

THE SUMMER RESORTS OF SAN FRANCISCO

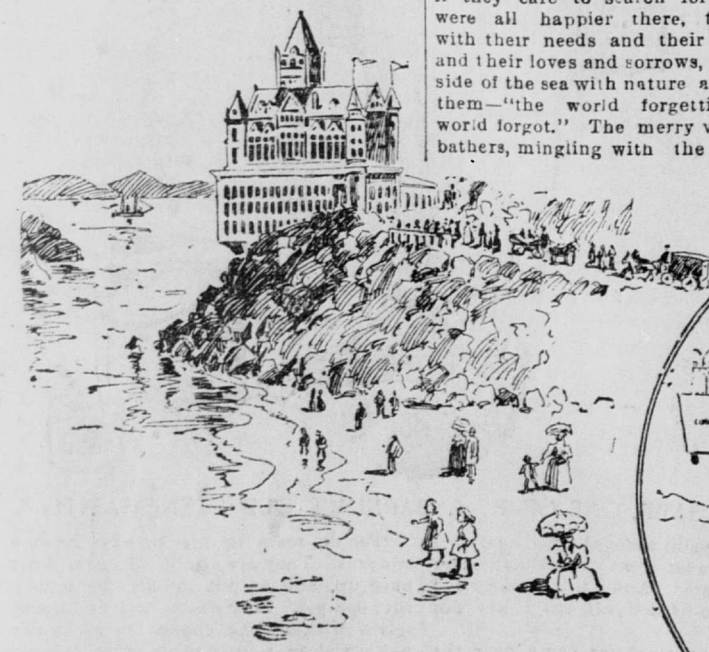


A BRIGHT AFTERNOON AT HARBOR VIEW.

Wicked-looking little waves chased each other up against the land, showing white teeth and bleeding their little efforts with the deep ocean roar.

far away. "It's the only time I ever have to rest. The children are so noisy." "And where are they now?" I asked.

breakers, were better than a song—the mother's face more eloquent than a psalm—the words of the tired woman more searching than a sermon.



AT THE CLIFF HOUSE.

watched those he had spoken to and he hadn't made one mistake.

There were tourists there, reveling in questions which seem so foolishly humorous to the one who knows all about them.

There were mothers—many of them—gazing out at the seals and attending to the wants of their babes.

"I guess you can get that better upstairs, mum," he said, and hurried away to fill a more important order.

But, not caring particularly, I sat still. How well you can tell what they will do when the day of recreation is over and the workaday world is on its way again.

And the girls will throw their gum and laughter away and go back behind the counters to earn another \$5 with which to pay their board and buy their clothing.

There were lovers here, too, and they sat in arbors drinking or walked along the sands openly boisterous.

And yet they seemed happy. Perhaps it was the keenest joy they had in life—as keen a joy to them as our joys are to us. Who can say?

"Do you suppose we'll meet them?" "Plenty of time. The people don't get in from El Campo until 8 o'clock."

The campers were just coming in, such crowds and crowds of them—mostly young people—the girls carrying the now empty lunch baskets and the young men helping to carry the girls.

"Have a good time?" asked some one of a number as they passed by.

They nodded their tired heads and smiled faintly.

"Goin' up to the dance?" "A little while," they said, and then a woman added, as she hurried a weary-looking child along:

"Got to have as much fun as I can to-day. Five o'clock breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said another, leaning heavily against her partner. "I hate the thought of work to-morrow."

"Bring me a cup of tea," I said to one. I thought it might steady my nerves while I studied those about me for a little time.

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didly. The etherizing of the plants will cost 4 or 5 ore (1 to 1 1/2 cents) each. The main point is to get the plants to shoot at any time before Christmas, even in September and October.

"It can be said that some progress has undoubtedly been made, but no one can tell to what astonishing results this discovery may lead.

By HOWARD SUTHERLAND.

To the Mission of San Jose, 'tis said, The rich Castilian roses,

On many a Spanish maiden's breast These roses have been carried,

And many a youth has gone to death With naught but such a flower

And there they grew 'neath the gentle sun, Fill the mission became a city,

And many a fair one plucked at night A flower for her lover,



Returning From El Campo.

cases out of five the eyes are out of fit; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten; and finally that the right ear is generally higher than the left.

Everyday Heroism.

How many homes are there in our midst in which instances of everyday heroism have not set in with the early morning and continued till weary nature had demanded rest?

Yet again, we meet our everyday heroism where the home circle has been rudely rent in twain by the grim intruder Death, or by circumstances infinitely worse, and the struggling ones left to bear the consequences have done so without a murmur, but with the unflinching courage of the soldier who faces the determined foe on the field of battle.

The father, miles away at night work, returned to find his home gone, his wife, found by sorrowing hearts with the remnants of the children's effects held close to her bosom, yet lying there with a countenance not of fear or despair, but peaceful resignation.

The everyday life of those who wait and murmur not is marvelous and beyond our conception, and we cannot be in companionship long without a higher appreciation of the capacities of the soul when at times it illuminates as though the spirit of God shone through.



Riding the Park Donkeys.

placed in an air-tight receptacle and exposed from twenty four to ninety-six hours (generally forty-eight hours) to the influence of the ether.

A German doctor says that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two

FAMILY PICNIC AT EL CAMPO.



Whose eyes grew dim as the morning light

Did threaten to discover His presence to those who lay apart

Yet might not be united.

The lovers have gone to their dreamless sleep, Beside their couches the roses weep

O fragrant flowers of San Jose, About whose presence lingers The mystic air of a long past day,

Anesthetics for Plants.

United States Consul Kirk of Copenhagen has forwarded to the State Department the following translation of a lecture delivered by Mr. Johannsen at the Agricultural High School recently on the results obtained by the etherizing method, which consists in developing plants earlier than is their nature by exposing them to the influence of ether fumes.

By exposing sleeping plants to the influence of ether and chloroform the result is obtained that each plant, after the treatment with ether, begins to shoot. They have thus probably been awakened from their previous condition of sleep or inactivity.



IN THE SURF.