

WHERE BOOKS TO CHILDREN'S LIKING ARE PROVIDED FOR THEM.

In this workaday, practical, business City of San Francisco, there is at least one nook where daily, year in and year out, the sands are trimmed and bars set forth for the hand of Romance. In the very shadow of the huge angel which surmounts the copper dome of the City Hall, listening ears daily hear, at least in imagination, the rippling waters of the Tigris River, and brightened eyes watch the real memory—wails from river banks enameled with flowers and gardens of story, vagrant breezes blow to expectant nostrils all the odors of Bagdad.

Not to make too much a mystery of it, these voyagers and spectators are to be found daily in that part of the Free Library, little known to adults, which bears the name of the Juvenile Department. Enter the library through its swinging doors, turn to the right, climb one flight of stairs, turn to the left, and there is the realm of pure imagination. True it is that therein are histories, biographies, travels, standing in prim rows, forbidding in titles to the ardent juvenile imagination, so painfully clean and free from thumb marks and "dog-eared" leaves as to successfully argue themselves unread.

Squat on the floor sit children in knee breeches, convenient to alcoves, wherein the galleons of imagination placidly rest at anchor, waiting to be boarded; or at tables, with books spread out before them chartwise, their elbows supporting studious curly heads, their foreheads corrugated with thought or simulated horror; perhaps their brows arched with admiration at tales of valor and daring—there are the voyagers looking for the colden fleece and finding it.

Here we had best on tiptoe tread,
While I for safety march ahead,
For this is that enchanted ground,
Where all who loiter slumber sound.
Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is the simple Shepherd Land;
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are all Baba's rocks;
But yonder seat! Apart and high
Frozen Siberia lies, where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

This said that man of wonder and delight who wrote the immortal "Treasure Island." To the brains of young children the glories of story are so real that, as one enters the strictly juvenile part of the library, even though he should be the Governor, or the Mayor, or any one short of a celebrity to whom romance is attached, he or she will be entirely unnoted. Leagues away are the minds of the children. Some are standing, looking gravely over book after book, not in dilatory fashion, but with an air of serious business. These, equally with the infants who sit cross-legged on the floor and those who bend over tables, are completely absorbed.

Two centuries have elapsed since those immortal tales, "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Jack

the Giant Killer," "Blue Beard," "Valentine and Orson," and their fellows first were published in a volume. In other centuries these stories were folk-lore, legends or what not, and he who first compiled them acknowledged that they were hoary with age before he recognized them fully as being worthy of perpetuation.

A reporter for THE CALL had a desire to try the experiment of rereading in this place and with these San Francisco children some of the oldtime child books. Now, there is a volume entitled "Fairy Tales Retold," which contains all the tales previously mentioned and several more, among them being "The Three Bears," "The Fair Maid With Golden Locks," "The Yellow Dwarf," "Wilmington and His Cat," "Pretty Marushka," "Beauty and the Beast," "Sleeping Beauty" and "Little Red Riding Hood." The young lady who had charge of the department did not express any surprise when the reporter, who has some gray hairs, took this book and sat down to be a boy to see how it would seem. The real boys did not pay much attention, for they continued to be voyagers, hunters, transients, travelers in fairy land or elsewhere and "losing their place" in a book was as bad as losing their way would be in the "Encanted Land of the Bogies."

The lady who has charge of the department said: "Little girls will read boys' books, but little boys will not read girls' books. The boys here want something to read about Indians, or the sea, or battles, or something funny. Tom Sawyer has been read by every boy who comes here, and they all knew about Robinson Crusoe before ever I saw them. Stories of adventure by some authors are in such demand that we have to carry as many as fifteen sets. To boys all books are either 'fine' or 'no good.' Girls often tell me that the book they had last was 'the most splendid book I ever saw.' It is always 'splendid' if it is liked.

"Of course, this department of the library is only for young children. When they get a little older they must find their books in other departments. Little boys come in here and read the juvenile books by the hour. They generally know what they want. Some boy has told them that a certain book is good. There is no reason that I can get at from them why a book is good or bad to them. But their minds are made up, and when they get hold of some authors they will read the whole set through.

"Oh, yes; grown people come here and express opinions about the books that should read, and sometimes try to make their own children read books that they select for them. The experiment generally turns out a failure. My observation is that if the children cannot read what they want to, the most of them would soon stop coming here. Very few little girls come in here to sit and read, but there are a few who do that. Grown people come, just as you have, and



IN THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

read a number of child's books. Some seem to do this as a study.

"Would you mind selecting some books that are favorites with the San Francisco little ones for me to look at?"

The lady, who enjoined that her name should not be mentioned, produced two or three piles of books, after a little thinking and much searching in the different book compartments. Here are some of the books that San Francisco's youngest readers devour with delight:

All fairy stories.
"Robinson Crusoe."
"Jack Ballister's Fortunes."
"Little Paul," by Charles Dickens.
All of Oliver Optic.
Most of Alger's, but few boys read all his series through.
"Church Purdy, the Story of a New York Boy"; "Dab Kluzer," "Gil Granger" and other stories by William Q. Stoddard.
"Tom Sawyer" and others of Mark Twain's works.
"Treasure Island."
Kirk Munroe's stories.
"Rocky Mountain Series," "The Gonboat Series," "Go-ahead Series" and other books by Harry Castlemon.

These are the favorites among the boys. The girls read these books, but also have favorite books which not one boy in a hundred will peruse. The little girls read: The "Elsie Books"—all of them.
Frances Hodgson Burnett's works.
Mrs. Meade's books.
Noah Perry.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
"An Old-Fashioned Girl."
"Five Little Peppers and How They Grew."

There is one thing in common between the boys and girls of San Francisco, which is that there are certain sets of books that are read all through. The girls, for instance, read all that are known as the "Elsie Books," beginning with "Elsie Dinmore" and concluding with "Elsie and Ion." The boys do not read these books, but they will take an author like Munroe and read all his books as faithfully as the girls peruse all those called "Elsie," the handiwork of Martha Finley (Ergutharson).

The arrangement of the alcove given to the juvenile department is much like that of other sections of the library. On one side are tables for the young readers to sit at and read, also the librarian's desk. On the other side are the bookcases, with the compartments devoted to favored authors generally three-fourths empty, with the compartments occupied by less favored authors generally about full.

In medieval times rhinoceros horns were employed for drinking-cups for royal personages, the notion being that poison put into them would show itself by bubbling. There may have been some truth in the idea, as many of the ancient poisons were acids, and they would decompose the horny material very quickly.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF ANSON BURLINGAME

Told by a Sister of the Famous Diplomat, at Present Living in California.

It will doubtless be a surprise to most of THE CALL'S readers to learn that the favorite sister of Anson Burlingame is spending the evening of her days in the pleasant retirement of a rose-embowered cottage in beautiful Alameda County.

Anson Burlingame, although his remarkable and most brilliant career was brought to a sudden and much-deplored close while he was yet comparatively a young man, left behind him a name which is honored by all true Americans, and a record in both public and private life of which not only those near and dear to him, but the country to whose service he devoted his time and talents from earliest manhood, may well be proud.

Anson Burlingame was a gifted orator and a successful politician. He was endowed with qualities which made him foremost among the diplomats of his time; but better than all this is the fact that his unblemished and sincerely Christian life made him an exemplification of the best type of true manhood.

Most of us are familiar with the main incidents of his public life. His fiery free-soil speeches carried him into the Massachusetts State Senate in 1852, and he was elected to Congress by the American party in 1854, soon after identifying himself with the Republican party, then in its infancy, and taking a prominent place in the many discussions of the slavery question.

His quick acceptance of Preston Brooks' challenge, which followed close upon his public denunciation of Brooks' cowardly and brutal attack upon Sumner on the floor of the House, met with the approval of even those most sternly opposed to the practice of dueling.

In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him Minister to Austria, but because of his speeches in behalf of the freedom of Hungary that country refused to receive him and he was soon after appointed Minister to China, where, after he had gained the confidence of those in power, he was enabled to perform a signal service to his own Government by negotiating the famous Burlingame treaty of 1867-68.

His appointment by Prince Kung, regent of the Chinese empire, as special ambassador to the United States and the leading powers of Europe, was an honor never before conferred upon a foreigner, and many San Franciscans recollect the sensation created in our city when Mr. Burlingame landed here with his numerous retinue of richly clad Chinese dignitaries.

Two years later a Russian war vessel steamed into New York harbor draped in mourning and with flags at halfmast, bearing home in funeral state all that was mortal of the high-souled man whose life-work had ended with this most successful mission.

So much we all know. It is the record of his public life and has been given to the world at large as its right. Of his private life we know little, since that belonged to his family and friends, and to have even a glimpse of it is a privilege not easily earned nor lightly bestowed.

It was the writer's happy fortune recently to pass a long and delightful afternoon as a guest of the silver-haired lady who has proudly worn throughout her life the name made famous by her well-beloved brother.

Mrs. Beisey Burlingame Hinman was my hostess, and her home is in the pleasant suburban village of Lorin, where, since her modest residence generally renders her silent concerning her personal history, few know more of her save that she is, despite her years, an earnest church and temperance worker—a woman of clear

and broad mind and of a character in every way admirable.

Of herself Mrs. Hinman says little, but a glance at a huge scrapbook shows that after establishing herself in her California home she found time among the manifold duties of her busy life to contribute poems, catches and essays of more than average merit to a number of California papers. Quite recently the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has published a book of hers, "Michael's Vision," which is original, both in design and execution, and is a valuable addition to their literature.

At present, in collaboration with her only remaining sister, Mrs. Susan Burlingame Phillips of Chicago, she is engaged in a labor of love, preparing a volume of reminiscences of the brother of whom they are both so justly proud.

The room in which we sat was full of that loved brother's influence, even though he was laid in his honored tomb twenty-seven long years ago. A large portrait of him hangs over the white-

"We were all very proud of him," she said, "especially our mother, and he loved her very dearly. Her maiden name was Angel—this with a gleam of fun in the pleasant blue eyes—and she had four children born in Eden, a town in Ohio. I remember when Anson was on his way to China, and came to see me here in California, speaking of mother, he said, 'She was descended from the Angels, and if ever there was a real angel on earth she was one!'"

When he was 16 he came from Detroit, where he had been at school to Branch, which was then the family's home, and during his stay organized, with the help of the local teacher, the first Michigan temperance society, a branch of the Washingtonians. He was very zealous in the work, and the first speech of his life was made to help the cause which always lay near his heart.

Miss Bartlett, the teacher before mentioned, was firm in the belief that this bright-faced, ambitious boy was destined to "make his mark in the world," and she

were all just delighted with him for letting them see the outside world through his eyes.

The threatened duel with Preston Brooks is touched on lightly.

This brother, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, was a man of singular energy and force of character, of genuine ability both in politics and finance, a powerful and impressive speaker, a sort of rough-hewn model for his younger and much greater brother.

He was a man of somewhat uncouth appearance and eccentric ways. He was about 6 feet 7 inches in stature, and people turned their heads to look after him in the streets of London—although, of course, in his native Liverpool he was too well known to be stared at. He had, as I have said, eccentric ways, but he had no ways that were ignoble or unmanly. He was as straightforward a politician as ever lived.

He had begun life as a Tory, but he gradually became a Liberal, and indeed an advanced Radical. If he were living in our time he would be a powerful and uncompromising opponent of jingoism. It was the common belief in Liverpool, and probably is the common belief there still, that Robertson Gladstone assisted his brother William in the preparation of his budgets when William was again and again Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He was eloquent in a strong, unshapely sort of way, with a half-poetic gleam of feeling glancing every now and then through his speeches. The eldest brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, passed through life without advancing from his old-world politics, and made no particular mark upon his time. I have often thought that nature resolved to make a decided advance in the family history by the creation of Robertson Gladstone, and that, some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her. Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Bradds move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Bradds has lived a lonesome life.—Kansas City Times.

Lives in a Steeple.

The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Hezekiah Bradds, the sexton of the Baptist church at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City. The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry-goods box. It is just under the bells. In that tiny room he cooks, eats and sleeps. Through the small windows that furnish light in the daytime he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly in and out through the lattice work. In his small room is a bed, a dresser, a tiny stove and a table. He has been sexton of the church for several years, and has occupied his room in the steeple since his wife left him. Some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her. Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Bradds move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Bradds has lived a lonesome life.—Kansas City Times.



MRS. BURLINGAME HINMAN, SISTER OF ANSON BURLINGAME.

"Ministers used often to stop at father's," narrates Mrs. Hinman, "and one of them, a Baptist named Brown, delighted to argue with Anson on various subjects 'o hear the boy talk,' as he said. They agreed on temperance, but one night when they were talking of the evils of drink Anson boldly said that there was a greater curse to the country than liquor.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Slavery," replied Anson, and Mr. Brown being a pro-slavery man, disputed this at once. Later, in a spirit of mischief, he dared the youth to debate the question with him in public, and, to every one's surprise, the challenge was accepted. The debate took place in the largest hall of the town, and my brother scored a success as complete as it was unexpected by the rest of us."

That was the beginning of his public career, and so great was the interest excited by his unusual talent and attainments that his onward course was made comparatively easy for him.

"He made friends everywhere," declares his sister, "and those who were kind to him he never forgot in the days of his prosperity—he was the dearest boy!" Again that soulful brightening of the fair, old face, and then she tells me how on his way to China he sought her out in her quiet home in Yankee Jim, and made her a long and pleasant visit.

"He could do no less than accept the challenge," is his sister's verdict, "and we all looked at it that way, though we were sorry he was forced into it and I was dreadfully frightened as to the outcome. He chose rifles as the weapons and a place in Canada for the meeting and went to practicing right away, though he was always a good shot. Brooks heard how clever he was with his gun and backed out, giving as an excuse that he feared to journey through the Northern States to Canada for fear of 'the Yankee mob.'"

And then she shows me his pictures and the stories which were printed of him during his triumphal progress from a lawyer's office to the position of representative of an empire.

Then reverently she shows me what was written and spoken of him after his death. Going to the door with me she stands just outside the flitting shadow of the vines, her face and figure glorified by the soft radiance of the setting sun. "He was a good man in every way," she says simply, as we recur for a moment to the subject after we say good-by, "and he was the dearest boy!"

And what better eulogy could the noblest of us wish than this, spoken by the lips of one who knew us from childhood to manhood and from manhood to the grave?

Mr. Gladstone's Father.

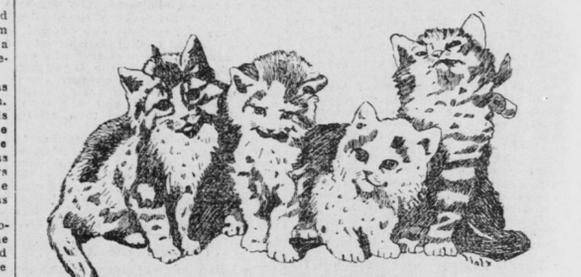
John Gladstone was a man of great ability and energy—a man to make his way through any difficulties and to win the honor and respect of any community. In the public and political sense he stood in somewhat the same relationship toward his son, William Ewart Gladstone, that the first Sir Robert Peel occupied with his son, the great Sir Robert Peel. One of William Gladstone's elder brothers I remember well in Liverpool, where as a very young man I spent several years.

ARISTOCRATIC CATS

The fad for aristocratic cats has at last reached San Francisco, and in future we may expect to hear the ladies discussing the fine points of sweet felines in much the same manner as a dog fancier dilates on the qualities of his favorite setter.

Think of \$25 for a kitten or \$50 for a grown cat! Yet that is the price a Pacific avenue lady paid for two feline beauties a few weeks ago, and now there are many other ladies negotiating for some of the same kind. The cats come from Massa-

The body should not be too long, but graceful, and covered with long silky hair, slightly curling. The legs should be of moderate length and in proportion to the body; the paws sparsely covered with hair, yet a tuft of hair growing out from the toes is an indication of high breeding. The tail should be long and flat, with broom-like hair, which, if abundant, correspondingly increases the cat's value. Richness of coloring and correct markings make up the standard.



FOUR OF THE ARISTOCRATS.

chusetts, where one man makes a business of breeding them for sale and show purposes.

There is a standard for the King Royal cats—as they are called—that is as exacting as that of St. Bernards. It calls for a small, orange-shaped head without too long a nose; large brilliant eyes of a color harmonizing with the color of the fur; ears rather small and rounded, with a tuft of hair on the apex, and a full, flowing mane about the head and neck.

There are ten distinct colors of King Royal cats, which include white, black, brown, gray, blue, buff, tiger and mated; mixed white and black, gray and white, blue and white, tiger and white, buff and white, mated and white and ermine and tortoiseshell. The white, black, blue and buff are the most rare.

The cats even as kittens are said to be extraordinarily graceful and are described as possessing "most charming manners and dispositions."