

NEWSBOYS' GEORGE WASHINGTON SOUVENIR
EDITION.

THE ONLY PAPER



PUBLISHED BY JOHNNIE MORIARTY,
AGED TEN YEARS.

2,000 COPIES GUARANTEED.

PRINTED BY FRANZEN, BUMGARDNER & CO.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Copies of

James Conard Friend

Asst. Editor

THE EL CAJON STAR.

THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH.

VOL. III.

SAN DIEGO, WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1891.

No. 51

THE EDITOR.

Us boys sold 3,000 copies of this paper when the constable had Cap.



locked outen his office at El Cajon, and now I am editor of it for one day, because people kept asking us for a copy, and we didn't have any left and Cap. said he would let me use his name and put the history of "Bum" and his picture in too. So now us boys have saved up a little money and made the first payment on two thousand copies, and I am the editor and Cap. he is the assistant, and we can furnish everybody that wants a copy at five cents, and I will call it "The Newsboys' Addition of the ONLY PAPER ON EARTH," because I named it that when it was first sold in this city, and it made it go too, I tell you. When the little paper come out that time when Cap. was locked out it was printed the same place as we are going to have this printed, but it didn't have no "colored back" on it then. That's what's going to cost us like thunder and if we don't get a good many advertisements and sell whole wads of papers I'm a busted editor right in the start.

JOHNNIE MORIARTY, JUNIOR,
The Newsboy Editor.



OUR FRIEND.

Tell me kind reader; is there a man, a woman, or a boy in San Diego, who does not know the original of this picture? The bay itself, lying blue and placid at the feet of three prosperous cities of destiny, does not claim a better acquaintance-ship with the home-world than this good natured, three footed son of fortune.

The three letters on his sleek, fat sides spell his name and designate beyond cavil, his profession.

In human life we have his counterpart. The only difference is that this brute bum has one more good leg and a part of the fourth to work up sympathetic success in his calling. Look around you and see how many misprints there are among your speaking acquaintances, whose every move and every trait of character are identical with the happy-go-lucky life of "Bum." He toileth not, neither doth he spin, and yet his clothes are always of the best, and his stomach well filled. "Biped" bum has numerous and divers ways to accomplish his end, but the scent of bumness hangs round him still; and with a joke or a song, a story or a tune, he slips unobserved but pleasantly into the hearts of his victims and the world wonders how it is done? How many men in this world have fiddled them-

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO,

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Johnnie—who is a bright little fellow ten years of age—is correct



when he says he named the original El Cajon Star. I had notified the newsboys that the paper would be in San Diego on Saturday morning July 12th, to be sold on the street. Twenty-one boys appeared. All bought papers except Johnnie. And when I asked what the matter was, and he said, "Say, Cap., what you trying to do, anyway?" I explained that I was trying to sell some Stars on the street. Then he unwound himself like this: "Well's furs I know 'bout this kinder business, 'twont go. You can't sell a little old country paper in San Diego for five cents." I explained that I did not expect to sell many thousand; I simply wanted to show San Diego advertisers that the paper was out once more. He scratched his head and said: "Well, daggoneit, gimme ten; I'll try it, even if you aint got no murders and suicides." The boys were calling "El Cajon Star" all over town, and when Johnnie-struck the sidewalk he stopped "dead still" and thought. It was only for a minute, for when he raised his head and smiled, and began yelling "El Cajon Star, the Only Paper on Earth," the battle was won and the sheet sold like hot cakes.

JAMES EDWARD FRIEND.

Our Friend.

CONTINUED.

selves into favor and bumness, and how many women there are whose pretty faces and faultless forms have brought them the joys of earth, and the horrors of hell?

Our canine friend is friendless in his own class, and he may be said to ignore the whole dog family; but if you will observe him closely, all the other dogs give him the right of the road. He has about him that independent I'm-not-listening air that renders him, like men and women of his stripe, more or less of a power. He may not have quite as much sense as other dogs falling under his contempt, but were he a man and a politician; however soundly the world might abuse this patronizing style which makes him great; he would go to congress by the unanimous vote of his enemies.

Bum is welcome in the finest society, and a place at the best chop house in the city is always ready for him. Like all high-toned, well-dressed dead beats, he never asks "for the worst of it." To be "cheap" in this life is to be suspicioned of poverty, want, or family influence, and Bum knows it. No matter how hungry he may be, a "hand-out" for common dogs will grievously insult him. Like his brother on two legs and in stand-off clothes, he keeps the world in doubt as to "the power behind the throne;" and for fear of losing his patronage socially and financially—doubtful as both may be—he is received everywhere with a hearty hand-shake, and dismissed with a come-again smile.

Thus it is with mankind. The fellow being well dressed and wearing diamonds, who most systematically and continually patronizes the people of the world, have he an ounce of brains or not, is sure to be given the benefit of the doubt,

and in the end, carries off the best in sight. At public meetings he is called on to be chairman, simply because he has succeeded in fooling the smarter men with his "golden silence;" and in this way he goes on until public ignorance of his true worth lands him high and dry upon an eminence so far above his capacity, that his accredited light is seen no more forever.

Our pictured Bum has many peculiarities and interesting characteristics. Let a band be heard in the distance; he will go to it as fast as his three legs can carry him along. He is present at all street gatherings and remains as long as the interest lasts. Funerals are his special favorites; although he goes wild over a fire; always running ahead of an engine when his cripple condition will sustain the gait. The house on Third street was his loafing place during off-duty hours, until about three months ago. While snoozing in the doorway one afternoon the hose was turned on him. He arose deliberately, shook the water from his white coat and walked away. Since then he has not put foot inside the station; yet, as a rule, he makes a break for the plaza at the first clang of the fire bell. He watches tremblingly for the engine, barking all the while, accompanies it as described above, to and from the scene of the original alarm; but on the return trip, never goes near enough to get another bath. In this respect he may also be said to resemble the "biped" bum.

Our dog was never known to lie down on the sidewalk, except right in the center thereof, where pedestrians would be compelled to oblique around him. To kick or maltreat him, insures for you a like treatment from the nearest San Diegan to witness the act.

During the raid of untagged dogs

last spring, a newly appointed deputy pound master placed a wire around Bum's neck and started down Fifth street with him. The old fellow was hopping along in great glee, wagging his stubby tail and barking in ignorant extacy. At the corner of Fifth and H streets was a crowd of human "toughs." One of them stopped the d. p. m., and slapping him on the shoulder, said: "What yer goin' do wid that dog?" The writer was not close enough to catch the reply, but he could see plainly that the pound man got a terrible thrashing, while Bum and the spectators howled with delight.

Bum was born in San Francisco on the afternoon of July 3, 1886. The circumstances of his advent into this world of dangers and doubts, trials and troubles, frolics and frivolities, are substantially and historically these.

In the spring and summer of that year all untagged dogs were being run into the City Pound, and one morning the mother of Bum was carted in. Sympathy being aroused she was allowed to remain unmolested until the eventful day of our hero's birth. The new arrivals numbered seven, and all but one were murdered in cold blood to avenge the law. That one was Bum. He grew rapidly in physique and vice, and finally in the week before Christmas in the same year, he determined "to see the world." He had no stuff in his pockets, but he got to San Diego just the same as a stowaway in the hold of the Santa Rosa. For several days he visited points of interest in the boom-coming town, and finally took up bed and board with a Chinese fisherman named Ah Wo Sue.

One day in August of the year 1887, while loafing in the yards of the Santa Fe Railroad Company, he got into a disgraceful fight with

a bull dog then owned by Till A. Burns, and both rolled under the wheels of a passing engine. The bull dog was killed outright and Bum suffered the loss of his left fore foot, besides being cut open in the stomach so badly as to let his intestines drag on the ground. The Celestial came to the front, however, and nursed his friend back to life and health. Then Bum shook him, and chose a life of gentlemanly leisure.

The photograph from which this picture was made by the San Diego Engraving Company, was taken by Judd, and is a perfect likeness of one bum that has the keys to the heart of San Diego.

JAMES EDWARD FRIEND.

GROCERS

FINLEY BROTHERS
 GROCERS.
 Headquarters for
 CHOICE
 FAMILY
 GROCERIES
 At a reasonable profit
 The purest and best. No damaged or second-class goods find room in our establishment.
 1318-1320 D Street. M. E. Church Block

SEND YOUR
 ORDERS TO BILL
 FOR GROCERIES.
 763 Fifth Street. San Diego

MISCELLANEOUS

ROBINSON'S
 DETACHABLE UMBRELLA COVERS
 AT MARSTON'S

STECK PIANOS LEAD
 Sold on Easy Terms
 GEO. J. BIRKEL
 1050 and 1052 Fourth street

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GREAT AMERICAN IMPORTING
 TEA COMPANY
 Pure Teas, Coffees and Spices.
 40 Branch Stores in successful operation.
 909 Fifth St. nr. D. San Diego

T. A. DAVIS, M. D.
 YOUNG BUILDING
 Fifth and F Streets. San Diego

CHARLES F. HARDY
 BUTCHER AND MEAT DEALER
 Wholesale and retail Cor. Fifth and G sts

BOOTS AND SHOES

CUT THIS OUT

NEWBOYS' BENEFIT
 GOOD FOR 50c.
 Towards a pair of
 DEPENDABLE SHOES
 if presented by a
 San Diego Newsboy on or before April 1st, 1890. Newsboys must be identified by an order issued by Cap. Friend.
 (Signed)
 HAVERMALE & ROSSIER
 THE SHOEMEN

WRIGHT & CO.'S
 \$3.00 SHOE IS SOLID CALF
 618 and 615 Fifth street Near H street

CUT THIS OUT
 Good for 25c during February, 1891, towards one pair of Shoes at the
 CHICAGO SHOE STORE
 James Means shoes excepted. 634-36 5th street

RESTAURANTS

THE GIRARD RESTAURANT
 FURNISHES "HOME COOKING"
 Meals for 25 cents.
 Short Orders gotten up in Elegant Shape.
 F street Between Fifth and Sixth

GILMAN'S CAFE
 And Lunch Counter for the hurried and hungry
 On the Plaza Fourth St nr D

GROSS' RESTAURANT
 MEALS 25c.
 Fourth St. nr. Postoffice

DENTISTS

DR. E. W. SHERIFF
 DENTIST
 918 5th street San Diego

DR. C. C. LORD
 DENTIST
 826 5th st. Rooms 1-2-3-4 Nesmith-Greely blk

DR. GILDEA
 DENTIST
 Cor. Fifth and K sts. San Diego

MISCELLANEOUS

A. E. DODSON
 NOTARY PUBLIC
 Life and Fire Insurance, Government Lands
 R. R. Tickets bought and Sold.
 840 5th street San Diego

E. A. HOWARD & CO.
 REAL ESTATE
 826 Sixth street, San Diego

G. R. WATKINS
 CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
 915 Fourth Street San Diego

EL CAJON STAR

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1891.

Single Copy Five Cents

JOHNNIE MORIARTY, JR., EDITOR.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

The editor of this paper has been too busy writing advertisements to get up a proper editorial on the boy who cut the cherry-tree and so long as this is a Washington edition and I suppose something ought to be said, I have cut out of the Daily Bee what Mr. J. S. Callen said in a speech. Here it is:

One hundred years ago to-day George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States of America, consisting then of but thirteen states. That inauguration was the morning star which betokened the dawn of day for civil and religious liberty. He lived only through the gray of morning, through whose uncertain light science was mistaken for witchcraft, and the victims of truth died like heroes, smiling, the victim of error. Left fatherless at eleven years of age, his destiny was directed by an exacting but loving mother. Timid and bashful in speech, brave and fearless yet prudent in war, pure in public life and patriotic in public faith and work, all eyes turned toward him as the one man of all men to lead the little band of colonists through the winding way of struggle to ultimate victory on the heights of freedom.

To the Supreme Ruler of the Universe he ever bowed with sacred reverence, and undertook no great duty without having "first invoked the blessings of Deity." He preferred the peaceful life of the farm to the glory of the field. More joyful to his eyes were the yellow fields of corn about Mount Vernon than the gory scenes at Brandywine. What magic change has swept over the country since then. Standing on the balcony of the old Federal Hall in New York City, as he took the oath to support the constitution of the United States, even his broad mind could only in the slightest degree conceive the won-

ders to be wrought in the century to come.

It has been beautifully said that Providence left him childless that his country might call him "Father," and so long as men shall respect courage, Christianity, purity and patriotism, love loyalty, and so long as hearts shall beat for the good and the great, everywhere beneath the dome of heaven, men, women and children alike will ever bow in humble reverence to the memory of the sainted "father of our country."

THE WASHINGTON MARKET.

BELWYN & ALLISON.

As this is a George Washington edition we would warn the newsboys against telling "fibs" and we will also try to take our own medicine. But how could a Washington Market man tell an untruth? Therefore we feel safe in saying that our meats are as fat and clean and pure and cheap as any meats on earth. Step in at No. 749, Fifth street, and test our veracity.

GENTEEL LODGING HOUSE.

For gentlemen only. Elegant rooms. Facing on The Plaza. Parlors and reading room for guests. The reading room is 25 by 40 feet in size. A place for rest, recreation and comfort. Somewhere to spend an idle hour at home and not at home in quiet. Books, magazines and papers furnished free of cost to guests. Rooms and suits from \$5 to \$20 per month. The Batchelor's Club House. Mrs. H. BOWERS DRAKE. Enquire Horton House.

HOTELS

THE ALBEMARLE
Is not the "Only Hotel on Earth"
But it is a good one.

ELSINORE HOTEL
At Elsinore Hot Springs.
Best on Earth. Rates Reasonable

NEW CARLETON HOTEL
W. A. DORRIS, PROPRIETOR
Clean and Pleasant. Rates \$1.25 to \$2 per day

JEWELERS

J. A. BARCLAY
JEWELER
DIAMONDS
FINE WATCHES
SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE
WATCH REPAIRING
ENGRAVING
STONE CUTTING
864 Fifth street San Diego

K. C. NAYLOR
JEWELER
Years of Experience
WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND JEWELRY MANUFACTURING
836 Fifth street San Diego

J. R. HARRIS
THE JEWELER
641 Fifth street San Diego

W. W. JENKS
THE RELIABLE JEWELER
909 Fifth street San Diego

STATIONERY.

M. A. WERTHEIMER & CO.
STATIONERS AND BOOKSELLERS
762 Fifth street San Diego

DALY'S
BOOK STORE
Books and Toys
H street bet. 5th and 6th

SIGNS

M C AULIFF
PAINTS SIGNS
842 Fourth Street. San Diego.

THE ALAMO MINES.

The following is the first chapter of a series of articles that were to appear in EL CAJON STAR, but the sheet suspended and the rest of the experience of Cap Friend will probably never be submitted to cold type:

CHAPTER I.

In February of last year the Santa Clara mining excitement reached San Diego and the *Union-Bee* immediately dispatched the writer, with a twenty-dollar gold piece and a free boat pass to the scene as special correspondent. It is not necessary to state here the extent of his sufferings and dangers, nor to tell that in absence of money what he had to do in order to keep soul and body in good terms with existence; but the twenty having dwindled to nothingness long before he reached the camp, then peopled only by Mexicans and Indians, it is excusable for him to explain, even at this late day, what he was refused space in the *Union-Bee* to explain upon his return to San Diego. Seven days were consumed between Ensenada and the camp, for as there were literally no roads to travel, roads had to be builded. The party arrived late in the afternoon and early the next morning the writer went to the head of what he named Mexican Gulch. There were possibly three hundred Mexicans and Indians at work within a distance of one hundred yards and gold nuggets were being taken out wherever he stopped to take notes for his paper. But let me adopt the personal pronoun. I began to feel the good chills run over me at sight of the first display of yellow boys, and you may not believe it, but my first thought was of the poor devils who had come to San Diego during the boom and were now dead broke, some of them hungry. Then I went on, from one group to another, and as gold showed up everywhere, I got terribly excited. I did not imagine that within ten days, at least a thousand peons—each digging out from \$5 to \$50 per day with which to pay himself one dollar per day—would be on the ground at least fifteen days before my people could get there; but such proved to be the result. Neither did I know, nor had I any reason to believe, that a rock could be thrown from one end to the other of the rich placer find in Mexican Gulch, yet such afterwards proved to be the fact. I could see only the gold, and the miners and bosses, and I said, "I'll tell it to the American

world, beginning among my friends at San Diego. I will give them the first chance. The poor will get rich and bless me and the rich will become richer and help me to extend the field of good to all Americans." As I saw those dirty, ignorant fellows filling their equally dirty mouths with the stuff that moves the world, I actually felt that they had no right to it. I had no pick, I had no shovel and my twenty was being used by strangers. I talked Mexican about as a hog talks Chinese and even when I got down into a hole and began to henschatch with my hauds, some greaser would call me names that I didn't understand and point out for me to "git." I got too, for who was there with an American flag in his pocket to protect me. The party that I went into camp with were Mexicans and their love for me fled and they with it, immediately their Amejos in high heeled boots, sugar loaf hats and hatred for Americans, showed up. I was left alone in a crowd of unsympathetic foreign talkers, flat broke and hungry, and who could blame me if I yearned for a familiar face and a tongue or two that could rattle off words like my mother made.

I had but ons blanket and no grub to speak of. The broncho I had ridden from Ensenada, until he got me so I could not have rested very comfortably on a bed of down, fresh from Downville; stood solitary, staked alone, three miles down the gulch, feeding festively on rocks and high pressure atmosphere. Ordinarily I would have thought, not only of the cold, bitter night that was coming on, the one ten-priced but summer-textured blanket, the tired and hungry horse, even if he had bucked me off until I had to join the wagon party and build roads for a ride; but I would have thought of the robbers at Tia Juana and Ensenada, the horrible roads, the floods that came on and remained on for weeks; the inexperienced men and boys and women who were to come with rakes and rashness; and as I thought I would have made up my mind that it were best to go a little slow. But I was wild with excitement and didn't take time to think. The gold was there and I had seen it; virgin in purity and rich in color. I walked all day, but somehow or other all roads led back to where the peons and their masters were robbing mother earth of gold.

I made notes enough to hang me, had I been able to elaborate on them and send them away right then. But weariness and hunger drove me from the spot,

only to find that my supper would be crackers and bacon, my house for the night a hole in the mountain side and my bed the cold earth and that one insult for a blanket. The poor horse went to bed without his supper, for I had none to give him. My companions of the trip had deserted us and our name appeared to be Dennis for several generations back. I slept little during the night, but had I the gold that I saw in my frozen dreams during those heavenless hours of horror, the public debt of the whole world would have been a Christmas gift to pay off with interest; and still have sufficient to buy the moon.

I could see myself as I returned to America. The Santa Fe wharf was black with people, the bands of a thousand cities were playing "The Conquering Hero Comes," fifty thousand throats filled the air with welcoming roars, the stars and stripes bedecked the multitude as the millions of stars of night flicker and dance and twinkle in the bright canopy of heaven. The buttons on all the coats were nuggets of gold, the streets were paved in gold, the horns of the bands were of gold, the letters on all the banners were gold and the golden words that fell from the lips of Billy Hunsaker as he stood up in his golden chariot to welcome me to the hearts of the world of poverty, now made rich with Santa Clara gold, told me the story of my greatness and stamped me the benefactor of earth.

This was the way I dreamed it.

When the people came down there three weeks later and wanted to hang me, and ran me all over the mountains, and knocked two of my front teeth out, and I had finally to walk home, and the *Union-Bee* refused to pay me, and everybody said I was worse than a murderer; the dream didn't go.

"DON'T FORGET IT."

It was a long time ago, but I once sold papers on the streets. This is one reason why I take this space and pay for it. May "The Editor" some day own a paper of his own and get rich and be happy.

M. GERMAN,

The Jeweler,

Nos. 845 and 847 Fifth St.

LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER.

As I made such a nice job of the editor's photographs he presented me with this space and paid me cash money besides.

C. W. JUDD,

No. 860 Fifth street.

TONSORIALIST

OSCAR'S
 SHAVING
 AND
 BATHING
 PARLORS
 OSCAR H. HINTERS, PROP.
 Porcelain Bath Tubs.
 Three Barbers.
 926 Fourth Street. Sun Building

UNDERTAKERS

SAN DIEGO

UNDERTAKING COMPANY

C. R. DAUER, President,
 F. A. SCHUEBEL, Vice-President,
 C. N. FLATTERY, Secretary,
 R. BREESE, Manager,
 T. P. SIMPSON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

AND

EMBALMERS

Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Particular

Night Bell at Office.
 Telephone 139.
 758 and 760 Fourth street San Diego

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

THE LION
 HEADQUARTERS FOR BOYS' CLOTHING
 San Diego

A. DORSEY & CO.
 LEADING CLOTHIERS,
 HATTERS AND FURNISHERS
 One Price to all.
 Spring Style
 DUNLAP HATS
 New Ready
 Cor. Fifth and E streets San Diego

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

CHAS. A. CAMPBELL
 Havana, Key West and Domestic Cigars
 1317 D Street bet. 4th and 5th

"SANTA FE" and "EMBLEM"



The Leading 5c and 10c Cigars.
 Man'd by A. SENSENBRENNER, 1639 Fourth st

REMOVED
 THE ARCADE
 Has removed to the Great Eastern building, one door above the old stand.

FRAME MAKER

ALEXANDER'S
 WALL PAPER,
 ETCHINGS,
 PICTURE MOULDINGS
 AND PATENT FRAME MAKER.
 The friend of the Newsboys, their fathers and mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts.
 SAN DIEGO.

IF WE HAD NO SABBATH.

Think of how the destruction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes. Think of the labor going on in one monotonous, continuous and eternal cycle. Limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever playing, the eyeballs forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming.

Think of the beauty it would efface without a Gaffagan hat on, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the resources of nature it would extinguish, of the aspirations it would exhaust, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and the numberless articles in men's elegant furnishings, stylish hats and fine clothing that it would prevent Gaffagan from selling at the corner of Fifth and E streets.

See them toiling, mowing, weaving and spinning, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing—in the garden and the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in the days of brightness and gloom.

What a sad picture the world would present, had we known no such house as Gaffagan, the leading men's furnisher, the only first-class and metropolitan equipped establishment in San Diego. The first and the best.

NOTICE TO THE WORLD.

It will not require a magnifying glass to show the readers of these few lines that THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH is in trouble. Trials and tribulations come to all that is flesh, but my experience goes to show that newspapers, especially country newspapers; and newspaper men, particularly country newspaper idiots, divide these troubles with the rest of the world about at the spinal column, longitudinally.

Brain shovelers in the city will tell you—and they believe it—that their bedtick of roses is filled with thorns and thistles; but compared with the rural rooster who writes editorials, locals, advertisements, "pungent paragraphs," sets type, makes up forms, reads and corrects proof, sweeps out the office, fires for steam, runs the engine and press, washes rollers, feeds the papers and not himself, folds and mails, keeps the books and *tries to collect*, begs for ad's, takes up all the neighborhood quarrels and leaves the name of the other fellow out, tries to smile when he is hungry and walks backward to hide his poverty on meeting a lady; the lot of ye city scribe is a happy one indeed.

But to come "smack dab" at the point, allow me to say that the reason THE STAR appear this week in such subdued shape, is simply because another fellow holds the key to the shop where THE ONLY PAPER is hammered out and he won't allow me to shake hands with a single mechanical acquaintance inside. In plainer but more sorrowful words, this person is a constable. On his manly breast he wears the illustrious badge of unwavering and dignified authority; while in his pocket he proudly protects an instrument that is sharper than a serpent's tooth and threatens to sting harder than a regiment of red hot bumblebees. It appears that the office, prior to

my association with it, ran behind a few hundred dollars, but before leaving temporarily, my partner, Mr. Whaley, arranged to have things remain in the statu quo, or words to that effect, until he should return. The creditors, one a hotel keepress and the other a printer forgot to wait; and in an evil hour, when I was in the coming city of the Pacific Coast, rustling up money enough to make good my own obligations, wearing a linen duster and a sardonic grin, these people un-mindfully reckless and unsympathetically careless of the hearts that would paint the grape vines and wire fences vermilion with blood drops of anguish, swooped down upon the unchinked structure that enclosed the raw material of THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH "and there we are." The constable having business in the village generously detailed another man to guard the premises night and day, lest some muscular financier should run away with the six-ton Hoe press, boiler and engine. Such "vigilance" is worthy of recognition and great applause, even by the committee.

Talk to me about the last straw that made the camel shut up like a jack-knife; why that's a pigmy of pain as compared with the haystack of sorrow that has choked up the stream of inspiration flowing weekly from its fountain head in the villa on Coyote Hill. It is possible that greater men than the editors of THE STAR have been cut off when at the zenith of power and poverty, but not many. If they can stand it, we can, and don't you forget it. But again to the text. I want once more to converse quietly for a few moments, with advertisers and "paying subscribers" of El Cajon STAR. I know you won't like the appearance of this sheet. Neither do I. Under the circumstances you couldn't help it; no more could I. I don't blame the

printer for trying to get the money he has worked for, nor do I intend to cut the hotel woman off of my visiting list; but I do think they could have given me just a little warning as to the time of my complete annihilation. The debts were not mine, and Mr. Whaley who fathered them and intended to pay them, was over 1,000 miles away.

But to resume. This STAR is a fixed star and comes to terra firma to "shine on." Nothing short of an earthquake can or will blow its light out. The resident editor with foreman, printers and devil batch in McFadden's hall, the rooms are divided off with chalk-mark partitions on the floor, they do their own cooking, washing and ironing, besides walking six miles a day to get out THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH, and moreover they like it, and are getting fat on it. No man can work for El Cajon STAR who allows anything short of shot guns or sickness to interfere with the genuiness of his smile. Life is too short to lose a minute of it except in peaceful slumber. As I write this I sit on the steps of THE STAR printing house. I can hear the constable's man as he paces up and down between the stones and case racks, and I know that the key to my own house is on the inside, and that the door is locked.

Peeping through the plate-glass windows I can see eight columns of hard work and expense lying useless and helpless on the stones, the engine and press seem to bid me enter and the type appear to be climbing over the sides of their little box houses, sympathetically crying for revenge. But the majesty of the law walks grandly on; the coyote stands off on a convenient knoll, silently wondering what is up; the lark pipes away at the same old tune and, as I gaze on "Our Jim" sitting dejected and alone astride of an old oil can in the

middle of the railroad track, I am tempted to denounce life as a dismal failure. I don't even know where this is going to be printed, who is to print it, or where the money is coming from to pay for it; but as I return to the scenes of innocent childhood I can hear a soft voice whisper, "Never give up as long as you are right, for where there's a will there's a way." With this good counsel ringing in my ears, even if the sun is hot and the whole world looking cold and unconcerned, I would be willing to bet ten thousand dollars—if I had it—against a penny, that EL CAJON STAR never misses an issue in the next fifty-five years, and that at some future time when the sheet is being run off twenty pages in size on a perpetual motion printing, folding, mailing and delivering press, each paper accompanied by a phonographic attachment; that each copy of this "tribulation number" will sell for anything from ten to a hundred dollars. I cannot tell yet whether the El Cajon people want a paper to advertise The Greatest Valley on Earth or not, but I do know that I came here to live and be sociable; doing all the good and as little harm as possible, and here I am going to stay. Shut up every road in the "deestric;" close my office every other day; refuse me credit; kick me; cuff me, and spitefully use me, but don't call me dishonest or lazy.

I am yours and only yours to the end.

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