men do the same thing. The Frisicans delight in jaunts and every father of a family must take his little flock somewhere on a Sunday or there would be a muttering of divorce thunder in the circumambient air. We have in the neighborhood of Frisco many scores of places of the most exquisite beauty within the compass of a few hours' traveling, and some of these can be reached by little steamboats that navigate our lovely bay, and some are accessible by railroad, and some can only be got at on horseback or in a buggy. It is my practice to choose a stroll, which can only be compassed by a stout pair of legs, which the native Californians call the saint, not our beloved city. I have a passion for the Coast range mountains, believing it to be infinitely more picturesque than the overrated Yosemite valley, which may be sublime, though I doubt it. Consequently, whenever anything transpires which puts me in a patient mood, I make a practice of scaling these mountains, which are about two thousand feet high, and walking along the crest to some little place in the vicinity.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO BOLINAS.

The mountain trail is in Marin county, which is part of the state between San Francisco bay and the Pacific ocean, on the north side of the Golden Gate. The city of Frisco is on the south side, but the Coast range divides very much in the neighborhood of Frisco, so that one does not strike any part very beautiful until one reaches the oldest reservoir of the Spring Valley Water company. It is different on the north side, for the Coast range towers almost immediately to its full height on Mount Tamalpais, which is about 2,650 feet. All elevations in mountain ranges that rise superior to the chain are at right angles north and south, and the Coast range is no exception in this respect. This peculiarity has the result of creating in the Coast range a series of the most exquisite little valleys, each one of which has its own little stream, which wanders according to location either towards the Pacific ocean or towards San Francisco bay. These miniature rivers rise from the mountain, wander down its sides, murmur through some valley, and fall into the ocean within the compass of a dozen miles. On the eastern side of each rampart of rock and on the eastern side of the Coast range for 150 miles the redwood trees rise in unmatchable beauty into the blue air. On the other side towards the sea, and within the valleys also, no trees grow, but the slopes are covered with a soft carpet of thick native grass. Why this is I cannot say. The Frisicans were intensely surprised to find stated in the Encyclopaedia Britannica that the

sequoia grew upon the seaward slopes, which is absolutely false. I don't think much of that sort of regards American, and I think it will be found incorrect in many other matters besides the sequoia's habitat.

THE SAUSALITO FERRY.

At the foot of Market street is the great Oakland ferry, and beside it is the humble ferry house for the boat to Sausalito, where travelers who are going northward into the Redwood country find the stage. The Sausalito boat crosses the Golden Gate and therefore the passengers have a splendid sail, but they are so accustomed to it that instead of gazing out towards the sea they look at the rocks on the side towards Alektra, a rock that has been turned into a picnic fortress, chiefly celebrated for a lawn tennis ground that has been constructed under the greatest difficulties by the Garrison Club, and which is a favorite resort of the lady friends. As the boat cuts gently through the blue waters, which is "rote sarkastical" as Artemus Ward expressed it, for it rolls like a porpoise, every little white the round head of a seal shows on the surface. These creatures belong to Seal Rocks at Suto's Cliff house, and are protected by a city ordinance to the great grief of the Italian and Chinese fishermen who complain that the seals get more than their fair share of the surface. These creatures are the divers that dive at a flash, but are killed all the same by the Marin county hunters for the sake of their beautiful skins, which are often used as coats for fur trimmings. Arrived at Sausalito the passengers by the stage wait around and grumble at the delay, while the hardy pedestrian takes the road and in twenty minutes is on the great down of a Marin county, where he has been utilized as dairy farms, furnishing Frisco's choicest milk and butter.

COWS HIDING THEIR CALVES.

These great grassy slopes are enameled with flowers, some of which are in bloom, and the route is present the chief attractions are coral-red briony, the white, hyacinth-like flower of the soap plant, beloved by California dunes, and small rises rising from the hills, not from a ridge. Having gone at once for the crest, I set far below the white road of the Bolinas stage, which traverses these downs also, and if I had a telescope I might possibly see the Bolinas stage itself, which is the most dreadful combination of woodpile and lumber which I ever saw put together. Nothing redeems it save the horses, which are excellent goers. Suddenly, as I turn a point, I come across a calf hidden in a depression of the ground. The little thing is curled up and looks at me with imploring eyes, but makes no effort to get up. Its mother has hidden it there with the strictest injunction not to stray away. The dairy farmers want milk not calves, so they kill 90 per cent of the calves, and leave the mother, in great straits, have adopted a plan of hiding their young, in hopes of saving their lives. They find depressions in the ground which conceal the little one perfectly until one comes within a dozen feet of them, then they join the herd and graze as assiduously as the others, hoping to evade the eyes of the cowboys. The strangest thing is the perfect obedience of the calf, which cannot be induced to leave the spot where it was placed by its mother. I often, in my tramps, have come upon a stowaway, and though its heart beat with maddening fear, it never attempted to get away, but simply looked beseechingly at me.

THE RED WOOD CREEK.

There is a break in the coast range caused by a beautiful creek, that after meandering through a valley where grow most magnificent sequoias, joins the Pacific at a point only a few miles from the Golden Gate. Several steamboats have gone ashore here in dense fog, having mistaken this absurd little bay for the entrance to the great bay of San Francisco. I never have come here in foggy weather, without losing my own bearings, for I don't follow the Bolinas road, but the mountain trail, which is in reality a little mine on the crest of the range half way between this creek and Bolinas. Fogs alter the aspect of everything so completely that the most familiar objects become unrecognizable. And a Californian fog is something to be wondered at. It is an absolute wet blanket, shutting out everything fifty feet away. These fogs do not extend inland except where there are openings for water courses, and it seems to me that they are attracted by these, and come in further than would otherwise be the case. When I get fairly to the creek I have one unfeeling land mark, a patch of wild gorse, which I find under the shadow of these I sit and eat my lunch, growling, taking out my case bottle and putting it in the cool water of the rivulet. The giant sequoias here are spared, as I understand, not because it would cost too much to get them to market, but because the owner has a fondness for the beauty of this region and can afford to let them live. One's heart thrills at the thought that the time will come when they will all be cut down, and will live only in recollection like the dodo and the great auk and perhaps the bison.

UP THE STEEP ASCENT.

On the other side of the creek the Coast range is as elevated as it ever gets, about 2,660 feet, and the ascent is not so gradual as it might be. In fact, if horses were to graze here instead of tranquil cows, the grass would be trampled by their hoofs and never come again. On the topmost ridge there are actual pines growing, which

is quite a rarity here, and looking towards the valley one can spy the tops of numerous sequoias, and one can also hear the axe of the chopper, for on this side of the mountain, the San Rafael Water company owns everything, and they are not particularly merciful to trees. The fancy struck me, as I looked at the sequoias and the pines, that one reported the Indians, who were little of the auto-diluvian world, and the other the world of today. All the glory of vegetation that the world can boast of is concentrated in the sugar and yellow pines of the Sierra Nevada slopes, and on the other side of the mountain, in its day, the noblest specimen of existing flora. Seldom does one see them together, but they are here upon this crest of the Coast range. The view is a wonderful one. Out at sea are the Farallones, beyond the curtain of thick fog, and in all directions are white specks of sails sliding against the inefable blue of ocean. On the other side is San Francisco bay and beyond rises the tremendous rampart of the Contra Costa range, and on these sides hangs a thin, shimmering veil of fog that has crept in through the golden gate. Up to the north of the bay is a mass of red rock as brilliant in color as quicksilver ore, and beyond it Vallejo and the Straits of San Francisco and Cavatoz. On the water is as blue as it can be, the red vegetation of the sequoias is intensely green, verging in black, the grassy slopes are of a bright emerald hue, and some of the most perfect yellow, showing in relief upon the line of a hill side against a wonderfully blue sky. If California does not prove a school for American landscape art, it will be because Americans don't know color when they see it.

A LOVELY MINER.

On I tramp, until the log cabin of a miner heaves in sight. This man has worked here for many, many years. He has a quicksilver vein, and he extracts it by the old method, which is to use an old white horse as nibbling away unlettered and unshackled. I fancy she is like old dog Tray, who could not be persuaded to go away even by blows. Under is an old rickety vehicle, which I am sure has bought ages ago. When he has enough ore to dispose of he harnesses up that old mare and jogs along comfortably until he strikes the road that crosses the mountain from Bolinas to San Rafael. He is a good natured, but what he wants and returns again to his hermitage. There are indications of vermilion ore in many places along the crest, occurring in veins of a greenish rock that is particularly hard to dig in spots. But in that there are two mines, one the famous New Almaden, the other the Golden Gate, near San Jose, where the ore is met with in stupendous masses, so I don't believe the hermit of the crest range will make his fortune, but however, gets a comfortable living out of it, and the loneliness perhaps pleases him. His old white horse, however, appeared glad to see a human form, and whinnied when I made my appearance, and rubbed her nose very affectionately against my breast.

His Speech to His Executioners.

Chicago Tribune: "If you would like say a few words before we strangle you," said the spokesman of the vigilance committee, "you may have the chance." "There is something I would like to say," responded the condemned horse thief, pale but self-possessed. "All I ask is that you will permit me to say it without interruption." "Go ahead," said the spokesman, in conciliatory tones. "Well, you finish," said the spokesman, "I have a few words of solemn warning to utter. In the innocent and happy days of my young manhood, before I came to Pennsylvania alone, it is indelible to every man who would keep himself thoroughly informed as to those questions concerning which it is the duty of every citizen to be fully advised." "You will find in that little volume, gentlemen, full and accurate information, to the political platforms of all the parties, election returns from every state in the union, names of members of congress, judges of the various courts, etc., with a mass of miscellaneous statistics and facts never before grouped together in one work. Bound in cloth or half calf the price of this valuable book has always been—"

Equal to the Occasion.

Epoch: He was young and inexperienced, and as he struggled to tell his love his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. It was hopeless. Drawing a beautiful solitary diamond engagement ring from his pocket, he treacherously placed it upon her tapering finger. "Is it too large, Miss Lulu?" was all that he could utter. "A trifle too large, Mr. Sampson," Miss Lulu shyly replied, "but I can have it fitted the first thing in the morning."

An aged pair (seventy-one and sixty-four years respectively) in Louisville not only got married, but eloped also.

### WHISPERED BETWEEN ACTS.

News and Gossip of Foyer and Green Room.

STORIES OF PLAYS AND ACTORS.

Actors and Actresses—How They Dress and Live—Anecdotes of Stage and Train Life—Dramatic Gossip.

American Theatrical Taste.

A British writer and observer of large experience, the late Mr. R. A. Proctor, has declared that public taste in this country, so far as the theater is concerned, has reached, or perhaps, retained, a very low level. He declares that our people, as a rule, care little for what is incisive or fine in dramatic preference for the trivial and vulgar being marked. For one reason or another—and many reasons could be given by an acute student of our people and of the peculiar conditions which beset them—the British critic is not far wrong in his statement. To one honest play that is popular in the average American city or town, there are twenty popular pieces of a quite different character, pieces in which the clown, the acrobat, the dancing girl, and the gaudy young person in silk fleshings, figure prominently. Exhibitions of scenery and half nude women satisfy much of our public taste. Nearly all our managers are showmen. Nearly all our theaters are show-houses. The circus is our most attractive form of entertainment, and for that matter, it is one of our most respectable forms.

I do not mean to say that good plays that not produced, and successfully produced, in the cities of the United States. I could mention several excellent dramas which have been frequently performed between Boston and San Francisco; and it is well known that our favorite plays, and our companies are received with applauding welcome at the west. Our leading actors, moreover, not excepting those whose repertoires are made up chiefly of Shakespearean works, may usually count upon their support in the rich and cultured population. But, when we look frankly, dispassionately, at the good and the bad in American taste, the fact remains as I have stated it; the good is a fluctuating quantity, upon which no solid dependence can be placed, and the bad is so important and wide-spread that it can be appealed to with safety. Actors, authors and managers appeal to it constantly and the result is grossness vastly overshadowing merit at every point.

How Mr. Palmer Became a Manager.

American Magazine: It was accident, not voluntary design, which brought Mr. Palmer to the American Magazine. The son of a well known and esteemed clergyman, the conditions which surrounded him during his youth were those of a tranquil conservatism. He was the last person, apparently, destined to help guide the fortunes of the nation. At the time he was called, to his own surprise, and to the surprise of all others, to assume management of the Union Square theatre, he was absolutely without experience in theatrical business. He had studied law, and he held an important place in the Mercantile library. The peaceful atmosphere of the library suited his reflective temperament and somewhat literary taste; and I presume it was not without misgiving, perhaps one without repugnance, that he took charge of a theatre, which possessed neither tradition nor respectable standing. But there are men who exhibit unsuspected craft under the stress of circumstances. Mr. Palmer is, as such as anyone I can think of, such a person.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Pauline Hall has brought suit against her husband for divorce.

The Kendals' season in America will be of twenty weeks duration.

Moljaska plays a six weeks' engagement this winter in performance of the Marcella Barrymore will support Moljaska during her California tour.

Lillian Lewis has a new play this season. It is called "Lawrence Marston."

W. S. Gilbert, the English librettist has dramatized George Eliot's "Romola."

Ignaz Arull's new opera, "Das Steinerne Herz," is to be produced shortly at the German theatre in Prague.

Brahms has recently finished a series of chorale songs for mixed voices, with piano-forte accompaniment.

The Coquelle-Hading engagement in New York is reported to have reached its receipts the next sum of \$4,000.

Mme. Etelka Utasse, a Hungarian pianist, has appeared at one of Mr. Gerick's concerts in Boston with success.

Mary Anderson has returned to America and opened her season for mixed voices in "A Winter's Tale," November 12.

The new American opera company, of which Mr. Gustav Hirsch is director, will open their season at New Haven on the 15th inst.

Tennyson wrote several new lyrics for his play, "The Cup," produced at Liverpool by Mary Anderson before her departure for the country.

Mr. Richard Mansfield has fully established himself as a London favorite, and has scored great success. "Prince Karol" is attracting all London, and will run for months.

Mr. Stuart Robertson is actively preparing for the presentation next season of the new play written for him by Mr. Steele Mackays. Those who have the piece assert that it surpasses any work yet done for the stage by the writer. Mr. Robertson will also be seen next season in "The Henrietta."