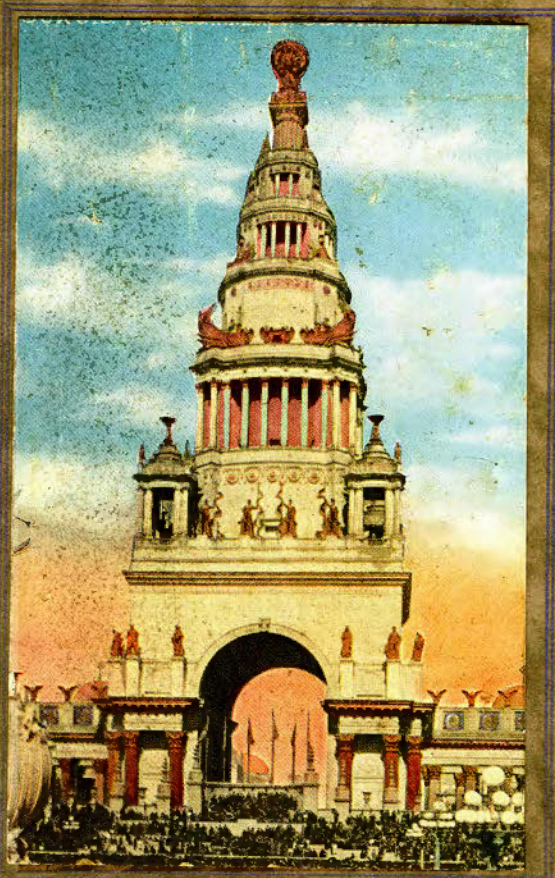


U.S. CUSTOMS

~ AND ~

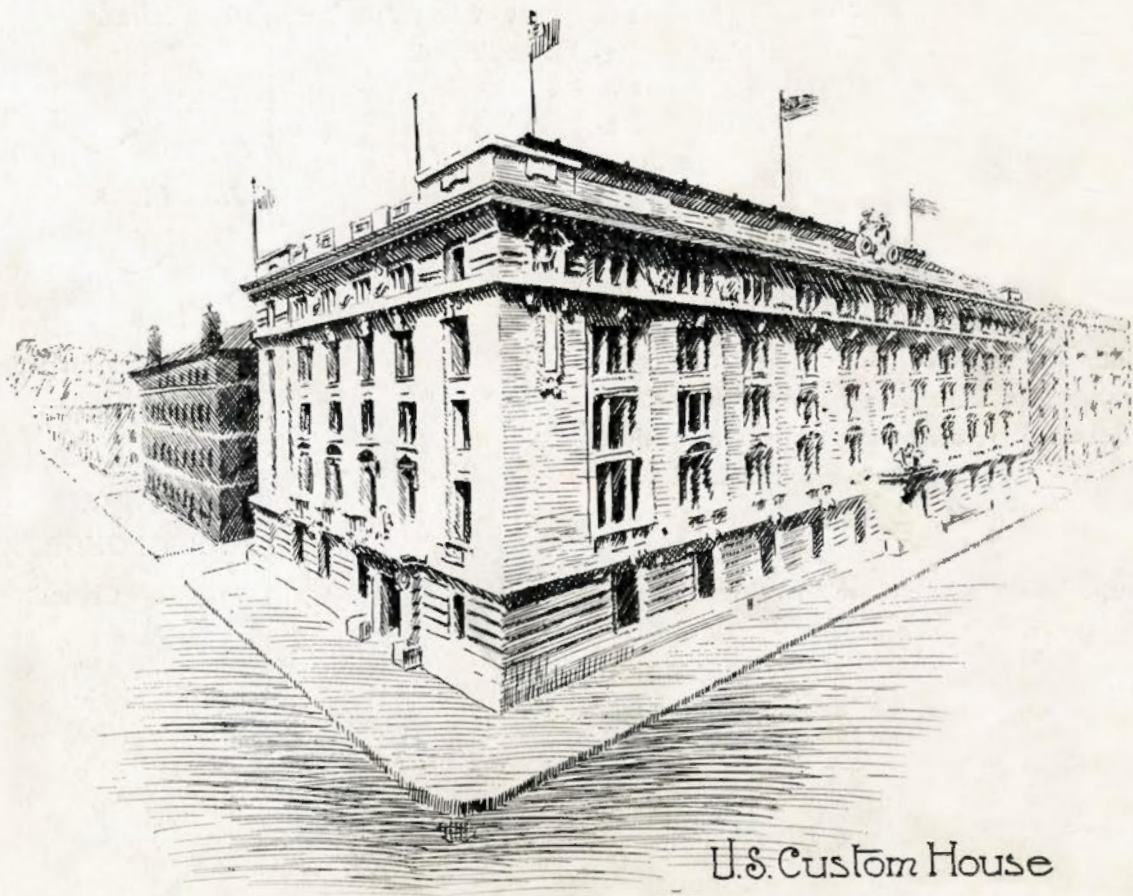
KINDRED SERVICES



SAN FRANCISCO

U. S. CUSTOMS
AND
KINDRED SERVICES

San Francisco, 1915



U.S. Custom House

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1912.

FOREWORD

Time, the great healer of our sorrows, in its onward flight, often also causes to grow dim in our memories those happier times, the recollections of which we would like to retain. Thus the printed word and picture causes us to pause and on the wings of reminiscence we are taken back to the days of long ago.

With that object in view this souvenir book is presented to the employees of the United States Customs Service at San Francisco and their colleagues of the waterfront. The caricatures, the prose and the verse are all the product of the "boys" of the front.

As the years slip by there is no sweeter pleasure than to vividly recall places, events, and persons, whose memories link us to the early days of our lives. In memory of those old friends whom in life we knew and loved in our work and whom have now passed the Great Divide, we have devoted a space, knowing that their faces will recall many happy recollections which will greatly add to the sentimental value of this souvenir.

When the years to come have wrought their changes, and some of us are in other walks of

life or have answered the call of the Mighty Inevitable, then those who still remain in the service and who were associated with us, will find a pleasure in the perusal of these pages.

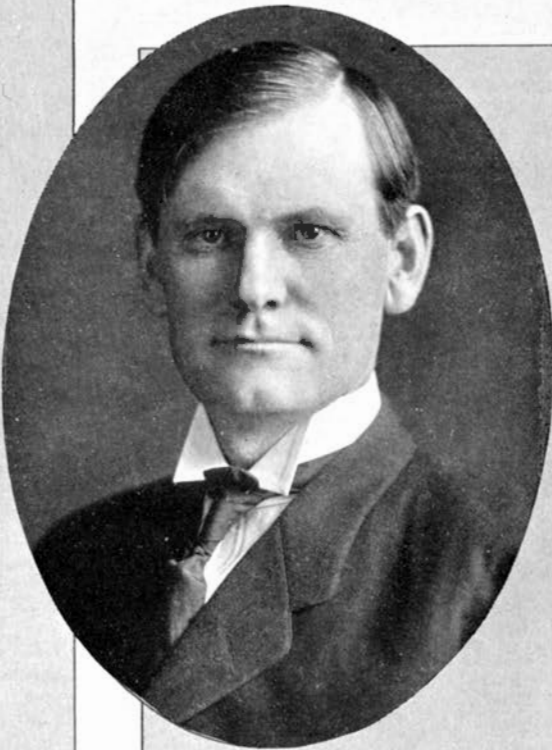
To all those who have so willingly and competently aided in the work necessary to the publication of this volume, our best thanks are given.

To the United States Customs Service at the Port of San Francisco and its friends, this book is dedicated.

Sincerely,

W. B. HAMILTON,
C. G. PERKINS,
JOHN T. STONE,
C. J. EVANS,
E. W. MASLIN,
V. J. LINDQUIST,
P. B. DEVINE,
L. A. HEINER,
E. B. MORRIS,
G. P. GLOUGH,

Committee.



J. O. DAVIS
Collector of Customs
ED E. LEAKE
U. S. Appraiser

JUSTUS S. WARDELL
Surveyor of Customs
JAMES H. BARRY
Naval Officer



The Customs Service

By E. B. Morris

The Customs Service! What visions the words conjure? Smugglers, pirates, ships laden with treasure from every sea, the gold and silks and spices of the Far East, plots and counterplots, and through it all, and ever in the spotlight, are the brave and honest officers of the service.

What material for the olden melodrama, or for the "movie" of the present day. To the customs officers, which our "Uncle Samuel" has set to the task of collecting his revenues, these visions have been brewed down in the pot of experience till they have found many dregs of arduous labor, to dull the piquant spice of romance.

In spite of the fact that the glamor supplied by those who have never "walked a stringer in the night" soon fades when once the uniform of the service is donned, it is still a fact that few occupations, if any, so grip one as completely and holds one so long in the harness an alert and interested worker, as does the Customs Service.

Even those who leave the work and take up other lines, forever keep a place in their hearts for the "Old Service," and scarcely a week passes but some "Old-timer" drops back to his old haunts seeking again to clasp the hands of the "Boys of the Waterfront."

The Customs work is a big work and one worthy of measuring the talents of the best. From the work of the Customs comes the greater part of that golden stream which supplies the life current to our great nation, and in doing this work which not only supplies the revenue for the country, but also protects and safeguards the importer, there is ever demanded a quality of judgment and

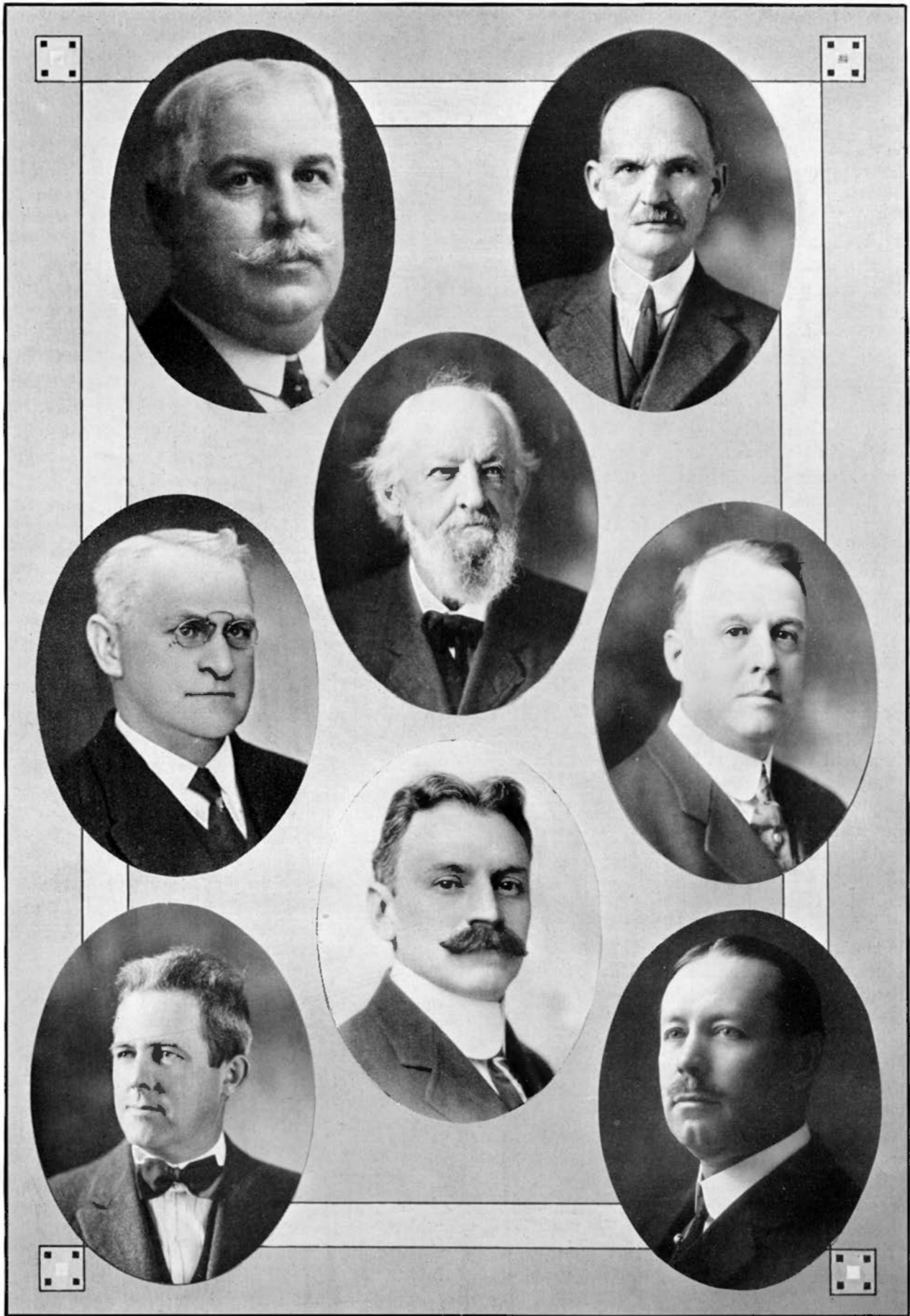
executive ability which comes only from a high order of trained ability.

Like all big businesses the collecting of the Customs revenues has been systematized in order that the National Government may receive its dues with the least possible expenditure. The work at the great ports is divided and subdivided and experts placed in charge of each department.

Differing from the system of "rotation in office," which was in effect in the early days of the Service, most all the men of today are Civil Service men, many of whom have been "on the job" for more than twenty-five years and some of whom reach close to the half century in service. Now, only the heads of the big departments are presidential appointments and these positions are given to men of undoubted integrity and known executive ability.

Thus in the systematizing of the Customs work we find men who board the incoming vessels to see that the ship has her proper documents and that the passengers' papers are ready for the Inspectors at the piers. Men who deliver the cargo from the piers to the owners. Men who appraise the values of the merchandise. Men who classify and decide the rate of duty of imported goods. Men who collect the actual money. Men who keep the books and men who audit the books. Men who assist those concerned in the entrance and clearance of vessels. A thousand details and each detail the sole care of some one man or office. The whole making a great machine.

As stated, the Customs work at all big ports has been systematized and a regular procedure adopted in passing the various documents through the maze of rooms and desks. Thus a business has developed. The preparing and passing through the Customs of the necessary documents incident to the importation of merchandise is an important work and calls for a wide knowledge of Customs procedure and shipping business technicalities.



DEPUTIES AND HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS

W. B. Hamilton

C. L. Brown

N. S. Farley
C. G. Perkins

E. W. Maslin
Luther Osborne

J. T. Stone
W. H. Tidwell

Men who have the requisite ability and integrity are granted authority to perform for others this important business and are known as Customs' Brokers. By their employment, regular importers lose no valuable time and the occasional importer is relieved of the cares of the uninitiated, while the whole system is benefited by the work being performed in a scientific manner by men familiar with the general routine.

In connection with the work of collecting the Customs revenue there are several other departments of the Government, which are separate but which work hand in hand with the Customs. Among these departments are the Immigration, the largest and with probably the most work, the Public Health Service and the Horticultural Quarantine Service. Many other Government departments intertwine their work with the Customs in safeguarding the public in preventing the entrance of impure foods, meats, drugs, etc., and each of these fit into and form a part of the big machine.

Not only at the large cities on our coast lines are Customs Houses, with their intricate systems, located, but at cities in the interior, in fact wherever the needs of commerce command, they are situated.

The Customs Service is directly under the guidance of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the present incumbent of that portfolio, under President Woodrow Wilson, Hon. William G. McAdoo, finds himself the chief of a service stretching both ways across the continent and occupying many stations abroad.

At each place a system and equipment in keeping with the needs of the Service is maintained. Hardy fellows on the hurricane deck of nimble cayuses may be found patrolling the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, while a similar detail in furs and with their faithful dogteams perform their duties in the frozen north along the Alaskan and Northern United States-Canadian border. In Hawaii, Porto Rico and the tropic Philippines, far from their native land, the Customs men have long been on the job, and as a monument to their honesty and efficiency stands the record of their work done in Cuba, San Domingo and Persia, where, upon request, our nation permitted those foreign governments to take American experts to gather their revenues and to handle their finances during periods of stress. Their results in every instance forms a record worthy of emulation.

If the work of the Customs Service in general is enveloped with a veil of romance, how much

more so must be the Service at this Port. The "Golden Gate!" What a pulling force of lure! What history! What sentiment! What ships have sailed through those portals, bearing their cargoes and passengers, among whom were those stalwarts who later aided in making such a history! To the ordinary mortal the attempt to do more than present a few of the barest facts in relation to the beginning of American jurisdiction in this wonderful land is an impossibility.

According to history the Mexicans established a port at Monterey and the Commandant's office was also the Custom House, that official being "the Captain, Cook and Crew," or in the parlance of later days "the whole works." From the same source it is ~~learned~~ that on a certain day in 1817, the lookout at Monterey sighted a ship making for the harbor.

The Commandant ordered his best uniform, his spy glass, and his chart showing the flags of all nations. This chart, it may be added, was at that time (1817) a perfectly good chart, having been published but a half century previous. Slowly the ship came to position. Down came her sails and out went the anchor. The Commandant peered anxiously through his glass. Never had he seen such a flag. Such wonderful stars and stripes. He looked at his chart and consulted his officers, but no results. It was a case of "nobody at home."

Finally the long boat put out. The Commandant marshalled his soldiers in the square and when the boat was in hailing distance directed that only two would be permitted to land. His order was evidently understood for the boat put back through the surf, leaving a tall lanky individual in a long black coat and high boots and a companion who was at once recognized to be of Mexican birth.

The two were escorted to the Commandant's quarters and closely questioned, the Mexican acting as the interpreter.

"What flag do you fly and from where do you hail?" asked the Commandant.

"The flag of the United States and I come from America," answered the Yankee skipper.

This caused another consultation and a further perusal of charts and maps.

"A pirate," ventured one of the officers. "Loco," said another. "Possibly both," concluded the Commandant. And turning to the captain he informed him in explicit terms as to what he thought of his talents and veracity.

Finally the Yankee was given five hours to fill his water-barrels and hoist sail. Such was the

first recorded welcome given an American ship at a California port.

Later the American flag became well known on this coast, as many whalers brought out goods from the Eastern States around the Horn and sold or traded them here, before going to the whaling grounds.

A large traffic in hides from this coast to the East developed and in 1842 the Custom House at Monterey was of such importance as to cause the appointment by the Mexicans of a regular Customs force which worked, however, with the military. At that time a tax of 45 per cent was supposed to be charged on all imports and as money was scarce mostly supplies were taken for duties. History also tells us that the officers in charge of the revenue paid but small attention to schedules laid down by the Mexican government and entered into many amazing schemes with the foxy traders of that period.

Finally came American occupation and jurisdiction and a new order of things began. On July 8, 1846, Captain Montgomery of the sloop-of-war "Portsmouth" raised the American flag in the plaza of San Francisco and proclaimed the city to be under the jurisdiction of the United States.

Shortly after the raising of the flag Captain Jas. L. Folsom of the United States Army and formerly an instructor at the Military Academy at West Point, and at that time acting as Quartermaster to the military forces here, was appointed the first Collector of the Port of San Francisco, and from that time to the present, the records, which have been well preserved show the wonderful growth and marvelous changes that have come to pass.

The finding of gold in California shortly after the incidents related above sent tens of thousands from the eastern part of the United States across the plains, across the Isthmus of Panama, and around the Horn, all bound for the new El Dorado, where one might gather up a fortune for the taking. All this influx made trade and although most of the merchandise came from the home cities of the East, other nations made their bids for their share of the trade and the trim big sailing ships from every nation in the world brought their cargoes to famed California.

The reports of Col. Folsom, the first military Collector of Customs show that the value of exports from this port for the quarter ending December 31, 1847, was \$49,597.53, and the value of the imports for the same period amounted to \$53,589. As a contrast, the value of the ex-

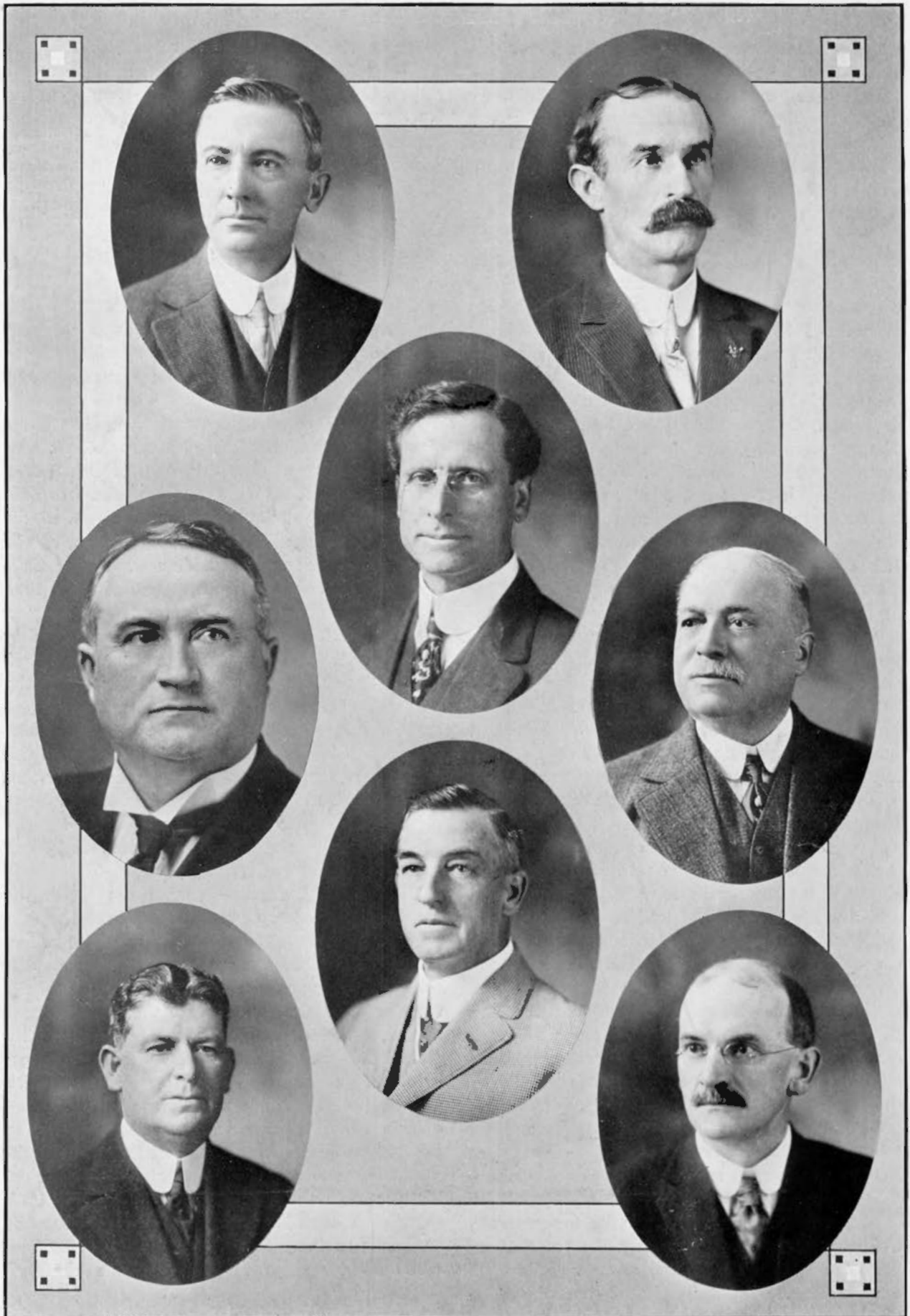
ports for the year ending October 31, 1915, was \$82,111,484.00, and the value of the imports for the same period reached the figure of \$78,611,006.00. Also as a comparison of the ever-increasing work at this port, the statistics of T. Butler King, the second civil collector of the port, show that during the three years from 1849-52, 74 vessels claiming and entitled to be called "clipper" ships, "entered" at this port. Among them were the "Col. Fremont" in May, 1849, the "Aramingo" in May, 1852, while the "Flying Cloud" is listed in August, 1851, with a record of 89 days from New York. The records of the port show for the period of one year ending October 31, 1915, that 2,724 vessels entered, and cleared.

The home of the Customs men has been changed a number of times since Col. Folsom first took charge of the work. At that time (1847) a long adobe shack on the plaza was Customs headquarters, but the Government at once built a new four-story brick building with the old Spanish balconies and outside stairways at California and Montgomery Streets. At the time it was a most imposing edifice and was occupied first by Collector Col. James Collier, the first regular civil appointee to the post, and his staff.

This fine building was burned in one of the numerous fires of the period and while T. Butler King, the second collector, was in office. The fire occurred May 28, 1851, and the Customs Offices were again moved to temporary quarters at Kearney and Washington streets, till the large structure known as the "Custom House Block," at Sacramento and Sansome streets had been completed.

One of the incidents in connection with the burning of the first Custom House was the saving of the records and the treasure. The collector, T. Butler King, evidently of a pompous disposition, made as much capital as possible of the transfer of funds. These were placed on wagons and surrounded by thirty large men, specially picked for the occasion and armed with muskets and cutlasses. King, himself, armed with a huge horse pistol, placed himself at the head of this war-like party and solemnly paraded to his new offices. The spectacle was a mirth-producing one and before Collector King reached his destination the streets were lined on both sides with crowds that took his precautions as an insult to the citizens of a peaceful city, and who jeered and joked the cavalcade unmercifully.

To make matters worse, a young man about town, named Frank Ball, wrote a song about



HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS

E. P. Matteson

W. J. Dougherty

J. D. Whalen

C. J. Evans

Chas. H. Blinn

H. E. Farmer

C. A. Reynolds

T. J. Barry

the incident with many verses which he sang to a well-known air at the many gatherings of his happy fellows. It took like wild-fire and Ball had a number of copies struck off and it is said sold as many as 500 in a single night at one dollar a copy. The papers took up the joke and the Collector became the target at which all wits of the time proved their pieces. Finally King called Ball to his office and gave him a position as Customs Officer. The singing of the song ceased. No more copies were printed and the incident was soon forgotten, much to the satisfaction of the Collector.

The next Government structure for Customs purposes was erected at Washington and Battery streets, and was begun in 1854, and here headquarters remained till it was moved to the Appraisers' Building, next door, when the building of 1854 was torn down to provide a site for the present magnificent building which was completed in 1911.

The fine brick building, occupied by and known as the Appraisers' Building, was begun in 1873 and was finished in 1875. One of the incidents still related by the veterans of the service was the finding and removal of a thirty-ton schooner in the ooze of the filled-in land when the excavating operations were begun.

Since the days when Col. Folsom was in charge of Customs work at this port there have been many chiefs and most of them have left some mark of their individualities behind them. Herewith is a list of Collectors of the port beginning November 12, 1849, to the present time, and also a list of the Naval Officers since September 30, 1850:

James Collier, November 12, 1849, to January 14, 1851.

T. Butler King, January 15, 1851, to January 16, 1853.

Beverly C. Saunders, January 17, 1853, to June 3, 1853.

R. B. Hammond, July 1, 1853, to September 20, 1855.

Milton S. Latham, September 21, 1855, to June 30, 1857.

B. F. Washington, July 1, 1857, to May 31, 1861.

Ira P. Rankin, June 1, 1861, to May 31, 1863.

F. F. Low, June 10, 1863, to August 31, 1863.

W. B. Farwell, as Naval Officer, acting, ad interim, September 1, 1863, to September 30, 1863.

Charles James, October 1, 1863, to December 5, 1865.

John F. Miller, December 6, 1865, to February 20, 1870.

T. G. Phelps, February 21, 1870, to June 10, 1872.

Thos. B. Shannon, July 1, 1872, to July 31, 1880.

E. L. Sullivan, August 1, 1880, to May 14, 1884.

W. H. Sears, May 15, 1884, to October 31, 1885.

John S. Hager, November 1, 1885, to May 22, 1889.

T. G. Phelps, May 23, 1889, to May 31, 1892.

John H. Wise, June 1, 1892, to May 31, 1897.

Jno. P. Jackson, June 1, 1897, to September 25, 1900.

Stanley Jackson, acting, September 20, 1900, to November 30, 1900.

F. S. Stratton, December 1, 1900, to August 18, 1913.

J. O. Davis, August 18, 1913, to—

NAVAL OFFICERS.

Jacob A. Cost, September 30, 1850.

W. B. Dameron, March 26, 1853.

Frank Tilford, May 11, 1858.

W. B. Farwell, July 26, 1861.

Noah Brooks, February 15, 1866.

Thomas Gray, September ?, 1866.

Andrew J. Bryant, March 2, 1867.

Geo. W. Bowie, April 26, 1869.

Edwin G. Waite, March 15, 1873.

Edwin G. Waite, March 16, 1877.

B. J. Watson, May 7, 1881.

Stuart Taylor, February 17, 1886.

Edw. T. Danforth, February 17, 1890.

John P. Irish, February 17, 1894.

George Stone, February 15, 1910.

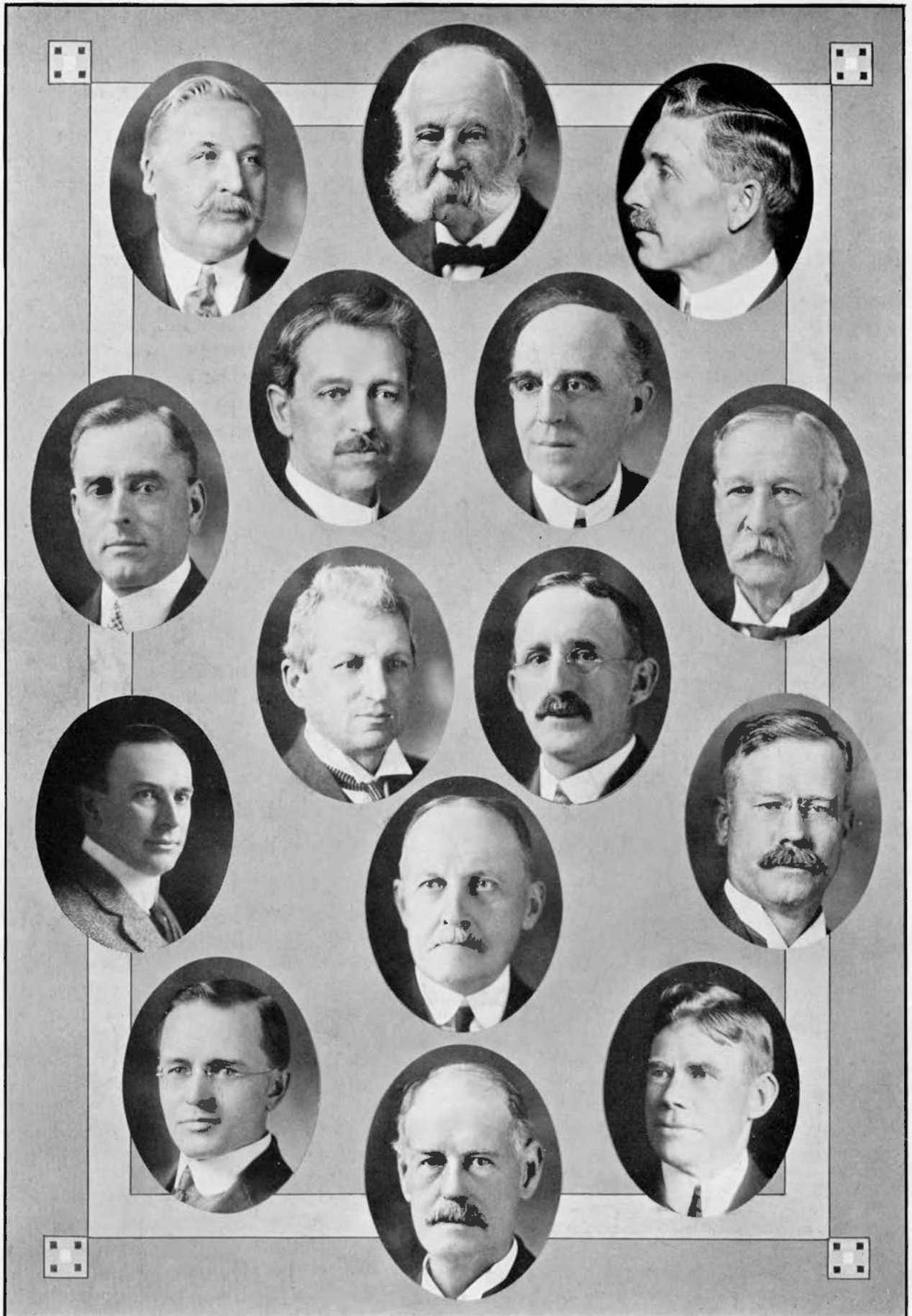
James H. Barry, August 25, 1913.

Of the personalities of the very early Collectors and their assistants we have small record, but of some of later dates there are still those in the service who remember them well, and who delight to recall old times through the medium of reminiscence. On this subject one of the veterans says:

"Collector Eugene L. Sullivan was a man of fine personality, six feet tall, straight as an Indian, a careful dresser and with a suavity of manner seldom surpassed. He was in the diplomatic service before taking his office here and was known as the 'Dolly Varden' Collector.

"Timothy Guy Phelps was Collector twice, and was sometimes 'on the quiet' called the 'Sinker' Collector on account of his fondness for doughnuts and coffee at lunch.

"To John S. Hager fell the sobriquet of the 'Elevator' Collector, for he it was who had installed the first 'lift' in the Custom House.



C. S. FITZSIMMONS	C. A. OSBORN	JOHN H. McCALLUM Harbor Commissioner
LEE HIBBARD	R. H. WILLCOX	W. I. KIP
C. C. WESTOVER	S. A. DAVIS	CHAS. T. COOK
E. C. LIND	T. W. SCOTT	T. C. EAGER
	F. B. SHARPE	C. L. MARPLE
		GEO. P. CLOUGH

"No list of Customs employees would be complete without the name of E. B. Jerome, who was considered during his time as one of the best posted men in the service and was the 'man at the wheel' under several Collectors. Jerome was aide on Col. Ed. D. Baker's staff at Ball's Bluff, when the latter was killed in an attempt to capture that point on October 21, 1861, and was detailed in charge of the escort which returned Col. Baker's remains to California.

"Another soldier, General John F. Miller, was appointed Collector in 1865, just after the close of the Civil War. The General had lost an eye at Murfreesboro and was called the 'soldier Collector.'

To Collector F. S. Stratton falls the honor of having occupied the office longer than any other Collector, having held that office for thirteen years.

But better than the memory of man are the written records. And although the usual record room is a musty, dismal room, the record room at this port is a pleasing exception to the rule. The room is a huge one, well ventilated and well lighted, and generally presided over by "Tiny" Fuller, who, it is said, knows where "everything am exactly."

There under the guidance of "Loie," as Fuller is also sometimes known to his closer friends, were discovered documents signed by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the famous American author, in the capacity of American Consul at Liverpool. The documents were certificates on a crew list of the American ships "Protector" and "J. C. Boynton," that the crew of each vessel, with the exception of two men in each case, had deserted their ships at Liverpool in September, 1856. Hawthorne prior to his appointment as Consul at Liverpool was Surveyor of Customs at the Port of Salem, Mass.

That the Customs turns out her quota of public men is also evidenced by the records which show that the Hon. W. W. Morrow, ex-Congressman and now United States Circuit Judge, and the Hon. Eugene T. Loud, also an ex-Congressman, once upon a time adorned the payrolls of our service and wore the uniforms of Night Inspectors.

The oldest record book of the entrance of vessels begins with the date of March 26, 1849, and the first two names appearing are the American brig, "Mary Ellen," Egelston, master, from Salem, Mass., and the Peruvian brig-of-

war, "General Gaumara," Rodriguez in command, from Callao. The first arrival mentioned being on the 26th of March, and the second on the 28th of the same month.

Among others on this record appears the name of the American ship, "Niantic," 48 tons, Cleveland, master, with 248 passengers from Panama on July 5, 1849. This vessel was later beached at Montgomery and Clay streets on the, then, bay shore and was afterward covered when the waterfront was filled in. Over her bones the famous Niantic Hotel was erected.

Down the pages of the entries of those days appear the names of vessels with odd-sounding names, for instance are recorded as early arrivals in 1849, the schooner, "Sixth of June," the brig, "New Perseverance," the brig, "Two Friends," the brig, "Gen. O'Higgins," the bark, "Will Watch," and the schooner, "Sam and Ben."

To the "California" goes the honor of being the first steamer on the Customs' records. She is described as being of 1050 tons burden, Forbes master, and arrived April 2, 1849.

As we peruse the pages that tell us the doings of the past and lead slowly to the late-departed yesterdays of our time, we are filled with wonder that so much could have been done in so short a time.

While it is a fact that California has long been settled by intelligent people no great strides in commercial progress were taken till the coming of the American Government and the later discovery of gold. New York was a great city, and many of our interior cities had taken on all the importance of modern marts when our waterfront still came up to Montgomery street, and when a bullfight was the public pastime. Nevertheless the Queen City of the Golden Gate has gathered not only from the United States, but from the world, the people for a city and putting them to the test she has cast out the sheep from the goats, made high her aim, and her worthy efforts have given her a place second to few, not only in commercial progress but in the hearts of those who have known her or her people. She is, indeed, "The city loved around the world," and although their first duty is always to their Government, the pride and pleasure of serving their country at such a port is more than half the remuneration of those in the United States Customs Service, at San Francisco, California.



CUSTOMS INSPECTORS

By Captain Joseph Head

It is rare in the public service to find a line of duties where responsibility stands so high and rests so strongly upon the character of the individual as it does upon Inspectors of Customs. The service of an inspector is performed under conditions which render close supervision impossible. No system of accountability, no scheme of discipline in matters of industry and devotion to duty and all that tends to good service, can, under the existing conditions of an inspector's employment be depended on unless it be predicated on ability of the highest order in the individual inspector. The administration of the Tariff Law is beset with difficulties and problems. The inspector is the most vital part of the complicated machinery established for its execution and in the scheme of organization, the first line of defense of the revenue itself.

The duties of an inspector are varied and complex. He is the visible Customs law of the maritime world. Besides his regular duties—supervising under his immediate direction the disposition of every package of foreign freight, the checking of bonded and drawback merchandise, the inspection of passengers' baggage, and the detection and prevention of smuggling, he has the added duties of assisting the Immigration Service, the Quarantine Service, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Horticulture Service, the Internal Revenue Service, the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Fisheries, and the Pure Food Service in maintaining a strict observance of their regulations.

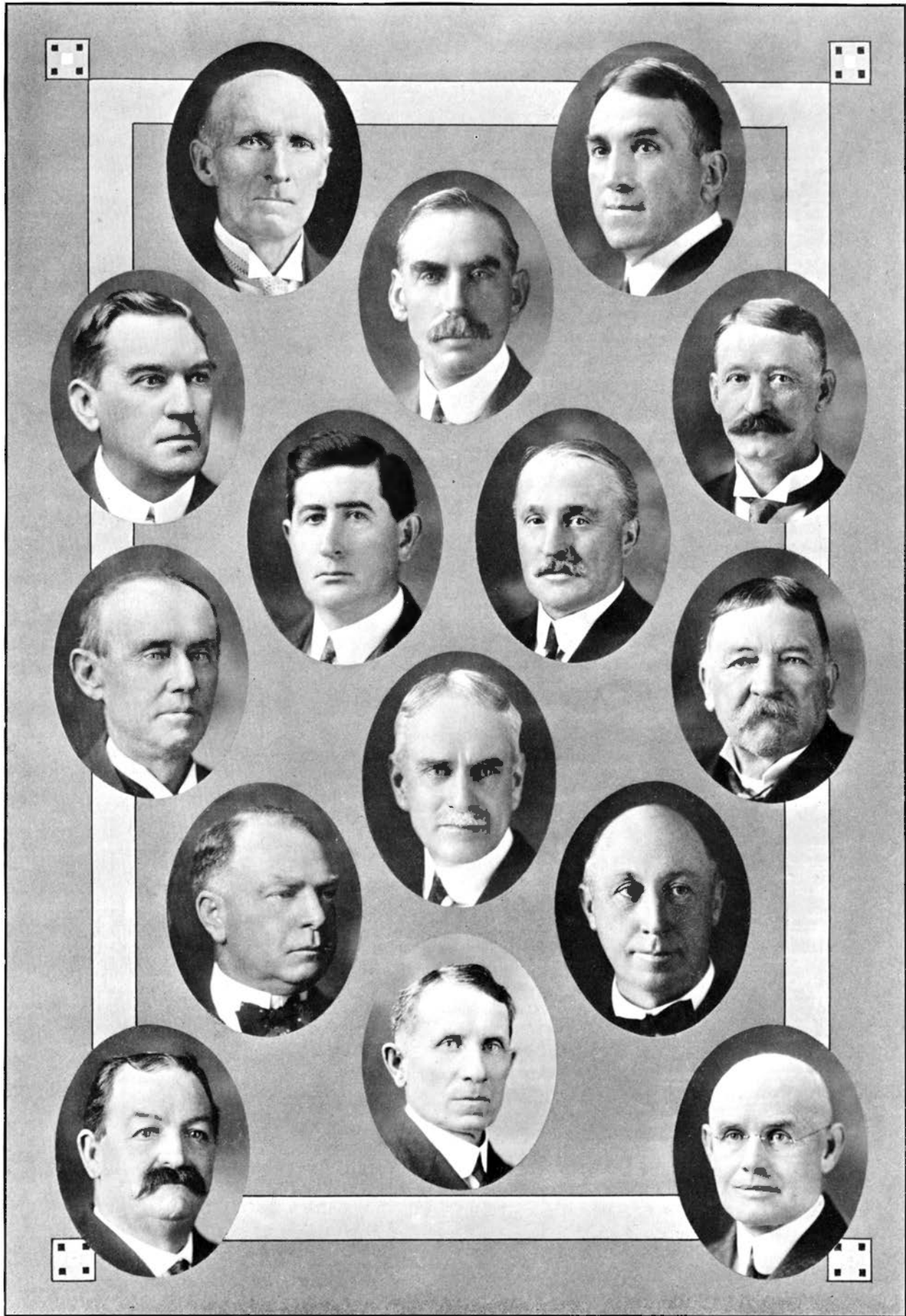
On him falls the duty of assisting in promoting the safety of life at sea and on navigable streams. Vessels are closely examined to see that they comply with the law as to equipment. The comfort and convenience of passengers and

crew at sea come under his jurisdiction. Careful measurement of the space accorded to each are made to see that they have the amount allotted by law.

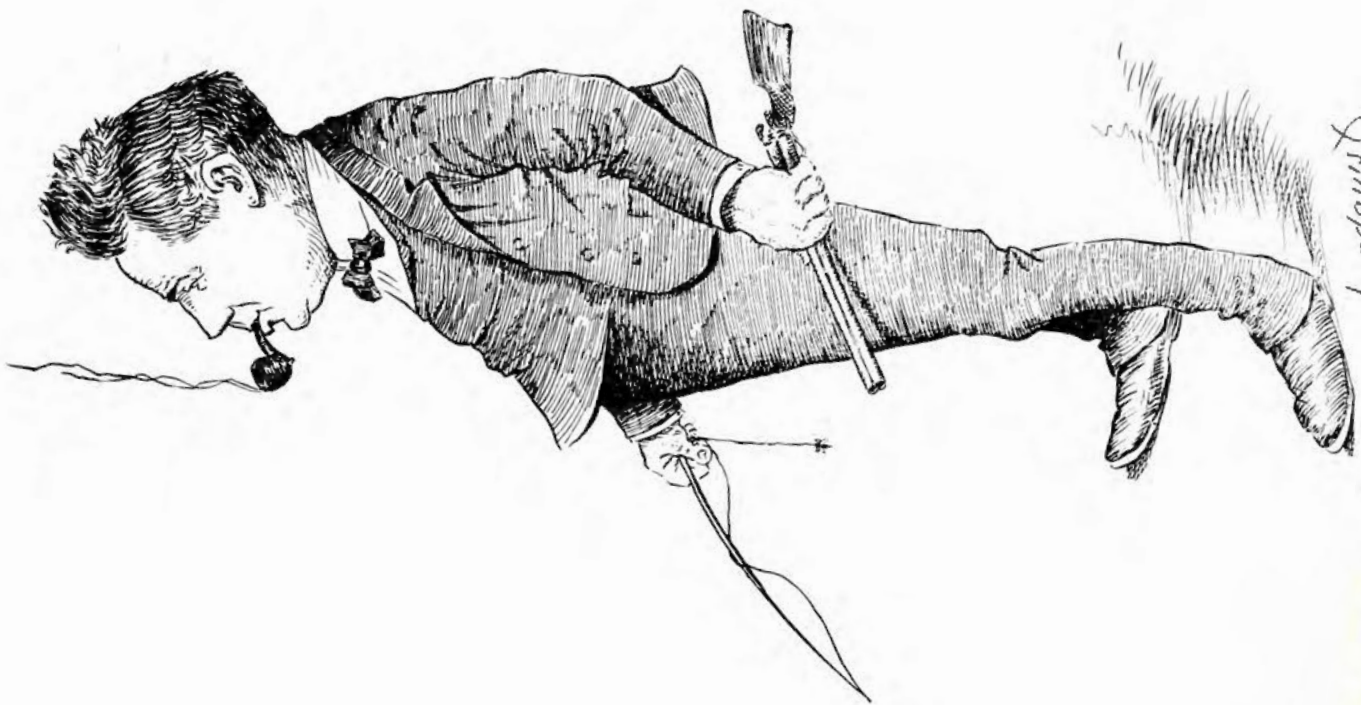
An inspector suffers from the hardship of an irregular life for his work demands much not only of his social and family life, but of his physical vitality itself. His hours of labor are uncertain both as to occurrence and duration. His official hours are from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., but that is in theory only for he is often on duty from sunrise to late in the night. On Sundays and holidays the Custom House may close its massive doors and its official activity cease, but the inspector, like the Golden Gate, is always on hand to greet the commerce of the nations.

No other part of the Customs Service comes in as close a contact with the public as that of the inspectors. He comes in intercourse with individuals representing a wide range of business and social life and their respect for the integrity and intelligence of the Customs Service is measured in a large degree by their associations with inspectors. From them the thousands of passengers form their first and strongest impressions of the Customs. To the great body of sea-faring men the Customs is known through the inspectors and their estimate of the standard of efficiency maintained in the enforcement of the Customs laws is determined by the thoroughness with which the inspectors perform their duties. In the performance of inspector's duty with the travelling public and seaman in which efficiency is reached without exasperation and offense it is required that he be endowed with common sense, a judicial temperament, tactfulness, an amiable disposition, and a high moral sense.

The inspector's badge of office is a mark of honor and distinction. His work, responsible and dignified. A man's work with a man's responsibilities.



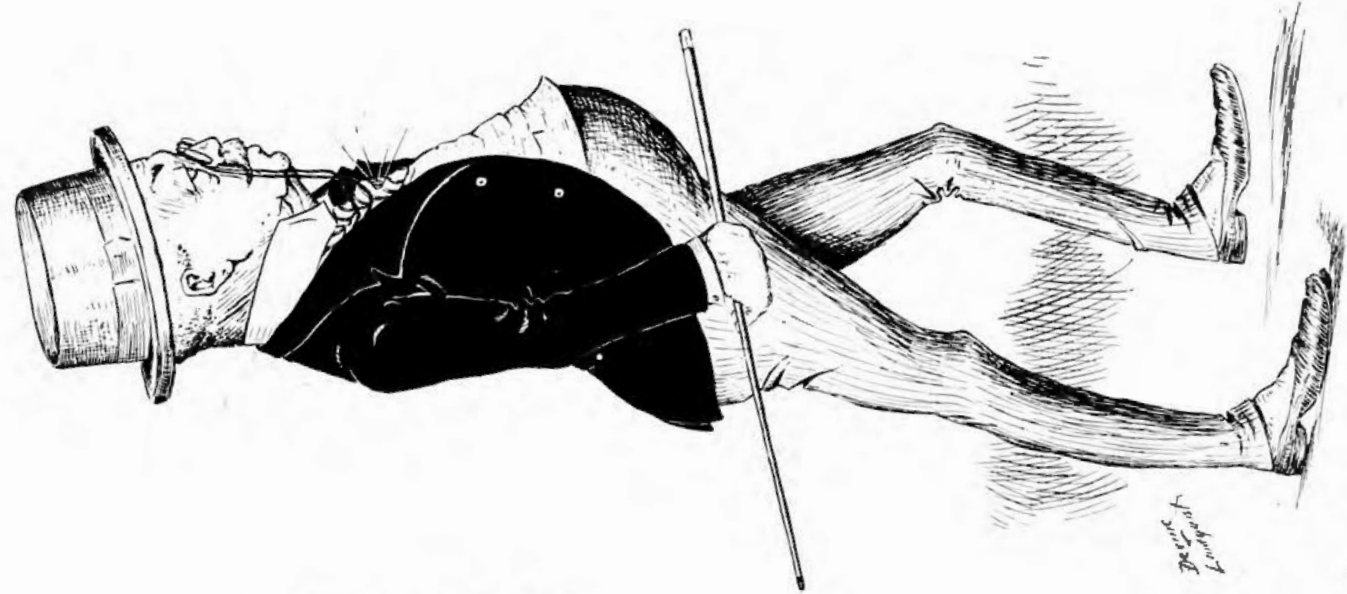
	P. H. BARRETT	JOHN GREENAN	L. E. BEBAN	
R. T. MCGINNES	CAPT. JOSEPH	HEAD LIEUT.	S. H. SACKETT	D. J. AHERN
M. C. SOUTHARD		E. D. KELLOGG		G. M. DORSEY
	C. A. KELLY		EDWARD DURKIN	
D. S. MCKENNA		E. H. HILLS		J. E. MULLEN



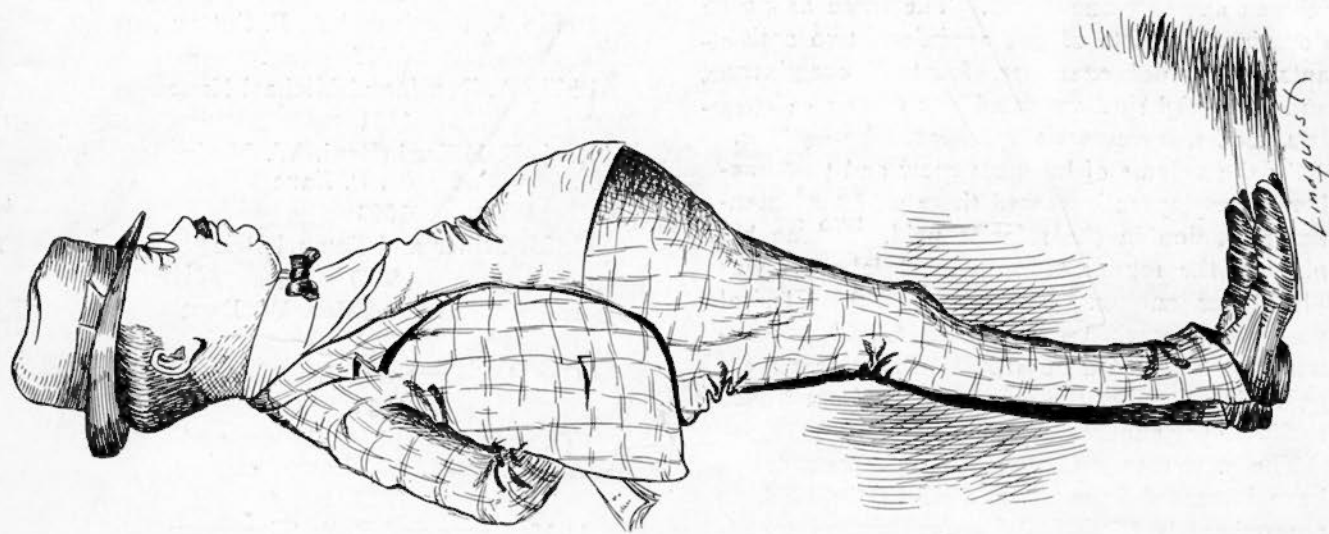
It's death to ducks, trout and statistics when C. G. starts
C. G. PERKINS
Auditor



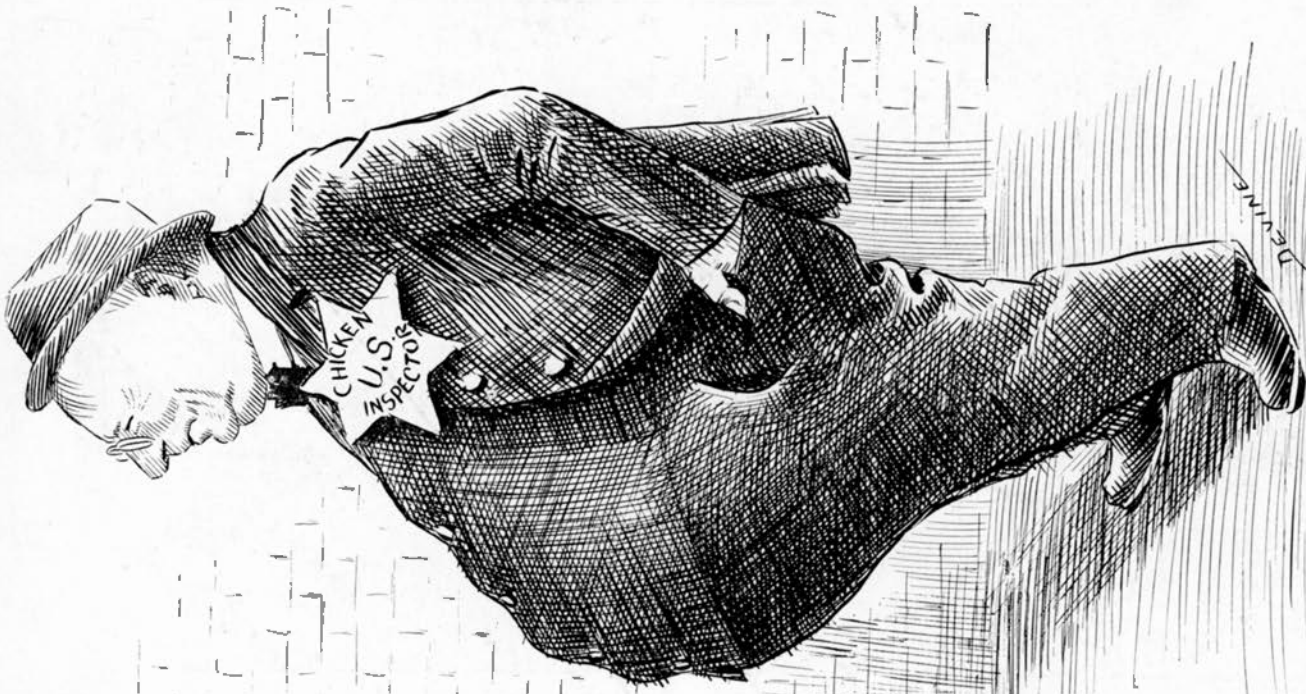
DAN AHERN
Customs Inspector



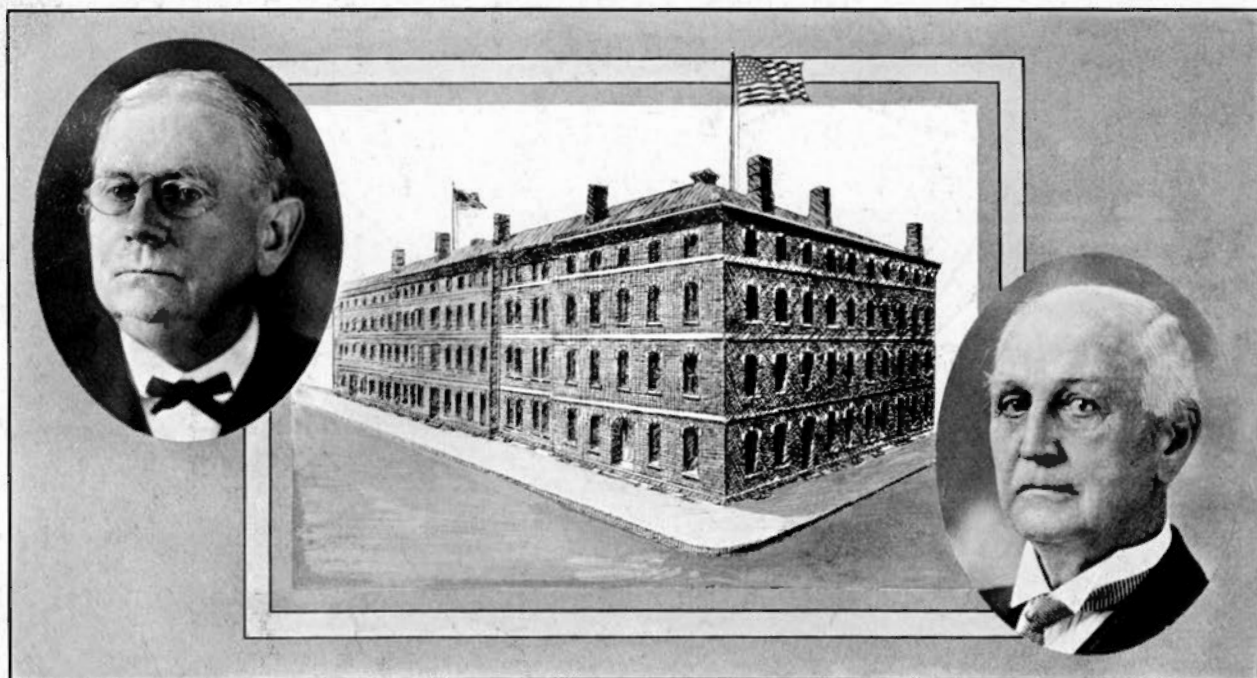
Beau Brummel of the Appraiser's Department
JIM MAGUIRE



W. H. TIDWELL
Special Agent



CAM WHITTHORNE
Assistant Appraiser
Unanimously elected Chief Chicken Inspector at the P. P.
I. E. On a tour of inspection on the Zone.



CAMPBELL WHITTHORNE
Assistant U. S. Appraiser

APPRAISERS BUILDING

J. B. STEVENS
Assistant U. S. Appraiser

THE APPRAISER'S OFFICE

By Ed. E. Leake,
Appraiser of the Port.

From the available records it appears that the Appraiser's Department of the Customs in San Francisco was first established in 1852. These records are so meager that they do not furnish sufficient data from which might be written an accurate history of the administration of the affairs of the office.

In the beginning the entire force consisted of two appraisers, two assistant appraisers, three examiners and fourteen openers and packers and laborers, twenty-one in all. The force as now organized consists of one appraiser, two assistants, one chief examiner, fourteen examiners, and forty-eight others rated variously as chemists, clerks, openers and packers, laborers, etc.

As the volume of business grew and the number of employees increased there was a substantial reduction in the salaries paid. In the beginning the minimum wage paid laborers was \$1,420 per annum. Now it is \$840. Clerical positions that then commanded \$2,160 per annum are now rated at \$1,200. Examiners were paid \$3,000. Now the salaries vary from \$1,400 to \$2,400 per annum.

The revenues on account of import duties have increased from about \$738,400 in 1852, to approximately \$6,000,000 for the fiscal year end-

ing June 30, 1914. The salary roll in 1852 aggregated \$49,628. In 1915 it aggregates \$81,640.

The law authorizing the appointment of two appraisers has never been repealed but the practice of filling both appointments was discontinued in 1890.

The names of those who have filled the positions of appraisers and assistant appraisers, from the date of the organization to the present time, are as follows:

APPRAISERS

- 1852
I. Vincent Brown and George Pendleton
- 1853
Philip A. Roach and A. P. Sutton
- 1857
Philip A. Roach and Michael Kane
- 1861
Benj. F. Hillard, Benj. W. Mudge
and John P. Zane
- 1863
H. M. Miller and Samuel Bridges
- 1870
H. M. Miller and Geo. W. Dent
- 1874
Geo. W. Dent and J. G. Moore.
- 1885
Thomas Beck, J. G. Moore and
Robert A. A. Thompson
- 1889
A. M. Leary and R. A. Thompson



E. A. HOLMES Chief Clerk	ANNA E. SULLIVAN	J. A. WITTY
WM. PHOEDOVIVS	FRED WEST	C. T. HUTCHINSON
H. L. ALVES	W. H. SPILMAN	G. H. COONS
CLARENCE DOWNS	J. M. LOWRIE	L. C. BOND
	A. W. DONOVAN	D. F. BURROWS

1892
W. C. Ralston
1893
Jas. C. Tucker
1897
John T. Dareⁿ
1908
John T. Matto^{sr}
1913
Ed. E. Leake

ASSISTANT APPRAISERS

1852
Chas. H. Rockoortt and A. Dungan
1854
A. Walley and W. S. Sherwood
1857
Benj. F. Hillard
1861
James Baxter and Henry Marshall
1865
H. Z. Wheeler
1869
R. Ererson
1870
W. W. Battles and Fred Lux
1881
C. M. Leary and M. Webber
1883
W. H. Gratton
1885
D. Z. Yast, Robert Thompson and Jas. E. Tucker
1889
Jacob Shaen
1893
J. B. Stevens
1894
R. P. Doolan
1913
Campbell Whitthorne

The Appraiser's Department is located in what is known as the Appraiser's Building, corner Sansome and Washington streets. This building was completed in 1878 or 1879, and at a time when the commerce of the Port of San Francisco with foreign countries was not very extensive. At that time it was designed to house not only the appraiser's offices and store-rooms for the examination of merchandise, but also the special agents of the Treasury Department, Marine Hospital Service, Revenue Cutter Service and the United States District and Circuit Courts.

The removal of the courts to the new post-office building materially increased the space available for the handling and examination of imports and the contemplated removal of the United States Surveyor-General's office will add still more room. But the import trade is increasing to such proportions that the facilities af-

forded by the building are wholly inadequate, and there is an urgent demand for a new one that will match in architecture, construction, arrangement and equipment the splendid new Custom House recently constructed in the same block.

For the information of those who are not brought into personal contact with the Appraiser's Office it may be stated that the appraiser of merchandise is appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. While the term of office of the Collector, the naval officer and the surveyor is fixed by law at four years, there is no term fixed for the appraiser and he continues to hold during good behavior or at the pleasure of the President.

The duties of the appraiser, as defined by law and regulations, are to ascertain by all reasonable means and ways the usual wholesale market value of imported merchandise and appraise it accordingly. He is also required to describe merchandise in such terms as will enable the Collector to properly classify it for duty. In practice, however, this amounts to making the classification of the merchandise, since the appraiser's classification is generally accepted by the Collector.

While the Collector is the chief officer of Customs at the port and has the general supervision over all the departments of the Custom House, including that of the appraiser, the appraiser has independent control of the force in his office and of the work therein. The appraiser is supreme in matters of appraisement in his district. No officer can order him to find any certain value for imported commodities but his action in this respect is subject to review by a tribunal termed the Board of General Appraisers, whose headquarters are located at the Port of New York.

To assist him in making these examinations and appraisements, the appraiser has at this port two assistant appraisers and a corps of examiners. The examiners do the actual work of checking the merchandise against the invoice and determining in the first instance whether the invoice values represent the actual wholesale market value of the merchandise at the time of exportation. The report of their examination and appraisement is made upon the invoice, but before it becomes a legal appraisement under the law, it must be approved by the assistant appraiser in charge of the division and also by the appraiser. His appraisement must be uniform since were he to allow one importer to import the same merchandise as another but at a lower value, he would not only be laying the founda-



D. J. O'LEARY
CORNELIUS TOOHEY

L. A. HEINER
R. B. DOWNIE

J. F. BROWN
G. A. REYNOLDS

L. J. PHELPS
T. E. HEARTY
J. E. POMEROY

W. G. READ
G. P. DIMPFEL

DR. J. H. DAWSON
P. B. DEVINE

E. B. MORRIS
L. A. KENT

tion for collection of a less amount of revenue than is legally due but would also be giving one importer undue advantage over another.

In order to protect the Customs revenues against unequal appraisements not only at this port but at all others, the appraiser must keep in touch with all the markets of the world. This is done by means of information from the trade, reports of consular officers and confidential agents which the United States Government maintains in all the principal markets of the world, comparisons with other ports and numerous catalogues and price lists. All the information thus received is gathered together in the office and tabulated for immediate use when merchandise is imported so that commerce may not be hindered and merchants delayed in the receipt of their merchandise.

Either the importer, if he deems the appraised value of his merchandise too high, or the Collector, if he deems the appraised value of any merchandise too low, may take an appeal to the Board of General Appraisers. This appeal is heard in the first instance by a single General Appraiser who determines whether or not the appraised values are correct and from his decision, a further appeal is allowed to a Board of three General Appraisers, whose decision is final and cannot be reviewed, even by the courts.

All imported merchandise which goes into consumption or use in this country must be submitted to the appraiser for examination and appraisal; but before being submitted to him, entry therefor must be made at the Custom House. With his entry the owner or his agent must file a true invoice, giving a complete description of the merchandise, showing the items thereof and the value of each item; also case and packing charges and other charges incident to its exportation from a foreign country.

When the entry has been completed the invoice is then transmitted to the appraiser, having noted thereon the order of examination. This order may direct that the merchandise be sent to the appraiser's store for examination or that it may be examined at the wharf, or, in certain exceptional cases, that it may be examined at the importer's store or residence.

The classification of merchandise into the different classes at the rates of duty provided for in the tariff law depends upon the examination made by the appraiser. At the time that he makes his appraisal of the merchandise he must also determine under which paragraph of the tariff it is properly classifiable for duty. When articles are composed of many materials

he must determine which material is the component of chief value. From this determination also the importer is allowed an appeal which is termed a "protest," which is heard also by the Board of General Appraisers, whose decision as to the classification and rate of duty may be reviewed by a special court established at Washington, D. C., which is termed the "Court of Customs Appeals."

The examination and appraisal of imported merchandise is therefore the basis of the collection of the Customs revenue, and one can readily see that it depends for its integrity upon the honesty, faithfulness and ability of the appraiser and his assistants. When one considers that the Customs duties amount to upwards of \$300,000,000 per annum, one can appreciate the tremendous responsibility that rests upon the appraiser's department.

THE HONORABLE SECRETARY McADOO.

We men of the Service have grown a trifle nervous

From meeting many kind of high officials,
Some we see with mein of care, some who pose
a lordly air

And some we know only by their initials.
When a "Big-wig" hovers nigh we can scarce
suppress a sigh,

For often for our heads the steel is waiting,
Forth we've seen them gaily trip, with Judas kiss
upon their lip

And plunge the gaff into some worthy rating.
So we're more than glad today to spontaneously
say

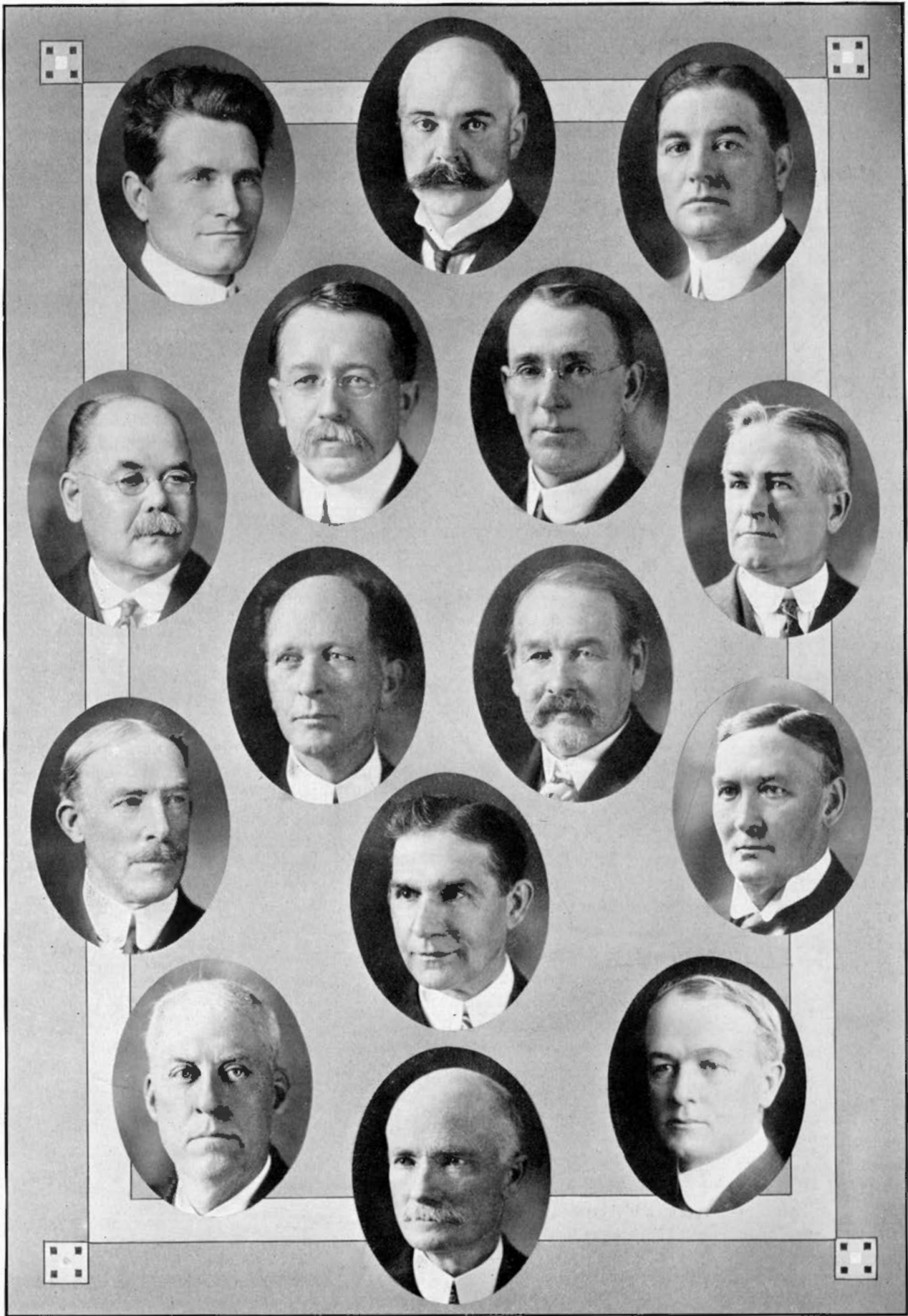
That we're proud to meet a man who's truly
blue,

The kind smile and old soft hat really make us
tell you that;

Mr. McAdoo. We're for you.

A MAN OF PARTS.

Squire Perkins, baseball fan, Auditor of Customs and Director-General of Statistics, is also the head of the Perkins-Schultze-Ingersoll Slaying Syndicate. He is an expert Fowler who is Sharpe and Eagar to Hunt, Kindle a fire in Camp with a Twigg and Cook Flesh a Deasy Brown. Anything in feathers or fur that comes within range of Auditor Perkins' gun must Barrett. He is also a friend of the Farmer, helping the latter out by taking orders, about Christmas time, for tropical fruits for which Northern California excels. Although he is not much of a theologian or hymnologist he has associated with him Parsons, a Dean and a Sexton. Taken all together Mr. Perkins is a man of parts.



G. A. MARSHALL	S. I. MARSTON	W. D. HOYT
H. B. NEEDHAM	W. K. TREGEA	E. F. MURPHY
J. J. KELLY	W. A. LIMBAUGH	CHAS. E. CAMP
C. C. MYALL	W. E. ROWLANDS	J. P. ALBRO
	J. G. BEATTY	G. G. KENNY

OUR PORT, ITS FUTURE

By J. S. Wardell

The most potent argument which can be offered in connection with the development of the Port of San Francisco in its commercial relations with the rest of the world (aside from the efficiency and affability of Custom officers at this port) is the fact that upon our waterfront is a land-locked bay fit to accommodate the ships of the world without inconvenience. Therefore with this splendid harbor and the many improvements completed and in embryo which the Harbor Commissioners have undertaken in the way of modern docks, there is no reason why San Francisco should not develop a foreign trade commensurate with its natural advantages. I am not prepared to say whether the complaints which we so frequently hear in regard to the harbor charges are justified, but if they are so, one of the first steps which ought to be taken, in our effort to win the favor of the shipping world, should be reductions in this direction, basing new rates upon the charges exacted at other ports on this coast and elsewhere.

Of course, some attention ought to be given toward bringing to this State more manufactories. We have been partly handicapped heretofore in this direction by a lack of cheap fuel, but now we are the chief State in the Union in the production of oil and this hindrance it seems to me is entirely eliminated. Another difficulty which has retarded the efforts of those disposed to establish manufactories on this coast has been the lack of raw materials. The tendency at present of the national Government is to encourage the importation free of duty of all raw materials in the hope of aiding industries of this character. With cheap fuel and the importation of raw materials encouraged, perhaps some progress will now be made in this direction and such a step will greatly contribute toward the prosperity of the mercantile interests on the coast.

If the merchants of this community would give some attention to the trade possibilities of the west and even the east coasts of South America, the opportunities confronting us in Japan, the new China, the Philippines and even in the Straits' Settlement and India, it would not be long before San Francisco would become a world port with unlimited possibilities. Of course I do not mean to say that the business men of the city are entirely neglecting the Far East, but the effort expended in garnering this trade is wholly impotent and unworthy of a vigorous, energetic American people. A system should be encouraged which will put into operation a

new method of presenting the products of our soil and factories,—limited though they are at present. I am told one of the complaints too frequently heard from the merchants in foreign lands has been due to the failure of the exporting concerns holding up their products to the character of the samples shown by the salesmen. This is a serious breach of faith and not only impairs our commercial relations with the foreign buyer, but involves the integrity of the merchant class and ought to receive the serious attention of the commercial bodies interested in developing successful, profitable and amicable trade relations with the Oriental and South American merchants.

In addition a highly essential innovation is the need of a different credit system, which will not consistently offend the buyers of our wares in the foreign markets. If a new standard of credits is adopted and our good faith maintained in delivering a like product to the samples displayed I am convinced a serious hindrance will be overcome. If the exporting houses will then cultivate a familiarity with the habits and language of the people in the countries which should be our commercial intimates and work with energy and intelligence, it would be but a generation before this city would be second to New York in its commercial relation to the rest of the world.

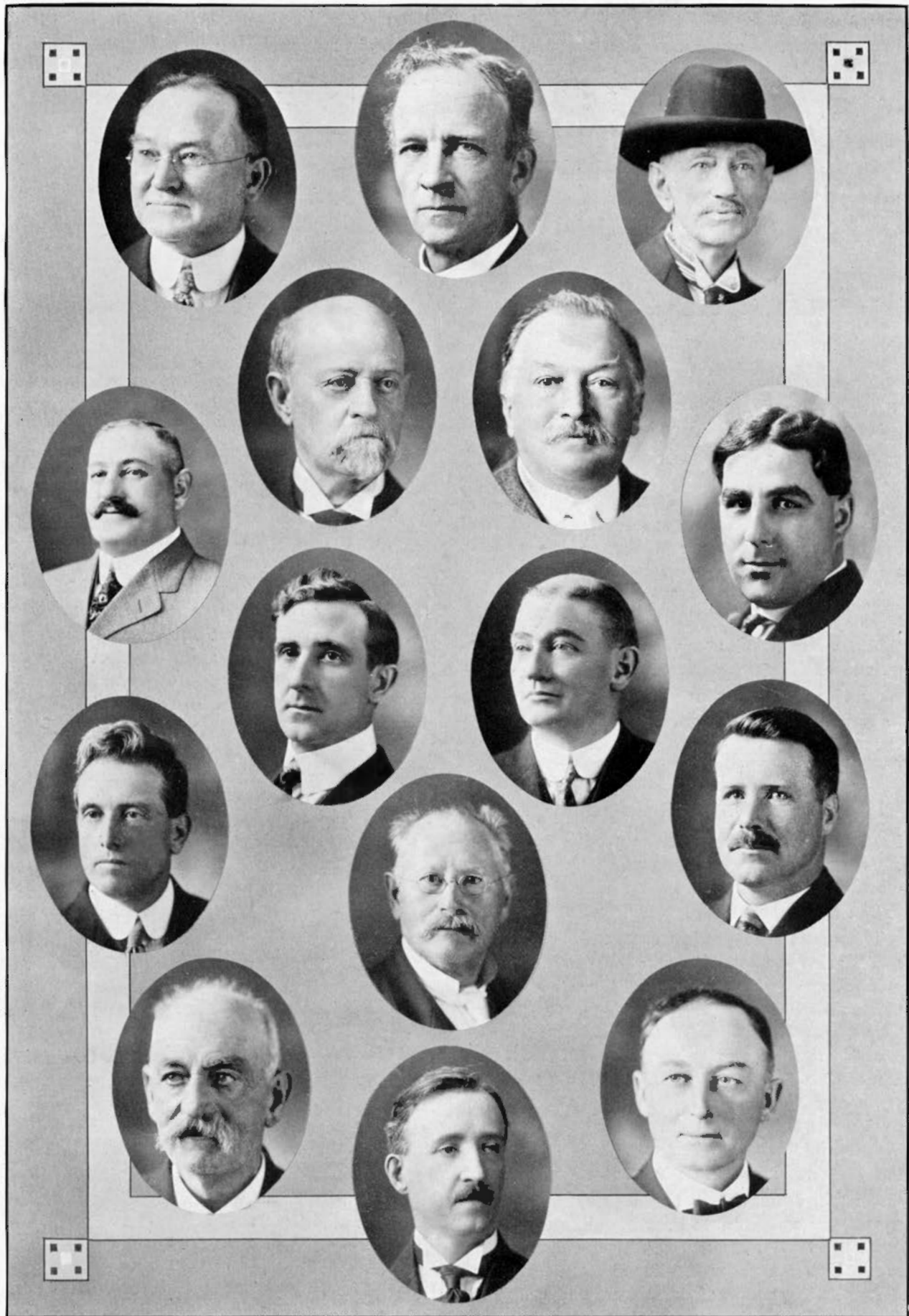
I am not so strong for population as I am for the permanency and stability of our institutions, but population would naturally follow with the establishment of factories and the development of our foreign trade and it would not be long before our city would be teeming with a prosperous people, happy in a material way and blessed with a climate and health producing freedom which would soon make them the most virile race the world has ever known.

COLONEL GOETHALS.

U. S. Army.

When our friend, Colonel Goethals, had finished
his job,
The big ditch, at last, was a fact;
He tipped his old cap to the cheers of the mob,
And began still another attack;
For the rocks and the dirt
Still continued to squirt,
From the sides of Culebra's steep faces,
His iron hand did guide
With a confident pride,
The work on the "Gate to all Places."
To the Man! Colonel Goethals, we pledge you a
toast,
The soldier! Saluted with pride;
Of your future may we further boast.
May fame and fortune guide.

E. B. Morris.



W. E. BIDWELL
 LEWIS DAVIS
 J. V. TALT
 E. H. MONTELL

P. O. HUFFAKER
 S. H. HUNT
 W. W. COLLINS
 ANDREW SORENSEN
 D. F. LEAHY

ALFRED ULP
 J. A. OLIVER
 A. E. BUCKLEY
 J. F. HALL



U. S. BARGE OFFICE

By James P. Foley.

When the first gay streaks of dawn appear over the eastern hills there begins the bustle and preparation for the work of the day at the Boarding Station.

The engineers on the boarding cutters of the Customs, Quarantine and Immigration Services tune their engines and the deck departments are on station for the order to cast off.

Sunrise finds the boarding officers on the alert to visit the various vessels which arrived during the night, for the tide of commerce ebbs and flows through the Golden Gate without interruption between set and rise of sun.

Steamers from the Orient bearing precious burdens of humanity and the products of Asia, steamers from the Antipodes with cargoes of wool, hemp, sisal and other fibres, as well as frozen meats and fruits, are frequent visitors.

The quarantine doctors of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service are the first to put off to the steamers anchored in the stream. The master of the vessel is required to produce the bills of health obtained from American Consular officers at the ports he visited. These documents give the general health conditions of the ports at which the vessel received freight and passengers. After careful scrutiny they are returned to the master who again produces them at the Custom House when he "enters" his vessel.

Next in order comes the examination of the passengers and crew to guard against the introduction into the country of any contagious disease which may have developed on the voyage. After the inspection of passengers and crew has determined that the personnel is free from disease of a quarantineable nature, the vessel is

granted pratique and the ordeal for those on board and others anxious to get on board is at an end.

The "yellow jack" is hauled down from the mast-head as a signal that the vessel has been found free from contagious disease. The work of the quarantine doctor is ended.

The Customs Boarding Officers then proceed with their duties. The master produces his manifest and other necessary papers, the passengers prepare their declarations and are examined by the members of the Immigration Service as to their right to admission. These formalities completed the steamer proceeds to her pier, where the passengers disembark and join the rapidly increasing population of the city.

At all hours of the day vessels arrive from every quarter of the globe. From British Columbia and Alaska on the north, from Mexico and the countries of Central and South America on the south, from the islands of the Pacific and the far-off lands of the East come various craft bearing burdens of treasure and merchandise and are unladen here in the Queen City of the Pacific, the metropolis of the West, whence they are distributed to all parts of the United States.

From the countries of Europe many vessels make rapid passages via the Panama Canal. Through this great highway for the sea pass the ships of the world bearing unto the people of the Western Empire the products and riches of every clime, and here the children of oppressed or less fortunate nations find a haven of refuge or a land where the door of opportunity is open to all.

The Barge Office is situated on the northern shore of the city, on historic Meigg's Wharf, within sight of the Golden Gate and the islands of the bay, and the blue hills of Marin and Alameda Counties.



J. P. FOLEY

W. A. SPRAGUE

V. J. LINDQUIST

W. J. McBRIDE

J. J. O'DONNELL

R. R. HARRIS

This spot, so dear to the hearts of the Argonauts, still has a fascinating interest for all San Franciscans as well as for the stranger. A constant stream of sight-seers passes the Barge Office daily. For the old-time resident of the city and State a visit awakens memories of the happy days of youth, "the days of old, the days of gold."

Pioneers frequently come down to Meigg's Wharf and lovingly recall the day of their arrival in the New El Dorado.

"Earth's great harbor they behold,
Where the silver waters tide them
Through the gates of burnished gold."

Leaving their homes in the East to seek fortune in the Golden West most of the pioneers surviving arrived here on such famous vessels as the fleet clipper ships "Golden City," "Flying Cloud," "Flying Dutchman," "Herald of the Morning," and "Carrier Dove," or the more rapid steamers, well known to the pioneers as the "America," "Golden Age," "Brother Jonathan," "Sierra Nevada," and the "Romance of the Sea."

Many are the tales recounted of the perils of sea, shipwreck and disaster, shortage of food and water, calms and storms, by these veterans of by-gone days. And as the old order of things passed the famous clipper ships which carried the Stars and Stripes of the American Merchant Marine to the seaports of the world gave way to the more modern steamers.

These, too, now are passing and in their stead appears the motor-driven vessel, the latest achievement in sea propulsion. The motor ship is operated more economically and efficiently than the coal burners of old. It requires no one with prophetic vision to predict what the future holds for the commerce of the world that is yet to pass through the Golden Gate.

For sixty-five years the Boarding Officers—the Warders at the Gate—have kept their vigil at the Barge Office. They have seen the city grow from a hamlet to a metropolis. They have seen it in its pride and in its sorrow. They have seen it in its ashes and they have gloried in its resurrection. They have watched the rebuilding of a marvelous city and they have an abiding faith in its destiny.

"What's meant by customs duty, pop?"
Said little Willie Gray.
My son, one's duty to adopt
The customs of the day.



BARGE OFFICE

MEIGG'S WHARF

By V. J. Lindquist.

These pages would not be complete, did they not chronicle something about that old spot on the water-front, Meigg's Wharf, whose name is still identified with the bay shore of San Francisco.

Civic progress has made many changes and obliterated many old haunts, where the inhabitants of early days used to gather and enjoy a Sunday outing and the mariner to wander to meet old pal "salts" and pass, in reminiscent mood, a day with his comrades of the deep.

Meigg's Wharf is a name that still lingers, although the wharf that originally bore the name has long since passed out of existence. It continues to live when many other old and historic spots have passed into oblivion.

It has outlived old "Long Wharf" at the foot of Fourth Street, where in days gone by the Ariel, Golden Gate, Pioneer and South End rowing clubs had their homes; where they sported their prowess before throngs of holiday pleasure seekers and where all the yacht races started and finished, and from whose stringer piece the owners and skippers would gaze with pride upon their yachts, Fleur de Lis, Chispa, Consuella, Annie, Halcyon, Nellie and others anchored just a few fathoms off shore.

It has outlived old "Hatheway's Wharf," foot of Harrison Street, its only rival in early days as to which would have the greater number of fishermen, with their long bamboo poles watch-



GUY WATKINS	E. M. ATKINSON	JOHN F. BAGLEY	JOHN SMITH	FRANK OVERTON
F. C. MATTHEWS	ROSALIE E. JEWETT	EVELYN G. BARRANGON	C. LACY GOODRICH	
	W. A. SPRINGER	ED DE VELBISS	CONRAD USINGER	
G. B. MANLY		C. J. BENNINGER	C. B. WELTNER	

ing and waiting for a bite of the silvery snail. It has lived to see the day when Mission Rock is a name no longer mentioned or connected with the boys in "Whitehalls," whose boasts were that they pulled around the rock in as good time as Henry Peterson or old man Griffith, and where the sport of the day was fishing for rock cod in a small two-seated, white painted row boat hired from Pete, the Greek, for twenty-five cents per hour.

It has survived to see, with sorrow, the passing of the old thousand-foot "Pacific Mail Dock," at the junction of First and Brannan Streets, which was destroyed on the extension of the sea-wall. This dock was the landing place for the steamers from the Orient and Panama, and in days back, from Australia.

Often did Colis P. Huntington stroll down to the old mail dock, as it was familiarly called, to go on a tour of inspection of his prides of the Pacific. This was the aristocratic dock, quite in contrast with old Meigg's at the extreme other side of town, no wharf-rat frolicked here, and no stroller crossed its threshold without a signed pass from the superintendent or other dignitary of the company.

The name "Meigg's Wharf" is still on the tongue of the water-front, although Monkey Werner's North Beach resort, its next door neighbor in times away back, is remembered only by survivors of past generations.

Meigg's Wharf was the first of note built in San Francisco; and therein lies its right for the preservation of the name for what is now called Meigg's Wharf is but a few square feet directly at the foot of Taylor Street; why it is so-called nobody knows. When the original wharf succumbed to Father Time, the name simply migrated a few hundred yards westward and roosted there, realizing it would be its last resting place. It is now too old to migrate further and with the extension of the sea-wall westward, it will also pass into oblivion.

The atmosphere of early days still lingers around this spot to preserve from extinction the conditions of "Ye olden San Francisco." Among its few remaining heirlooms is the little Customs Boarding Boat Hartley. No living craft can lay claim to have seen as many square riggers and steamers pass in and out of the Golden Gate as this little Hartley. For forty years it has been her duty, day or night, to put the Customs boys aboard the ships from foreign shores. She has touched noses and rubbed sides with " 'em all."

She was well acquainted with "Mike" Fitzgerald, who for thirty years was the Merchant's Exchange (now Chamber of Commerce) Reporter at Meigg's Wharf, and feels his loss as greatly as all other frequenters of this ancient spot. Many times, in the still of the night, "Mike's" far-reaching and familiar voice, with

"What vessel is that?" would rouse the sleeping crew of the Hartley to action to board an incoming vessel that had quietly crept to anchorage. Mike knew these ships almost by the rattle of their chains. The "coming off" of Mike and the Hartley was a cheerful and welcome sight to many an old bar pilot, for he got his "orders" from Mike and a lift ashore on the Hartley.

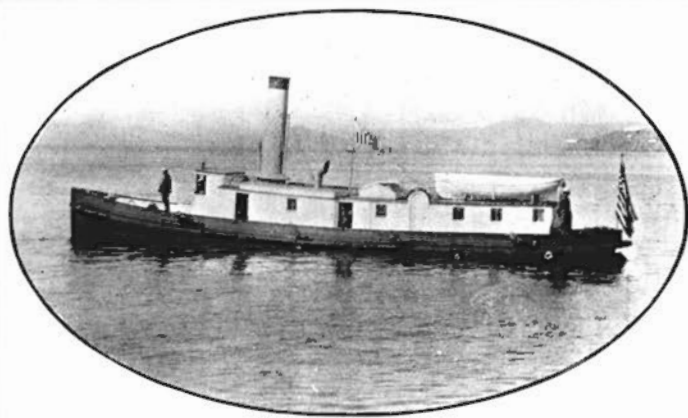
This little boat remembers another old character; gave him many a tow against the tide—Dave Crowley. Dave is still in the land of the living and but few weeks pass by but what he is seen at the old wharf holding converse, as it were, with his old friend, the Hartley.

What man could beat Dave sailing a whitehall? If you ask the Hartley she would answer, "no one," for she saw him in every phase of his bay life. The whitehall is now a relic of the past.

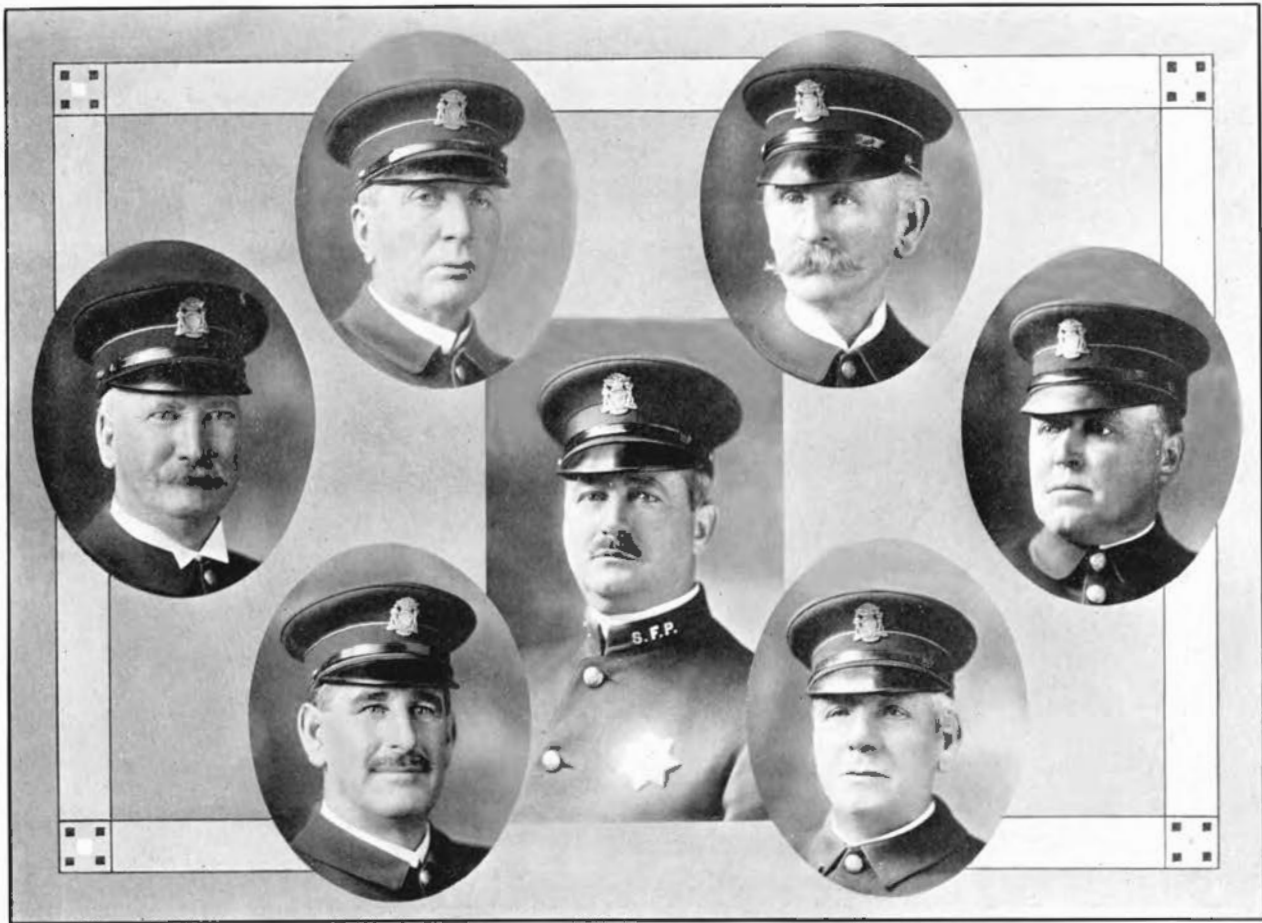
Another product of Meigg's Wharf, and a long time friend of the Hartley, is Heine Benges. He shares with the late "Mike" Fitzgerald the honor of being the best known man on San Francisco Bay by sea-faring men, the world over.

The Hartley could resurrect many reminiscences of deeds and acts of city-front characters and people of note. She could tell of times when she gave Collectors of the Port T. B. Shannon, E. L. Sullivan, Harry Sears, John S. Hager, Timothy Guy Phelps, Col. Jno. P. Jackson and John H. Wise many a pleasant ride on the bay, and she might divulge some political secrets as to how national politics were done in those days had she ears and could talk. She could tell how ex-President U. S. Grant bowed and smiled as she came alongside the City of Tokio, which was carrying the ex-President on the last lap of his tour around the world in 1879. She could speak in loving praise of her commanders, Captain Healy, Henry Rogers, Tuttle and many others. She is getting old now and will soon be relegated to a permanent rest, and when she dies let her epitaph be written:

"Here lies the little Hartley,
She died of nautical senility."



THE LITTLE "HARTLEY"



PETER J. WHALEN JOHN R. DOWER No. 1. PETER BURNS EDWARD M. OWENS
 SERGEANT STEPHEN V. BUNNER
 JOHN E. MALONEY JOHN GALLAWAY

POLICE OFFICERS OF THE FRONT

In the transaction of Customs business the assistance of the police oftentimes has been found necessary, and such service has always been given willingly and efficiently. This is especially true of those boys of the "Harbor Station" whose duties bring them in contact with Uncle Sam's Customs men.

To mention any one of the "Finest" without memories crowding in that would fill a book itself on the waterfront, is impossible, but the above named have put in their time for many years where the tall masts lift their heads.

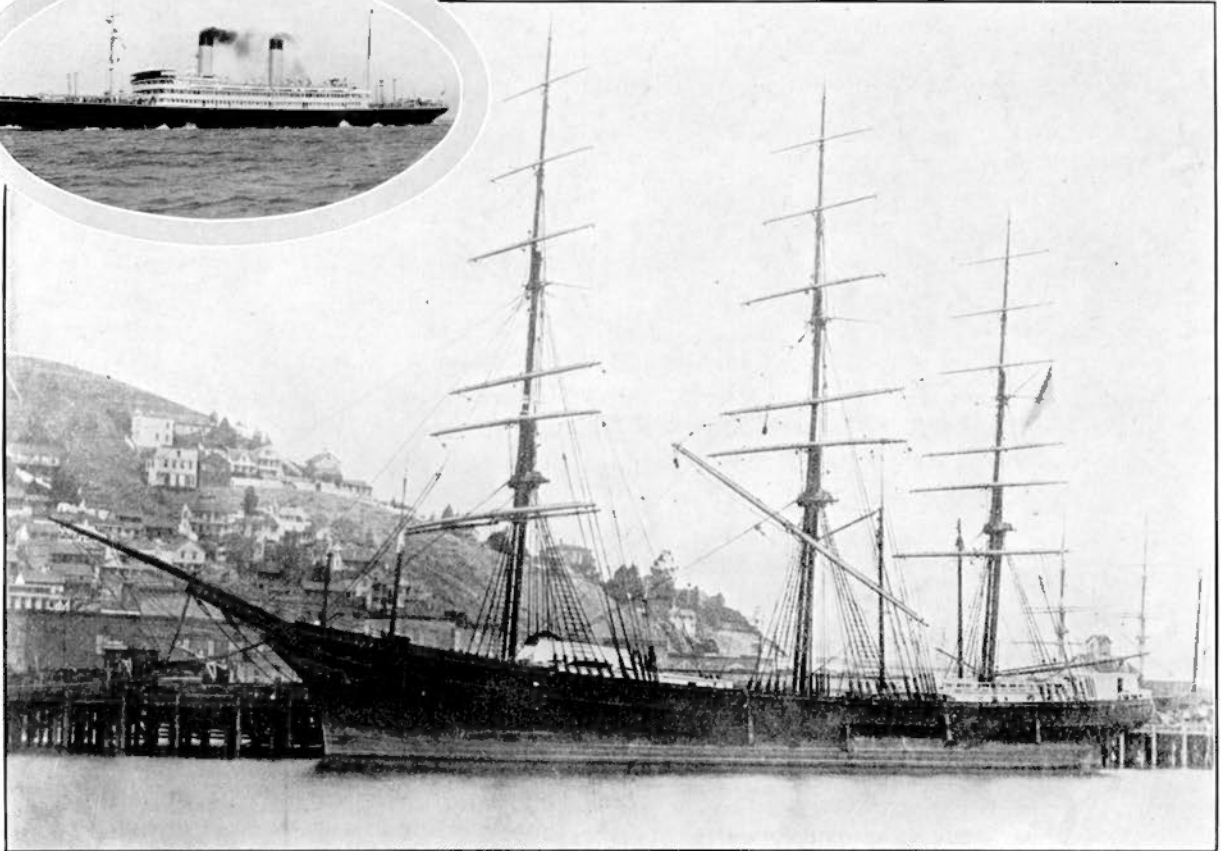
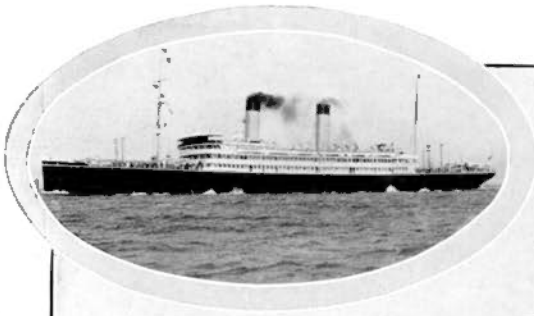
All of these officers have performed yeoman service since they first donned the uniform, but it is said, only one, not only of the waterfront men, but of the whole force, has ever had the honor of saluting, and of being saluted by, a real live prince, and to Officer Peter Whalen falls this honor.

Officer Whalen gained this distinction when Prince Tsai Fu erstwhile arrived at this city on the steamer Mongolia. The royal entourage had

passed through the customs formalities and as the vehicle bearing the prince rolled past him up went the officer's hand in military salute and the same was gravely returned just as precisely by the prince.

Whalen's fame does not all lie in the above episode by any manner of means. He was appointed to the force May 21, 1883, and since that time has performed continuous duty, on which he has made thousands of arrests. He has arrested drunks, thieves, buncomen, shovers of the queer and every kind of lawbreaker known to the police. He has rendered service with honor to himself in riots and fires and among countless vouchers of his untiring efforts in preserving order are many detailing deeds of heroism and mercy during the terrible disaster of 1906.

Although his record is one any man might be proud to bear, Officer Peter Whalen does not live on his past performances, and though in the autumn of life, he does "his little bit" each day with the snap and enthusiasm which characterizes in general the work of the Harbor Police on the waterfront.



PAST AND PRESENT

THE CLIPPER SHIPS

By W. S. Dent.

With the passing of the clipper ships from the Pacific, passed much of the romance of the sea. The modern vessels have taken "sailing the seas" from the pages of adventure and set it down in the musty volumes of staid commercialism. In those days every boy yearned to be a sailor, but nowadays the business of converting a unit of coal into a certain number of miles has but small pulling power for our modern youth and were it not for the call of the "Land of Faraway" very few of our boys would be presenting themselves before the shipping commissioners.

Of all the clipper ships which made this port in the early 80's, the American ship "St. Stephen" was known to shipping men as one of the very finest.

Built by Chapman and Flint at Bath, Me., and completed in January, 1877, she was 208 feet long, 40½ foot beam and registered a tonnage of 1392 tons net. She was made of oak and

yellow pine and her iron reinforcements were all copper fastened. Aloft she carried three skysails and her lofty slender masts with long tapering yards made her the pride of the clipper fleet.

Her masts and yards were finished in natural wood, varnished, while all the deck, bulwarks and housing were pure white and kept in such fine condition as to resemble porcelain, which meant that always something could be found for her crew to do.

The "St. Stephen" was commanded by Capt. Wm. E. Douglas, who served his apprenticeship on the Grand Bank fishing schooners, said to be the hardest school in the world and one furnishing the most capable but hardest officers afloat. Capt. Douglas was no exception to the rule and was noted as an exceptional daring driver even in that class. It is said that on one trip from England he drove this ship down the English channel at a 17-knot clip during a gale, like the famed Flying Dutchman, when all other vessels were "hove to."

With a full cargo of flour the writer, as one

of the crew, made a round trip to Hong Kong in the "St. Stephen," leaving the Golden Gate May 8, 1886, and returned in the latter part of November, the same year, with a general cargo from China.

The good ship then made two trips to Seattle for coal, the first in safety, but the second was fated to be her last. Loaded with nearly 800 tons in excess of her registered tonnage she was lost off Cape Beale in a terrific gale, April 1, 1887. With her to "Davy Jones' locker," as a result of the storm, went the bark "El Dorado," the schooner "Champion," the brig "North Star" and the brig "Irene." The overloading of so much dead weight cargo proved too much for even this fine ship, and like that good saint after whom she was named, went down under abuse.

The fame of the "hard drivers" and "bucko mates" soon went over the land and even in the clipper days there came times when able mariners to man the ever increasing number of "wind jammers" were scarce. It was the custom of captains when they found their crews depleted by desertion or otherwise to offer a set price per head for sailors to the bay runners, and these wharf rats in partnership with many infamous sailor-boarding house keepers combed the "front" and many a man who set out with but the intention of "upsetting a few" with his pals, awoke at sea to learn that he was on a journey to the other side of the world.

On the writer's trip to China in the "St. Stephen" there were in the crew three cowboys who had never seen salt water previous to their arrival at San Francisco a week before. The rest of the crew were sailors who had "jumped" the British ship "Drumrock" a short 24 hours previous to being dumped on the deck of the "St. Stephen," drunk or drugged. Awaking they found they were indebted to the boarding house keeper for twenty dollars, claimed to be advance money, and this amount was claimed to have been settled by the captain and charged against each of them on the ship's books. As their pay was thirteen dollars a month it did not require any hard figuring on their part to ascertain the amount due them upon their discharge at Hong Kong 64 days later.

"Poor Jack." While his business has faded away his successor has the satisfaction that while he may have lost some of the romance of the olden time, his calling now has the advantage of being on a business basis and the fruits of his labors are his own.

THE PORT PILOTS

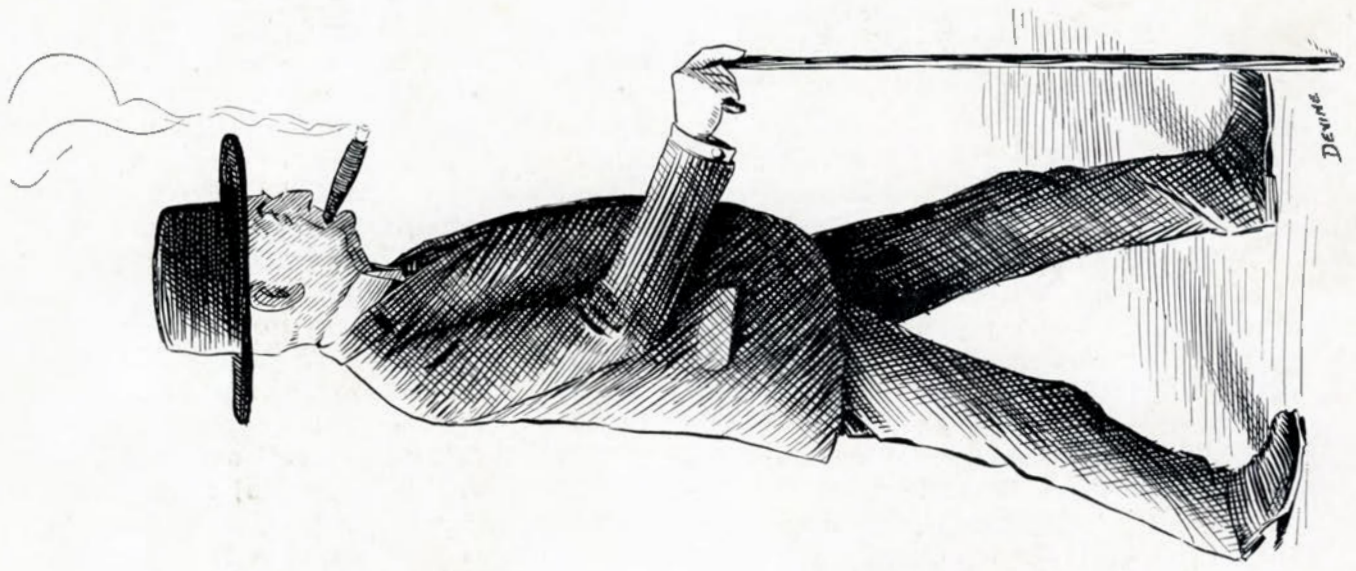
When one is returning from a jaunt around the world, or even from a vacation trip to Hawaii, there is probably no incident to the home coming that makes a bigger stir among the passengers than the cry of "here comes the pilot." When that gentleman steps aboard the liner out near the Light Ship and hands out the latest war news or the latest political gossip, the passengers feel that they are again in touch and heave a sigh of relief that the trip is ended. Also to most travelers by sea the dropping of the pilot is a moment when one's forgotten patriotism returns with a surge and the tears somehow well up as the call "let go" is heard and the pilot and his crew in the little vessel rapidly fall astern. It is the last link.

In all weathers these men meet the incoming boats of all kinds and bring them to their moorings. At this port there are twenty regular pilots and for Mare Island, Vallejo and Benicia there are two. These men, upon showing of the requisite knowledge and skill, are appointed by the Board of Harbor Commissioners, who are also competent shipmasters and nautical men, appointed to this work by the Governor of the State.

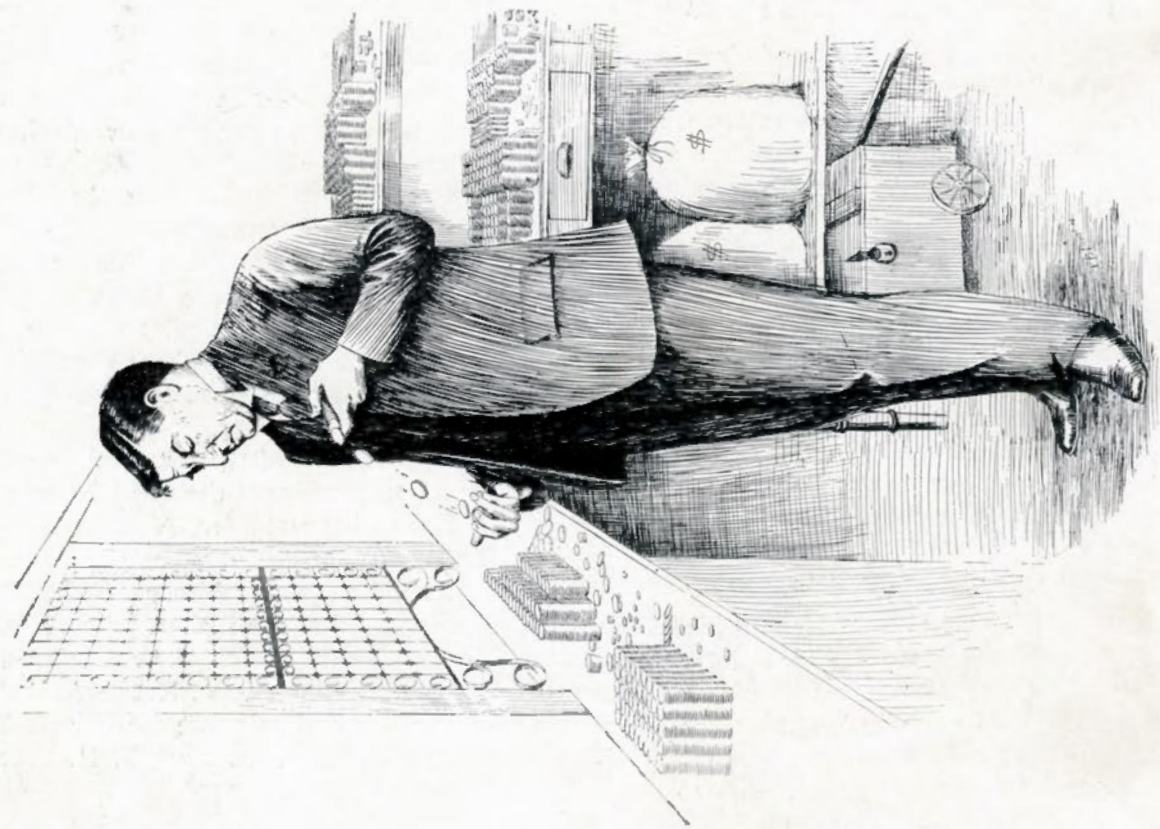
Formerly the pilots, who must keep for their exclusive use boats of such description as directed by the board, used schooners, but have lately changed to power boats, instead. In addition to meeting the vessels and bringing them to their moorings, the pilots also take the ships to sea, the same pilot taking out the vessel he brought in unless some untoward circumstance prevents.

In addition to the bar boat the pilots are required at all times to keep two boats cruising outside the bar on the lookout for incoming craft. When not on duty at sea the pilots daily report for duty at the pilot office in the ferry building and the pilot whose turn it is to take a ship to sea remains in the pilot office during Custom House hours.

The personnel of the pilots at the port of San Francisco in order of their appointment are Geo. D. Korts, James Miller, Alex. Swanson, F. W. Jordan, J. E. McCullough, Geo. Scott, G. E. Wallace, Fred. E. Mathieson, Mitchell Tyson, M. Anderson, John Von Helms, John W. Wallace, J. M. Hays, John Silovich, E. W. Christiansen, C. J. Bruguiere, John J. Shea, H. P. Marshal, R. Jepsen, and C. Gielow, while for Mare Island, Vallejo, and Benicia, there are F. H. Cruthers and Geo. Wheeler, Jr.



J. B. STEVENS
Assistant Appraiser



CHARLIE REYNOLDS
Famous prestidigitator



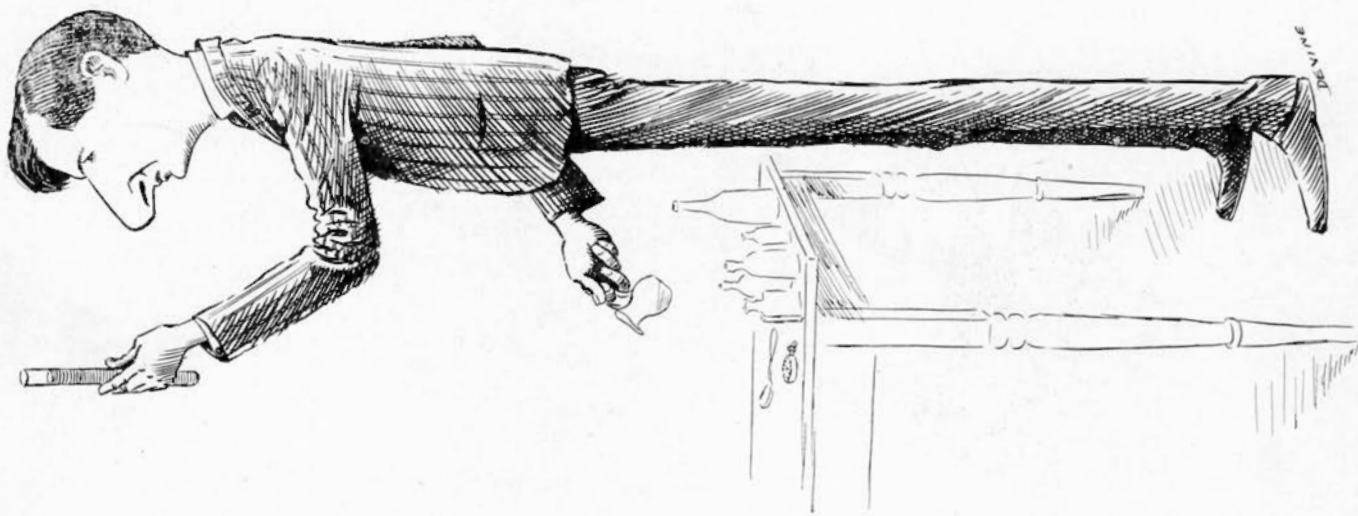
INSPECTOR ED. DURKIN
Who knows the game from A to Z



DAVE DOW
Our canny Scott



DR. H. H. HICKS
Bureau of Animal Industry



"DOC" WEST
U. S. Chemist and general encyclopaedia



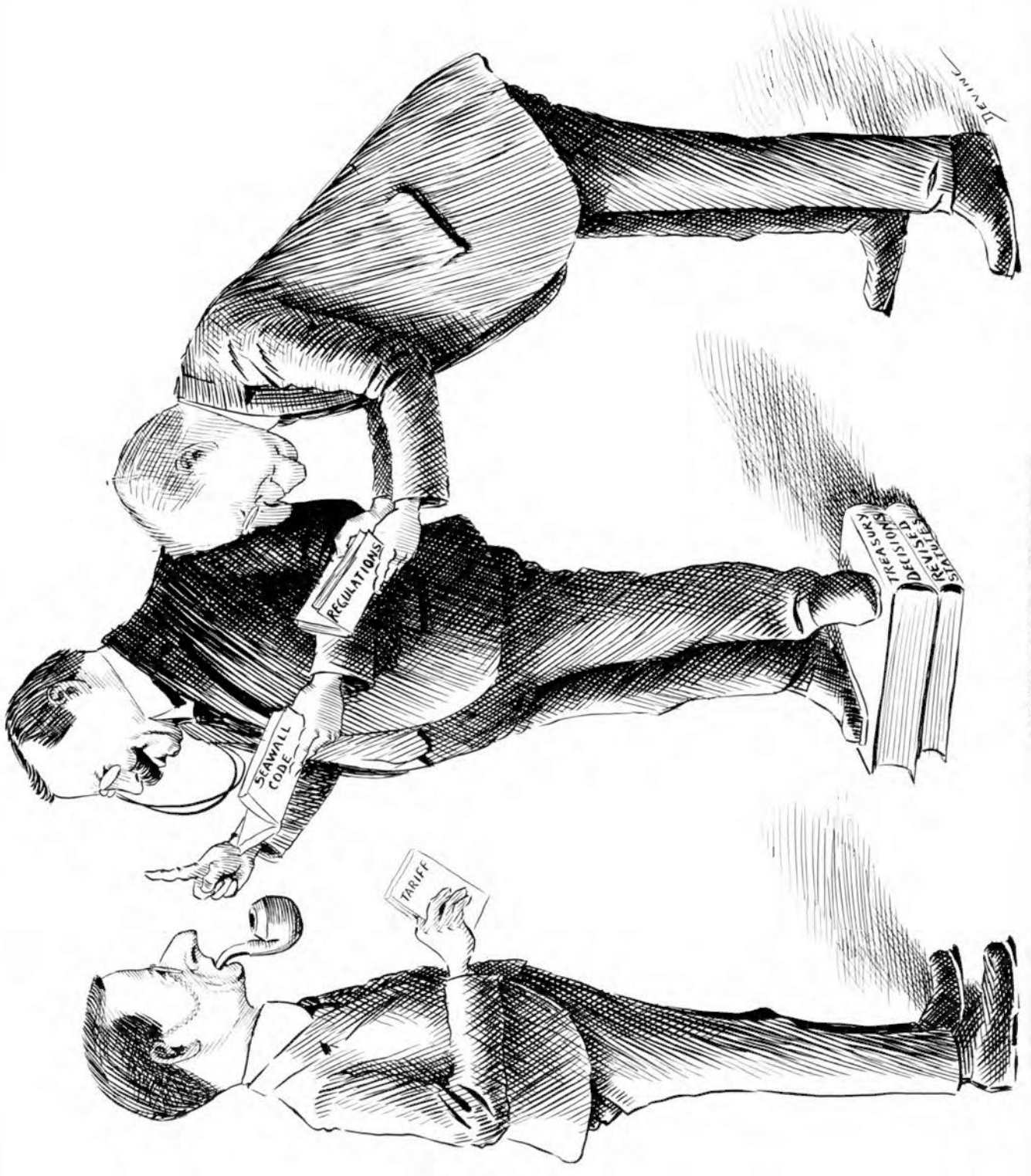
DR. J. H. DAWSON
Member of the Jury of Awards, P. P. I. E.



PAUL SEMMIG
Inspector of Customs



CHARLES C. MYALL
The man who keeps his hands on the payroll



EVANS, MARPLE AND FARLEY
Solving a question of magnitude

FUMES FROM THE TEST TUBES

THE CUSTOMS CHEMIST

By John H. Dawson

The above is given me as a title under which to describe the work of the Customs laboratory. That the title is not a misnomer is evident to any person familiar with the character and amount of chemical analysis and other methods of examination required by this department.

It may be because I have seen our laboratory grow from a few test-tubes to the present one, which though compared to a modern one with up-to-date equipment, is still, indeed, a test-tube. With the great increase of business has come an increase of help, and were it not that our animate equipment is so skillful organoleptically, mechanically and chemically, the examiners would not be so satisfied with our reports and the number of successful protests would be greater. For what equipment we have, we, like the test-tubes, have fumed furiously.

The scope of our examinations are far-reaching and only those connected with the service can appreciate it, for everything imported, and that means everything known to man, that cannot be identified by ocular examination comes to our net. In addition to knowledge which examiners and others possess, it is incumbent that we know the rest and know it hard and know it quick. The character and volume of our work may be judged from the following data:

Identification of drugs, chemicals, roots, seeds; assays for gold, silver, lead; distillations of wines, sake, liquors; polarization of sugars, molasses; analyses of coal, earthy and mineral substances, fertilizers, fats, oils, grease, wax, starches, flour, food products, fruit juices; and also determine the quantity of sugar in canned goods for drawback purposes; paints, colors, perfumes, petroleum products, metal and plated ware are also analyzed, and all matches pass our tests to insure

their being free from the deadly white phosphorous. To these are added medicinal compounds, opium, crude and prepared for smoking, salts, cocaine, and textiles for the identification of the fibre, vinegar, tanning materials, acids, and basis chemical salts.

A record of the results is kept in each case as evidence should there be a difference of opinion between the Customs and importers as to identification leading to formal protest by the latter. A recent tabulation of one year's work totalled five thousand and sixty-two examinations.

THE SERVICE.

U. S. Customs.

What is that binds when the locks have grown gray,
And the summer of Youth to the Past slips away;
What is it extends, when Misfortune is near,
The hand of a Brother and sad hearts do cheer,
What spurs on our efforts and calls on our pride
To give forth our best in stemming Life's tide.
What gives us the courage to nail to the mast
Our colors in life, and to lie down at the last?

THE SERVICE.

Then let all remember the debt that we owe
Each to the other as onward we go,
And stand shoulder to shoulder when troubles arise,
March straight to the front till we capture the prize.
And when we have "signed" on old Sharon's dark ship,
May we show a "clean bill" on this our last trip,
Let us hope as we sail to that far away clime
Our memory will live with those behind.

IN THE SERVICE.

E. B. Morris.

HORTICULTURAL QUARANTINE SERVICE

FREDERICK MASKEW

Chief Deputy Quarantine Officer

GEORGE COMPERE.....Deputy
 CLARE E. DUTTON.....Clerk
 BLIN B. WHITNEY.....Inspector
 LEHR A. WHITNEY.....Inspector
 ARCHIE C. CHATTERLEY.....Inspector
 STEWART CHATTERLEYInspector

Among the various activities along the waterfront of San Francisco may be included the work of the horticultural inspectors. Founded in 1890 by a man whose name—wherever trees are grown or fruit is sold—is recognized as a synonym of fairness and integrity, California has been fortunate indeed in her horticultural quarantine service in the past. Following the policy and practices of Alexander Craw, his colleagues and successors pursuing a thankless task and performing a daily duty which compels them to be continually maintaining supervision over other people's property, have by the exercise of tact, courtesy and despatch in this business won the respect of by far the great majority of those with whom they come in contact. The present personnel of the division is thoroughly imbued with these cardinal principles of success in quarantine work, and completely obsessed with the idea that the continued protection of the horticultural and agricultural interests of California against the introduction of insect pests and plant diseases is the paramount purpose for which they are employed.

The functions of the horticultural inspectors are to intercept, examine and pass judgment upon all classes of unprocessed plant products that are seeking an entrance into the State, and the extent to which this investigation is carried under legal sanction and the real necessity for the same is often beyond the comprehension of the average citizen. As a recapitulation of the work of this division for the year of 1914, at the port of San Francisco the following table has been prepared:

PARCELS OF PLANT PRODUCTS EXAMINED AND DISPOSED OF

By Boat	687,924
By Rail	521,710
By Passengers	4,043
Refused	2,341
Total	1,216,018

Out of the total volume of these horticultural imports it was found necessary to fumigate 25,-

874 parcels before releasing the same to consignees, during that period.

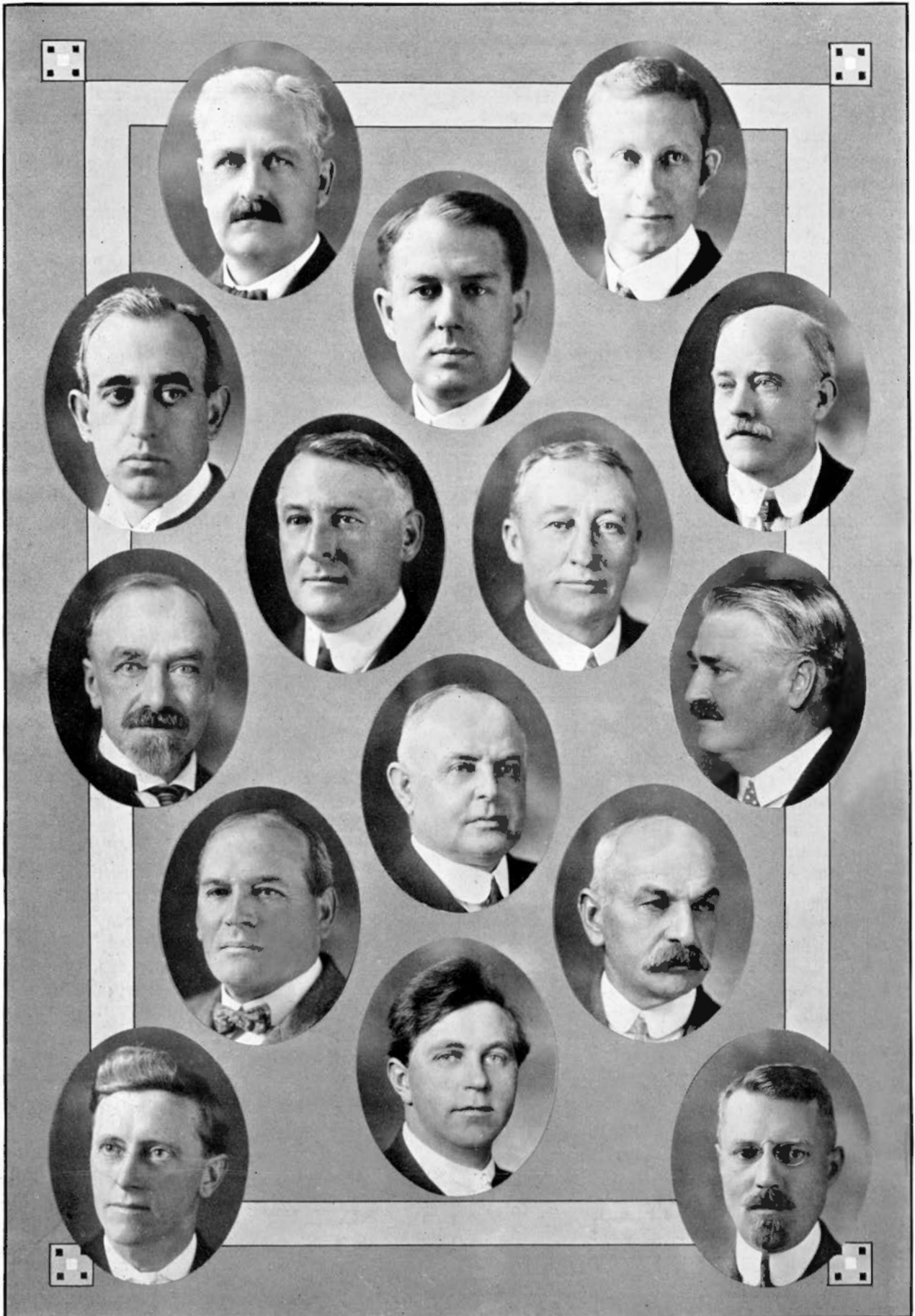
There is nothing that is academic about this quarantine work; it is police work pure and simple, and its efficiency often depends upon the authority to act quickly. As a foundation for intelligent action the quarantine inspector, daily called upon to intercept and pass upon trees, plants, fruits, nuts, seeds and vegetables from all parts of the world, must have the common facts concerning the insect pests, diseases, hosts and localities of the same indelibly recorded in his mind ready for instant use as well as the regulations governing the control of such importations. As to the extent to which this peculiar knowledge is possessed by the present force and the sanity of their judgment of the condition of horticultural imports based upon this same knowledge, the fact is recorded that out of all the volume of business handled not one single legal contest was brought against the rulings of this office during 1914.

Fortunately for the horticultural inspectors and more so for the crop producers of California and incidentally those of most of the other States of the Union, the quarantine service has always had the co-operation of the United States Customs Service in the execution of this work. Won in the first place by the sterling qualities, diligent efforts and gracious personality of the first chief of the service, this bond of sympathy with the real purpose of the work has grown as the years passed, the interest expanding until the Marine Health Service and the Immigration Service—with the clear vision of science—perceiving the importance of this inspection work to the future welfare of the State, graciously extended to the horticultural inspectors the privilege of using their launches in company with the quarantine officers for board purposes, and finally culminated in the capable and powerful co-operation of the present Collector of Port, J. O. Davis, when the horticultural inspectors were made Federal officers, and in the best interest and operation of certain regulations of the Plant Quarantine Act the two services have practically become as one.

MEAT AND ANIMAL INSPECTION.

By H. H. Hicks and A. E. Graham.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture has stationed at each meat packing center in the United States an inspector in charge, with assistants, whose duty it is to enforce the Regulations concerning the interstate and foreign shipment of live stock and of



	DR. H. H. HICKS		DR. A. E. GRAHAM
DR. GEO. R. WARD		ROBT. C. SHEPHARD	J. J. BORDEN
THOS. H. WILLIAMS	H. A. OSER	ED BUCKLEY	JOHN SULLIVAN
CHAS. MAUTALEN	FREDERICK MASKEW	GEO. COMPERE	
A. C. CHATTERLY	STEWART CHATTERLY		B. C. BREMER

meat and meat food products. The San Francisco office is at present in charge of Dr. H. H. Hicks and is located at 105 Custom House Building, with about twenty assistants on his force who are stationed principally at the meat packing houses under Federal inspection. So far as it is of interest to Custom House and Appraisers officials, and the waterfront in general, the work of this office consists of the inspection of meat and meat food products for export and import, inspection and certification of animals commonly known as live stock and of miscellaneous animals ordinarily used as pets or for exhibition purposes. It also maintains jurisdiction and control over the export of inedible greases, fats, etc., which might be used for human food.

The bureau also has seven Meat Inspection Laboratories at various centers in the United States, one of which is located in San Francisco and is in charge of Mr. A. E. Graham, with offices in the Appraisers building. Samples of import and export, as well as of interstate shipments of meat and meat food products are examined at the laboratory. The various inspectors in charge of meat inspection at the stations west of the Rocky Mountains send samples of products to be tested by laboratory means, the objects of these tests being to detect violations of the Bureau Regulations concerning labeling, net weight statements, and the presence of forbidden preservatives and colors and other substances, the inspectors in charge of the stations where the samples originate being notified of the results of the laboratory examination. The major portion of the samples originate at Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco.

For the past two years the Bureau has been represented in meat inspection work along the waterfront by Mr. John J. Borden, a likeness of whose genial countenance appears on another page of this book.

Meat and meat food products, within the Department's meaning, are those derived from the flesh of cattle, hogs, sheep and goats. This Bureau is not concerned directly with the handling of other flesh food products, these being under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Chemistry. Meat and meat food products which are being exported must carry the export stamp of the Department of Agriculture; they must be accompanied by the proper shipper's certificate, and, when destined for certain countries by a Department certificate, all showing that the product has been "U. S. Inspected and Passed" and is so marked. Meats and meat food products coming into the country must be accompanied by proper certificates in English from the country of origin showing that they were prepared under essentially the same system of meat inspection that is maintained in the houses under Federal inspection. This certificate must be produced before the product can be inspected and passed for entry.

Live animals offered for importation must come properly accredited and must be inspected and have a certificate of health from the local inspection office before the Collector of Port

admits them. This is necessary in order that diseases contagious to live stock may be kept out of this country. Animals for export are also inspected and tested and if found in good health are given certificates such as may be required for their admission to the countries to which they are destined. In many instances this is requisite for their clearance from this port.

This Bureau is also charged with the duty of examining from time to time the manifests and bills of lading of the interstate and foreign carriers of meat and meat food products to see that they have not neglected to require shippers to file the proper certificates that should accompany such goods.

The men of this Bureau come in contact with officials of other Government departments and with the waterfront people and find the association a very pleasant one, uniform courtesy and good fellowship being met with on all sides.

THE "PURE FOOD" LABORATORY

By H. J. Holland.

The directing office of the Western District of the Food and Drug Inspection Service is located in the Appraiser's Stores, with Mr. B. R. Hart as chief. He is assisted by a corps of inspectors and clerks.

The Western District comprises all of the United States from Canada to Mexico west of Denver, including the Hawaiian Islands and Alaska. All of the food and drug inspection work in this district is directed by the office with headquarters in San Francisco. San Francisco is represented in the Western District by the San Francisco Food and Drug Inspection Laboratory, located in the Appraiser's Stores. This laboratory, in charge of Mr. R. W. Hilts, employs fourteen people.

The purpose of the Food and Drug Inspection Service is to enforce the provisions of the Federal Food and Drugs Act which became a law June 30, 1906. This act requires the correct labeling of foods and drugs, and prohibits the use in food products of any filthy or decomposed vegetable or animal material, and requires that drugs and medicines be sold with the correct labeling.

It is in the control of the imported food and drugs that the Treasury Department acts in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture, through the Bureau of Chemistry. When shipments of food or drug products arrive at this port, and are opened for examination and appraisal, they are further examined by one of the chemists of the "Pure Food" Laboratory, and not until the goods are reported as not in

violation of the Food and Drugs Act are they released from Custom's custody, and allowed entry.

The employees of the Western District, in the San Francisco office, are as follows:

Mr. B. R. Hart, Chief; Mr. H. C. Moore, Mr. Wendell Vincent, Mr. A. F. Koon, Miss G. M. Keegan, Miss A. C. Schroeder.

The personnel of the San Francisco Laboratory is as follows:

Mr. R. W. Hilts, Chemist in Charge; Mr. H. J. Holland, Mr. W. C. Taber, Mr. F. D. Merrill, Mr. E. O. Eaton, Mr. W. W. Karnan, Mr. W. T. McGeorge, Mr. B. H. St. John, Mr. R. S. Hollingshead, Mr. R. Hertwig, Miss A. A. Gruber, Miss G. M. Donnelly, Miss K. M. Douglas, Mr. C. O. S. Gallant, Mr. Frank Overton, Mr. V. B. Bonney, Mr. Ed. Furner.

TEA TESTING

By Cornelius Toohey.

With the intention of improving the grade of tea imported into the United States, the Government passed the Tea Restriction Law of 1883, and provided for a special Tea Examiner at the Port of New York, and directed that all importations of tea at other ports be examined by the Customs Chemists.

At that time the test was made to ascertain if the importations had an excess of ash over 7 per cent, and utterly failed to prevent the entry into the country of unwholesome and impure teas. The abuses of the shippers threatened to destroy the prosperity of the tea trade on account of the diminished consumption, all due to the practices of unscrupulous importers foisting teas for high prices upon the market without respect to quality or freedom from artificial coloring.

In an effort to remedy the situation the Tea Act of March, 1897, was passed and this measure effectively put a check upon the business of dumping into the United States the refuse teas of China and Japan. The Act mentioned provides for qualified Tea Examiners at each port of entry, and to these men is intrusted the duty of refusing entry to all importations not up to the required standard.

When an importation of tea arrives at a port, the Tea Examiner and his staff take samples of each lot, and these samples are taken to the Tea Room, where each sample is separately and carefully analyzed and if found below the standard, the lot which the sample represents must be either exported or destroyed.

Teas are rejected for either inferior quality or for excess of artificial coloring. The quality is determined by comparison with the standard samples provided by the Tea Board. The quantity of artificial coloring, which is nearly always Prussian blue, is determined by crushing the dust of the tea on a piece of white paper with a spatula. The Prussian blue, if any, adheres to the paper in spots, and may readily be detected with a magnifying glass.

During the season when the tea makes its arrival at this port it is no unusual matter to receive weekly cargoes from China and Japan of 50,000 chests. When it is remembered that each of these shipments contains hundreds of lots, from each of which a sample must be taken, the magnitude of the work of the examination may be realized. The work must be done quickly as well as correctly for the importers may not place their shipments on the market till the report of the Tea Examiner is received, and should the examination not be thorough the ends for which the Act was provided would be defeated.

The Tea Examiner is attached to the Division of Customs, Treasury Department, and acts through the Appraiser of Merchandise. At this port his force consists of an assistant tea examiner, a sampler and two acting samplers.

After the Fair all goods from foreign countries will be carefully checked by the Inspectors, who will also supervise their packing for exportation. Some of the men in anticipation of their big task were getting a trifle nervous, and whenever two or more of the Inspectors were together the talk generally turned to this work.

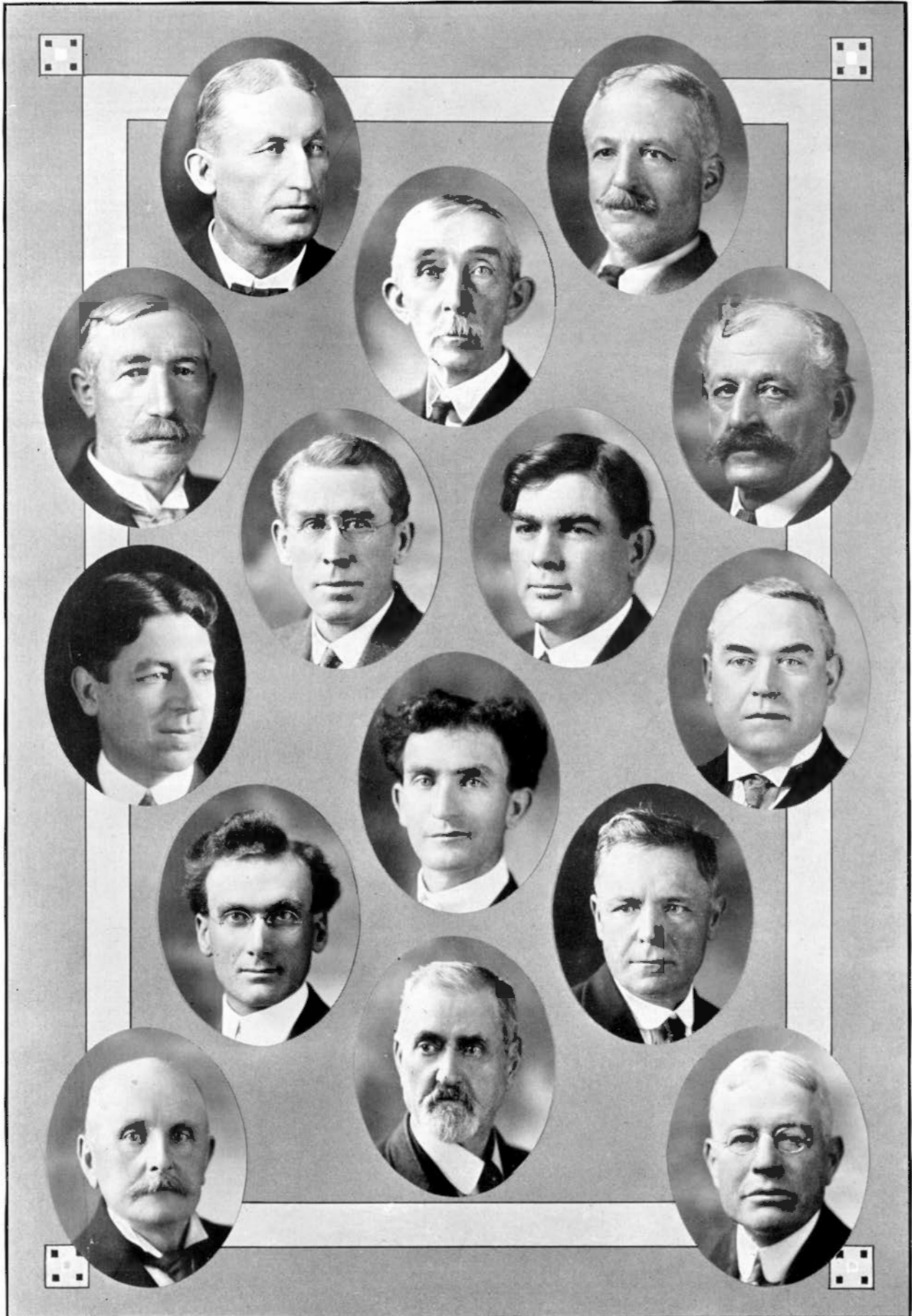
One day a party of the "boys" were on the Marina at the noon hour when the Inspector in charge of the Horticulture Pavilion turned to an Inspector in charge of one of the State buildings and the following took place:

"I see by the records that you have opened a number of crates of bulbs. Do you know where they are planted?"

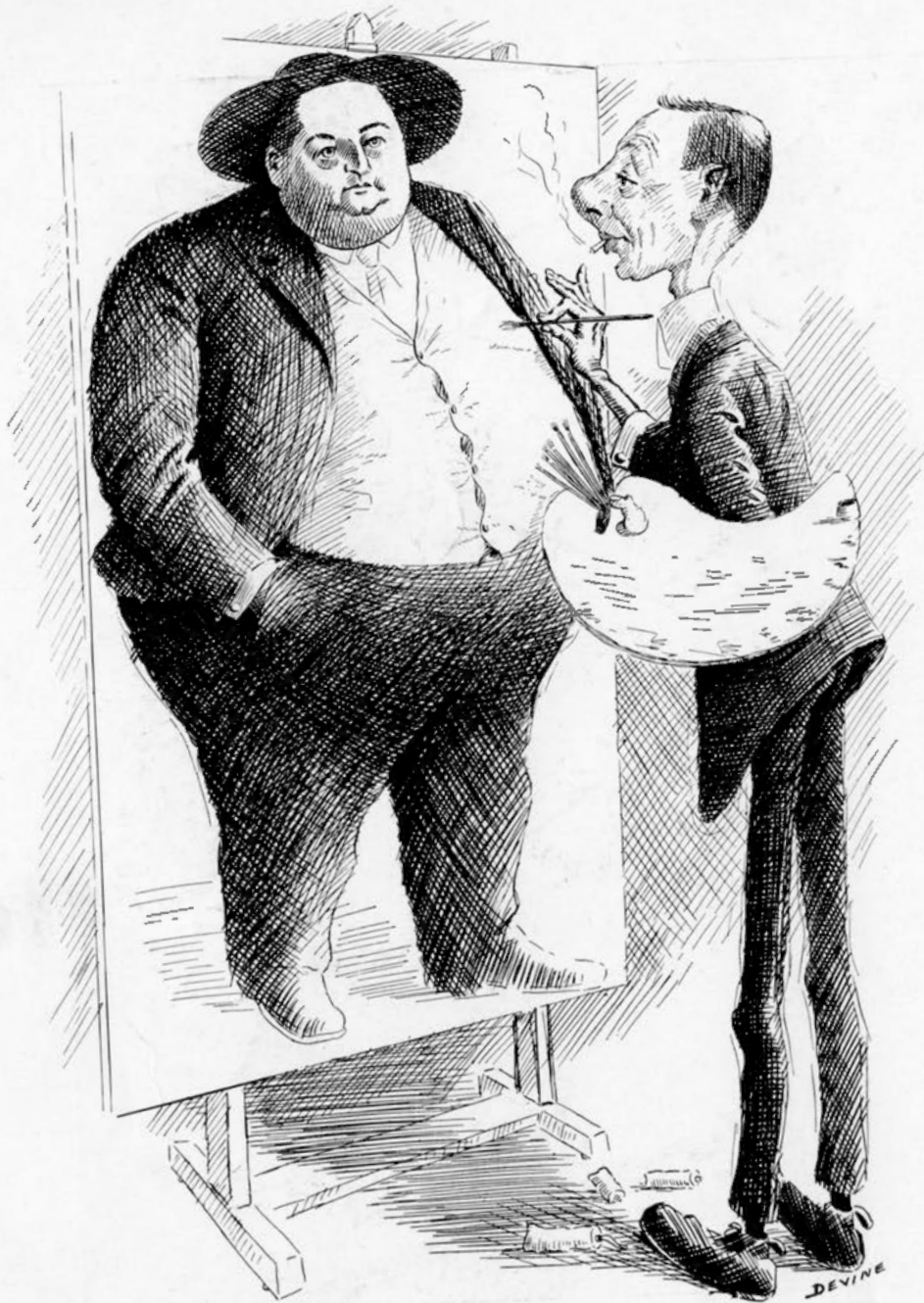
"What do you want to know that for?"

"Why, because you will have to check them back into the crates by class and numbers, and you had better be wise to where those people have planted them."

After the Inspector had regained his breath he whistled and said, "I'm glad I have not got the checking of the rabbits at the Australian Building."



	T. A. BENSON		JOHN COETRE	
J. W. HENNEBERRY		M. BURNS		JOHN COOK
J. B. LANG	J. C. WILSON	CHAS. GADBERRY		THOS. HAMILTON
	CHAS. HASTINGS	J. E. MURPHY	W. J. BARNES	
M. J. ACTON		R. E. McCONNELL		E. F. MURPHY



E. B. MORRIS
The Editor and Caricaturist

V. J. LINDQUIST

The Editor and Caricaturist



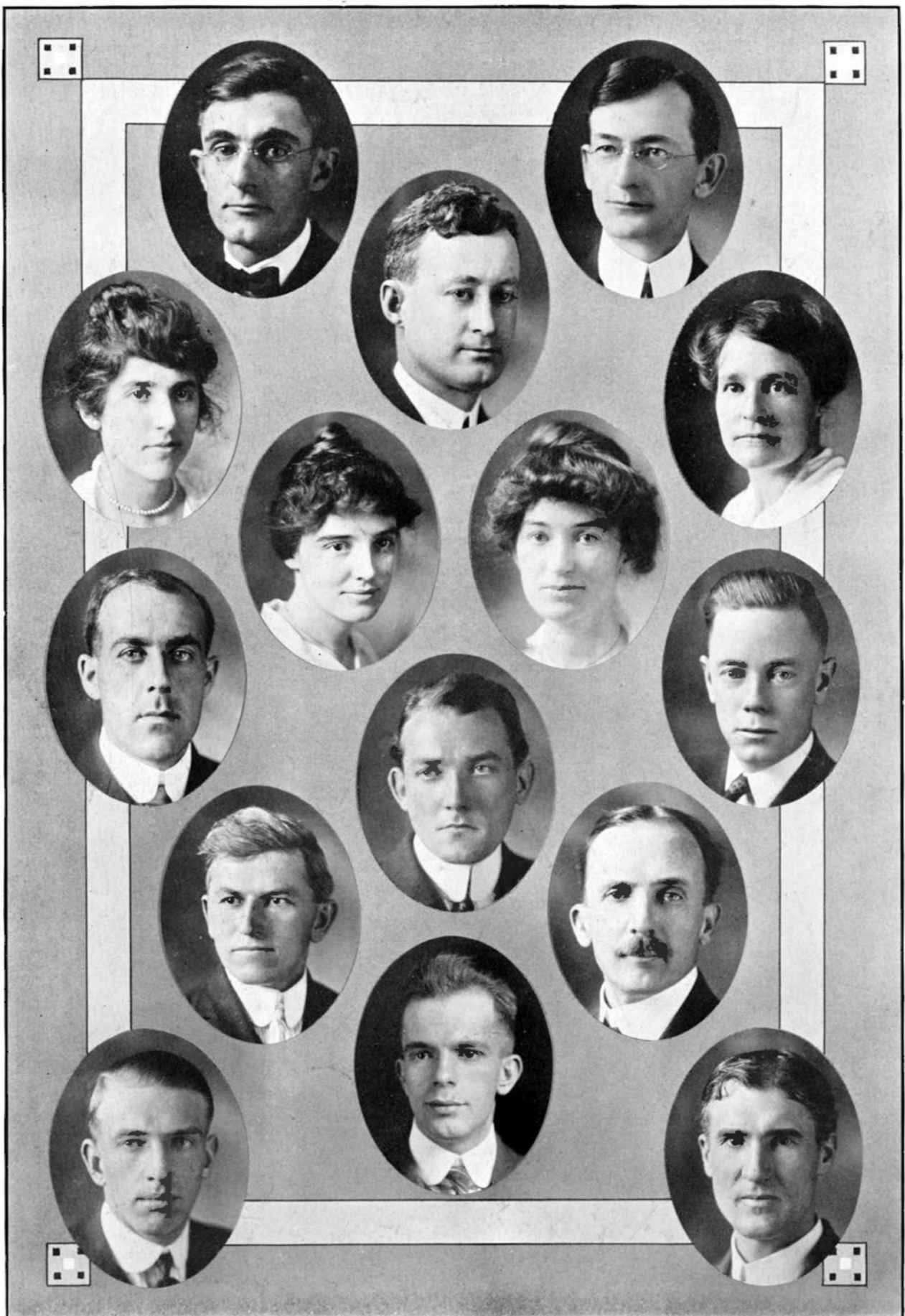
CHARLES L. SNYDER
Genial Secretary of the Twelfth District, U. S. Civil Service
Commission



O. K. CLOUDMAN
The Guardian of Time



EDDIE MURPHY
Small but mighty



PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

Dr. B. R. Hart	Dr. R. W. Hilts	J. H. Holland
Antoniette Schroeder	Gertrude Donnelly	Katherine Douglas
P. S. Hollingshead	C. O. Gallant	W. C. Taber
Windell Vincent	A. F. Koon	F. D. Merrill



	R. J. SMITH		D. F. GRAHAM
JOHN P. CASHIN		CAPT. J. J. SHEA	J. W. LEGGETT
H. B. PACHSCHER	CHAS. SCHMITZ	D. J. GLENNAN	L. A. WHITNEY
	CAPT. L. ROBINSON	W. F. BOLGER	ROBT. P. ADRIEN
LARRY BRANNAN		W. F. DUNLEAVY	JULIAN THEALL



When the final details for the launching of the great exposition were perfected, and the dream of San Francisco was about to be realized, there confronted the Customs authorities the problem of providing a force for the handling of the great quantity of foreign merchandise that was certain to arrive for building and beautifying the foreign pavilions, for exposition purposes, and for sale.

Congress had enacted, already, a law prescribing the conditions under which such merchandise could be admitted, and it was now called upon to appropriate the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to carry that law into effect.

Not only did the supervision of the importation and exportation devolve upon the Customs Service, but also the custody of the priceless array of beautiful and wonderful things from foreign lands.

The special branch of the service for this important work was organized with Deputy Collector T. J. Barry in charge, while the inspectors were under Chief Inspector J. J. Cantlen and the appraising force was under Chief Examiner C. J. Evans.

The branch Customs House was located in one of the warehouses, the upper part of which had been put into shape by the Exposition authorities for that purpose. The furniture, however, was provided by the Treasury Department. It was of oak and of a standard quality suitable for use in other government offices after the close of the Exposition. The main offices were located in these quarters, while the twenty inspectors in whose custody were the forty-six buildings housing the exhibits, were provided for in various buildings throughout the grounds.

The records of the imported material and exhibits were kept upon a plan approximating that of the warehouse division of the main Customs House. This system provides for the accurate accounting of all packages and their contents, without an elaborate system of bookkeeping. When foreign merchandise arrived at the Exposition no duties were collected or estimated, the ledger account of each importer being debited

and then credited as the packages were withdrawn for sale or exportation.

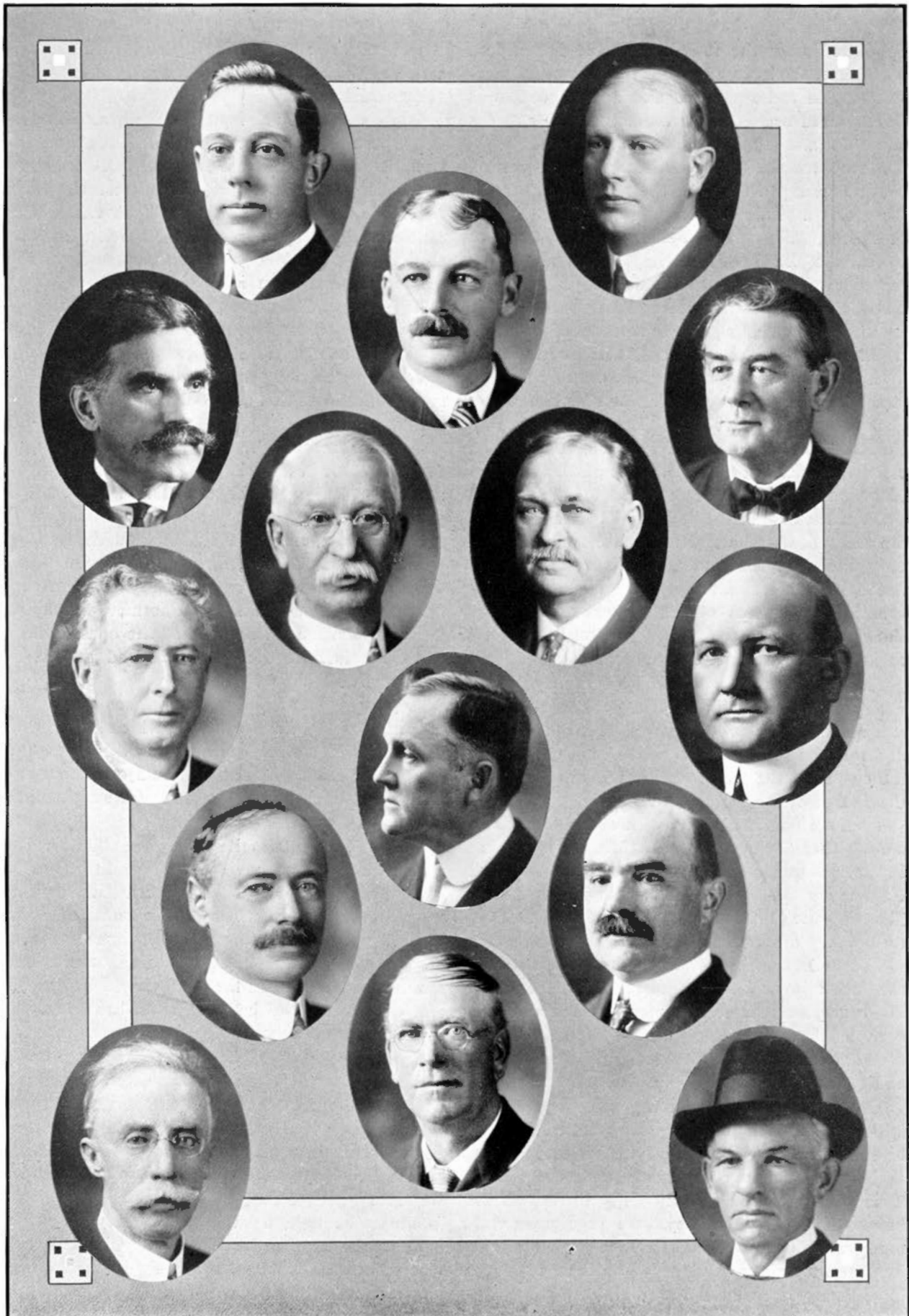
In closing an account, should any package or any part thereof, be missing, the importing exhibitors were charged duty on the missing articles, even though the missing articles may have been stolen from the exhibit. The thefts so far disclosed have been of articles of comparatively small value, the most important being a lot of pearls valued at \$1250, stolen from the Japanese exhibit.

Up to November 1, 1915, the Jewel City Service had made 1236 transfer orders, covering 7777 full packages and 500 part packages, while the total number of imported packages aggregated 35,922, weighing in round numbers twenty-one million pounds.

Exhibits have arrived by railroad, express, United States mail, and by steamer. The largest consignment by mail was that of Rosenthal Bros. of Paris, who shipped pearls to the value of a half million dollars. These were at first installed in the French Pavilion, but the French Government, fearing that they would be a temptation to robbery, ordered their removal. The pearls were then withdrawn, a portion being sold here and the balance being sent to New York in bond.

When the United States naval collier "Jason" had finished her errand of taking food supplies to the needy Belgians, she was ordered by our government to bring back a cargo of exhibits from France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and England. The most noted of the exhibits brought by the "Jason" was that of the French Government, consisting of priceless tapestries, potteries, choice art selections, and relics of French soldiers and statesmen.

Among the famous tapestries were the Gobelins, from the famous Gobelin factory, a state institution, founded in 1662 by Louis XIV. They are the oldest and most notable of the four in the great Gallery of Honor in the French Building. These represent episodes in the history of Alexander the Great, all woven in silk and gold after the drawings of Charles Lebrun, the first director



CUSTOMS INSPECTORS AT THE P. P. I. E.

J. J. Cantlin, Chief	T. R. Harrison	E. R. Carter
H. S. Verney	E. M. Seaman	F. P. Flesh
F. W. Lewis	J. J. Nealon	C. J. Connell
Francis Boland	W. P. Johnson	Marius Artigues
J. J. McGovern		C. E. O'Neill

appointed after the founding of the institution. These masterpieces are from the Palace of Versailles, and although two and a half centuries have passed since their manufacture, their colors show a remarkable state of preservation.

Also there are the tapestries of recent period, the "Wedding of Psyche," the "Duke of Berry at Bourges," a "Tale of Long Ago," the "Conquest of Africa," the "Coat-of-arms of the City of Paris," the "Battle of Fontenoy," and those showing four great events in the life of Joan of Arc. The Gobelin tapestries are not manufactured for commercial purposes, but are produced to decorate national edifices, embassies, museums, etc.

In the same gallery are four Savonnerie carpets, also from the Palace of Versailles and products of the reign of Louis XIV. These were originally executed for the Palace of Honor and show the arms and initials of the sovereign, he having ostentatiously taken the sun as his emblem.

On either side of the great gallery, at the head, are the relics of General Lafayette and Rochambeau, including their hats, swords, tables, prayer books, clocks, etc., and these are constantly surrounded by groups of Americans who plainly show the depth of their feeling toward the memories of these two gallant Frenchmen.

The rotunda or "Napoleon Room" is decorated with panels of light blue velvet worked with gold and made on the order of Napoleon the First to decorate the Palace of Versailles. On the floor is the carpet of the "cohortes," made especially for the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

To the right is a room with relics of Balzac, among them being autograph letters from King Francis, Napoleon, Empress Josephine, Marshal Ney, Mary Queen of Scots, Robespierre, Richelieu, Pasteur, Chevenil, Guy Lussac and others of that galaxy of famous names.

The collection of paintings are, indeed, most rare, and represent the work of the greatest artists of France, and the etchings, engravings and lithographs show the perfection to which the artists of that country have attained, while the ivories and bronzes are admirable in the extreme.

The Sevres porcelain factory, another state institution, has brought the ceramic art to the very highest standard. In their display are vases, tableware, bisque sculpturing and ornaments. This factory is maintained chiefly to furnish the house of the Chief Magistrate of France, but many valuable presentations have been made to foreign sovereigns, and some of their products have been placed on the market.

In addition to these artistic exhibits there is also an extensive commercial one, including fash-

ion creations, silks, perfumes, and such kindred articles which have made France famous in the commercial world.

Japan's distinctive display is the beautiful garden whose attractive teahouse, temple, stone lanterns, shrubbery, rivulets and fishponds are composed of materials all of which were imported from Nippon. In addition, she has exhibits in nine of the great palaces of the Exposition, which well repay the seeker after the interesting, the artistic and the beautiful.

Like Japan, China is represented in all the regular exhibit palaces, and also has her own building and grounds. While pottery, woodwork and brassware are the principal displays, many fur rugs, silk fabrics and embroideries have proven a delight to visitors.

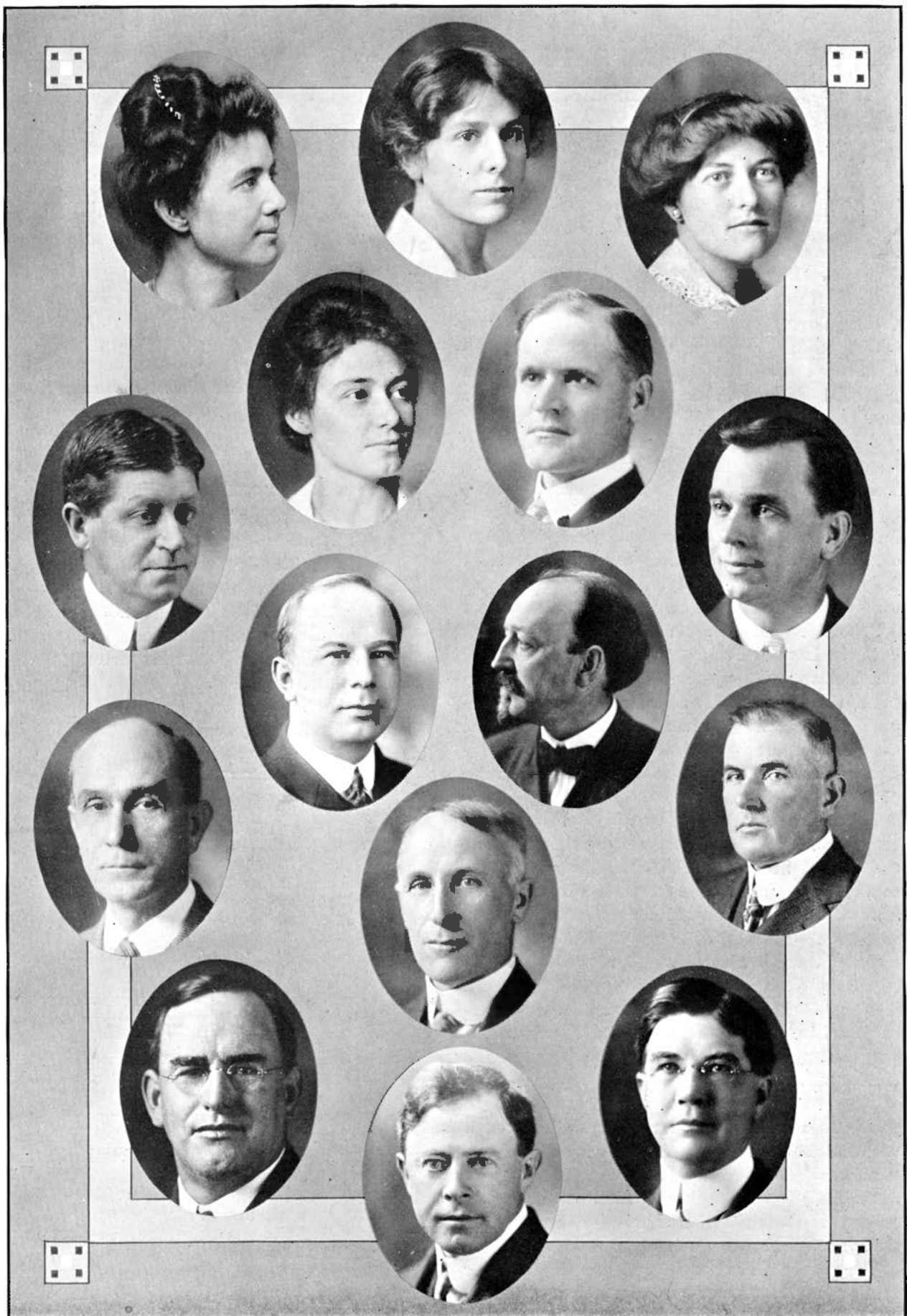
Sweden has brought to the Exposition a wonderful exhibit of models of steamers and railway materials, cutlery, steel and iron, while all the products of that country are well shown.

Our Australian and New Zealand cousins, as well as the Canadians, have buildings in which the displays of their products are well-nigh perfect, one of the exhibits of the former, worthy of especial mention, being that of the opals, which collection is valued at one hundred and forty thousand dollars.

A group of five buildings comprises the Italian housing, the most interesting of which is, perhaps, the "Antique Palace," wherein is displayed the famous Canessa bronzes. In this collection are 236 pieces, dating from the first to the eighteenth century.

To further detail the foreign exhibits with which the Customs have to deal would be but to give a catalogue of this magnificent and interesting part of the Exposition. The work of those of the Jewel City Service, while at times arduous, has been, indeed, a labor of greatest interest. The months have flown on the wings of enchantment, and each one feels that the detail has been one of pleasure and education as well as service.

Soon the work of exportation will begin, as will also that of leveling the great palaces and towers. In a few short months most of the visible signs of the Fair will have vanished. The Tower of Jewels will blaze only in memory. But the occasion has been an epoch-marking one and its wonders will live long in the memories of those fortunate enough to have seen them. When all is done, the men of the Jewel City Customs Service will close their books and take up again their usual duties, but they will henceforth date their experiences with "before" or "after" the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition.



BLANCHE B. UNGER
W. P. KAPLAN

LAVINIA B. GRILLO
A. L. BEHNEMAN

ANNA A. HANS
W. C. GASH
A. H. CLIFFORD
C. J. GEDDES
D. A. LAWLER

EMILY W. SHAW
J. N. THORNTON

U. S. PARSONS
DON R. JACKS

PETER KELLY
A. L. NORTON

ORGANIZATION AND DUTIES OF THE CORPS OF SPECIAL AGENTS

By W. H. Tidwell
(Special Agent)

The corps of Special Agents was originally created by the Act of Congress, May 12, 1870, and at present the personnel consists of a Supervising Agent, Special Agents, Special Commissioners, Customs Agents, Special Inspectors, Clerks, Stenographers and Typewriters who are employed in the twenty (20) Special Agency Districts throughout the United States, and in England, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, France and Japan.

The corps of Special Agents might properly be referred to as the "eyes" and "ears" of the Treasury Department in so far as customs matters are concerned, and have been classed by a former secretary as a corps of trained experts charged with the duty of keeping the department fully informed as to the administration of customs in the districts to which they are assigned.

Special Agents must necessarily be familiar with the laws of Congress and the regulations of the Treasury Department appertaining to customs, the decisions of the Board of General Appraisers concerning values and classifications, as they daily come in contact with the administration of customs and the value and classification of the imported merchandise.

They are required to examine into the customs business of the several ports throughout the United States, and to ascertain and report to the Secretary of the Treasury whether the laws and regulations are being enforced; and as to the efficiency of the personnel and as to whether there is a surplus or inadequate number of employees at ports undergoing examination; also as to whether employees are over or underpaid and in general to inform the Treasury Department as to the conduct of business of the Customs Service.

They are required to audit all accounts, check the records for all errors and irregularities, work with and assist the appraising officers in determining the foreign market value of imported merchandise, watch classification of goods in order that there may be uniformity in classification at all ports.

They are required to investigate all character of frauds, make searches, seizures and arrests, and when arrests are made for violations of customs or opium laws, to obtain evidence and prepare the cases for trial for the United States

Attorney, by setting forth the evidence and material facts which have been obtained.

They are also charged with the enforcement of the opium act and navigation laws.

They are charged with the investigation of all applications for the establishment of rates for drawback and also as to changes in the method of manufacture after such rates have been established for the purpose of ascertaining whether the government has made over-payments on drawbacks either through error or fraud.

In general, the corps of Special Agents are charged with making all special investigations of every description pertaining to customs matters and may also be detailed by the Secretary of the Treasury to make other special investigation required under the Treasury Department.

United States Treasury Department, Office of Special Agent, San Francisco, Cal.

W. H. Tidwell, Special Agent in Charge.

Guy M. Watkins, Special Agent.

John W. Smith, Customs Agent.

Charles W. Salter, Customs Agent.

E. M. Atkinson, Customs Agent.

M. J. Costello, Special Inspector.

George R. Vernon, Special Inspector.

E. E. Enlow, Inspector.

John Toland, Inspector.

George Traill, Stenographer.

Anna A. Hans, Stenographer.

THE SEARCHERS.

U. S. Customs.

By E. B. Morris.

Ever up come the Searcher-men, the never-shut-eye Searcher-men,

Combing out the funnels and the fiddly, often time:

In worn and faded dungarees, bringing woe to "hop" Chinese,

Slidin' thru the boiler tubes with faces all agrime.

The slim and hustling Searcher-men,

The pride of all the service

Are the cunning Searcher-men.

Like the pirates of the sea they all await with glee

To up and board the luggers as they romp home handily.

And when the ship has made her berth the passengers go out

And, see in shining-buttoned uniforms, the Searchers all about.

Thus you'll find the Searcher-men, the omnipresent Searcher-men,

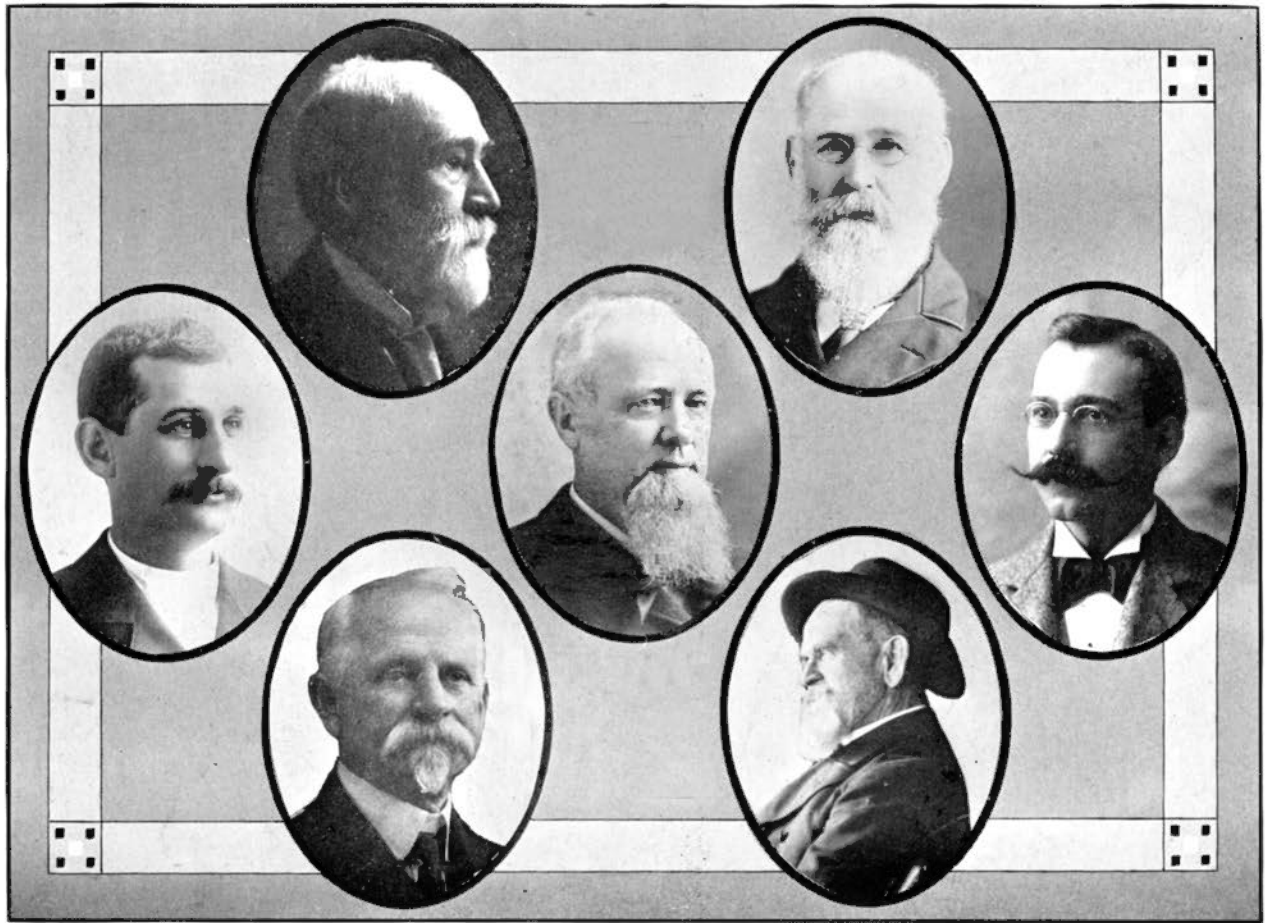
Stickin' round the waterfront from dawn 'till dewy night;

No matter what their work may be, they all attack it cheerfully,

And when the task is finished you will find it performed right.



	MARY V. LAWRENCE		SADIE E. ADAMS	
JOHN TOLAND		J. A. LESLIE		J. E. REGAN
JOHN BARRY	C. W. JACOBSEN		JAMES BROSINAN	G. T. WILLIAMS
	M. J. COSTELLO	P. H. CONSTANCE		J. P. THOMPSON
E. E. ENLOW		W. H. J. DEASY		M. P. BRADY



JOE MATTOON

JOHN A. SAMPSON

SAMUEL J. MOORE

JOSEPH N. FLINT

JNO. D. HUNTER

DAN GORHAM

J. W. PROBASCO

OUR HONORED DEAD

To produce the likenesses and to give the history of those who gave the best part of their lives to the Customs Service would itself be a volume of no mean proportions were it possible to secure photographs and data of all. We have, however, been able to secure a few photographs of those of our brother officers who while living endeared themselves not only to the Service, but to those in the shipping circles and to the public in general. They have passed to the Great Beyond but they have left a legacy of pleasant recollections which their pictures will recall.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, OR WORK OF THE WEIGHER'S DIVISION OF THE SERVICE

By W. J. Dougherty.

One of the most important branches of the Customs Service at this Port is the Weigher's Division of the Surveyor's Department, in charge of the United States Weigher. This division, at the present time, consists of the U. S. Weigher, seventeen assistant weighers, two clerks, thirty laborers Class C (regular) and five laborers Class A (temporary).

To give some idea of the amount of work done by this division, the following figures are submitted for the two preceding fiscal years.

For fiscal year ending June 30, 1914:

IMPORTS

Coal and Coke	269,950,488 lbs.
Cigars, Snuff and Tobacco.....	337,898 lbs.
All other Merchandise	266,259,517 lbs.
Lumber measured	2,618,518 bd. ft.
" "	107,280 sq. ft.
Marble measured	152,615 sq. ft.
" "	12,240 cu. ft.
Plate Glass measured	22,627 sq. ft.
Limes, Lemons, etc. measured..	9,152 cases
Telegraph Poles	262,155 linear ft.

EXPORTS (benefit of drawback).

Coal	8,728,690 lbs.
All other Merchandise.....	2,222,193 lbs.
Weighed on withdrawal from Bonded Warehouse:	
Total	2,170,500 lbs.

These figures cover the first year of the present tariff, prior to the European war. They show an increase in merchandise, over the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, but a falling off of such commodities as coal, coke and pig iron, which were placed on the free list by the tariff of October 3, 1913, and a decrease in cigars, tobacco and snuff.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, the following were weighed or measured:

Cigars, Snuff and Tobacco.....	253,221 lbs.
All other Merchandise.....	243,960,907 lbs.
Lumber	2,732,333 bd. ft.
Lumber	35,572 sq. ft.
Marble	75,098 sq. ft.
Marble	5,892 cu. ft.
Plate Glass	5,845 sq. ft.
Limes, Lemons, etc.	10,872 cases
Tiles	11,156 sq. ft.
Exports weighed—Total	964,077 lbs.
Weighed on withdrawal from Bonded Warehouse:	
Vanilla Beans	132,948 lbs.
Rice	286,965 lbs.
Spices	7,201 lbs.
Steel Beams, etc.	429,340 lbs.

Total 856,454 lbs.

This summary of weights shows an increase in merchandise over the two preceding years, and a decrease in cigars, tobacco and snuff over the preceding. No coal, coke, or pig iron was weighed during this year. There was an increase in the amount of lumber measured, but a decrease in plate glass, marble and some other commodities.

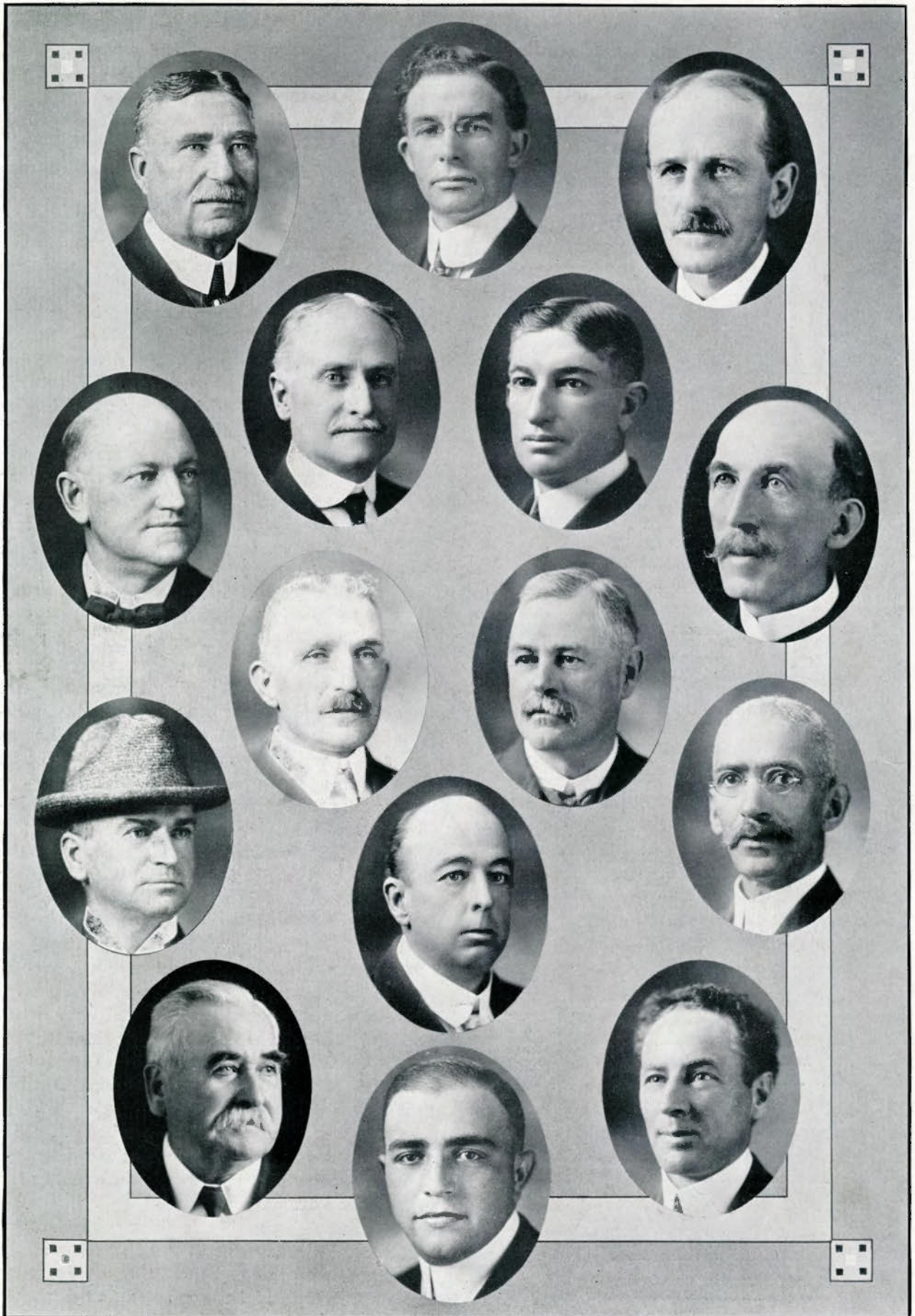
Some minor articles were measured during these fiscal years that are not tabulated, owing to space.

On the whole, considering the disturbed conditions due to the war in Europe, the imports of this Port have held up well, showing an increase over the preceding year, and the amount of work done by this division has not decreased as much as it was feared it might at the beginning of hostilities in Europe. In fact, in certain lines, it has perceptibly increased since then, noticeably in the amount of Oriental goods, Sugar and Garbanzos handled.

In regard to the character of the work, a few words may not be amiss. In conjunction with the classification branch of the Appraiser's Division, the Government looks to this branch of the Service for its revenue. Two distinct classes of duties are levied on imported goods—Ad valorem, which deals mainly with values, and Specific, which is based on weights, measures, etc. All weights and measurements for the last mentioned class are furnished by this division, as well as the weights on those imports paying an Ad valorem duty, when the weight or measure is necessary to determine the value of the merchandise.

Besides securing weights and measures in the above cases, which is done by the U. S. Weigher and his corps of assistants, the manual labor being furnished by the laborers, this division also furnishes laborers to assist Inspectors in handling baggage examined on the docks, to aid Inspectors in the assembling of merchandise sent to the Appraiser's Store, to cord and seal goods sent in Bond, under supervision of Inspectors, and to perform such miscellaneous manual or semi-clerical labors as may arise from time to time in the Surveyor's or Collector's Division. The Assistant Weighers, in time of stress, occasionally relieve clerks or storekeepers in other divisions, although this is not strictly along the line of their duties.

Only those thoroughly familiar with Customs affairs realize the vast amount of work and the numerous perplexing details that confront an Assistant Weigher in his work. Being employed mostly on the docks of the Port, he encounters the obstacles that such locations present. If



J. F. BARFIELD
 A. H. FREUND
 SAM GROWNEY
 J. B. MURRAY

W. G. McKEAN
 H. G. PHELAN

J. B. TWIGG
 D. J. MOYNIHAN
 J. J. MULCAHY
 W. B. NYE
 A. R. FRICKE

W. S. DENT
 D. FINNEGAN
 A. D. JONES
 E. V. CARBONE

working in the open, he has to contend with all kinds of weather, from the blazing sun to rain and storm, with the sky for a roof and his hand for a desk. When on a covered dock, he is often hampered by the congestion of freight and teams, particularly in the weighing of Oriental cargoes.

To be successful in his work, an Assistant Weigher must have initiative, energy and industry, so that his work may be speedily and accurately performed and delays in the discharge of weighable cargo avoided.

In order to perform his work properly, as he has no Invoice to guide him and must frequently begin work in advance of the Permit, he must have an accurate working knowledge of articles paying a Specific duty and the amount of same, as well as of those carrying an Ad valorem, when the weight of goods paying such duty is necessary on liquidation. He must also know what articles to weigh or measure in their entirety and what ones to obtain the weight thereof on a percentage basis. He must be familiar with schedule tares, as well as with articles demanding actual tares, and the percentage of tares to be taken under different conditions.

The work of the Weigher's Office is largely original in character. An Assistant Weigher has nothing to guide him as to the correctness of his work, except his experience, judgment and care-taking efforts. These must prevent errors of omission or commission from creeping into his returns. As has been before stated, he has no Invoice to guide him as he works entirely from the Permit. If he makes errors other than clerical—and it is a noteworthy fact that but few gross errors have ever occurred at this Port—it is difficult to establish that fact, as, by the time the error is detected, the goods have often gone into consumption, and it is then impossible to re-weigh them.

While the hours of duty for Assistant Weighers are usually from 7:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., yet there are conditions that often compel them to work from 7 a. m. to 5 or even 6 p. m.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that an Assistant Weigher must not only be experienced, punctual and energetic, but must also be accurate and scrupulously honest, as upon his often uncheckable work depends, in a large measure, the revenue of the Government. While seeking to protect the Government in the collection of its revenues, he must also deal fairly, justly, and courteously with the importing public, for the Government wants only its just due. His responsibilities and duties make his position one

of importance and honor, when worthily and conscientiously performed. When all these facts and conditions are considered, the Weigher's Division is one of the most important, even if not always so regarded, in the Customs Service.

The personnel of the men in this division is generally high, while the morale and esprit de corps of the Force compare very favorably with any other Division of the Service at this Port or elsewhere.

THE CUSTOMS GUARDS

By E. B. M.

There's a bunch of hardy fellows and they all
look good to me.

Always ready for their work or for a fight,
They're the fellows of the Service whom you very
seldom see,

Are the men who walk the stringer in the night.

Holding down a gang-plank or walking ship "off-
shore."

From early eve till darkness takes it flight;
Will weld the bonds of friendship to last for
evermore,

'Twixt the men who walk the stringer in the
night.

These quiet men behind the scenes who cope
with Chinks and "hop."

Will some day get their dues for being "right."
St. Peter will be easy in his sorting work "on-
top."

With the men who walk the stringer in the
night.

SWAT THE FLY

E. C. D.

"What makes the little man so bald?" the tour-
ist's daughter said.

"It's worry, child, it's worry, child," the par-i-ent
replied.

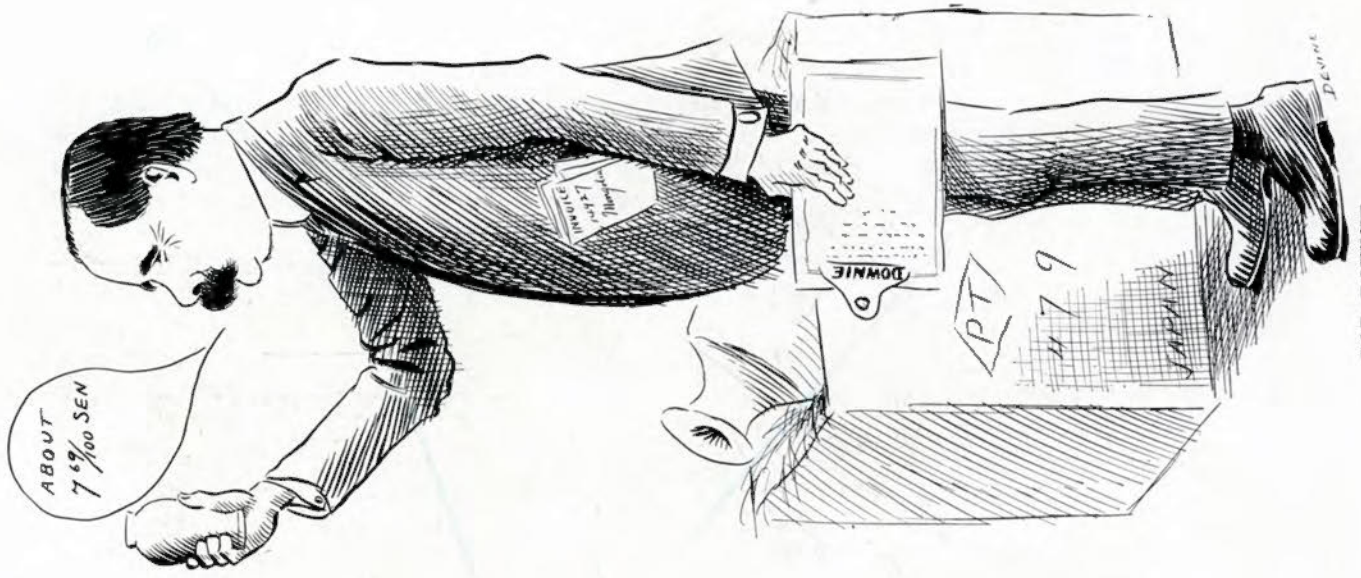
"What makes him frown so much, so much?"
the tourist's daughter said.

"He thinks he hears a fruit-fly laugh," the par-i-ent
replied.

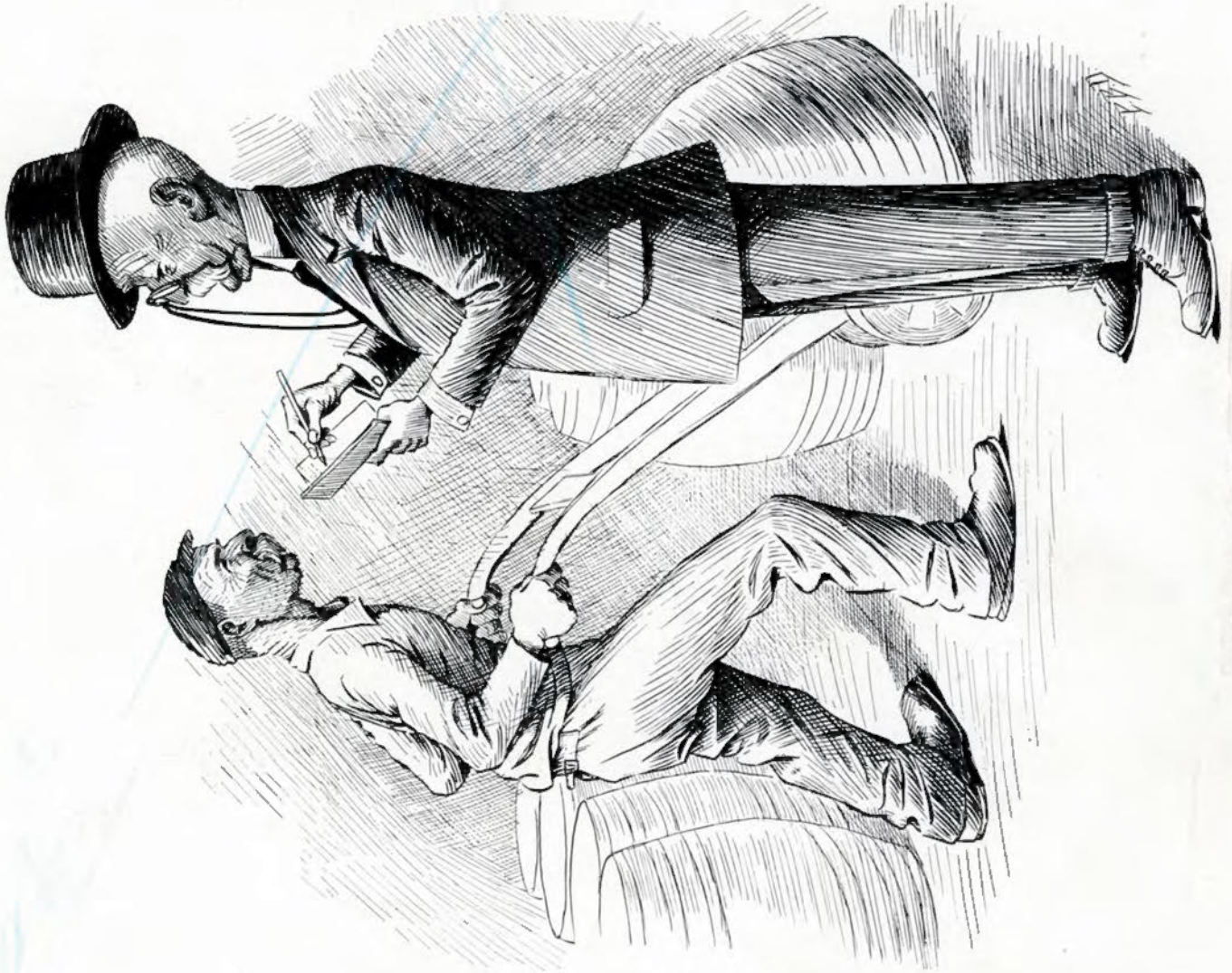
"For that's the famous Maskew, who holds
the bugs at bay,

"All night he plans the plots that he exe-
cutes by day,

"He's laying for the fruit flies before the
fruit flies lay."



BOB DOWNIE
U. S. Examiner



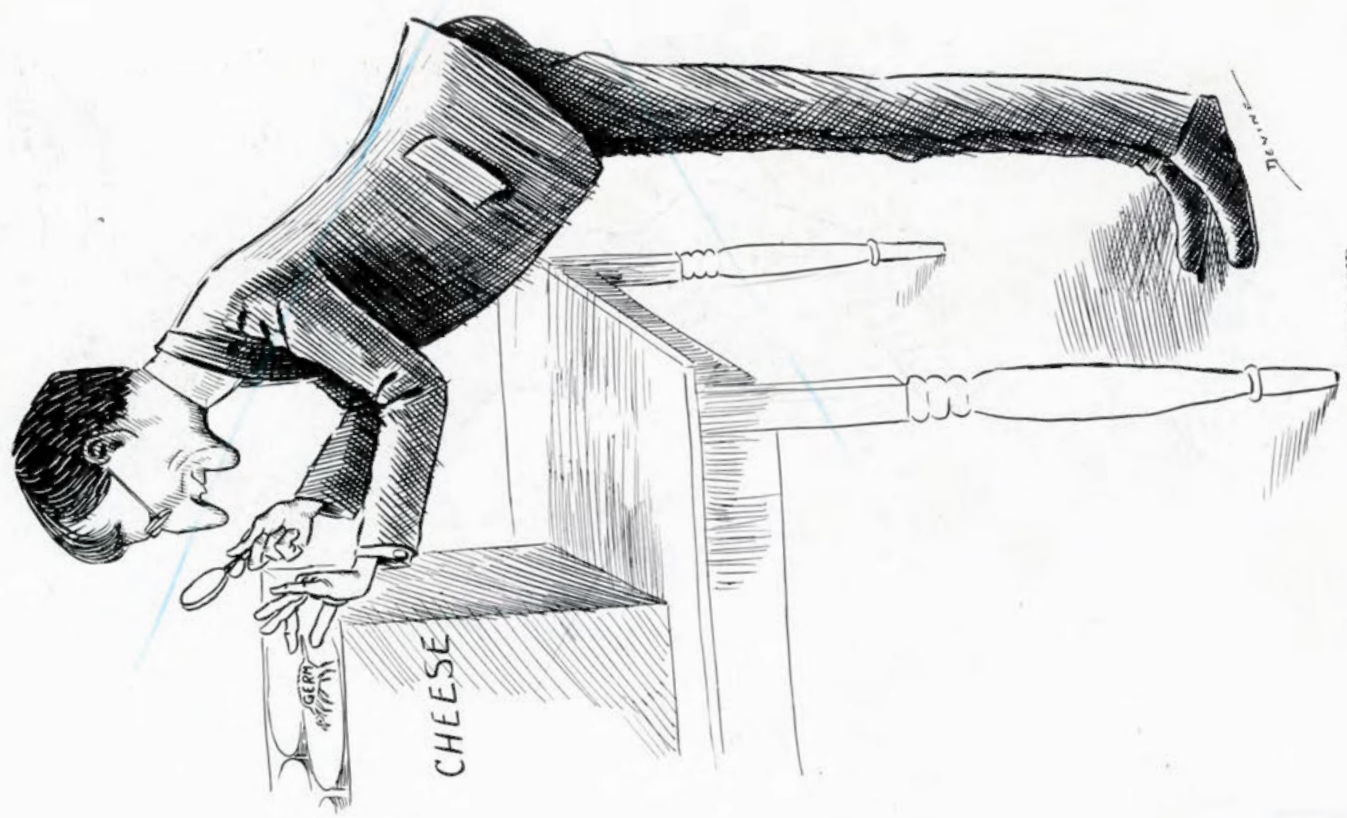
SPECIAL AGENT GENERAL VERNON
Checking up the "Seawall"



JUST GEO. REYNOLDS



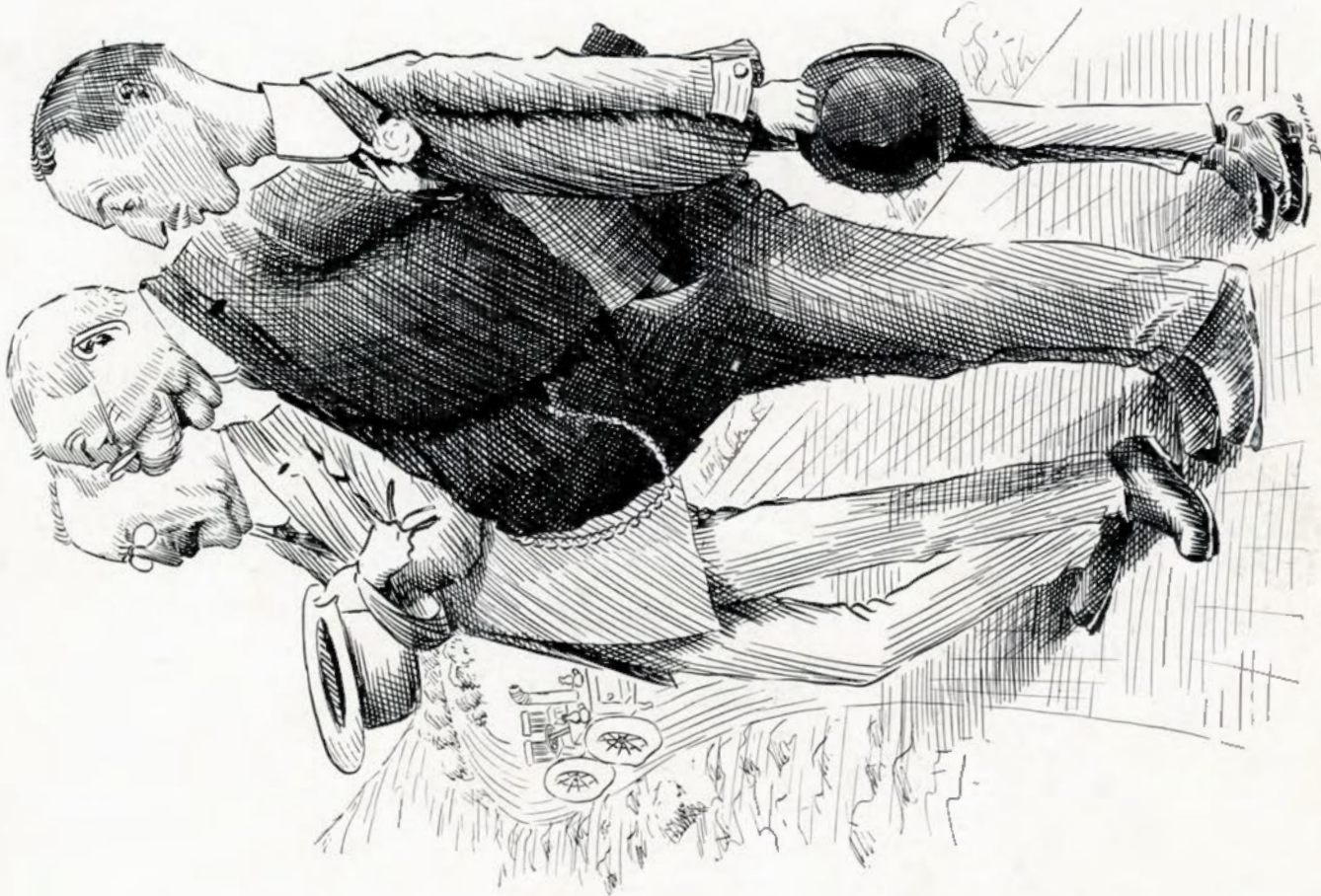
DR. HART
Pacific Coast Chief, Pure Food Department



"DOC" HOLLAND
Pure Food Department



L. J. PHELPS
Examiner of Dry Goods



LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE
Pomeroy, Holmes and Coons with the Camera Club at Yosemite



A CUSTOM HOUSE "GOODBYE" TO CAPT. SHEA
Boden, Byrnes, Shepston, Schmitz, Maussang, Pitt, Capt. Shea, Stack, Matttoon



FRANK HALPIN
Cashier's Office



DEVINE



AT WORK



AT THE FESTIVE BOARD



DEVINE

AT HOME
JIM WHALEN
At his various occupations

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AS WE HAVE PASSED THROUGH THE YEARS 1888-1915

By D. J. O'Leary

Appropriate to a Customs issue such as this, there should be presented to its readers, some memories of the olden days of Customs Service, having reference more particularly to the changes, the personalities and the happenings. This, to serve a double purpose, that those now of us, and of comparatively recent addition, may note the changed conditions, and that those still of us and of the olden days may dwell on reminiscences. The writer entered the Service as a Day Guarding Inspector, January, 1888, the law prescribing but two divisions of inspectors, namely: Day Inspectors and Night Inspectors, with the examination for the Day Inspector more difficult and manifold than that for Night Inspector, its aim and purpose, the selection of material more particularly fitted for the clerical duty of Discharging Inspector. In 1888, Civil Service, needless to say, was still to be honored more in the breach than in the observance. Political conditions and ramifications were as yet, quite firmly entrenched. An official's domicile was known, more particularly, by the political district, than by his street and number, and quite generally, Democrats and Republicans were respectively referred to by those of the opposite party, in language sufficient to cast a stigma on the honor of their birth-right. This has happily all changed, and in this day Customs officials are known now as citizens, rather than as particular adherents of any political party. In those early years the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's pier was the important scene of Customs operations and duty. Its entrance gate was located at the intersection of the southerly line of Brannan street, with First street, almost immediately adjoining the present Oriental Warehouse and probably 2,000 feet inland from what is now Pier 44.

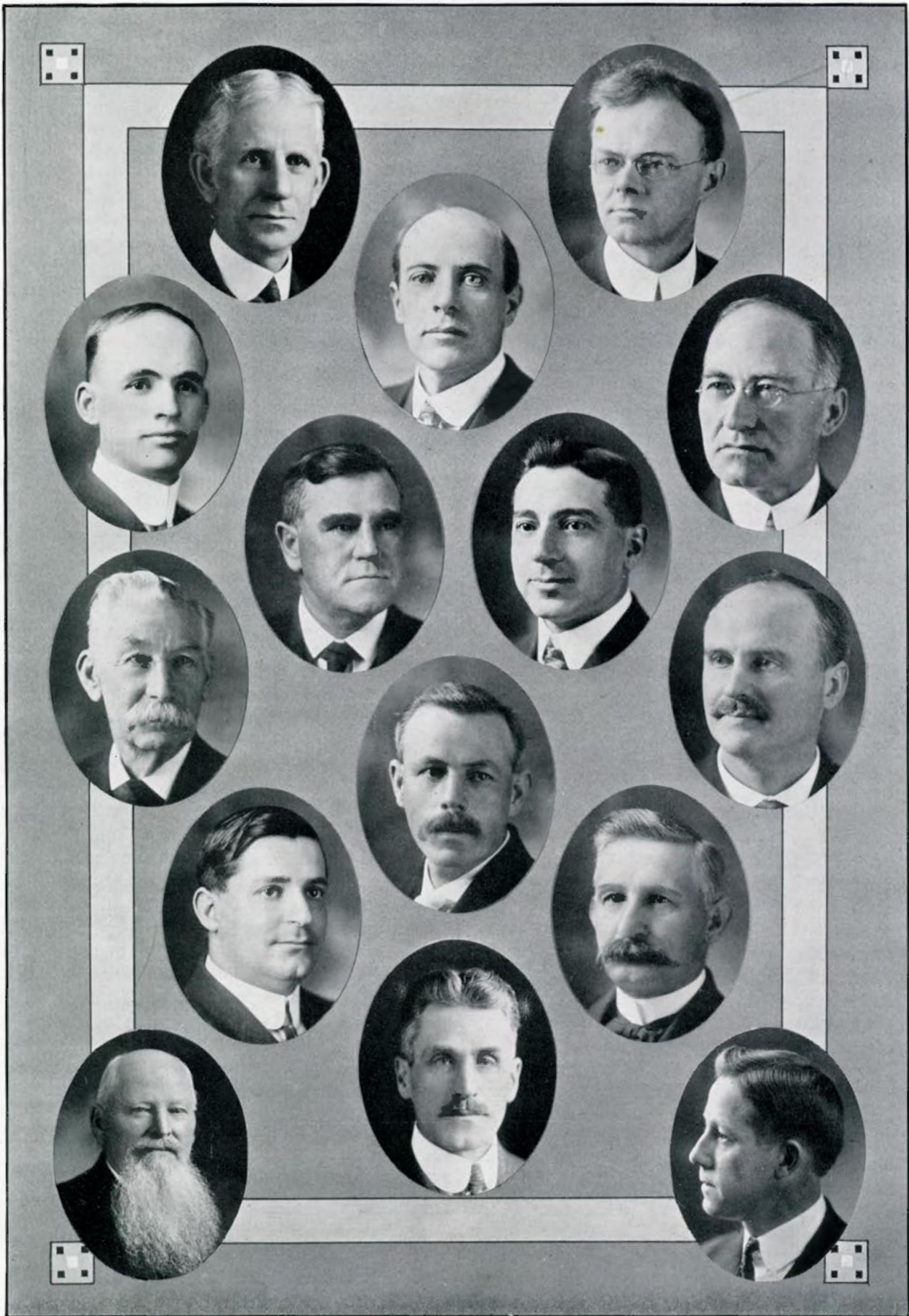
The Panama steamers, the "Granada," ashore on the Southern coast, the "Colima," foundered at sea, the "Acapulco," now a coal hulk, and the others on the run, in docking on the east side of the wharf, nosed their bows within close distance of "Jansen's" symposium at the opposite corner.

The steamers of the China run, namely: the City of New York, wrecked at Point Bonita, the "Rio de Janerio," lost off the Cliff House, the "City of Sydney," and the "City of Peking," all these, docked to the south of the Panama berth, while the White Star steamers, under charter to the O. & O. S. S. Co., a corporation spoke of the S. P. wheel, and consisting of the Oceanic, Belgic, Gaelic, Arabic, San Pablo and Doric, docked on the westerly side of the dock in the basin, immediately north of the old King street ferry slip, and where Townsend street, as extended, now runs.

The offices of the P. M. S. S. Co. were located in the superstructure at the entrance to the dock, and these in time served as the detention shed for the Chinese passengers, awaiting decision as to their right to land.

Upon this scene, in memory, as ships' representatives, come Capt. Bryan, Ned Green, Capt. Riley, Capt. Bingham, Jim Winslow, Bill O'Brien and Billy Snow; Mr. Hauxhurst as Superintendent Engineer, and John Armstrong and Johnny Martell, and later McLane, Chrisman and Conners, as clerks.

Guarding duty in those days was an important affair, owing to the constant heavy gamble in opium, the respective details of gangway, bow, stern, deck and boat, occurring with regularity for the three watches of the 24 hours. Discharging duty, likewise a matter of regular detail of, in charge, book, appraisers, bond, I. T. and "assisting," or as it was significantly referred to "Chow-chasing," to check each load of chow or Chinese merchandise on the teams, as it was delivered from the dock. Of the old-time Discharging Inspectors, to mind, are Delafield, Ruddick,



	E. M. DEAN		ROBERT JENNINGS
H. W. MORRIS		ALEXANDER ROSS	S. P. MAYBACK
FREDERICK GATES	E. B. MONTGOMERY	A. BERRYESSA	G. H. ASHTON
	R. H. ASHTON	JAS. J. LYNCH	WM. C. LATHAN
O. K. CLOUDMAN		FRED E. HOLMES	F. C. INGERSOLL

65

15

Cook, Grant, Coe, Douglass, Blethen, Foster, Roberts, Murphy, Ryan, Critcher, Pierce, Lannigan, Hoerchner, Hughes, Southard, Standford, Phelps, Solomon, Nevins, Tobin, Harrington, Hagans, Hayden, Lang, Andrews, Hall, Shepman, Sprague, Beale, Cleary, Childs, Payne, Gallagher, Holmes, Flesh, Callaghan, Bryant, Hills, Everett, Urquhart, Fuller, Dorsey, Hocker, Dorgan, Johnson, Eaton, Barrett, Holland, Sharp, Davis, Henrichs, Eager, Chaloner, Casey, Fuller, Campbell, Kellogg, McBride, Cooley, Halpin, Phelan and O'Neil, and of this array, in this day, many would fail to answer the roll call of the living. Deep water vessels, around the "Horn" or via Good Hope were frequent. Happy was the Discharging Inspector assigned to a vessel from Antwerp, London, Liverpool or Hamburg. His station was that of "Lordship," his every wish to be anticipated, and in those departed days of sociability, before commercialism made its hard and fast rules, his dinings and social indulgence, without compromise of his official conduct, was the desire of owners and crew.

The searchers, aside from the search of passengers' baggage and vessels, were occupied for many days in the search of effects of landing Chinese, as under the old Immigration Law, Chinese were allowed to land, dependent simply upon prior residence. They arrived by the thousands on each steamer, until the more stringent Immigration Laws were passed. The number handled was at the rate of 300 each day until Habeas Corpus Pat Norton and Mike Hannon had delivered them to their abodes in Chinatown.

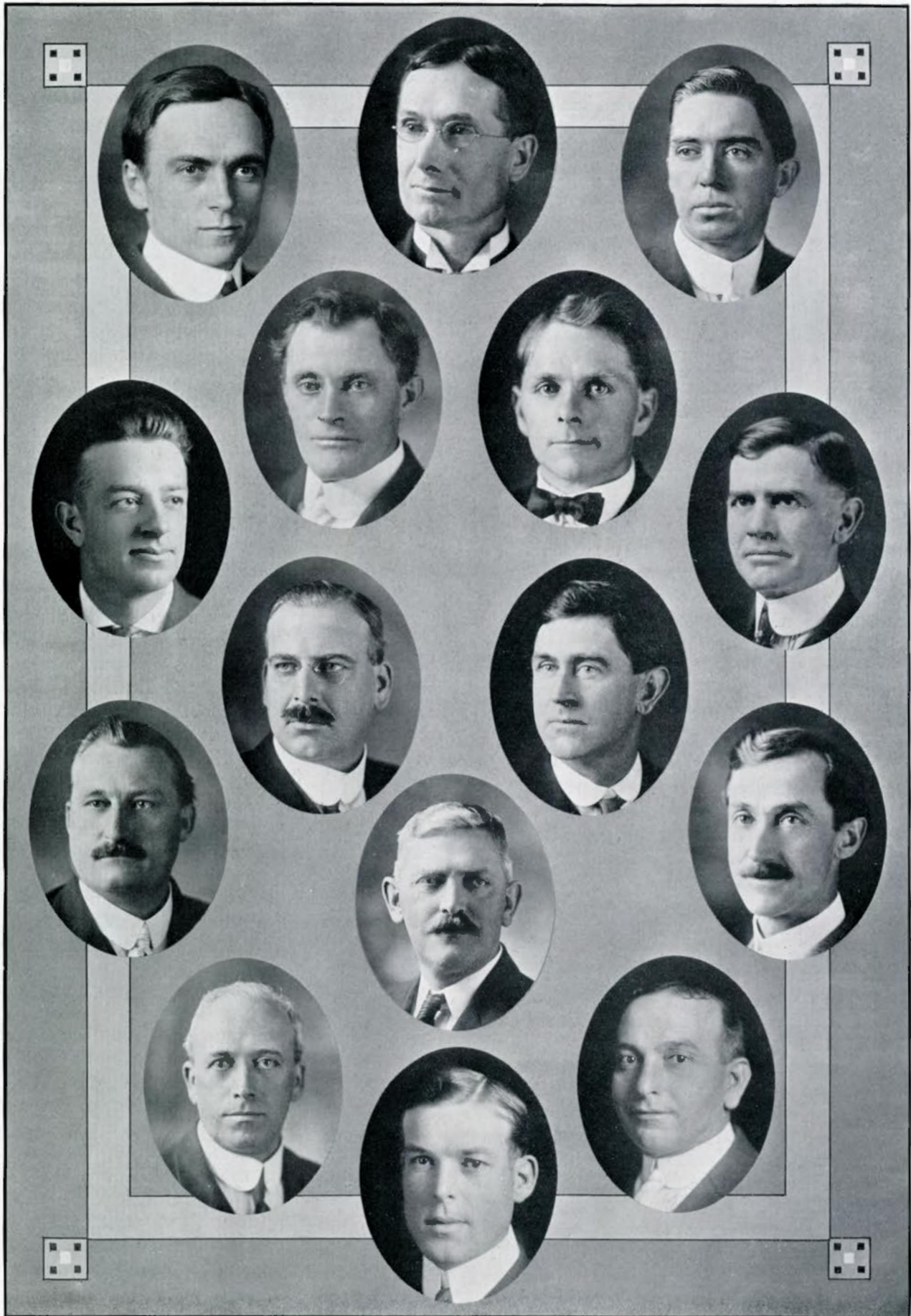
The spoils of search were the excess Chinese clothes, tobacco, opium pipes and umbrellas. The crews of the Panama ships were likewise Chinese, and their port of shipment having been San Francisco and traveling as they had on American vessels for the round trip, they were allowed to land upon their return, the search of their effects producing cigars, silk stockings, perfume, and last but not least, cocktail bitters, which was the occasion of many an Indian war dance held by the searchers in their quarters.

The writer was assigned to guarding duty and later detailed to the "searchers." He has a remembrance of Atkinson Tucker and Ulp, known as the "Duke of Wellington," a name aptly thrust upon him for the reason that having been directed to search the collier "Wellington," running to Nanaimo, an opium port, and having presumed that his search proved she could be given a clean bill of health, was chagrined to learn that, on the following day, some 200 tins were unearthed in the galley. Others were also a part

of this particular searching squad, but Ulp was picked to bear the title of misadventure, which title honors him still. McGinnes seemed to have a divining rod for uncovering dope, with Ahern as his partner. Greenan, quiet but effective, McKenna, a mechanical genius, who turned up the stuff now and then, and of good temper unless oil was poured into his ear. Davis, a good student, willing to learn, even to the extent of endeavoring to claw open a solid block of wood, on the suggestion that it was a box, and should be opened. Davis' mind was set at prejudice against the writer for a time, by some wag, who intimated to Davis that the reason he received no seizure money from opium seized and sold, was because the writer, not liking Davis, always contrived to have Davis sign the seizure papers last, and then procured shears and clipped his name therefrom. As a matter of fact, Davis happened to sign on stuff seized, which, unfortunately, upon sale sold so poorly that no returns whatever came to the searchers.

A fine, brave-looking and capable officer was Searcher Davis, though he was known to have a remarkable fear of firearms, so it was arranged by two of the old-time searchers, to stage a fake fight at their quarters, at the old Mail Dock, in the presence of the entire bunch. With their guns out of sight and loaded with blank cartridges, they began the preliminaries and worked around to positions where they could suddenly put Davis in line of fire. When shooting began, you could have played checkers on Davis' coat-tail, as he made his egress from the quarters and beat it for the head of the dock. It was fun for all except the individual not wise to the facts. Another prank, had to do with Searcher Ahern, who was one of a bunch waiting for a passenger steamer, not expected to arrive until late in the evening, so the searchers journeyed up town to get something to eat, etc., with the etc. particularly in mind. It was suggested by one of the wise ones, that we proceed to the "White Wings," where we could keep in touch by phone, with the Merchants Exchange. Ahern was requested to use the phone, and proceeded to comply, not knowing that the phone as well as everything else in the place was "phony." No sooner did he take down the receiver than out jumped a monstrous figure, striking him in the face with the accompaniment of an electric shock, all of which caused him to lose his wits and run out like a wild deer, and in his flight to knock down, and nearly out, a couple of other rubes, who were coming into the joint.

It was customary for a number of years to put a new man through a "rough neck" ritual



E. H. PARSONS	G. W. HASSLER	J. F. NAGLE
E. R. LIEB	A. H. WEST	T. H. DUNLEAVY
W. F. CARPENTER	R. T. SIMCOE	J. P. DUDY
G. P. FRITZ	R. W. MENCKE	O. E. A. SCHMIDT
D. A. STIVERS	E. G. GILBERT	E. J. PERAZZO

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before he was considered properly initiated into the "searching squad" by his associates. This initiatory ceremony took different forms, at different times, according as the circumstances might suggest — for instance, a very neat and delicately raised gentleman would be told that he would not be recognized as a full-fledged searcher, till he had crawled through the bilges of a China steamer—just after her arrival.

In order to do this he would have to strip down to a garden of Eden uniform, and put on some old dungarees to protect his body from the sharp edges of the limbers, and then escorted through dark and devious passages by the "degree team," he would in due time come out into daylight, and full membership in the "Ancient Order of Rummagers," looking like a half drowned rat and reeking with dirty oil and slime. We never had a candidate fail to take the test entitling him to full membership, and on some occasions the ceremony would result in a seizure of contraband. Many very laughable incidents might be related in connection with this initiatory business that took on a sort of secret society aspect. I fear I could not do justice to the incidents involved if I attempted to put on paper some of the happenings that you might learn from the lips of the old-time searchers, if you got a bunch of them together.

The writer quite well remembers the incident of the seizure on the Umatilla, plying to Victoria and a suspected vessel, of some cylindrical tins, containing a commodity, much to the writer's opinion, both as to appearance and odor, being the much coveted contraband opium. The stuff was found in the shaft alley, and the writer's belief was that the long-sought place of hiding and manner of smuggling had finally been solved. The stuff was taken ashore, and a diligent search made in the engine room, for a cylindrical pipe in which the same might be packed. Meanwhile, the first assistant engineer, having been apprised of the taking of the goods and the steamer about to sail, presented himself and asked by what reason his "boiler compound" was held. The writer believed this to be but a ruse to obtain the opium, stood hard by his goods almost to the extent of an intended arrest of the engineer, and not until after a submission of the stuff to others of a calmer mind, did the writer realize that his zeal out-measured his judgment, and that he was in error. The "boiler compound" was returned to the engineer. At times cliques came into being on the searchers' force, and this owing to a feeling of superiority of searching ability or to an opinion that some did not keep "in the going," and in-

asmuch as all signed on the seizure of any one, therefore dissatisfaction resulted and gave rise to the "Unions" and the "Scabs."

Of the "Unions" were McGinnes, Ahern, Hills and O'Leary, and the latter two were often referred to by the disgruntled as

"Hills and O'Leary

Never grow weary

Looking out for Hills and O'Leary."

The balance were of the "Scabs," but in process of time, changes brought about concord of action and team work.

The writer was in charge of the Chinese Bureau, when the handling of arriving Chinese was entirely within Customs authority; this previous to the creation of the office of Labor and Commerce, and continued thus for many years until his return to the waterfront as District Inspector at the P. M. S. S. Co.'s wharf, succeeding the late Capt. Grant.

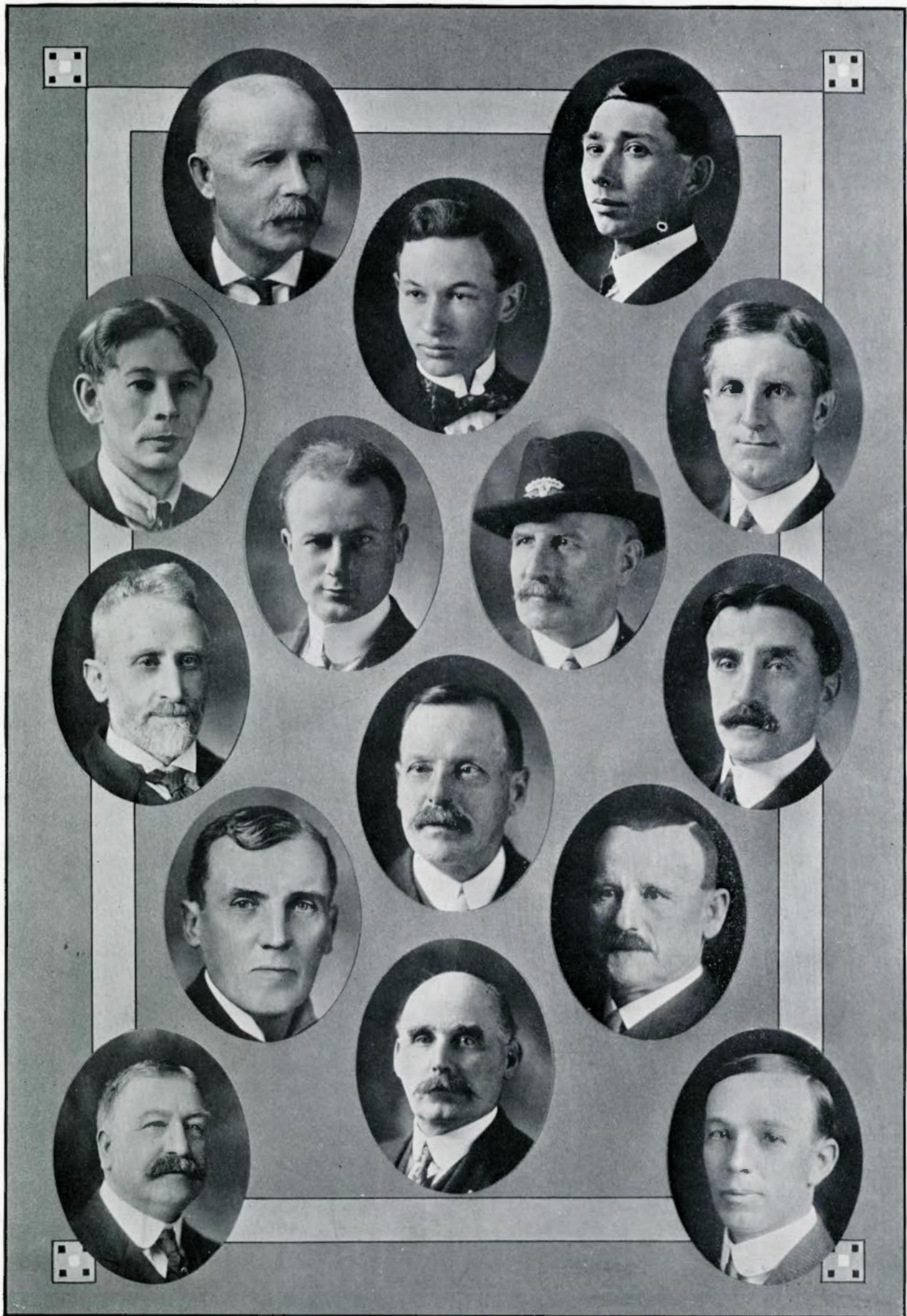
In time the writer left the waterfront with its labors, but freedom, to become a part of the clerical force in the Custom House, and was installed as Permit Clerk. Here he realized that temperamentally his forte was outside work, and after some years' association with Deputy Collector Farley, and Barry, Fitzsimmons, McAuliffe, Sharp, Clough, Blinn and Kenny, he hiked back to his old love, and became a part of the Appraiser's Department, as an Examiner of Merchandise under the gruff, but big-hearted and kindly John T. Dare, deceased.

After some few years' service on the floor of the Appraiser's Department, the writer drifted, through some circumstance or other, back to the P. M. S. S. Co.'s domain, and there under Hon. John G. Mattos, Jr., remained for many years, and now under Appraiser Hon. Edward E. Leake, he still remains, representing such Appraiser's Department.

As this article is penned, we are reminded of the hauling down of the house flag from the many steamers of the P. M. S. S. Co. and their sale to others.

Whether this sale is owing to the burdens of the La Follette law, as alleged by the owners, or to the opportunity to make advantageous bargains of their craft, due to war conditions, and more particularly owing to the fact that in the later years, the Interstate arm of the Government has been reaching out, and gradually destroying their monopoly of water and rail carriage, this coupled with the advent of the through water route created by the opening of the Panama Canal, these are the different phases and factors that give food for thought.

At all events, it cannot be, that the thou-



	JOHN REGAN		WM. MORGAN
A. S. THOMPSON		H. M. KRINKLE	R. L. CABE
EDW. SKAHAN	T. A. PELOQUIN	J. H. SMITH	W. J. WILLIAMS
R. R. GRAHAM	J. H. BROCK	J. T. LIDDY	
J. F. SMITH	G. W. KENNEY	H. G. SCHWARTZ	

sands of tons of goods and wares, heretofore needed by the millions of inhabitants throughout the land, both as to necessities and luxuries, will no longer be required. They must still continue to come, and come by this port in great proportion, for the financial life of the Southern Pacific, the Western Pacific and the Santa Fe, depends measurably on its eastern haul of the hundreds of cars of Oriental freight from each steamer, and if the P. M. S. S. Co. sees fit to step aside, we have indications already of other corporations willing to step in, and earn the splendid profits of both passenger and cargo carrying. This will necessitate the continuance of the usual procedure of Customs activities and its personnel.

Truthfully time stays—we and the things of us are those that passeth—mutatis mutandis. May He who guides and shapes, spare each of us for the full measure of our years, and then:

“Sunset, and evening star, and
One clear call for me, and
May there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.”

“CHILLY PULLALA.”

By L. E. B.

The old century was stalling around the ring, almost ready to take the count when the first of the Cosmos Line of steamers from Hamburg poked her nose through the Golden Gate and dropped anchor under the jurisdiction of the chief official of the prettiest little Custom House that ever you did spy, though we say it as shouldn't.

Now given a vessel from Hamburg, plus a Custom House in San Francisco, and what's the answer? Why, Inspectors, of course.

And though the brace of rummagers detailed to search for contraband on board the aforesaid ingredient did by no means measure up to the description of the Custom House,—viz: * * * prettiest, etc., etc., * * *—for all that they were fairly durable men of good intentions, eager for deeds of “derring do,” and withal, willing enough to make a seizure of contraband, did they happen to bump into any.

Very well then! Behold our heroes next day in the cabin of the Dampfschiffahrts—which is the Teutonic term of endearment when addressing a steamship.

Observe that fate here takes a hand—Watch closely.

It was a cold, foggy morning. The hour was waxing close to noon. The cabin contained a capable looking dining table; also a trim and natty steward, who, although not superbly proficient in the tongue of the immortal bard of Avon, still had a working knowledge of some of the more useful words. I mean to say, he asked if they would like “breakfahss.”

Now, brother, I leave it to you. Was it right thus to confront two well meaning officers in the discharge of their duty on board of a vessel

when they were almost in the act of “tearing'er ter pieces?” I ask you, “Was it right?”

Their gaze—or gazes—met—Barry looked appealingly at Beban—Beban nodded understandingly. True, the hour was somewhat late for breakfast in America; but, on the other hand look at the difference in time. Probably it was then only 7:30 a. m. in Hamburg, and, anyway, had they the right to grieve this kind and loving heart, beating behind the chest that was facing them? The dictates of humanity forbade such uncavalier treatment.

And besides, in the active minds of the twain, floated in orderly array an exquisite vista of crisp, smoking Westphalia ham, snuggling coyly in a Dresden china platter and entirely surrounded with golden centered eggs, only recently yielded up by kind motherly German hens. To say nothing of German fried, hot from the pan; and steaming Arbuckle coffee with Have-meyer domino sugar; and lastly—Oh, day of days!—A genuine hot German pancake, topped with lumps of golden creamery butter,—unsalted. Joyousness!

Well, what would you? Those inspectors were but human. They fell, and closely upon the heels of “Breakfahss?” followed “Yah!” and the fight was on. They had thrown their Johnston Murphys with limbs attached under the festive board, upon which two sturdy, flaxen-haired German lads with pompadours, were placing the viands. And these were they:

Cold leberwurst, Cold goosebrust, Kalteraufschnitt (cold), Cold bologna sausage, cold knackwurst, Dill pickles, Cold Wienerschnitzel, Cold slaw, Cold lard (as butter), Cold schwartzbrod and Iced lager.

Barry gazed with dismay, but he was game. He picked up his fork and manfully attacked the frigid delicatessen in that cold cabin on that cold and foggy morning. But you could see that his heart was not in his work.

Presently his attack slackened and he fell into a brown study. Then, a gleam of hope illumined his rugged, kindly countenance.

The coffee—that was it—how foolish not to have remembered that the hot steaming coffee was yet to come—and it would be hot, of course—Of that, there could be no doubt. The day would be saved, and once more would the little birdies carol in the rafters.

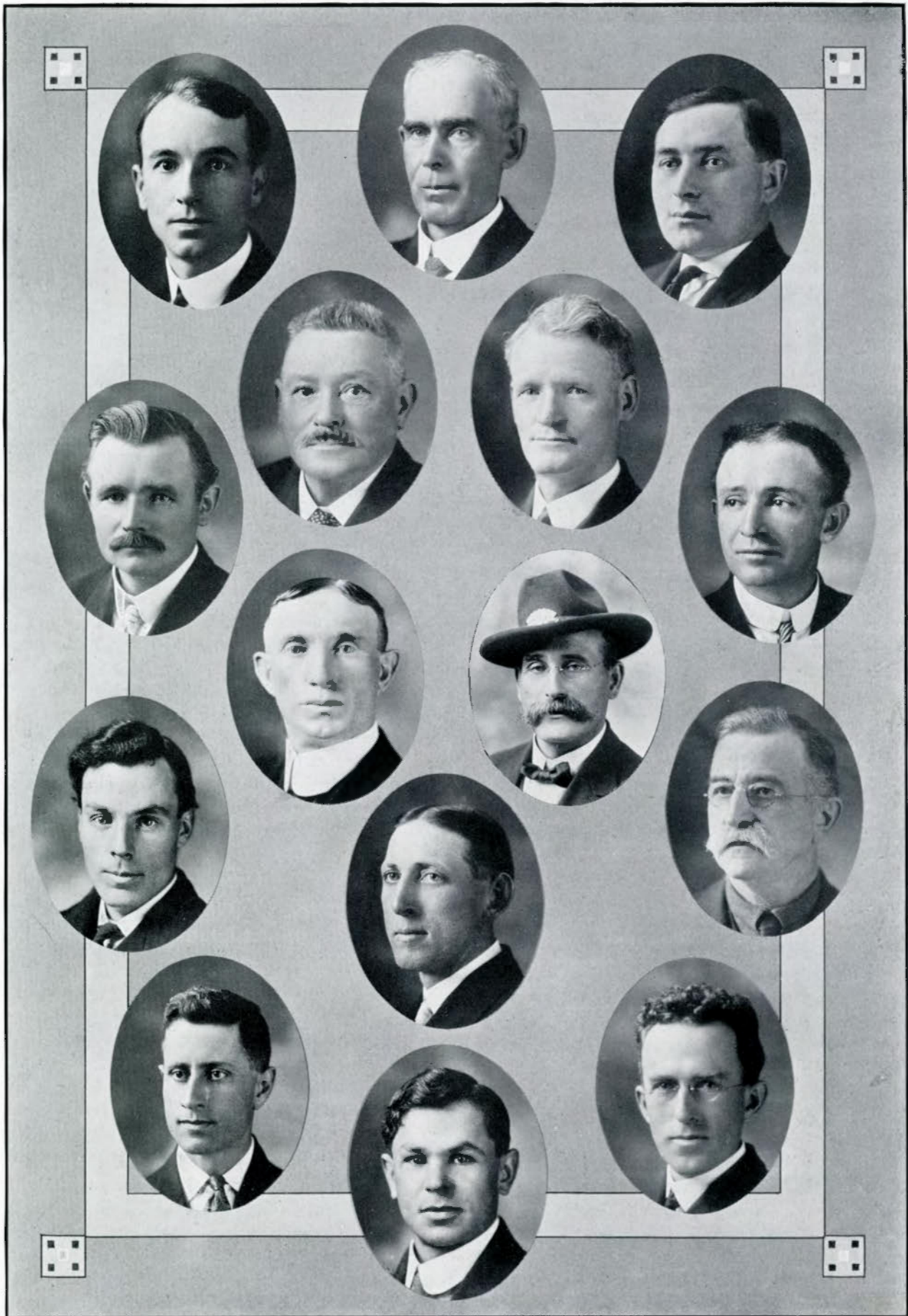
But, alas! for human hopes. The coffee did come—and when it arrived—Oh, woe is us, that we should have to tell it—Oh, heavy! heavy day!—when the coffee did come, it required but a glance to disclose the fact that rigor mortis had long since set in. My, oh, my! but that coffee was cold! (And with the coffee came the steward garbed in a heavy overcoat.)

With a beaming countenance and the expectant look of one who awaits encomiums for deeds nobly done, he asked: “You like something else, yes?”

Barry turned toward him a visage from which all hope had faded, said, in a dull and listless voice: “Yes, bring us two bowls of cracked ice!”

Ensued then, a portentous silence, punctured anon by something which sounded like “PLUP.”

It was the thermometer hitting eight below.



M. A. GRAHAM
 ANDREW JOHNSON
 R. E. ENSIGN
 D. G. SWINEHART

G. B. RICHARDSON
 H. H. MEIER
 JOHN H. MORRIS
 F. G. FESSLER
 BENJAMIN SCHNEIDER
 O. S. DWIER
 D. W. DOW

J. H. FLATHMAN
 R. H. BALLINGER
 H. K. GEARY
 W. P. FITZGERALD

"For Ways That Are Dark
And For Tricks That Are
Vain, the Heathen Chinese
Is Peculiar."

By Capt. E. H. Hills

"Speaking of bribes," said the Old-time Inspector, as we were waiting at Pier 44 for the big liner to come up from quarantine, "a whole lot of people think a Customs Officer has the only graft proposition on earth and that most of us has a 'can' bigger than Rockefeller's hid out in the garage. As a matter of fact there is very little dishonest dealing in the Service for the reason that as a whole we do business with a class who could not afford for business reasons to be dishonest. Of course there is now and then an infection of dishonesty here and there in the Service, but usually an application of iron jewelry at Joliet or Alameda serves not only as a cure but as a preventative as well. Take my case for instance, in about forty years' service I have been offered a bribe but once.

"How was it? Well it was like this: During the latter part of Cleveland's administration and pending the ratification of the Bayard Treaty, tightening up the Restriction Act, the Chinese arrived at this port in great numbers hoping to make entry before the more severe regulations went into effect. All the regular liners and many tramps came in loaded to capacity, and 1,200 to 1,300 Chinese in the steerage was the usual thing.

"At that time the Immigration work was handled by the Customs Service and it was our duty to closely guard the arriving Chinese to prevent escapes from the vessels prior to examination by the Bureau.

"To lose a Chinaman from the ship was equivalent to losing your job and as the fortunate ones already landed with their cousins and their aunts would come down to the pier and crowd up as close as possible in hopes of slipping information to a relative held aboard or better yet awaiting an opportunity of smuggling one off the vessel at an opportune moment made an inspector's job no sinecure, believe me, and somewhat lessened the intended cordial between the followers of Confucius and the Customs force.

The Bureau generally landed the bulk of the immigrants from poppy-land the same day of arrival, but the doubtful ones were kept on board and later were either landed or transferred to vessels in the bay, to enable the liners to proceed on schedule. Nearly every hulk at anchor

in the bay at that time had its quota awaiting action of the Powers-that-be.

"We had implicit orders to prevent the landed Chinese to hold converse with those left on board, and we were not to allow the former to approach near enough to do so. What the landed boys lacked in a knowledge of English they made up in persistence and talking and yelling had often to be augmented with a swift kick or a ready clout. Sometimes such action was resented by the Chinks and very often the best the inspector could get was a draw, for that was the last expedient, a huge 45 smoke-wagon. To unlimber the artillery was all that was ever found necessary, for when it comes to a show-down the Chinese are good gamblers, but are ready to admit it when beaten.

One day it seemed I was getting more than the worst of it. I had a vessel on which an unusually large number had been detained and the Chinese were exceptionally forward, for Colonel Bee, the Chinese Vice-Consul, had just previously had one of our men arrested and fined for beating a Chink.

"I was guarding the old ferry boat 'Capitol,' then moored alongside the Mail Dock with several hundred on board and the yellow boys on the dock were as thick as flies and had been all day. We had talked, pleaded, shoved and sweated, and I was about all in. I had a loose tooth, a raw and bleeding hand and my right foot was beginning to swell and to pain severely. I was getting savage.

"Suddenly out from the herd emerged a slick, oily fellow with a sly twinkle in his eye. He approached me in a very respectful manner with hat in hand.

"'Get out of here,' I shouted as he neared the 'danger' line. He moved back a few yards but soon again approached, this time fairly oozing with deference and respect.

"'Say, I like speak, you,' he said.

"'Well, what do you want?' (Very gruff.)

"Probably taking in my dilapidated condition his courage returned for he now stepped boldly up to me and whispered in my ear, 'Say, you let me speak my cousin on ship five minutes, I give you two cigar,' and he from the folds of his tunic extracted a pair of the vilest punks that ever came from Jackson street.

"Colonel Bee was not present just then and for many years the boys used to claim that the last minute of the mix was the best. At any rate the Chink made it to Third and Brannan in nothing flat."



	C. W. KAPLAN		F. A. BACHELDER
J. P. CRONAN		C. W. COX	W. P. GRAHAM
G. A. BRIDGES	H. H. V. JONES	H. C. WELDON	M. L. FOWLER
R. P. HOLLENBECK	J. P. DOWLING	A. J. K. MOHR	
J. M. BLACK	G. T. WELLS	E. H. WEBER	

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THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE PAST

By James J. Nealon

Being in the Customs Service for over two decades entails with it an intimate knowledge of the workings and happenings of our great city. Recalling some of the incidents that occurred along the Embarcadero when the white-winged harbingers of commerce came alongside of our piers to discharge their many and goodly products from other climes; quite a few of the old regime are left—the brass-adorned officials of Uncle Sam, who were up early and late doing their share toward collecting revenues for the Treasury. Even today some of the old brigade answer the roll-call though they show the frosted temple and the traces of time well spent among the carriers of the deep.

Well do I remember the year 1898, when our country called for 20,000 volunteers to defend its principles in the war with Spain. That time will ever live in my memory when the boys in blue marched to the old Mail Dock, there to take passage in the Pacific Mail steamers for the war zone. Among the gallant band of heroes were three of our associates on the weighing force, Captain Tom McCreagh, Samuel Marston and Charles Kessler, who served the old Red, White and Blue with distinction.

Before his departure, Captain McCreagh was presented with a gold-headed cane by his conferees in the Weigher's Division, this ceremony being attended with much dignity on one of the transports anchored in the stream. Taps have long since been sounded over Captain McCreagh and his gallant service to his country will ever be recalled by his friends.

Thinking of yester years brings to mind the many fine old characters with whom we mingled in our duties in the delivery of cargoes. Some have paid the debt of nature, others are groping under the weight of years, but despite all this they drop around the front for a hand-shake and a kindly word, then away to greet you some other day.

How many remember China Harry? Don't it make you feel like a young fellow? Can't you hear old Harry blowing his whistle docking that four-master at Union street wharf? Just look at Harry's face! The Captain has tossed him a coin. Some more money for the "busy man." Another wind-jammer has tied up. Observe Harry's demeanor now. No money this time. Harry's opinion of the Captain would not look

well in print. China Harry was of the wily type, and was brought here by the Captain of a Clipper Ship and made his living by doing odds and ends around the waterfront. His long suit was assisting in the docking of ships which he would do by blowing a whistle following the lead of the Captain. It was a most remarkable thing that he was always around when a ship was docking. He was a landmark along the waterfront and known by every skipper that sailed into San Francisco harbor. With the Customs Officers he was particularly friendly, who gave him much information about the docking time of ships and in turn he would amuse them with his funny antics.

The great fire of 1906 will ever be remembered, when the Custom House Officers performed their duty as public servants by distributing provisions to the needy from the cargoes assembled on the various docks at that time.

Meritorious work was done around the Custom House and Appraiser's Store, when amidst the confusion of the terrible conflagration not a single record or a penny was lost, thanks to the vigilance and untiring efforts of the Customs men, who trailed their way through fire and smoke from their respective homes to answer duty's call.

At the ferry slip, east of the Marina, there hung a large imitation clock, used in stating the time for the next boat to leave. It read 4:30.

One afternoon there came a man running down the Marina, with hat in hand, puffing and completely out of breath. Pulling out his watch he remarked to Inspector Johnson:

"I've got four o'clock! What time have you go?"

"Your watch is correct, I've got the same time," said Bill.

"Wal, I reckon that dozgone big clock up yonder, says 4:30 p. m. is fast"

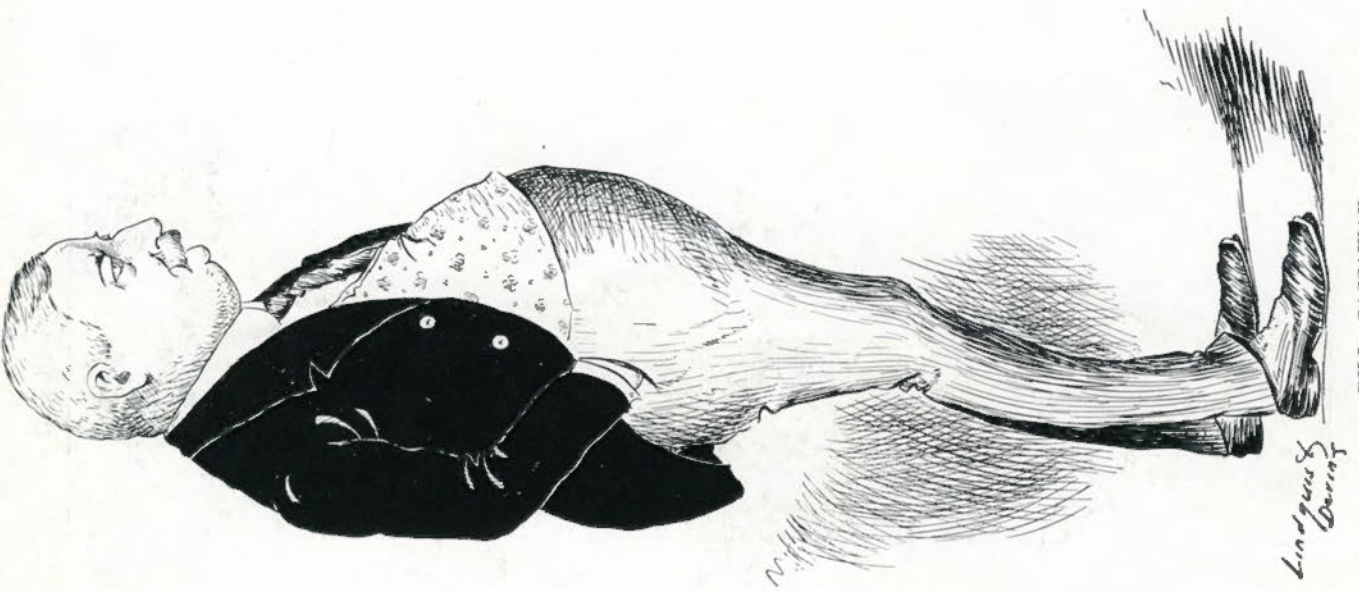
"Yes," answered Bill, "fast to the wall!"

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH.

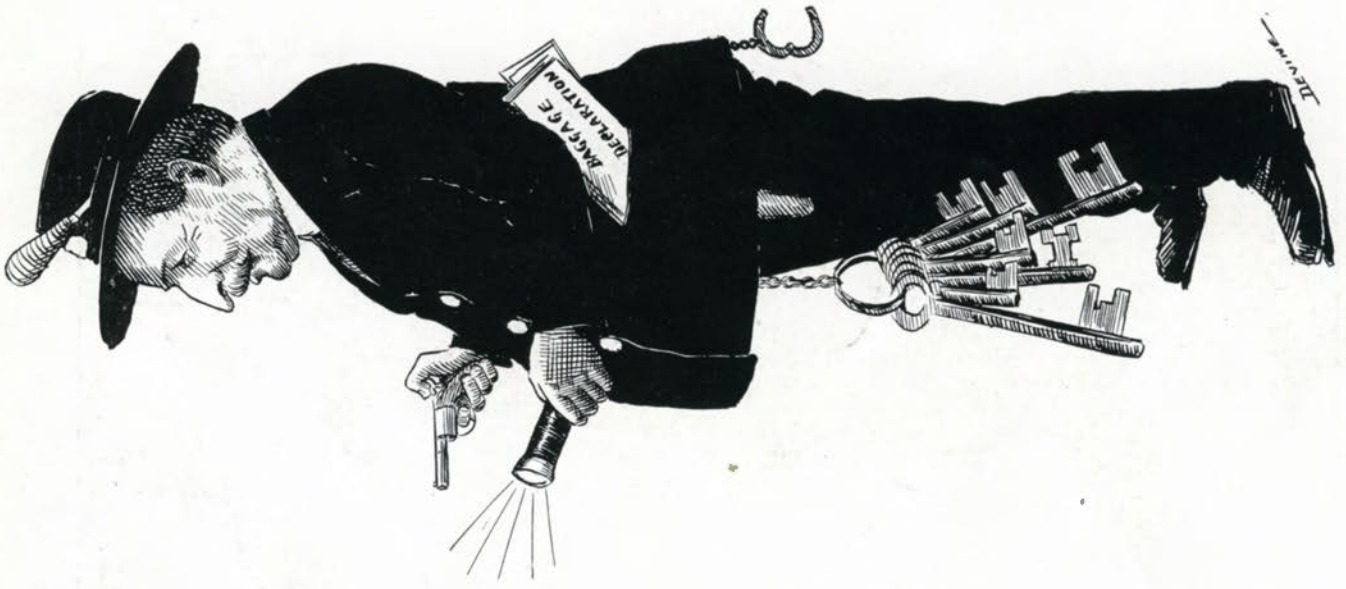
In every office in the land
You'll find the same old crew—
Those who howl to beat the band
About the work they do.
Who fondly think by shirking,
A few hours of time to rob
From a boss for whom they're working
Who holds them on the job.



D. A. AMADOR	LEONHARD KJER	J. F. BRADY
J. E. JOHNSTON	A. F. REIF	D. W. RUGGLES
FRED PROBST	A. P. GULARTE, JR.	S. R. JONES
JOHN W. FOSTER	D. E. DUDY	W. R. BUNCH
	J. C. POHLEY	
	J. J. LOUGHREY	
	J. B. JEFFERSON	



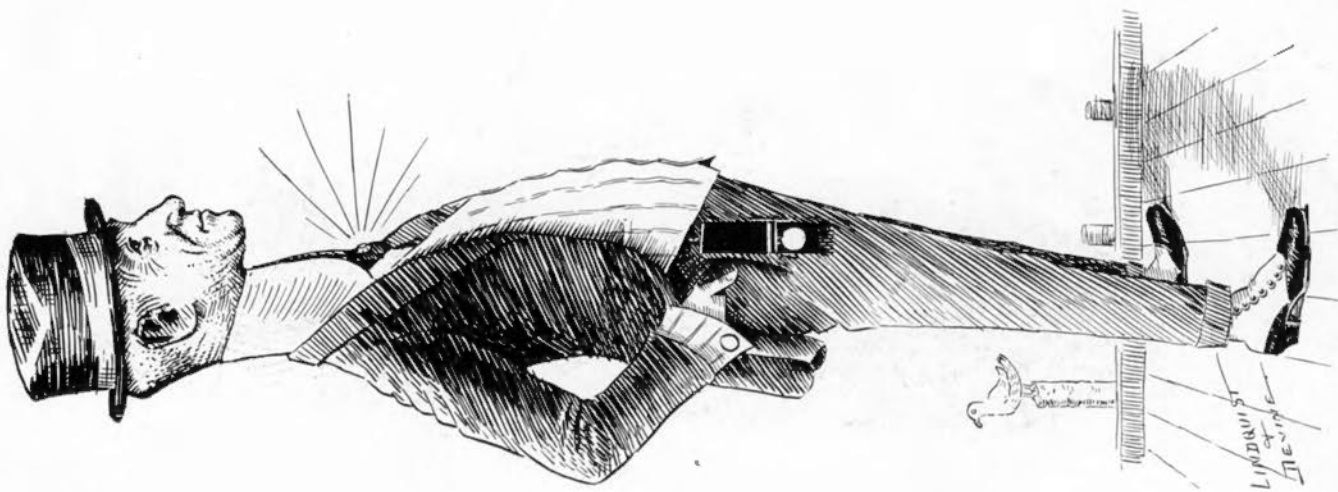
BILL GASSAWAY
U. S. Immigration Service



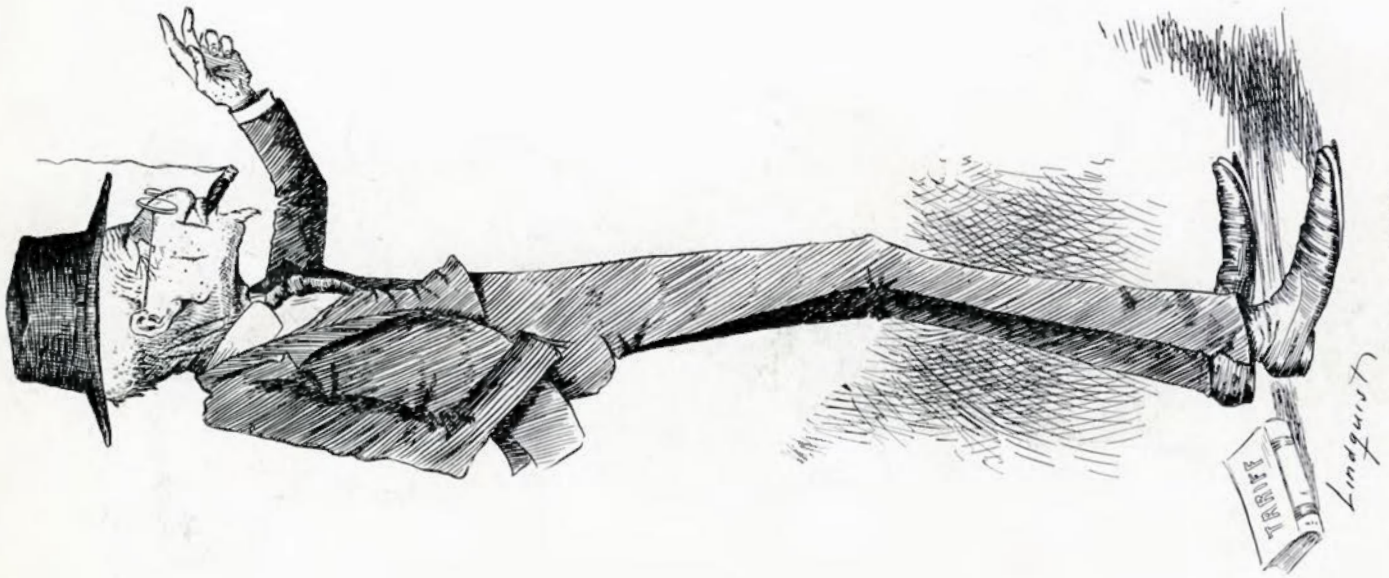
CAPT. SAM SACKETT



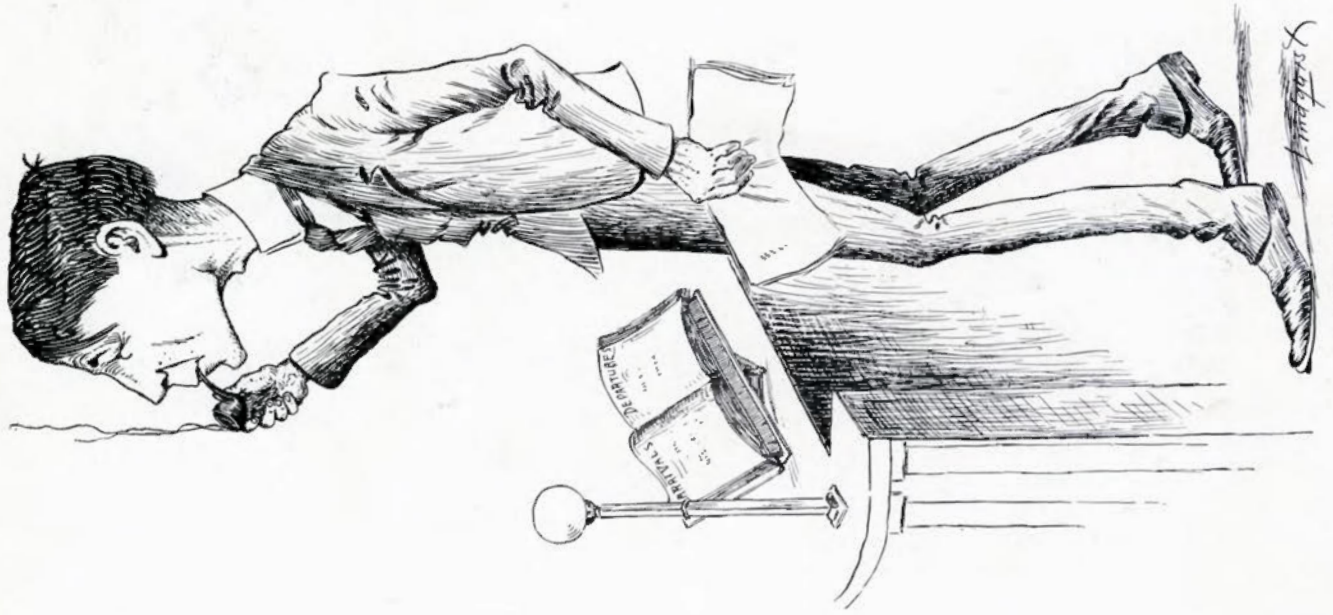
HENRY OSER
Chief Wharfinger



EDDIE ROBERTS
The right arm of the T. K. K. S. Co., on the waterfront



CAPT. L. A. KENT
Our grand old man of the Appraiser's Department



WILLIE DOWNES
Marine Department of the Chamber of Commerce



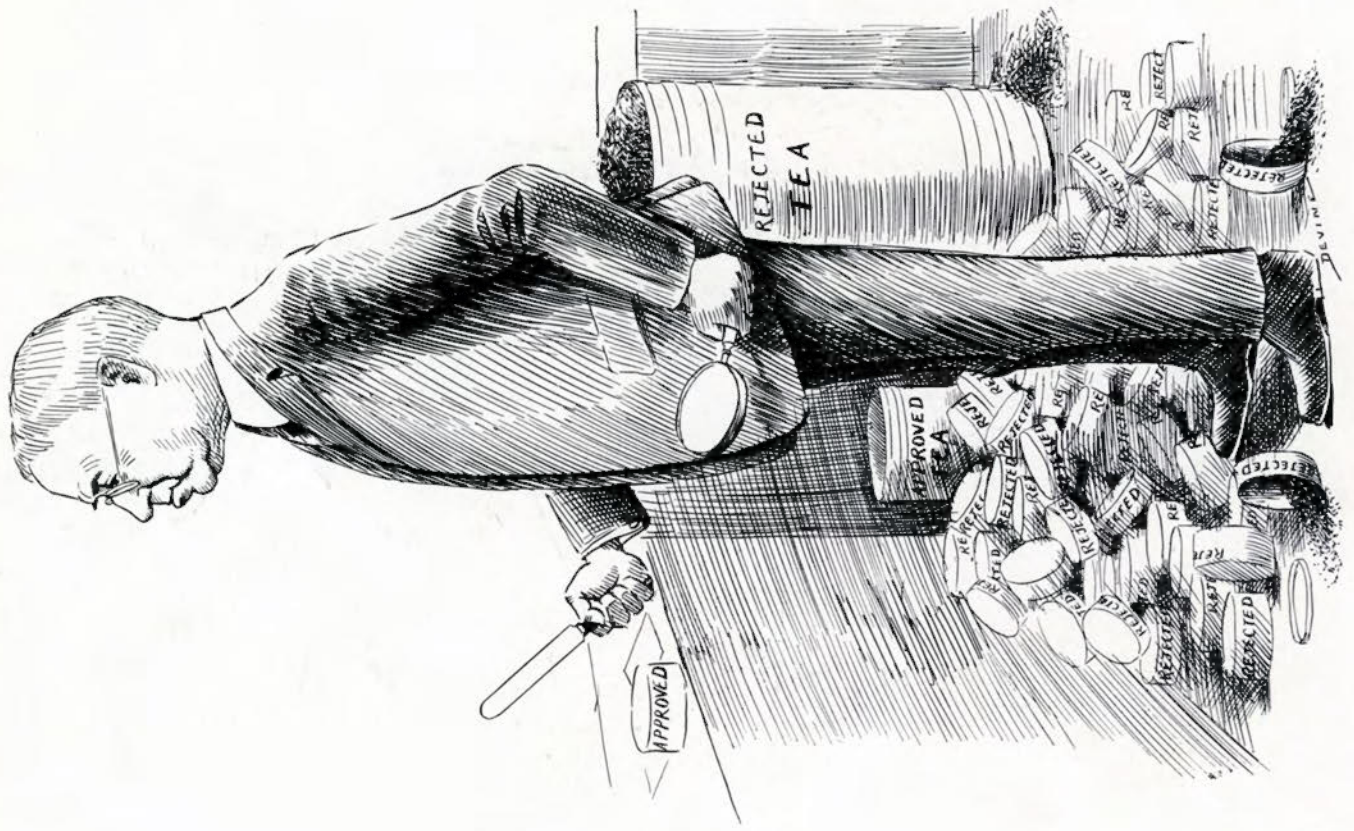
DR. HILTS
Chief of the Pure Food Laboratory



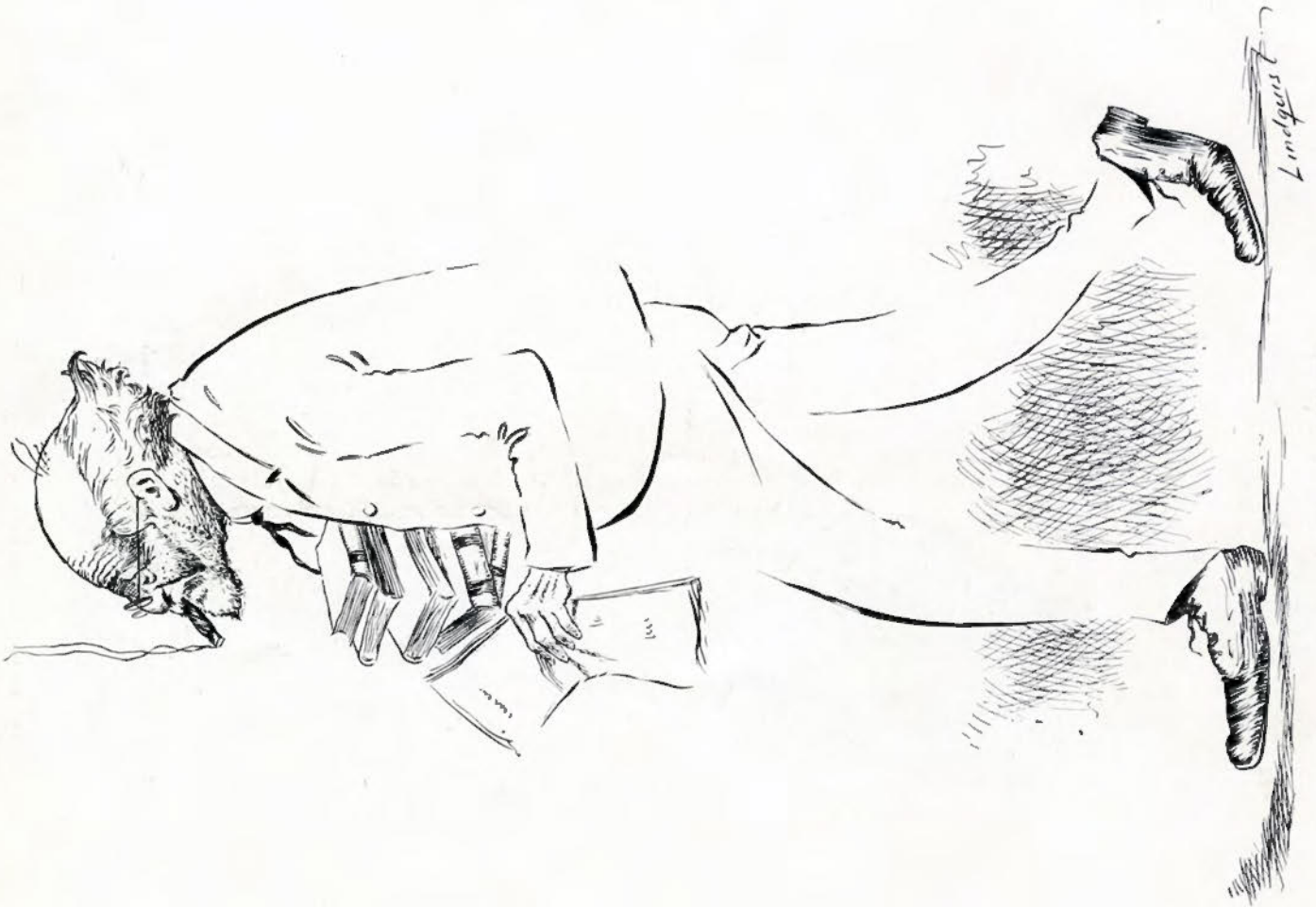
PETE WHALEN
Veteran of the city front



CHARLES F. KENNEALLY
A Collector of Wharf Rates



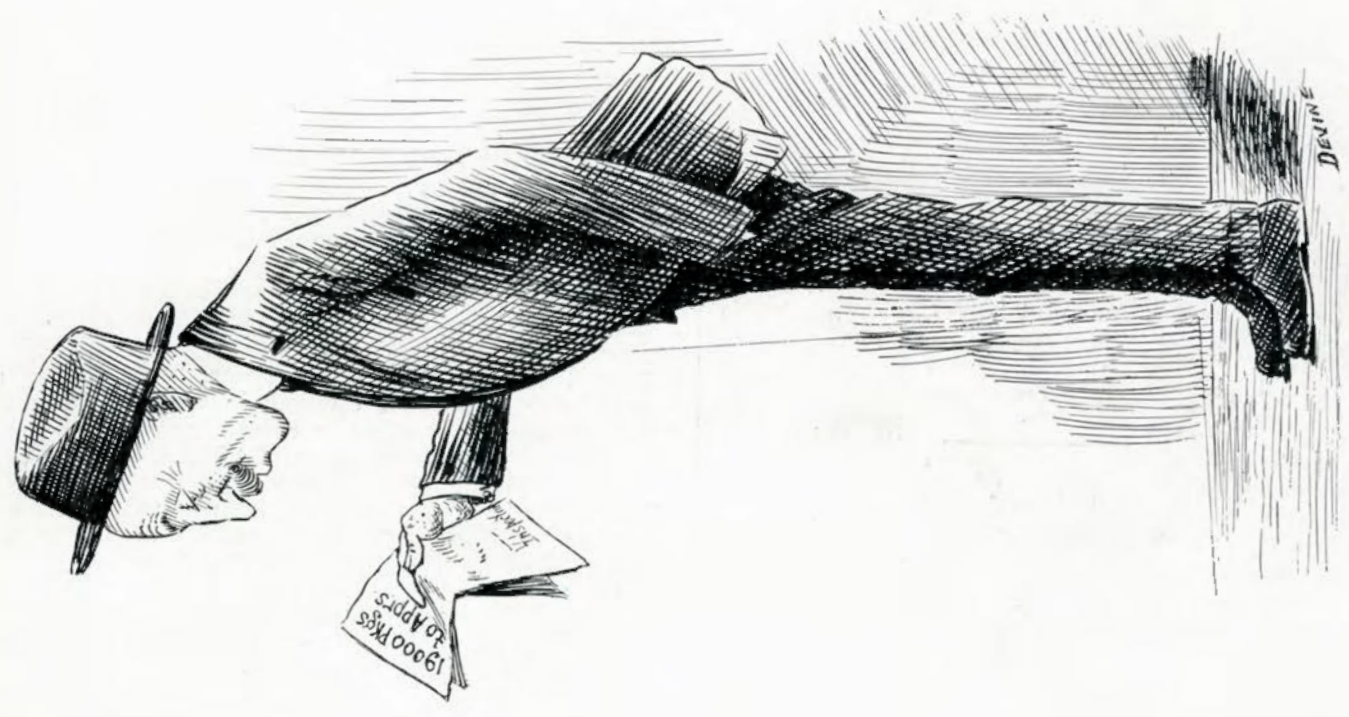
CORNELIUS TOOHEY
 "Show me a Prussian blue spot"



COL. E. W. MASLIN
 Book lover and lecturer



HENRY FARMER AND AN OLD FRIEND



L. B. ANDERSON
Custodian of selected packages

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AN OPIUM CORPSE

The boys of the Searchers' Force of the past and present, have found many strange things in the regular discharge of their duties and especially have they proven that when a certain thing is in demand and anyone can be found to pay for it, there is generally always some one willing to "take a chance," and the means and manners to which resort is had to "get by" the Customs often show intelligence worthy of a better bent.

On the western coast our Service has had mostly to deal with the smuggling of opium in contraband goods, and the boys tell of many curious places and devices in which the dream paste was secreted. In the heels of shoes, in bladders as sausage, in the chain-lockers, in the fiddly, the fo'castle, the captain's bunk, while false bottom and false partitions in boxes, barrels and bottles are the usual plans to elude the sleuths.

To E. A. Holmes, of the Service, and a one-time Searcher, is awarded the palm, however, of making a "find" in the most unthought-of situation. The "bunch" had a tip that a certain vessel was to bring in a great quantity of the drug and extra special precautions were taken to guard the boat and a thorough search from the mast-top to shaft-alley brought to light no "hop." The ship apparently was as "clean" as a church.

Finally Holmes sought the ship's carpenter. To that individual he imparted orders to bring forth with speed the coffin of the only Celestial who had died enroute. Holmes figured that as the chink was embalmed the "viewing of the remains" would not be a very gruesome job, and moreover this happened at a date when the threatened Yellow Peril made the event of looking at a dead chink not an altogether unpleasant occasion.

At any rate Holmes intended to try the trick once. The lid was unfastened and lifted and reposing there in all its solitary glory was 393 pounds of crude opium, and—no cadaver.

It is said that all will receive their reward in heaven. But Holmes got his very shortly after the seizure papers were made out and the usual red tape unwound.

The Boston Band plays during the noon hour at the Fillmore street entrance, where the inspectors congregate during said time.

The band was playing high classic music with short, lively, catchy encores.

Alex Davidson turned to the inspectors and remarked: "The little chunes they play bechune the big chunes is the best."

A WINGED VICTORY

By Mary Viola Lawrence

Oh, a world for the pen that could reel off a sonnet

On Uncle Sam's tussel with Mrs. Sam's bonnet.
From over the ocean in all kinds of weathers
Milady comes home gay decked in her feathers.
In Paradise, osprey and agrets, galore,
She plans to extinguish her rivals ashore.
Then Fate blocks her path with a firm Customs dame,

Who says: " 'Tis the LAW—you MUST strip off the game."

"Oh, please! Is there no way this grim law to stretch?"

She pleads. Then cries fiercely: "You miserable wretch!"

Quick her wrath turns to coos, for there at the rail,

In his uniform spick stands the less deadly male.
"Oh, kind, handsome Sir, in pursuit of your duty
You'd not see a lady left shorn of her beauty?"
"What? You just as firm! Ah, you hard-hearted villain!"

For the time, to do murder, the madam is willin'.
Then she chokes up and says, as tears dim her eyes,

"Ah, well, I did love them, they cost me a prize!
"But I've been 'round the world and back to God's Land,

So if Uncle Sam wants them—well, here is my hand.

"Tho' I've Paradise lost from my hat—Customs Men—

I've Paradise gained—for I'm back home again."

SERVICE FRIENDSHIPS.

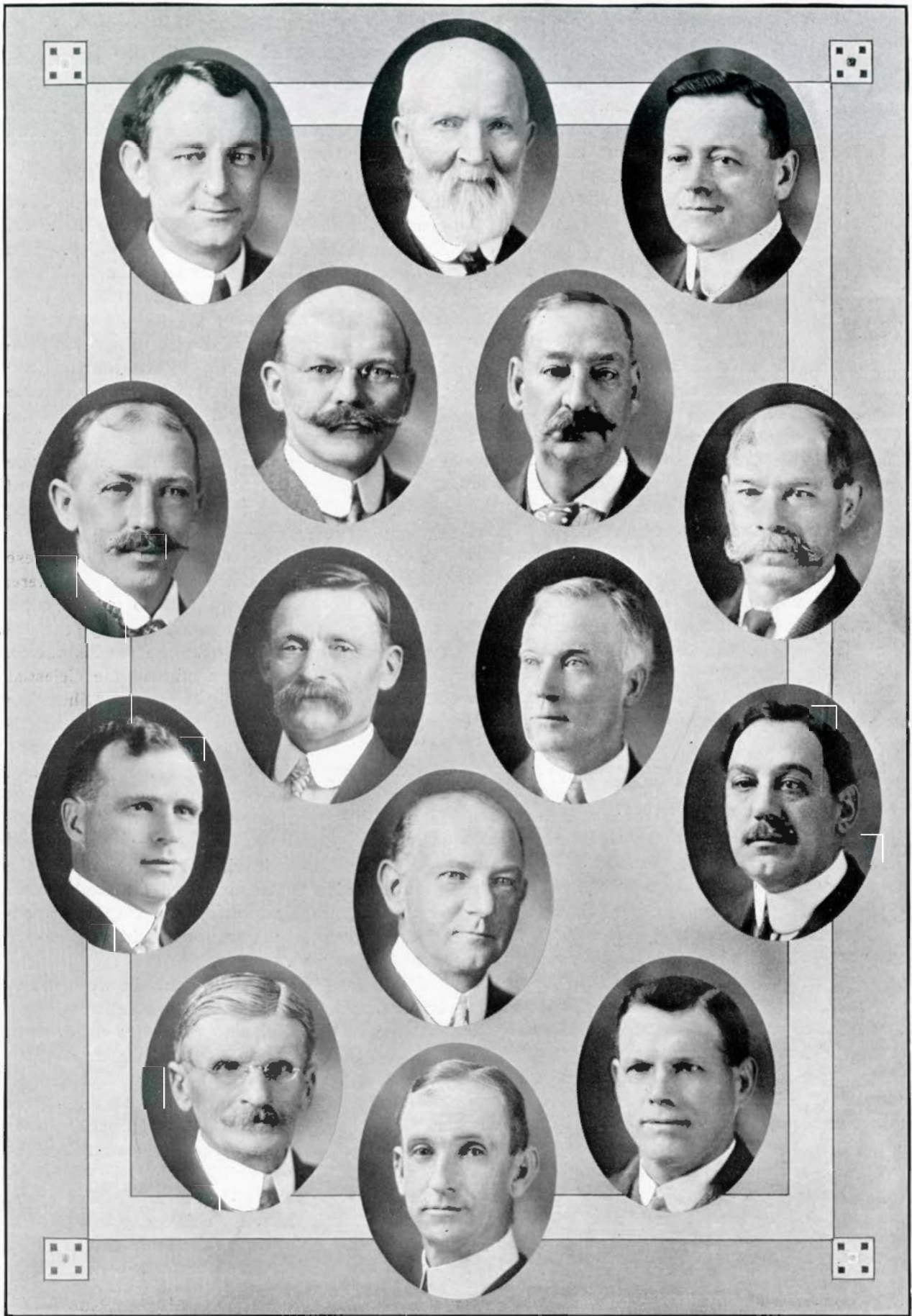
U. S. Customs.

By E. B. Morris.

There's many an ode and many a song to honor, fame, beauty and art, as each artist endeavors by word-magic, trite, to fashion the "one" leading part. No shimmering mirage beckons afar, nor does Fame with his goad seek to try us as we sit on the stools which our good Uncle Sam, so benignly consents to supply us. Even tho "chained" to our duties, "severe," our paths ever upward do trend. Tho we mostly lose out in corralling the kale, we know the meaning of "friend." Then, to Friendship, and memories that last and return, of Life's bright spots to remind us. May all the sorrows and shadows of each remain with the days left behind us.

Afterthought.

Lives there a man with dome so bone,
Who never to himself did crone,
"This is MY job, my own, my own?"



PHILLIP SULLIVAN
 W. G. T. KIRSCHBAUM
 H. H. CHAPMAN
 L. MUTHRASMUSSEN

A. J. SMITH
 L. SPILLANE

M. FITZGERALD
 F. S. WIGGIN
 C. J. GAVIN
 JAMES RYE
 R. C. ALLEN

P. E. SCOTT
 FRANK SOUSA
 MILO ELLICH
 C. W. SPENCER

HIDE AND SEEK

By D. S. McKenna.

In the old days the men on the Searchers Force had to deal with a situation that while always interesting was often serious, for the men who attempted to smuggle opium into this port were a bad lot and the heads and their gang would stop short of nothing to make a success of an opium deal and thus realize a big profit. The duty on the drug was very high and if the hop could be landed without the payment of revenue to Uncle Sam it could be sold at the regular prices and the amount of the duties was clear profit.

In most cases Chinamen on the ships from China were in the opium rings and these men familiar with every nook and cranny on their vessels used their nimble brains to full capacity to outwit the men at this port who searched the ships for the opium. At times the Searchers received a reward based on the value of the opium for their success in finding the contraband and thus a regular game between the Searchers of the Customs and the smugglers was continually played and neither asked nor expected that fair rules should govern the game and both sides prepared for the business accordingly.

During the time when the Hon. B. W. Gaskill was deputy surveyor, the Searchers were John Greenan, Bob. McGinnis, Dan McKenna, Fred Ulp, Dan Ahern, Tom Crittenden and Charlie Mann. They were a live bunch and lifted many a big prize to the sorrow of the men who invested their spare money in the illicit game.

These Searchers once in a combing of the old "Gaelic" found 460 tins of opium secreted away down in the bilge and as the "Belgic," a sister ship, was due in port in few days, action was taken to prevent information by signaling to reach the incoming steamer.

Deputy Surveyor Gaskill arranged with the commander of the revenue cutter "Corwin" to take the Searchers outside the heads and there board the "Belgic" before any one on shore could inform those aboard that the opium aboard the "Gaelic" had been found and thus give the men on the "Belgic" a chance to shift the hiding place of their drug.

At the appointed time the Searchers with their old dungarees rolled into little bundles were taken by the "Corwin" out through the "Gate" where it was found to be so foggy that it was impossible to see anything a cable's length

away. In order that the "Belgic" might not slip by them the "Corwin" came back inside the entrance and anchored near Ft. Point, where it was somewhat sheltered from the high wind which was then blowing.

A watch was set and about 2 o'clock in the morning the awaited vessel came through the channel and anchored in the stream to await the quarantine officials at break of day. The commander of the revenue cutter took the Searchers in the lifeboat and transferred them quietly aboard the "Belgic."

Once aboard, three of the Searchers were detailed to watch certain stations and four of them removed all their clothing which had become drenched in the deluge of rain on the trip from the cutter, and donned the dungarees. The boarding and the changing of clothes had been done so quickly and quietly that no one aboard except the officer on the bridge and the man at the gangway, knew of their presence.

As we entered the engine room the Chinese assistant soon saw what our intentions were, and turned on his drain valves so that to enter the bilge of the ship we would have to pass under the dripping scalding water from his valves. I turned the drain valves off and the Celestial at once began a great pow wow. "Shut 'em valves, pretty soon everybody blow up," he chattered. Being somewhat of an engineer and mechanic myself I inspected the gauges and valves and learned that no harm would result in the closing, so I again closed the valves and told Bob McGinnis that Ulp and I would take the port side, leaving the same task of the starboard side to Greenan and Crittenden, and impressed upon him not to allow the Chinese engineer to open his valves, for should he do so we would be scalded.

Down into the ship we went till we came to the narrowing of her bottom. Here it was dark and the water in places was up to our waists. Leaving Crittenden and Ulp to watch on their respective sides, Greenan and I pushed on. In the dry places rats scurried about and great roaches climbed away at the approach of our small lights winking through the murk. The great grandfather of all the smells in the world rose to our nostrils. It was not a nice place.

Just at that time the chink engineer took a big chance and turned on his drain valves again. The blistering liquid started to drip through on our scantily clothed bodies when McGinnis heaved a regulation 45 Colt's to the Chinaman's ear and ordered the drains closed. "Everybody blow up," shouted the engineer frantic at the

thought that his gains, for years, probably, were oozing away. "I don't know about everybody," shouted Bob, poking his gun closer to his victim's ear, "but one chink will blow up pretty quick if that drain valve is not closed instantly." The feel of the cold steel and the determined man behind the gun had the effect. The water stopped and we went ahead.

What with the water and smell and the cramped position in which I had to make my way, I was nearly ready to quit but still managed to shove along. A little farther along I was rewarded when I stumbled over several bundles wrapped in canvas and painted as are the bundles which contain the bread for the life boats. Seizing a bundle I made my way back to Ulp and fell down exhausted on the coal in the bunkers. The others then went in where I had made the find and brought out the remaining bundles which proved to contain in all four hundred five-tael tins of opium.

The locating of this big bunch of hop revived our spirits and the night of discomforts and drenching was forgotten. Though a further search revealed no more opium we were elated at having, not only made such a good find, but that we had made it impossible for our wily opponents to inform their partners in time to change the location of the tins. In other words we had all the satisfaction of having "won the game," even at the risk of our lives. Later we were further rewarded when each, as I remember it, received about fifty dollars.

CATCHING A MILLION

By Alfred Ulp.

During the early 70's and soon after the Central Pacific Railroad Co. had moved its headquarters from Sacramento to San Francisco, the public was startled one day by the announcement that the secretary of one of their most important departments was missing with securities valued at more than one million dollars and was thought to be in flight for foreign climes.

All lines of transportation were held up by headquarters and not a wheel turned, and orders were sent out that every effort should be made to intercept the levanting official.

It so happened that the train I was on out of Sacramento, regularly ran as far as Redding, but at Wheatland I was instructed to closely scrutinize every passenger on the train, as it was thought the secretary might be on his way north to Canada, a favorite goal for defaulting cashiers,

etc., those days, as no extradition could be made.

A search of the train found my man and he was safely returned to the fields of his erstwhile labors with all funds intact. It may well be imagined with what satisfaction to both myself and the railroad company this find was made. Although I have worn the uniform of the Customs Service for over thirty-six years I have never made a capture that beat the above, nor had another case with such an equal amount involved.

Laying Up Treasure Above.

Searching a steamer nowadays is a picnic compared to the manner in which the searchers of the early 80's had to perform their duties. The lifting of the heavy canvas sails was a big job and required the muscle of youth.

On a secret tip that there was contraband opium aboard the Searchers were directed to rake with a fine comb, as it were, every place fore and aft, on the "City of Tokio." We went to the task day after day with varying success. It was indeed some labor. We shifted all the coal in the bunkers of that ship. We even raised the timbers along the keelson, for often before we had there found tins of the seductive drug. This vessel could spread as much canvas in those days as any square rigger afloat and you can easily see what a time we had in raising all the sails to the upper deck where we could thoroughly examine them. In the folds of the sails the drug, silks and jewelry were often brought to light. The crew having secreted them there where they might smuggle them ashore when opportunity presented.

While we had found some opium aboard and although we had looked every place likely and unlikely we had not turned up the great amount expected. The force was puzzled as where next to investigate. During the discussion, one of the boys dared the writer to go aloft to the mainmast and although, to a landlubber, the feat was almost as startling as one of Art Smith's aerial performances, up I went and gained the very topmast where I noticed a movable iron cap.

Turning the cap to one side I found that the mast was hollow and there inside was the treasure the Chinese sailors thought secure from molestation by inquisitive Customs Searchers, or moths. It was a sure bet that their faith in the scriptural advice of "laying up treasures above" received a hard jolt, or that they decided that a ship's rigging was a wrong interpretation as to location.



OUR NEW WATERFRONT

By Leo V. Merle, Jr.

(Secretary, Board State Harbor Commissioners)

In these days of progress the erection of public improvements are taken much as a matter of course and but little thought is given, as a usual thing, to the increased advantages derived therefrom. In the annals of time our port is a young one, and there are still those living in our city and state who well remember the time "when the waterfront came up to Montgomery street," and all shipping facilities were of the crudest.

It is universally acknowledged that the harbor of San Francisco is in its natural aspects one of the very finest in the world, being well landlocked and the waters being very deep. The present front line in active use is four miles in length and there is now over 15,000 feet of completed seawall.

The improvement of the port is under the jurisdiction of the State and is under the immediate management of a Board of State Harbor Commissioners with the following personnel:

J. J. Dwyer, President; T. S. Williams and

John H. McCallum, Commissioners; Leo V. Merle, Jr., Secretary; James Byrne, Jr., Assistant Secretary; Jerome Newman, Assistant State Engineer, and Daniel A. Ryan, Attorney. This Commission is appointed by the Governor of the State and holds office during his pleasure, but the rest of the employees necessary to the carrying forward the great work are under the civil service laws of the State.

Under the law, the harbor is self-supporting. All the cost of construction and maintenance of seawalls, wharves and buildings, as well as all operating expenses are paid out of the harbor receipts. These are derived from charges imposed upon shipping and cargoes, in the forms of rents, tolls, dockage and wharfage for the use of wharves; switching charges on the belt railroad; also owned and operated by the State; from rental privileges of the seawall lots and of the ferry and other buildings and for the use of ferry slips and other lesser sources. San Francisco harbor thus pays her own way.

Most interesting of all, practically all of the many improvements enjoyed at present have been placed since 1911, when the present Board took up the work.





All of the new work is on modern plans and of a nature to last and so built that they may be enlarged from time to time as the needs demand. Of the greater improvements are the new piers, which are all large and equipped for the speedy and economical handling of freight and bulk cargo.

To the right of the ferry building, looking towards that edifice from Market street, are the piers with even numbers while the odd-numbered ones are to the left. In addition to increasing the length of the ferry building on the south end for baggage housing, there has been built new buildings for the ferry station postoffice and for Wells Fargo Express.

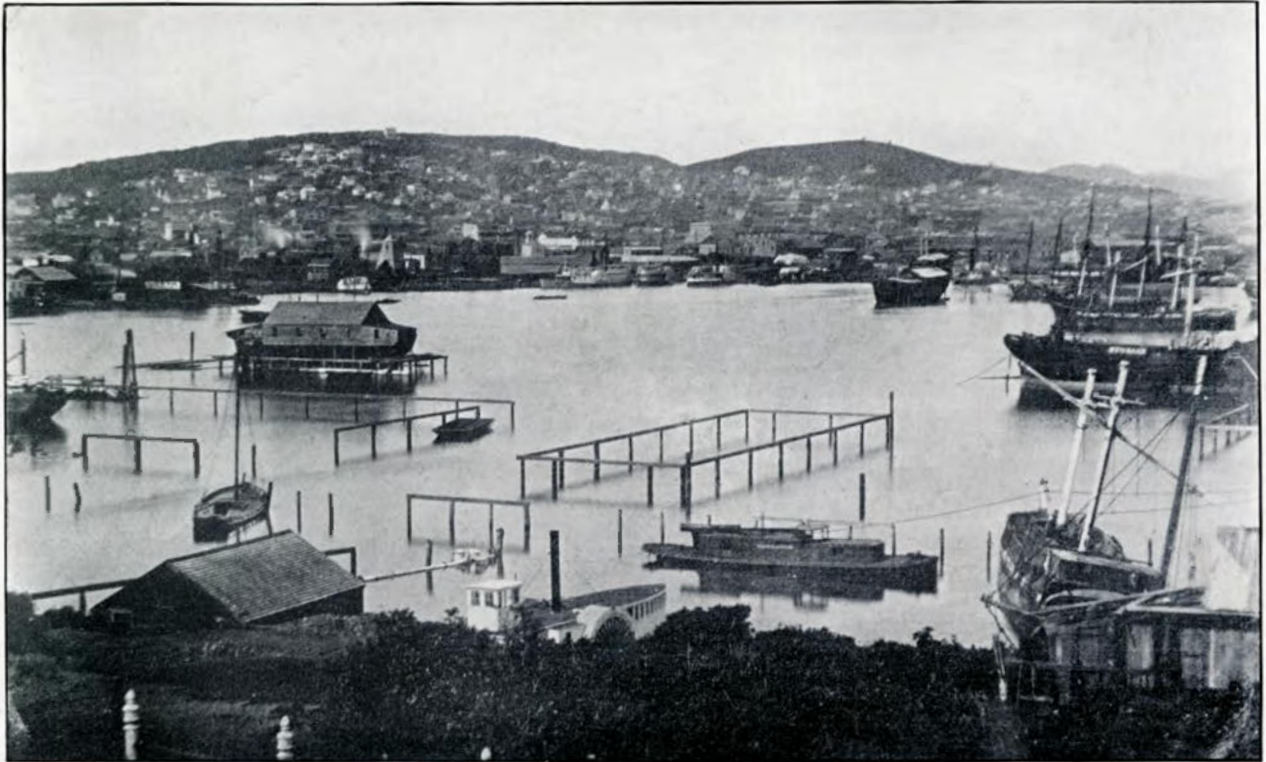
All the new piers to the south of the ferry slips are of modified Mission design fronts while to the north they are being designed on the lines of the Chelsea piers at New York. To the south the new piers are numbers 16 and 18 and number 20; formerly pier 12, the old government transport dock from which the soldiers went to the war in the Philippines and China. It has also been lengthened and given a new front. Pier 24 is the newest and by its side number 22 is in the course of construction. Piers 26 and 28 are like the others, all modern and built on con-

crete cylinders, and piers 30 and 32 are joint ones and have full equipment and largest docking space on the front. At the extreme end and just beyond the Mail dock is 46, also commodious and up-to-date.

While not so much work in pier building has been done north of the ferry building as there has to the southward, the improvements have been great, piers numbered 15, 35, 37, 39 and 41 have been constructed and the belt railroad has been lengthened by the construction of a tunnel under the Fort Mason hill, through which connection is made with the U. S. Army docks and to the grounds of the P. P. I. E.

In addition to constructing of new work, needed alterations and extensive additions have been made to many of the old piers. On the whole our waterfront with its fine walks and lighted with underground system, is indeed one of the most interesting parts of our city, and along this circle may be found each day crowds of visitors and residents, as well, who come down to see the great ships that bring to our shores the passengers and great cargoes from foreign climes, and who marvel that so much is being done, and done so well, not only for those of us who have the privilege of using it now, but for posterity.





SAN FRANCISCO'S

THE BROKER.

This customs functionary is a walking dictionary, sometimes abridged, occasionally unabridged, sometimes bound in morocco, sometimes in calf: is sometimes musty and dog-eared and a little the worse for wear, but is always consulted, in an emergency, with the avidity of the scholar for his Greek lexicon, by the puzzled customs clerk. Superior knowledge and attainments are everywhere recognized, and the San Francisco editions of this volume are among the best, if the slap-dash Eastern pamphlets are any criterion.

One thing is true, however, of the books called Brokers, all over the country, even when they are in pamphlet form,—they are always bound in padded boards. There's a reason. They act as buffers against the hard raps delivered by our Uncle Samuel upon the heads of the Importers to say nothing of their partners, the Consumers. When the Importer goes into battle for the right and draws the sword against the machinations and usurpations of Our Uncle, the Broker Book is the former's bright shield and breast-plate. It is this constant and spontaneous sympathy for the downtrodden and oppressed that has given the Broker Book a reputation for spiritual insight and comfort second only to another ancient Tome of Tomes and a popularity among all classes that makes the dollar of our daddies envious. Here's to a long and large circulation for the Broker Books. And when they are frazzled, torn and frayed, and put away on the shelf may the worms be easy on them.

P.

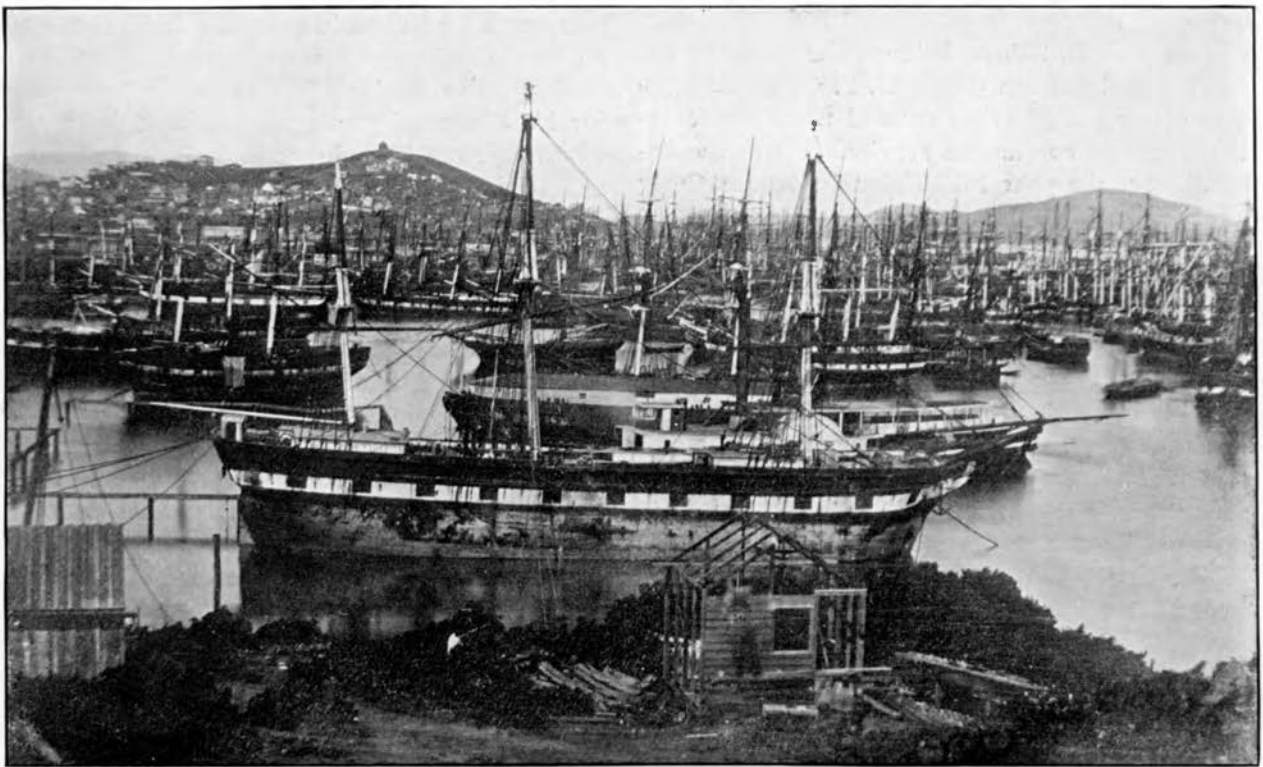
The Inspectors on regular duty in charge of the various buildings at the Exposition had the advantage of seeing at one time or another, nearly everything worth while and some that was not. Naturally they assumed a rather cocky air toward the poor "rubes"; Customs men on regular duty at the front; when a holiday gave them a chance to look over the big show.

One day District Officer "Dick" Kellogg closed his shop at pier 34 and took a hike through the big Machinery Building under the guidance of the Inspector in charge of that edifice. Kellogg was shown all the special sights of the place and finally was asked by his kind (?) usher if he would not like a souvenir ring as a remembrance of his visit.

That genial D. O. affably replied in the affirmative and was led through intricate ways to a certain booth where his guide explained matters to the man in charge. "Dick's" finger was solemnly measured. "He might just as well get two rings as one, while we are about it," said the man. "No more trouble than one." Kellogg, profuse in his thanks, waited while his measure was taken inside the booth and interestedly watched the man as he pressed an electric button on the wall.

Bang! Bang! Rang out a big electric gong in the ceiling of the booth. "There are your two rings, sir, and I hope you like them," said the man as he dropped the metal door of his booth.

District Officer Kellogg turned with the full intent to do murder. But his guide had flown.



WATERFRONT IN 1850

Not only must an examiner of merchandise have an extensive knowledge every kind of merchandise and its value, a judicial mind and all the qualities of a diplomat, but he must also see to it that all his writings, even memos, are couched in the purest English. Witness:

Package mail is arriving in great bunches at the local postoffice. Men are busily engaged untying parcels and passing contents before the eagle eye of U. S. Customs Examiner George Reynolds. One parcel contains shirtwaist which has evidently been through the laundry many times and shows it. George writes on tag, "One old lady's shirtwaist, 50c." Bundle is rewrapped and forwarded to owner. Several days later George receives the following: "I would thank your Government smart-Alicks if you would tend to your own business and not make funny remarks about the ages of your betters." **THIS IS THE LIFE!**

Said a ponderous dame named Marie,
 "What is customs duty for me?"
 The facetious examiner
 Then got his for slamming her
 When he said with a smile "Beef is free."

Why does an assistant weigher have an ephemeral existence?

Because he has but for a day (four a day) to live.

A Customs Inspector named Head
 Found dope 'neath the Chinaman's bed,
 Did he can the vile hop?
 Of a truth he did not;
 But he did hop the can, it is said.

What is the difference between Inspector Enlow and a flea?

One dogs about till he finds some hop, and the other hops about till he finds some dog.

There once was a heathen Chinee,
 Who went on the "zone" for a spree;
 He said, "the hop at this Fair
 May to some, be quite rare,
 As for me, I am filled with ennui."

Why are the legs of a certain three hundred pound employe of the Appraiser's Office like true friends of W. R. Hearst?

Because they are stout supporters of the Examiner.

A stranger wandered into P. P. I. E. Bonded Warehouse No. 1, saying he was from the interior. He never saw the ocean before and wanted an empty bottle to carry back home to the folks, as a souvenir, some salt water to show 'em what the ocean looked like.

VETERANS OF THE SERVICE

To Frank B. Sharpe belongs the honor of being the real veteran of the U. S. Customs Service at this port, having entered upon his forty-third year of continuous service. Up to the beginning of the year 1915 Colonel Thomas Craig and Uncle John Sampson (both deceased) did yeoman service for nearly fifty years. Colonel Chas. H. Blinn is just five years behind Sharpe, having been appointed in 1878, and Alfred Ulp has been on duty on the city front as an inspector for thirty-six years. Sharpe was appointed by Collector Thomas B. Shannon and served as an inspector, collector's clerk in the collection of duties on the wharf, as deputy surveyor for four years, clerk in the Auditor's Office and is now performing clerical work at the entry desk in Division No. 1. Blinn has also held various important offices, having written more permits for the delivery of foreign cargo than probably any other man, having performed that duty for twenty-five years at a stretch. He was Special Deputy Surveyor under Surveyor Woodward for several years and is now an attache of the Collector's Office.

Thomas W. Scott is another old veteran. He is now doing duty as the Warehouse Bond Clerk and was appointed to the Customs Service in 1866, but did several years duty as cashier in the Post Office in the interim and finally landed back in the Custom House.

Mason C. Southard has held down the job of inspector alongside of Ulp since 1880.

William I. Kip, son of Bishop Kip of early San Francisco history, has been occupied as a clerk for twenty-five years.

Among the rest of the old-timers who have been working continuously for Uncle Sam in the Customs Service for twenty-five years and over are: Wm. J. Shepman, E. M. Dean, Wm. P. Johnson, F. P. Flesh, Wm. A. Sprague, J. J. McGovern, Wm. E. Hamburg, John J. Kelly, Frank Fuller, James Hall, E. H. Hills, E. A. Holmes, D. J. O'Leary, James McGuire, G. M. Dorsey, D. S. McKenna, Chas. T. Cook, T. A. Eagar, Jno. Frace, Lee Hibbard, Peter Kelly, Louis Davis, Ed. Durkin, John Greenan, E. F. Murphy, Chas. L. Brown, H. E. Farmer, E. P. Matteson, N. S. Farley, L. B. Anderson, Chas. L. Marple, W. A. Limbaugh, C. S. Fitzsimmons, M. A. McAuliffe, Sam Growney, D. J. Ahern, R. T. McGinnes, L. A. Kent and Mrs. M. V. Lawrence.

In speaking of the many changes in the Service, both in the personnel and methods, Frank B. Sharpe, the ranking employee at this port, as regards length of service, says:

"The Hon. Thomas B. Shannon was Collector

when I entered the Service in March, 1873. Shannon was a man not educated in schools, but with a great knowledge of men and possessing a wonderfully developed sixth sense. He was noted for his blunt epigrammatic remarks and he it was who originated the phrase, 'Platforms are made and spread with molasses to catch voters.' He was also a forceful man with plenty of self-confidence and often when apparently cornered with a regulation or decision that seemed to be against commercial interests, he would say, 'We will go ahead as best suits the Service and settle with the Department afterwards.'

"I was appointed an inspector and my first detail was on the Bark 'Casmar' from Liverpool, at the Folsom street wharf. I was appointed Deputy Surveyor No. 2, April 18, 1873.

"At that time there were two deputy surveyors. No. 1 being in charge of the inside work, while No. 2 supervised the outdoor operations. The inspectors were then headed by a captain and a lieutenant and the force consisted of patrolmen, district officers, searchers, discharging officers, night officers and bargemen. Instead of going out to incoming vessels in a steam launch all craft were boarded by means of the bargeboat, manned by a crew of four oarsmen and a captain. This port was then noted for the skillful manner in which the bay runners handled their whitehall boats and the Customs Crew was generally the pick of the lot.

"We also, in the old days, had plenty to keep us busy in keeping track of those who were endeavoring to get the best of our Uncle Sam's revenues. Among others, and probably the cunningest character of the lot, was one, 'French Joe.' He was continually making trouble, but was never caught. I remember at one time we had him corralled in his shack in the sand dunes, but when we closed in on the place the bird had flown, and was never again heard nor seen. Others of the 'regular gang' were Ferdinand and Ciprino with their crew which we captured and sent across the bay to San Quentin prison. Billie Boyd, a noted runner of contraband, was captured and committed suicide, while another notorious character in the same nefarious business named 'Gum Shoe' Whaley, when hard pressed suddenly and quietly left for parts unknown and as far as I know was never captured.

"In my time I have served under many Collectors and with many men of the service, and all in all have found ever the 'boys of the waterfront' to be a company with whom I have been proud to serve and whom I have always found willing under any and all circumstances at any time to do more than their share of the work of the moment, no matter how trying or how difficult."

THE MEN BEHIND

Down in the offices located on the piers of our waterfront are a group of men to whom the shipping community and customs officers is the alpha and omega of their days. These men, for the various steamship companies, receive, deliver and keep the accounts of the vast cargoes that yearly enter the United States through the port of San Francisco. So long have some of these men been on duty and so closely is their business connected with the customs work that they have become a real part of the service, and no account of the waterfront would be complete without mentioning a few of their number.

On account of its scope of business and the large number of its employees, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's men appear to head the list, and many have been the duties performed in conjunction with the customs by Captain Whitman, Chas. Heitmann, Wm. Veasy, Wm. Chisholm, W. E. Swears, W. E. Bunker, Wm. McLaughlin and Geo. Cary, while the smile of Larry Brannan at the gate was always on the job.

If by chance the detail took one over the creek to pier 54, or China basin, the genial personality of Joseph Hart was encountered and you received the compliments of the season from Capt. Don. Allen, of the Barneson-Hibbard Company.

Next door to the mail dock we always found Geo. Davidson, Wm. Conradi or Al Gaffaney, when there was work to do, while at pier 40 on the other side F. O. Schullerts bossed the game. At 38 is the headquarters of the Charles Nelson line, which does a great lumber business, with Mr. Houda looking after their interests.

As a result of the taking off of the trans-pacific steamers by the Mail Company, piers Nos. 34 and 36 of the Japanese line, the T. K. K. Co., are now the busiest place on the front. This beehive is presided over by the old "sea dog," Eddie Roberts, than whom there is no more popular and efficient shipping man on the front, and his assistants, Ed. Sealy, and Carl Ludvigsen, both, also have put in years on the "bounding billows."

Others who help make the "wheels go round" at the same piers are James Crichton, Superintendent for the Japanese Company; James Glidden, port steward; "Daddy" Hawes, traveling steward, and Wm. Dunn, who, in addition to a multitude of other duties, "hands out the mon" and accounts therefor. Last but not least each day at the gate is the genial Frank Larrigan, who makes sure that "to each, his own shall be given."

At the American-Hawaiian piers, Nos. 30 and 32, Geo. Thornton and Mr. Mills preside, while the business of the Matson Company, at Pier 28, is in the hands of Walter Tuft, Agent; Capt. Sounds, Capt. Russell and J. R. Harry.

Pier No. 26 houses three companies and should your duties be on a vessel consigned to W. R. Grace & Co., you will meet Julian Theald, Superintendent; T. C. Mathews, Freight Superintendent; Jas. Cribbens, and Emil Hirschberg.

At this pier also are the shipping offices of Swayne & Hoyt, and the Balfour Guthrie Co., agents for the Harrison direct line from Liverpool, and in charge of David J. Glennan for the latter and H. P. Fitzpatrick for the former.

Among others with whom the bonds of labor are shared, are Buell Fountain, E. R. Ridout, Geo. Ruple and Barry and Chase at the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's pier, Stevens and Gerran of the belt railway, and David Jones of the "Netherland Route" steamers. Also the "boys" have oftentimes had the pleasure of seeing the bales and boxes hustled out of the big liners under such supervisors as Alex. Woodside, Jerry Barnacle, Peter Whearty, Jas. (Foghorn) Gade, Jimmie Humphries, and Larry Spillone.

Those mentioned form but a corporal's guard of those who toil at all times and under all conditions when the interests of those whom they represent are at stake, and who ever have a friendly word for the passerby. Their work is both a college for shipping business and a post-graduate course, for in their ranks you will find men training for berths aboard the great freighters, and you will find also those who have had "their fling" with the sea, and are now content to do their duty ashore.

JUST A SMILE.

Have a smile with us today,
Forget the clouds of somber gray;
Just laugh and hum a little song
As thru the world you jog along.

Have a smile with us today,
The doubt and worry doesn't pay;
The fight of life's too short, you'll find,
To grumble at the daily grind.

So here's a toast to you my friend,
Who cares a jot about the end?
The sun shines on 'neath clouds of gray
So here's to a smile with us today!

Dave Glennan.

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BILLY BELLINGALL
The Ty Cobb of the Custom House



COL. CHARLES H. BLINN
A dignitary of the upper office

Lindquist

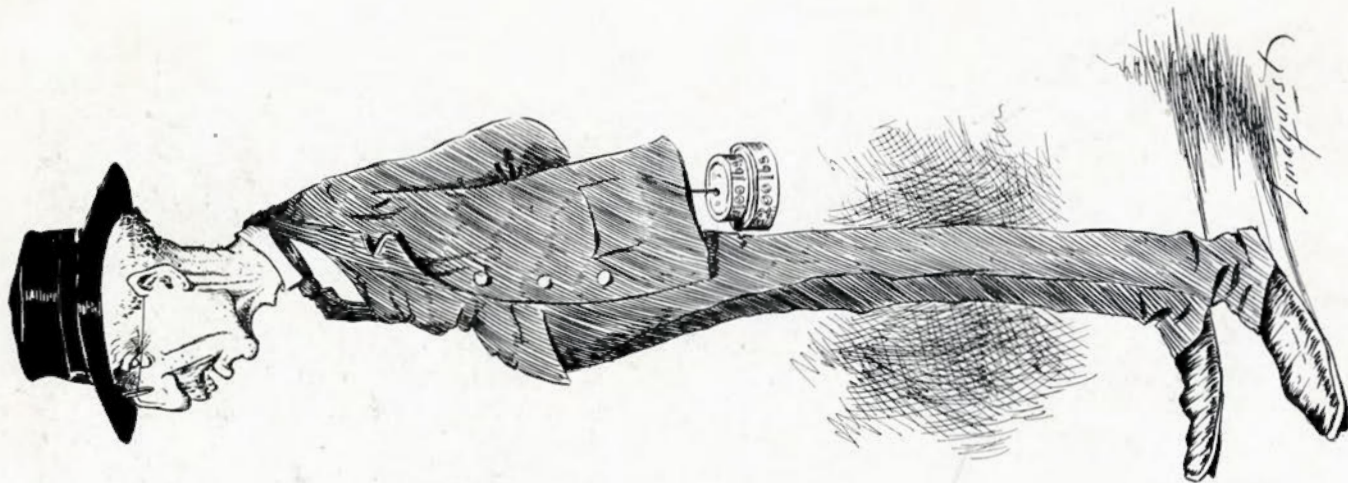


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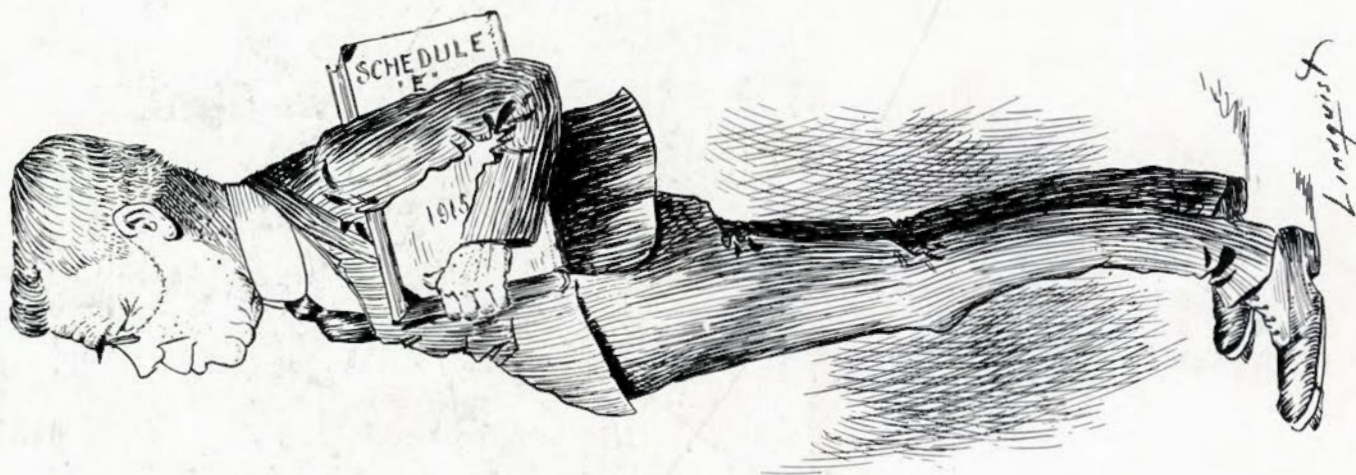


DAN O'LEARY
Customs Examiner
The spellbinder of the waterfront

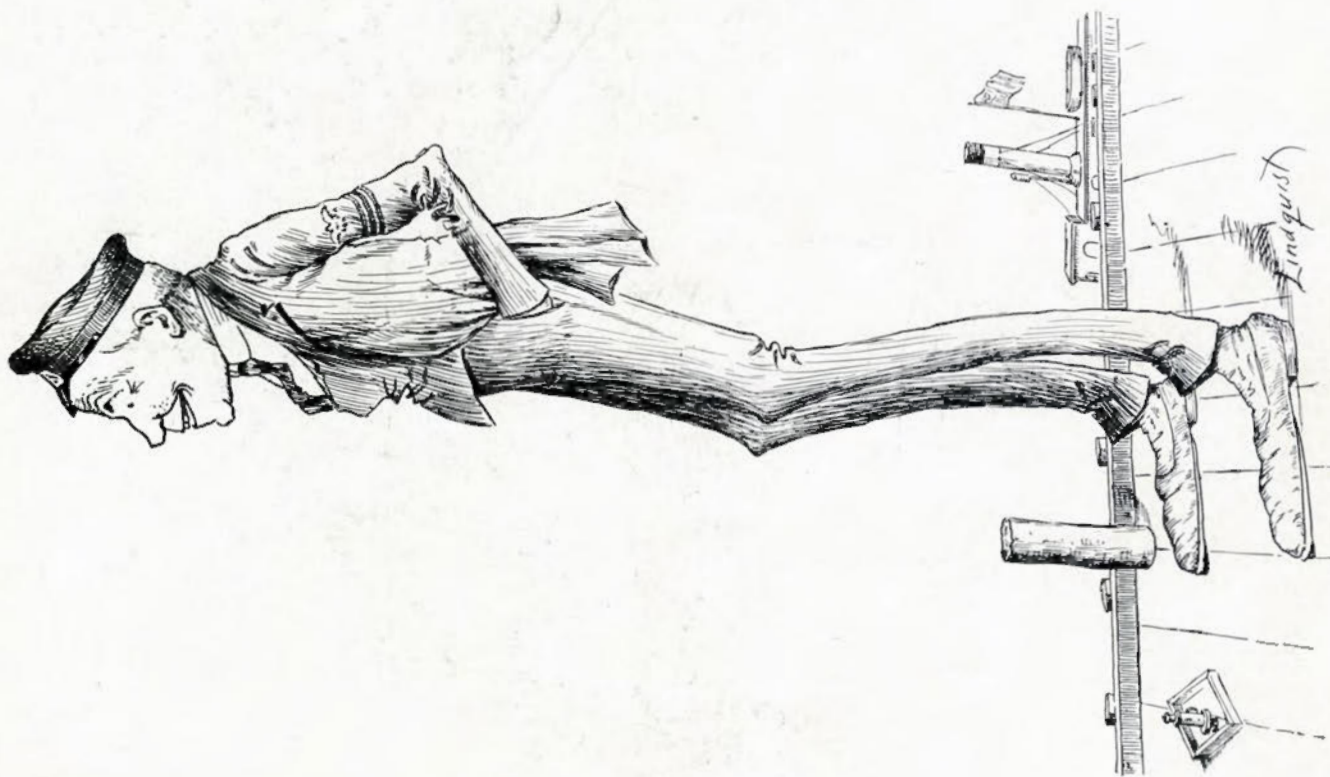
DEVINE



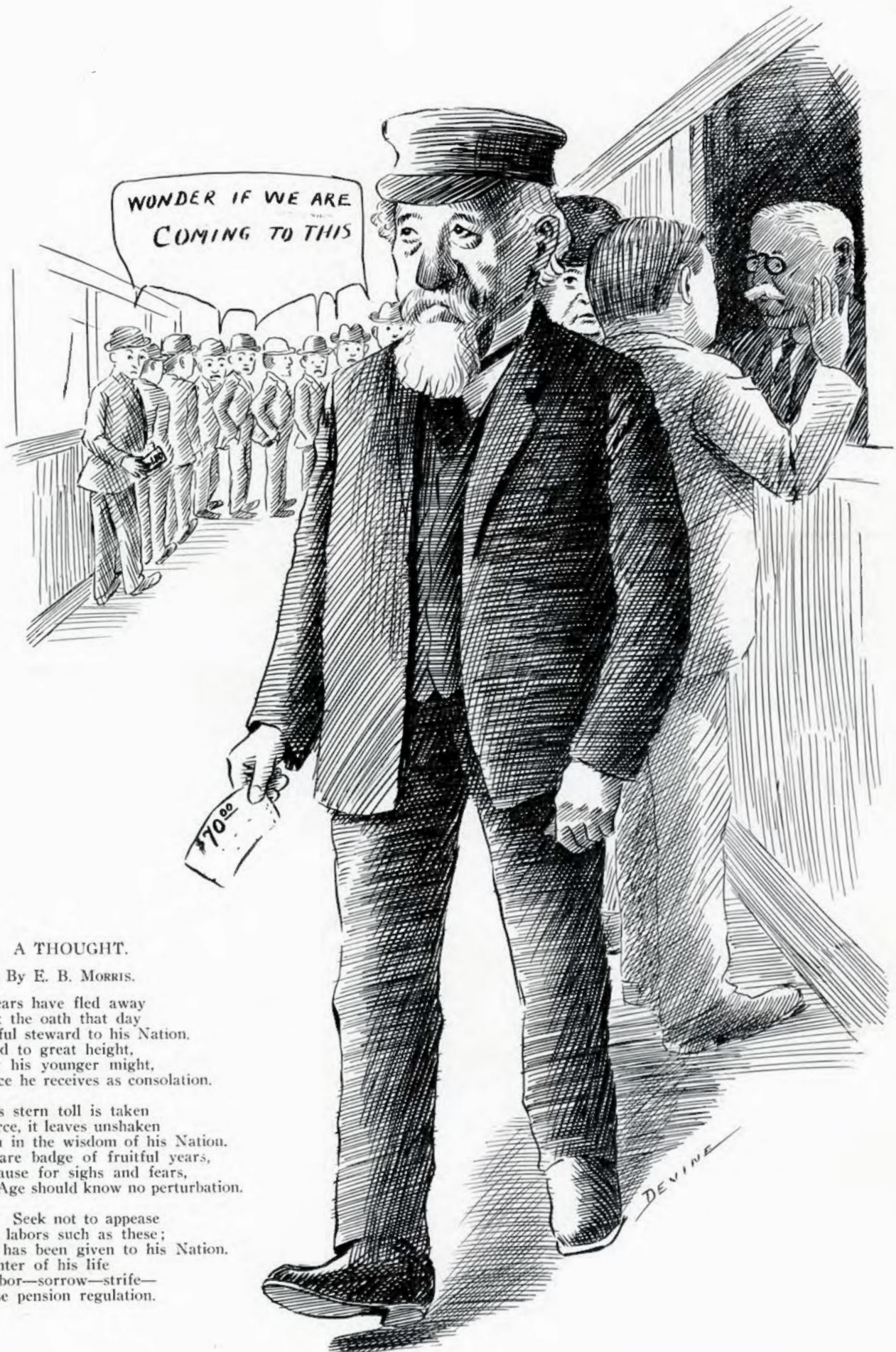
DENNIS FINNEGAN
Weigher of away back



GEORGE F. CLOUGH
The man who thrives on figures



CAPT. ADOLPH SCHULTZ
Of the quarantine boat Argonaut



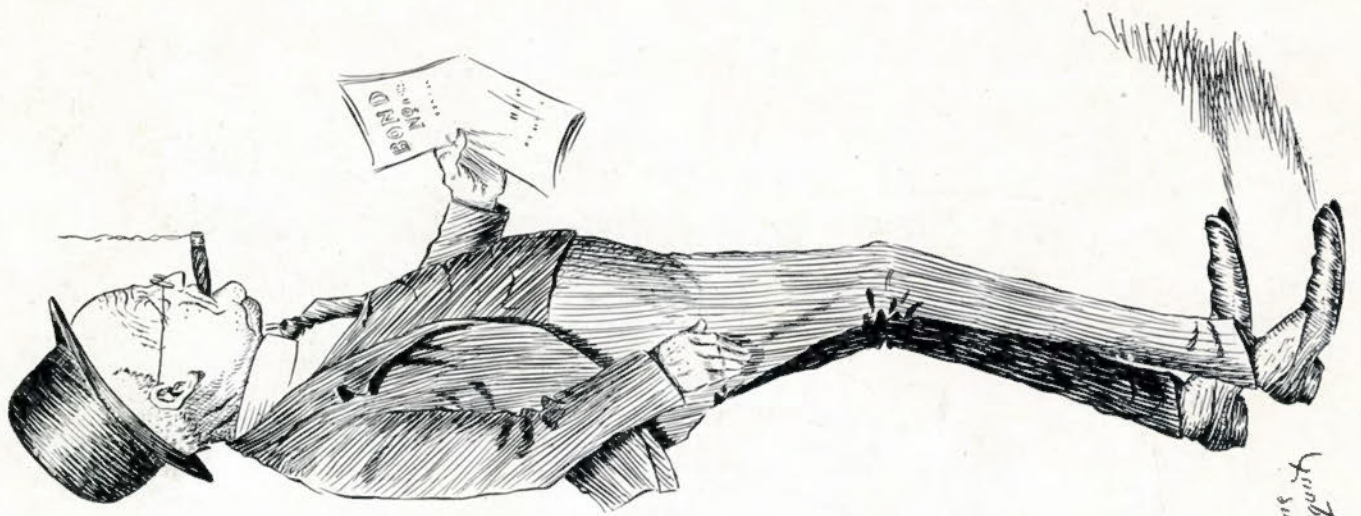
A THOUGHT.

By E. B. MORRIS.

Two score years have fled away
Since he took the oath that day
To be a faithful steward to his Nation,
He has gained to great height,
Purchased by his younger might,
Now a pittance he receives as consolation.

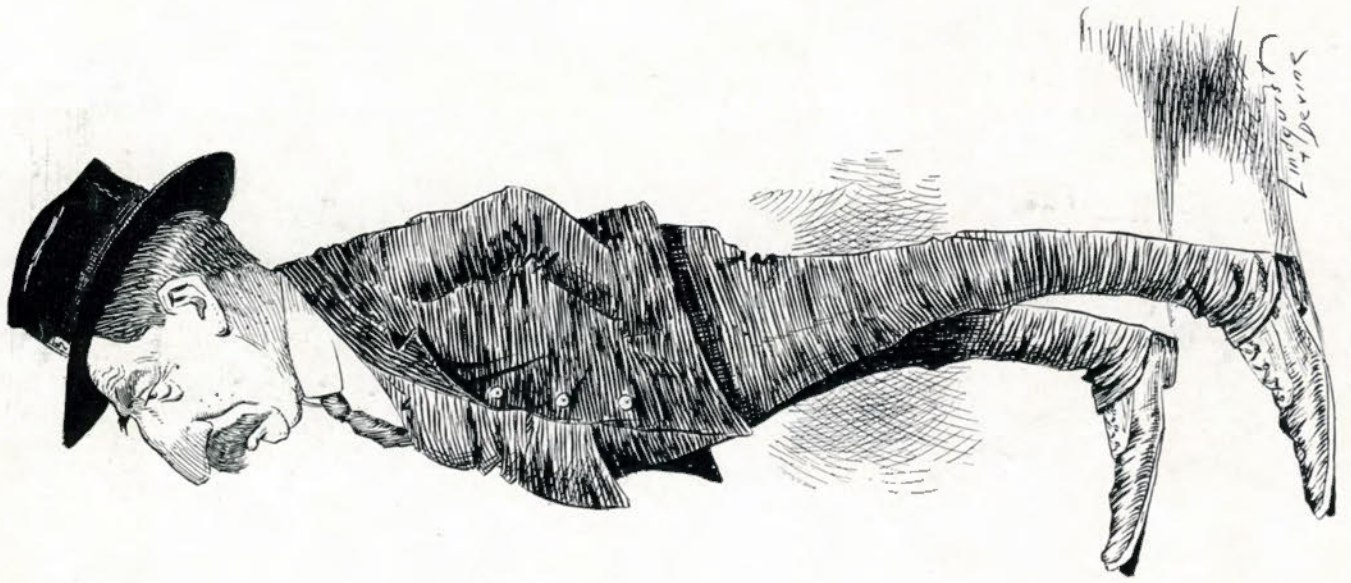
Though Life's stern toll is taken
From that force, it leaves unshaken
Still, his faith in the wisdom of his Nation,
White locks are badge of fruitful years,
And not a cause for sighs and fears,
For Faithful Age should know no perturbation.

My Country! Seek not to appease
With charity, labors such as these;
A man's life has been given to his Nation,
Make the winter of his life
Free from labor—sorrow—strife—
By an all-wise pension regulation.



James Lindquist

TOM SCOTT
The bond man



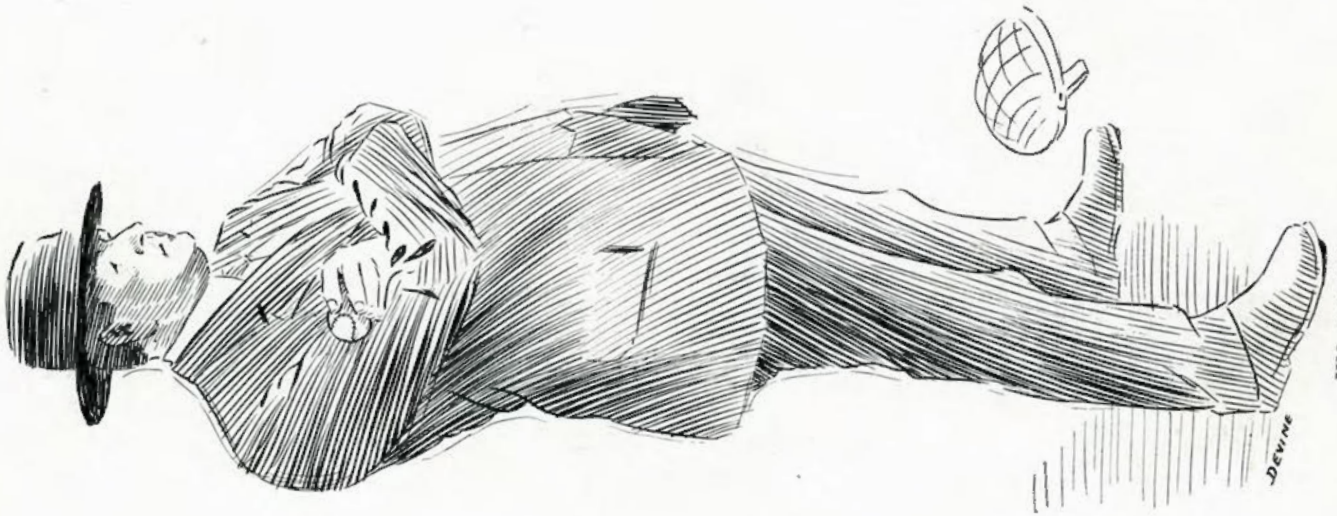
James Lindquist

JOHN GREENAN
An Inspector of olden times

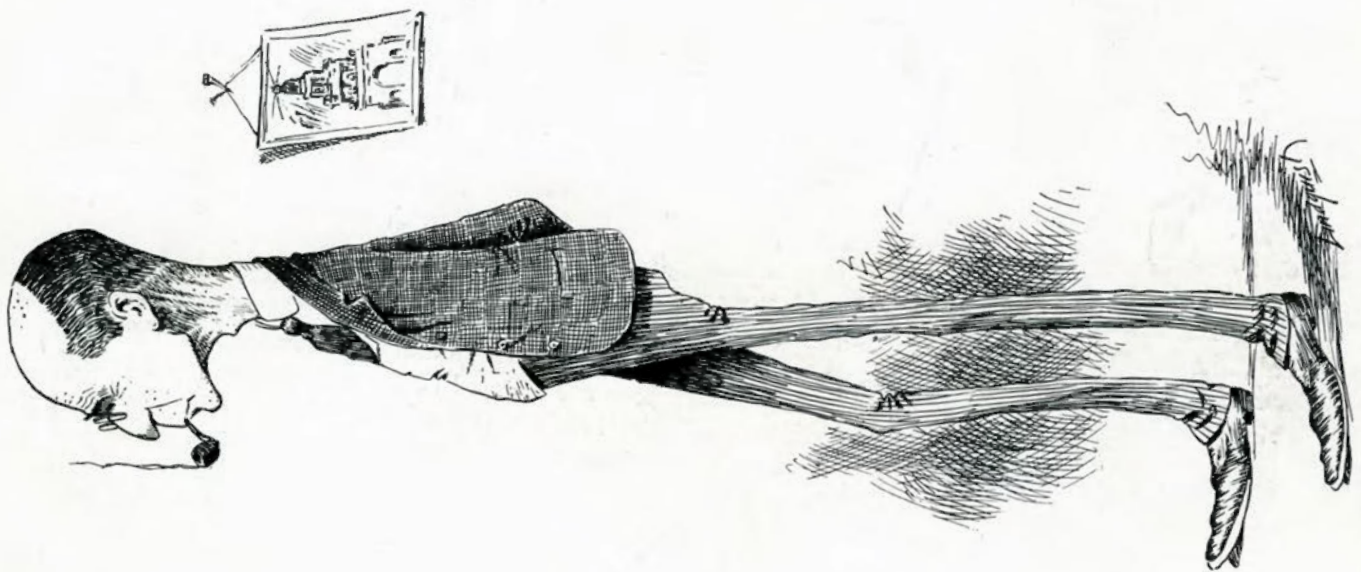


*Lindquist
and Devins*

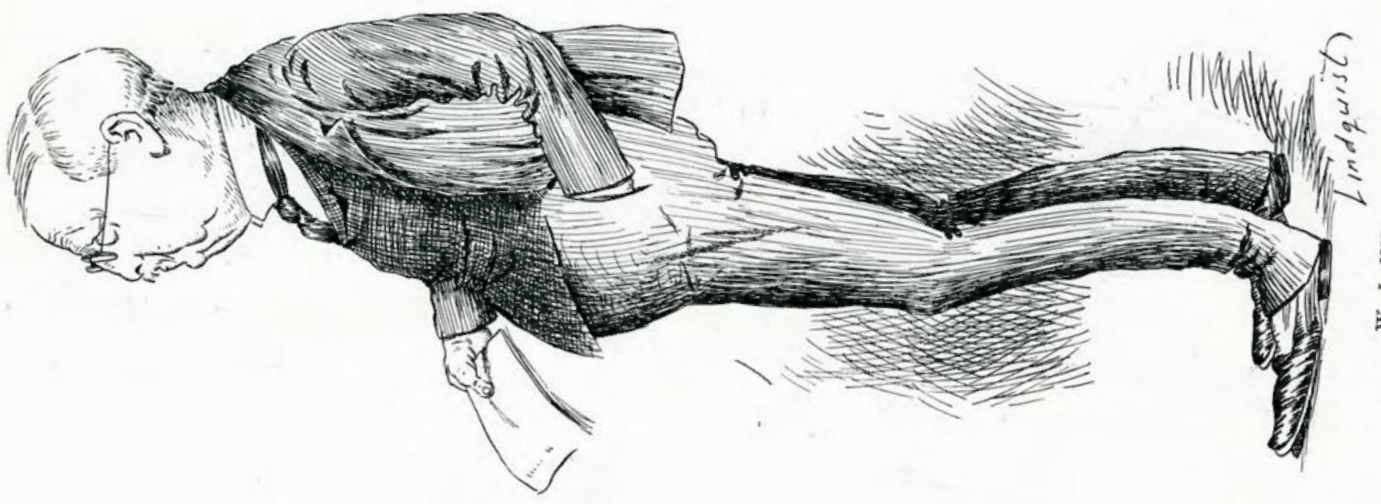
INSPECTOR DICK KELLOGG
Dignified and faithful



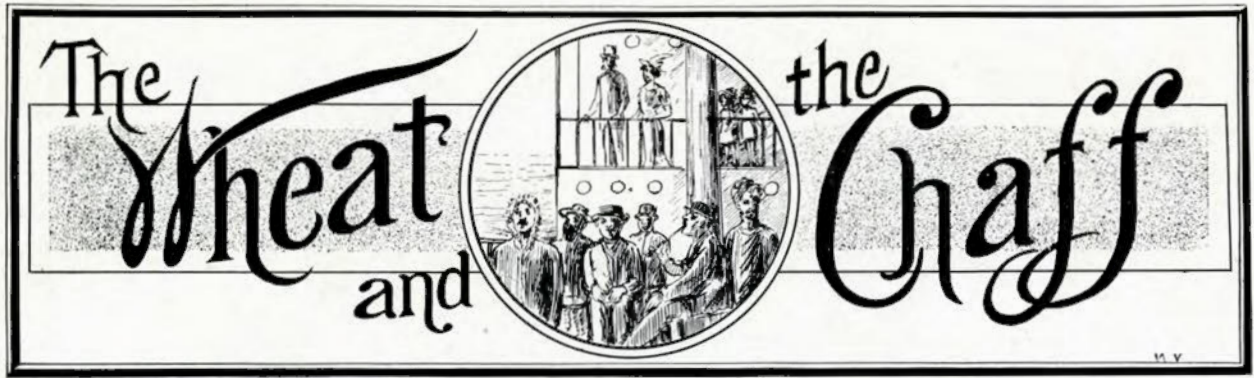
JIM NEALON
Baseball expert



MR. U. S. PARSONS
A long limb of the Auditor's Office



W. I. KIP
A veteran of the service



THE IMMIGRATION SERVICE

The business of sorting out our future citizens from the many thousands who present themselves at our various ports of entry is a task of huge proportions and one which requires labor of a most scientific and painstaking character.

The Immigration Service is under the Department of Labor, which is at this time the portfolio in charge of the Hon. W. A. Wilson. The service itself is headed by the Hon. A. E. Cammanetti, Immigration Commissioner, and the local office, with headquarters at Angel Island, is under the immediate supervision of Commissioner Ed. White and his assistant, W. T. Boyce. This immigration district is number 18 and comprises Northern California, Nevada and the Angel Island Immigration Station.

By the immigration service all passengers of incoming vessels are examined and a strict investigation is made of each one of foreign birth. He must show a good character and prove also to the satisfaction of the service that there is no likelihood of his becoming a public charge. Especial care is taken to prevent the entrance of women of foreign birth coming to this country for pursuit of immoral business.

Like the Customs Service, and of which it was a part till 1903, the workings of the Immigration Service are intricate and the scope of its operations great, and the results most vital to the welfare of our country.

At this port the handling of Chinese desirous of landing is perhaps the largest part of the work, and is a labor to which great care must be given in order that the government receive all the benefits of the restriction act, and also that the Chinese applicants for admission receive full justice.

Among other details of the immigration work is the checking upon arrival and departure of the Chinese sailors. Two officers at this port

—D. F. Graham and R. J. Smith—are in charge of this work and their records show that over ten thousand Chinese sailors enter and leave the port of San Francisco annually.

In the Custom House building on the first floor are situated the offices of the Immigration Service, where white witnesses for Chinese applicants for admission are examined, and where the routine duties relative to the collection of the head tax and the clearing of ships are transacted. At this port this part of the work is in charge of William Walsh, while Messrs. William Gassaway and Thomas Crawford are the boarding officers with station at the barge office.

In the pursuance of the regular work and in cases of investigation it is often found necessary to detain persons and arrangements for this purpose are effected at the station on Angel Island, the headquarters of the service at this port.

The spot chosen for this work is indeed a fine one. It is situated on Angel Island, which is well out in the bay past Alcatraz Island, and within sight of the famous Golden Gate. There one finds all the necessary buildings and offices and equipment requisite for the handling of this great branch of the government service.

At Angel Island are employed a total force of one hundred and forty persons, which includes the office force, guards and others who tend to the bulk of the work in connection with the detention of aliens.

Those in detention are fed by contract, but the government provides good quarters and has a restaurant for detentioners which will seat three hundred at a sitting. The sleeping rooms are commodious and comfortable and three matrons, two Americans and one Japanese, are in attendance and in charge of the welfare of the visitors. Although there are a force of thirty guards employed to prevent desertions, there is not a gun or police club on the island, and it has never been found necessary to have them.

Operations against the "White Slave" traffic are also handled from Angel Island, and this important branch of the work is in charge of Inspector Joseph Strand, who also has charge of the "illegal" entries.

Each year the service gathers all undesirable aliens and sends them to Ellis Island, New York Immigration Station, from which port deportation is made under the supervision of the Consuls of the various countries. Aliens who have become public charges or who have been committed to public institutions, such as insane asylums or prisons, are included in the class of aliens deported annually.

In close harmony with the Immigration Service works the Public Health Service, and formerly known as the Quarantine Service. This branch, in addition to the examination of all passengers as regards their health, give especial attention to foreigners seeking admission. Many has been the applicant who has passed all other required tests and to find his application for admittance rejected because the Health Service found him not up to the standard or possessing some disease. On this account many Hindoos have been rejected of late, it having been found they were infected with the germ of the hook-worm.

Next in importance to the handling of the Chinese is that of the Japanese, only in case of the latter there is no restriction law to bar his entrance. The only requisite for the admission of the Japanese in addition to being sound and healthy, is that he must also bear from Japan a passport showing him to be of good moral character and possessing those qualities requisite to a good citizen. The matter of the granting of the passports, however, is based on what has been called a "gentleman's" agreement between Japan and the, then, President of the United States, that care would be taken in issuing these passports upon the consideration that same would be honored by the United States.

In connection with the immigration of the Japanese, is the handling of what are popularly known as "picture brides." Every vessel from Japan brings a bevy of girls from Nippon on their way to meet their future husbands, to whom they have been married in their homeland by proxy, a photograph entering into the ritual.

Upon their arrival at this port the "brides" are taken to Angel Island and held in detention till the arrival of the groom, who in most cases has been for some years a resident of this country. The groom must present witnesses and

other proof that he is of good moral character and is able to support a wife, and is then permitted to take his lady love to again be married under the laws of California. He must also furnish the Immigration Service a copy of the certificate of such marriage.

The report of last year on the immigration work at the port of San Francisco records that there were 3,832 Chinese applying for complete admission during the year and that 3,552 were landed, while the total of Chinese departures amounted to 5,210. The total of outgoing passengers from this port for the year was 15,113, and the number incoming reached 16,009. Of the latter, 10,550 were aliens, 338 of whom were refused admission and returned to the foreign ports of embarkation.

Although the work of the Immigration Service has been a separate one from the Customs Service for more than ten years, they have been and are still one, as regards the officials of each, where their duties bring them closely together and with the old "Quarantine," now the Public Health Service, are still on the job giving a full measure of service to their country at the port by the Golden Gate.

UPWARD AND ONWARD

By Alexander Ross

United by a slender wedding band,
Now Occident and Orient are one.
In triumph progress smiles upon the land
That saw the feat of all the ages done,
Exultant in the work her hand hath wrought,
Defying all but God to baffle thought.

"Service!" she cries; the gates of commerce
swing,
The mightiest ships transfer from sea to sea.
A threshold to the oceans here doth bring
The ships of every land to you and me.
Effort and courage placed at greatest test,
Severed the wall that made an East and West.

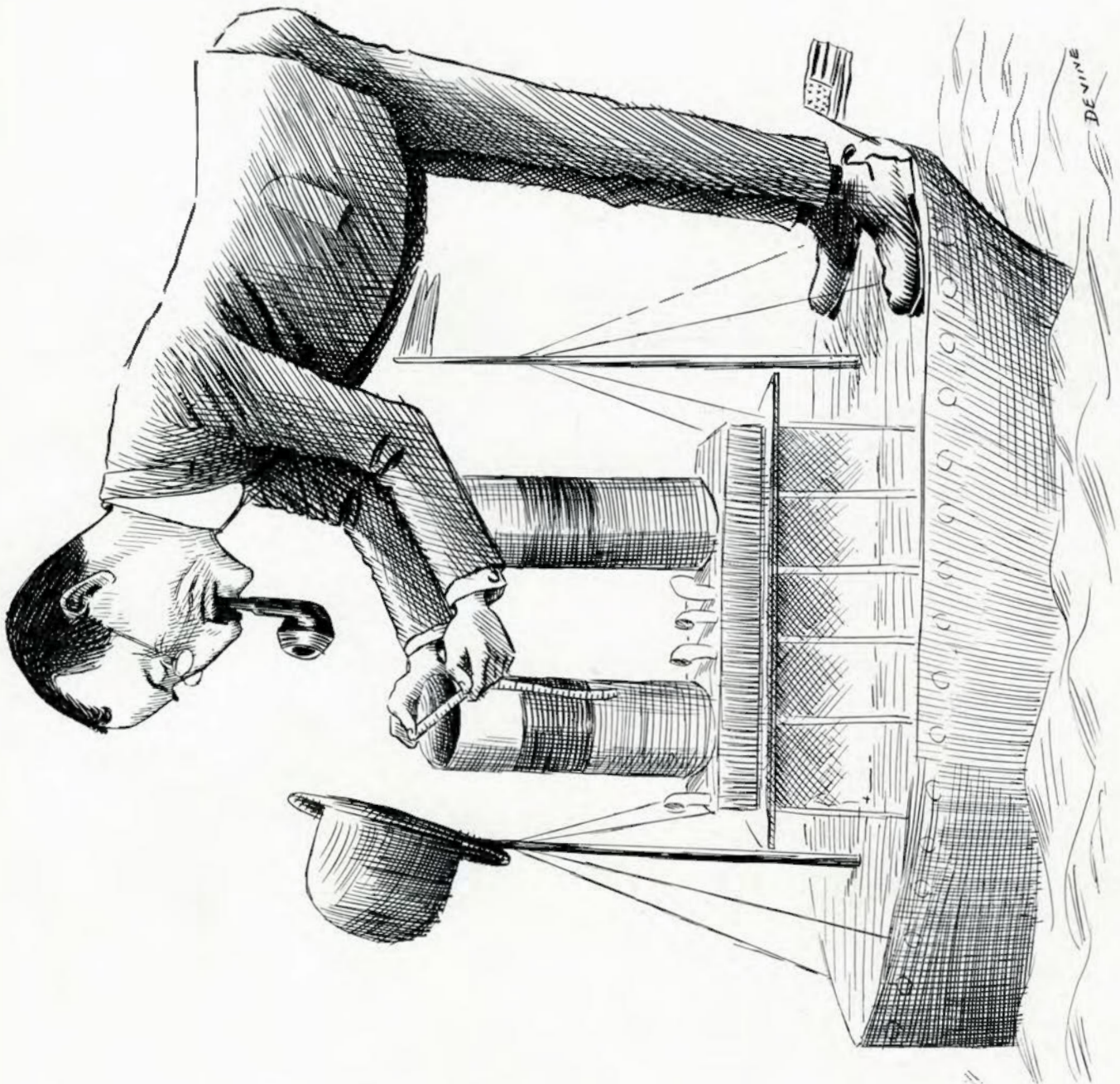
Close to our Golden Gate is laid the world.
"Upward and onward!" sings prosperity,
Sounding an echo with all flags unfurled,
Trade marches on to greater victory.
Oft shall the noble work which brought our
doors
Many a thousand mile toward eastern shores,
Stir in our hearts that song of ecstasy.

"YOU CAN SEARCH ME"

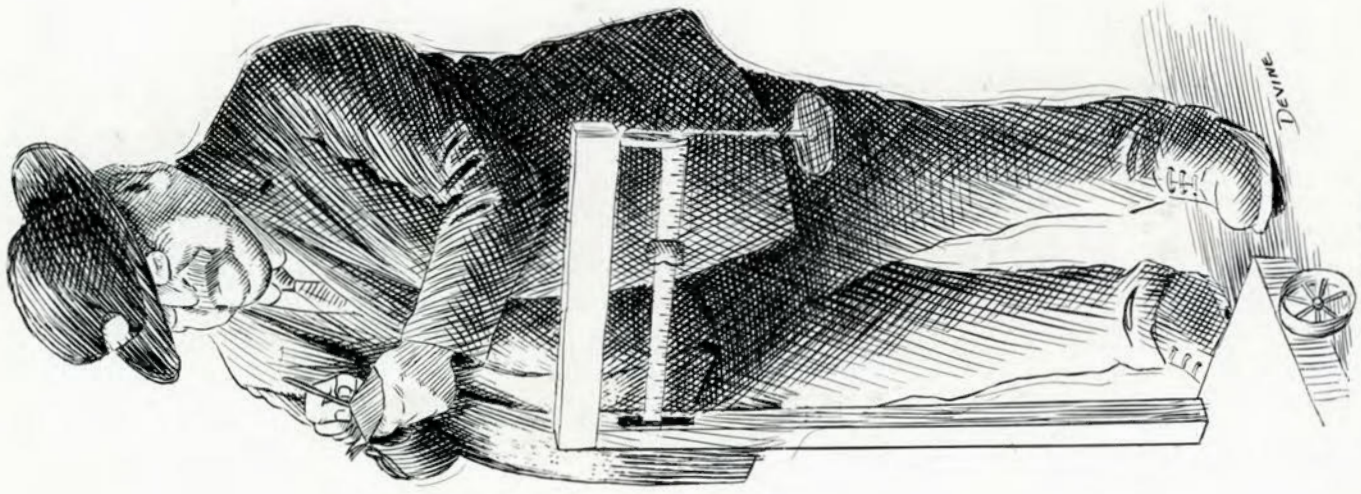
The phrase hangs lightly on the lip,
'Tis one you almost anywhere can hear,
Except when ocean travelers end their trip
And meet the Customs men upon the pier.
Submitted by M. Costello.



C. A. KELLY
District Officer in charge of inland districts



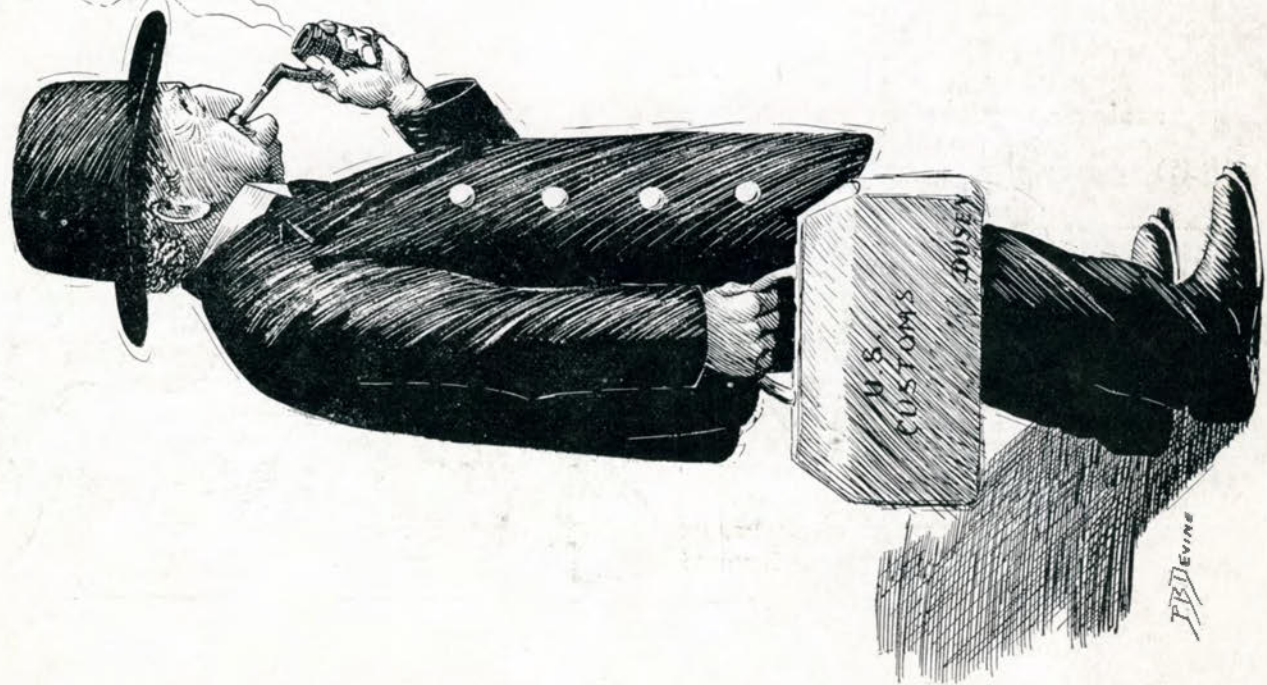
TOM EAGAR
Admecrator of Vessels



JIM MURRAY
U. S. Weigher

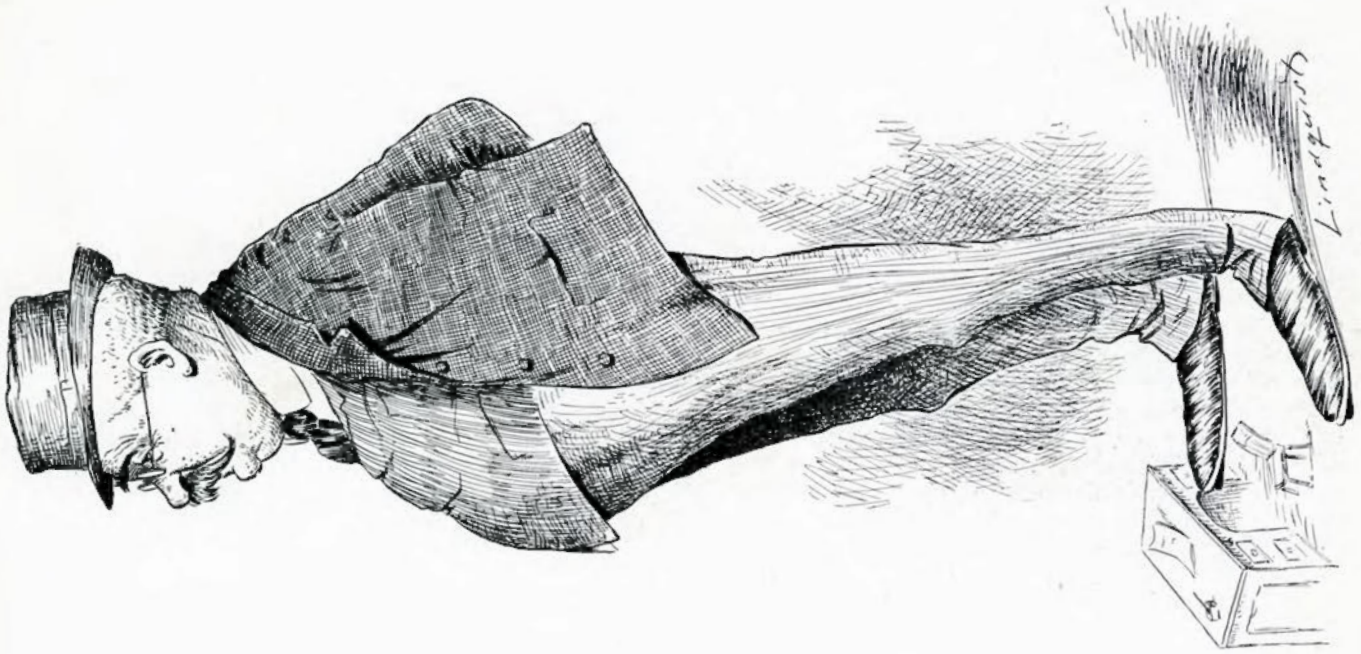


"Cap" Hanley

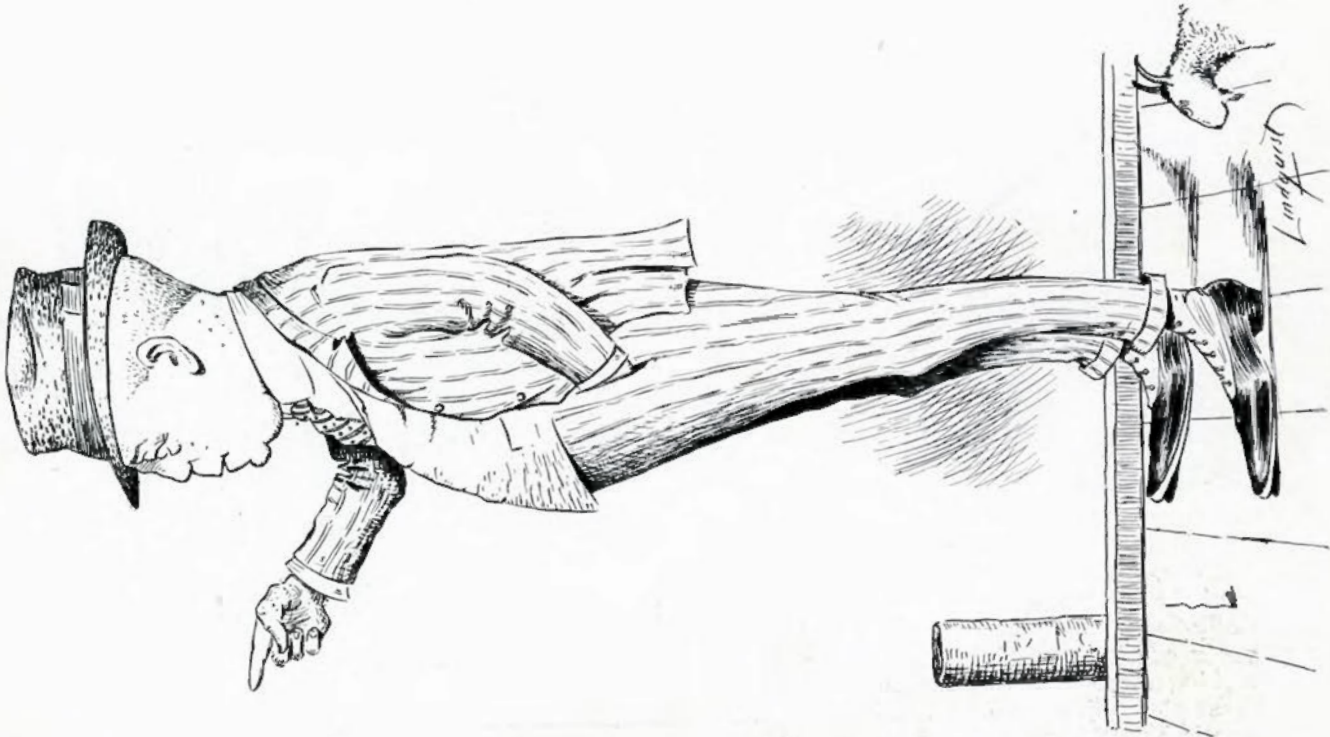


P. S. Dusenberry

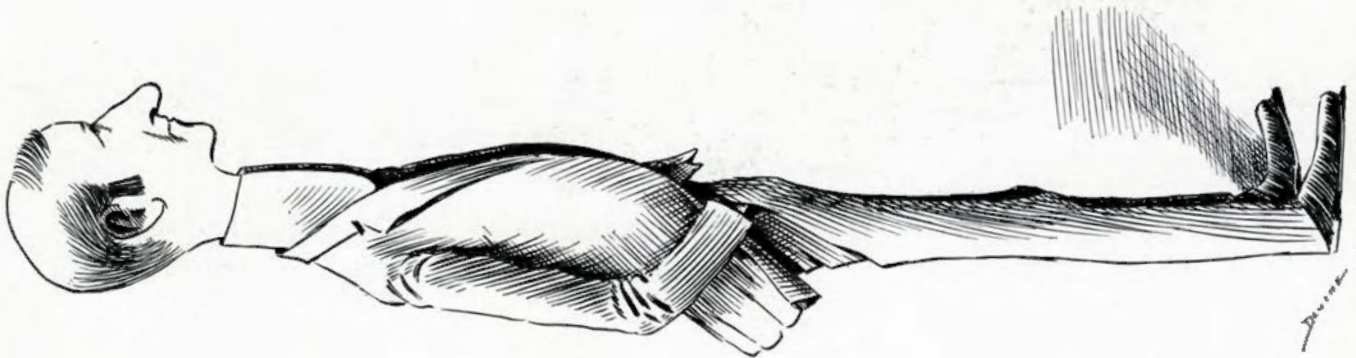
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



FRANK FULLIER
The giant Keeper of the Records



TOM CRAWFORD
Boarding Officer, U. S. I. S.
Spotting a job "passing in"



DR. GRAHAM
Chief Chemist, Bureau of Animal Industry

CUSTOM'S T. D'S.

By U. S. Parsons.

In ordinary language the letters T. D. may stand for any old thing, but in Treasury Department parlance they mean something fast and furious. One cynical citizen has said that they are the initials of the words Tumbling Dice, leaving one to infer that the promulgation of the average decision is accompanied by a shake and a throw.

Another avers that the preparation of a decision is a part of departmental table manners and that what is solemnly pronounced Truth before dinner is dexterously knocked out, by a turn of the crank, after a visit to the coffee and sinker counter or to the cafeteria. A third and Teutonic opinion is that the letters mean Ter Deffel, for, says this growler, "Dey iss born of de Brince of Darkness."

Leaving the various proponents of opinions to fight it out themselves, it must be agreed that a decision is a Torrential Disaster of words. Niagara pales with envy before the never-ending flow of cryptic pronounciamientos embodied in the average decision. At any rate, the Customs Service has an undisputed monopoly of the kaleidoscopic fragment of literature known as the T. D.

But the local service has something more of which it may boast, our building being a government architect's midsummer night's dream in granite, marble and brass filigree. Its immense stairways, balusters, panels and floor decorations in black and rose-colored marbles, and its lovely Doric columns are second only to the skillful departmental way in which light and air were provided.

The star attraction is the vaulted and frescoed ceiling that bends lovingly over the alert clerks of the First and Warehouse Divisions. The cathedral-like character of the surroundings here and the dim religious light that filters in over the marble shrines and altars are responsible for the solemn and subdued demeanor of the brokers as well as the devotional spirit manifested by every other wonder-worker in the center of the structure.

A fluffy-haired and starry-eyed young lady, on a recent inspection tour of the building, remarked, on reaching that portion of the customs exhibit known as the Adjusters Division, that it had a flow-gently-sweet-Afton sort of air, and added: "I don't see why my brother Jule calls the custom house 'Uncle Sam's Bunk House;' I don't see any beds in here." To this brilliant bon mot may be added the assurance that beds are as often associated with flowers as with tired people.

It is not known whether this pert young miss visited the south side of the building where officials are kept busy surveying shipping operations in shallow waters, or the Blue Water section on the north where retired naval officers on full pay eschew XXX Pale and abhor My Lady Nicotine. The surveyors are astronomical and aeronautical in their practices; the Naval Prohibitionists, practical and pragmatical. Hence

their positions at extreme ends of the custom house.

The Auditor's Division is stragetic in its location and somewhat humorous in its personnel, the force there vying with each other for the privilege of working over time without pay and with a Spartan disregard for extended vacations. It was a philosopher's inspection of this office that led him to conclude that there are three sexes,—males, females and commuters. Perhaps this man's notion was fostered by observations of activities during the height of the statistical storm that broke in unusual violence there several weeks ago.

Lack of space forbids extended description of several curious occupations peculiar to customs work,—the circumlocution office, the fisheries on the fifth floor where the fishermen cast the line for trout and sometimes land a minnow, the dark room where strange papers covered with hieroglyphics are raked in with good gold and no merchandise returned to the donor, the ad-measurer who measures and then adds to his measure, the palmists who read the lines in the hands of importers and the astronomers whose vision pierces the mists beyond the Golden Gate.

Scattered here and there, throughout our government fortress, the inevitable bachelor girl encourages the clocks' hands and bears cheerful testimony to the affection in which our Uncle Samuel holds his nephews, nieces and commuters.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

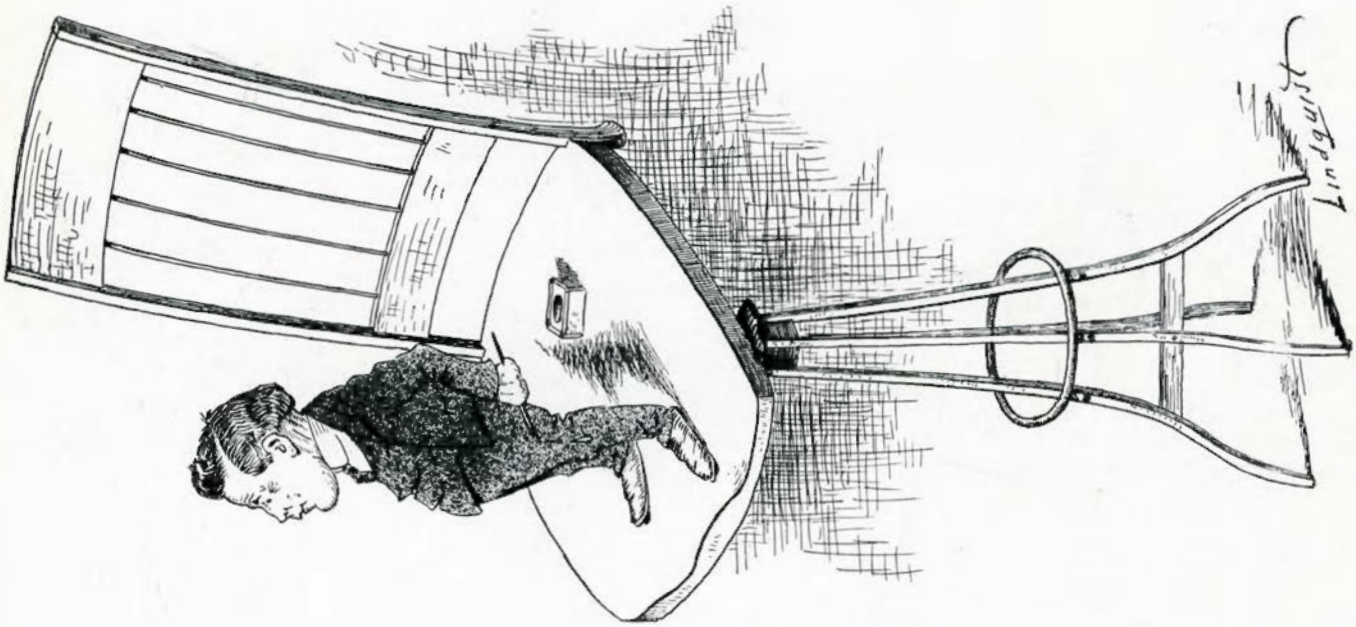
DAN is the man who gets the "NAN"
Of the Appraisers' elevator,
When the lift resists and creaks "desist"
At the pull of the accelerator.
Dan does not abuse or work any ruse
To make the darned thing go;
But he utters short prayers
For extensive repairs,
Which scares the old "box" so
That it starts with a jerk
And continues to work
Till it gets us all "up in the air,"
But DAN is not peeved as you may have
believed;
But is "there" with another nice prayer (?).

Don Burrows.

A clerk whose chair cushion was thin,
Desired more hair to stuff in.
Tho' his plan was quite rough,
He secured quite enough
From the mattress on Cloudman's chin.

What is the difference between a Customs Inspector and an architect who hires you as a draughtsman?

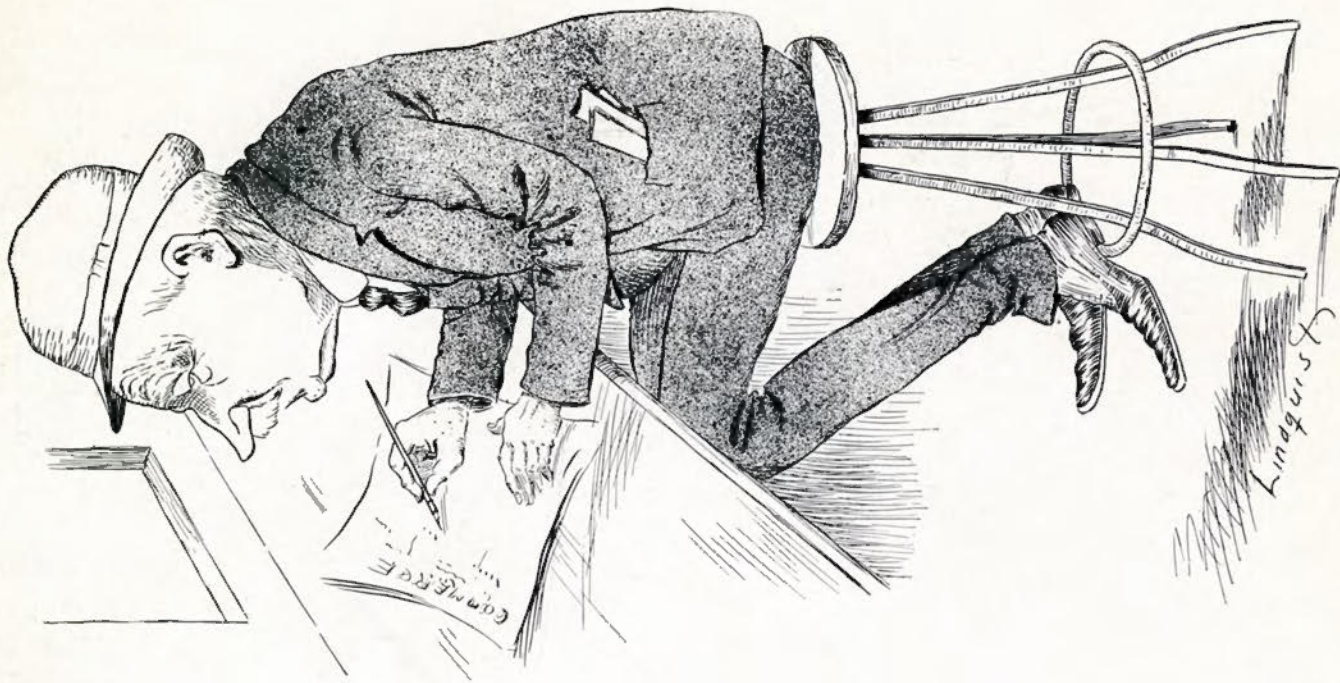
One plans on effecting seizure, and the other sees your effect on plans.



LITTLE DAVE LAWLER
is a big clerk now



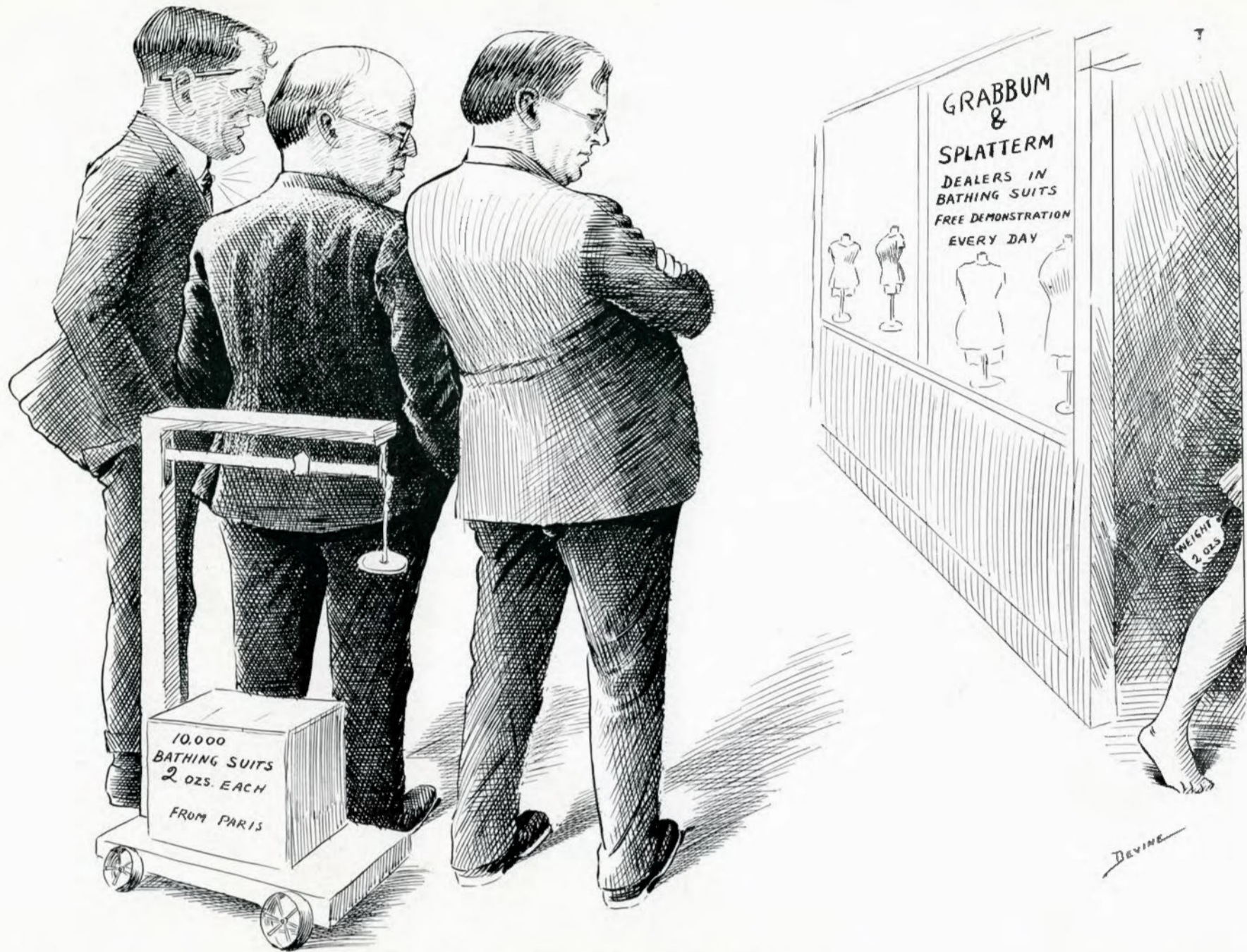
AL DONOVAN
in his new auto



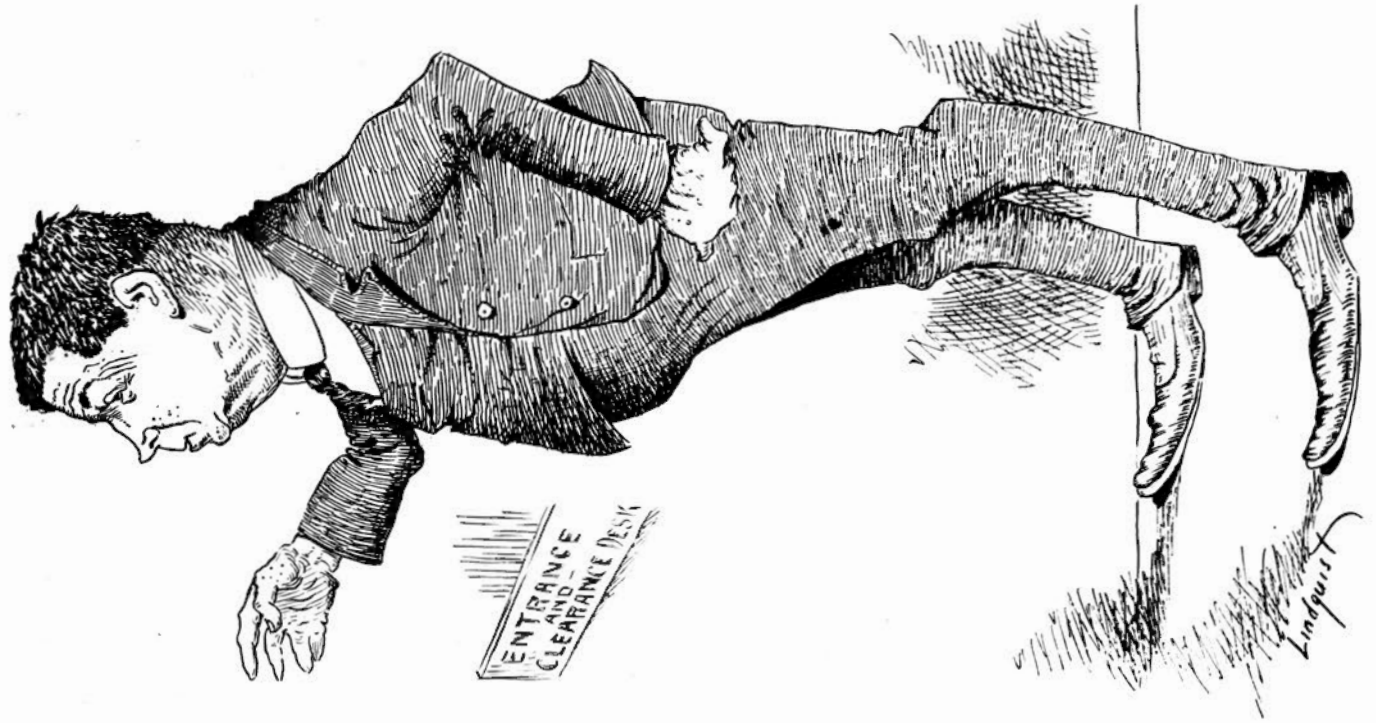
J. H. CROSHAW
The commercial newspaper man



GEORGE DIMPFEL
With a new joke



CUSTOMS OFFICERS WITTY, HEARTY AND HEINER
At work at the P. P. I. E.



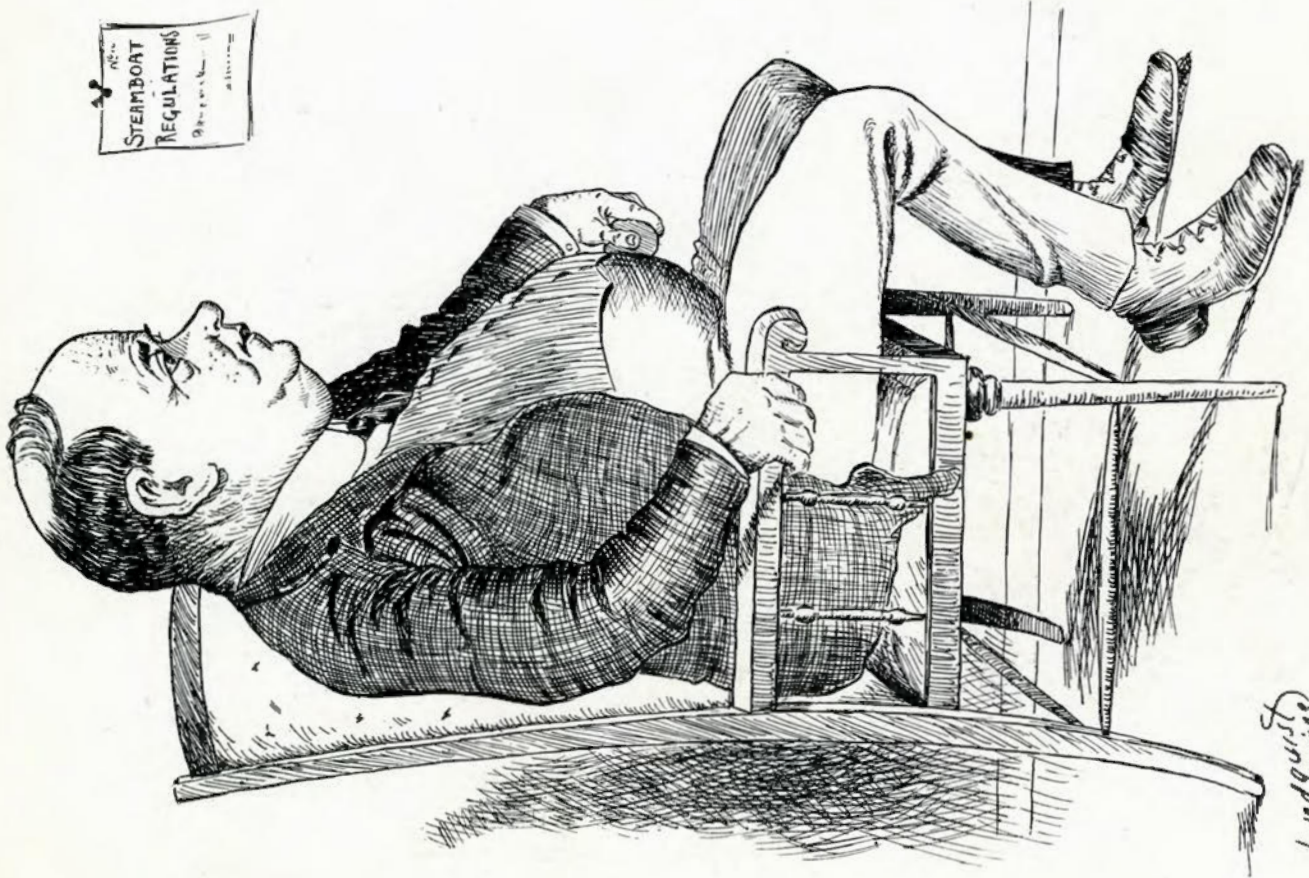
W. B. KAPLAN
"Let me have your manifest, Captain"



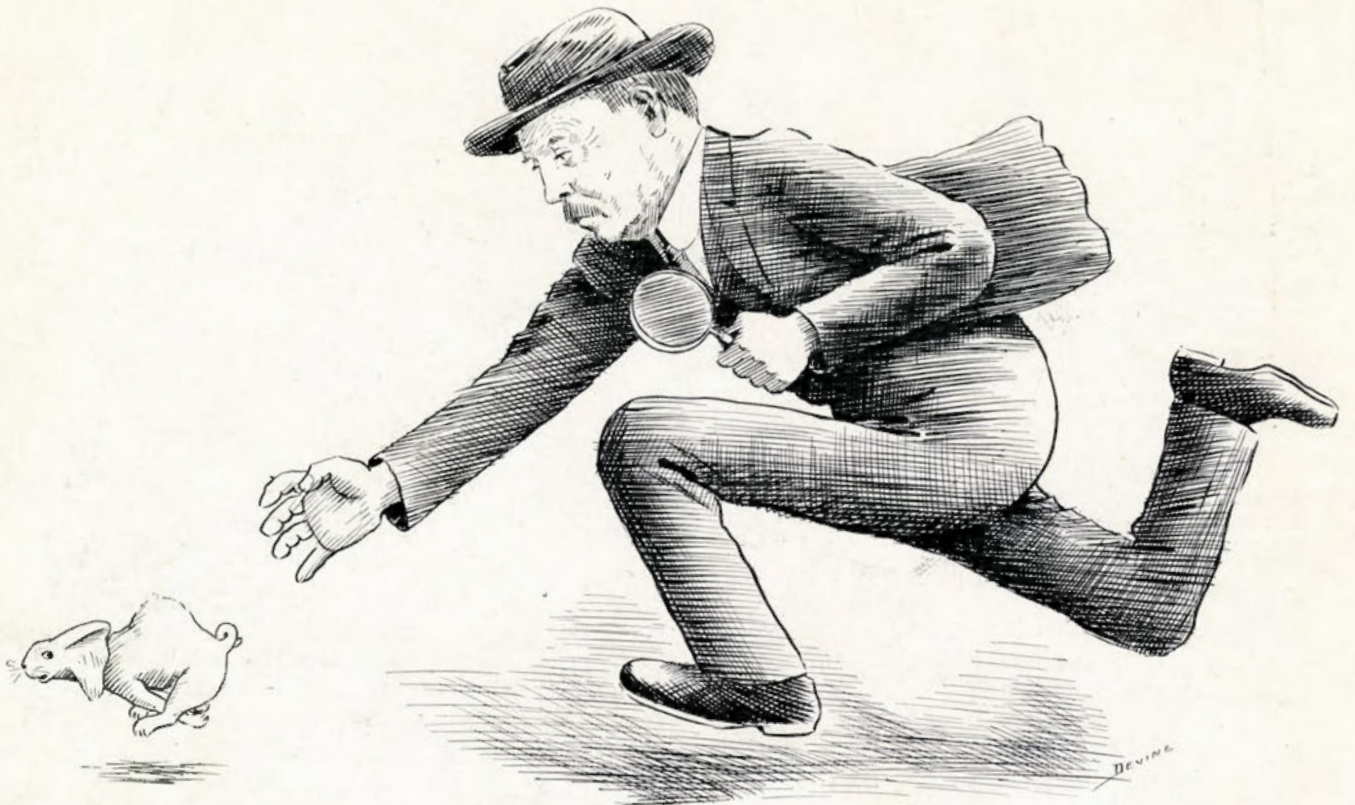
CHARLES T. COOK
What would the Surveyor's Office do without him!



SAMMY COLEMAN
From the 41st



CAPT. JAMES GUTHRIE
Inspector of Hulls and Boilers
Sitting in Judgment



J. J. BORDEN
Inspector, Bureau of Animal Industry



A SUCCESSFUL DAY FOR THE CUSTOM HOUSE TEAM



JOE TWIGG
U. S. Weigher's Office



BILL READ
Enemy of the Fish Trust



"LORD HEMMINGWAY" IN THE HANDS OF THE "ENEMY"
 Old-time waterfront reporters in rehearsal

THE QUEEN OF THE TELEPHONE LINE

By Phillip T. Sullivan.

There's a bright, happy Fairy, who is all to the
 merry,
 "Best Service," is large on her sign—
 She sits on her throne with a style all her own;
 She's the Queen of the Telephone Line.

There's a charm to her ring—with a ting-a-ling-
 ting—
 Your blood starts to racing like wine—
 When the circuit is clear, "Now your party is
 here,"
 Says the Queen of the Telephone Line.

To this Sovereign, fair, may the face of Dull Care
 Ne'er be known while Life's sun does shine;
 May the Brownies and Witches e'er keep clear
 of the switches,
 Of the Queen of the Telephone Line.

TO GEORGE COMPERE

He knows 'em by their looks,
 But he didn't learn from books,
 Or from reading of their histories in tomes;
 Be it bug or caterpillar,
 Coccid, fly or little miller,
 He has made them all a visit at their homes.

With passengers and ships,
 In stream or at the slips,
 He's a way of doing business that commends,
 With officers and crew,
 And many others, too,
 And his common sense has made a host of
 friends.

A lover of plant life,
 No passenger meets strife
 Should they bring with them from foreign lands
 a tree;

If of bugs its leaves are clean,
And no fungii can be seen,
And if Compere finds its roots from soil are free.

But when it comes to fruit,
Trade shipments or just loot,
He's a knowledge of locations that's uncanny;
Hand bag or box or trunk,
Galley, locker, hold or bunk,
For of voyages himself has made a many.

Herein the danger lies,
Of bringing in fruit flies,
And from this search he never takes a rest;
From all of those who know,
He can the best proofs show
Of most intimate acquaintance with this pest.

Here's to his methods straight,
May never ships or freight
Fail to undergo his thorough supervision.
Here's to his honest self,
His disregard of pelf;
He's a credit to the Quarantine Division.

A FRIEND

By Otto E. A. Schmidt

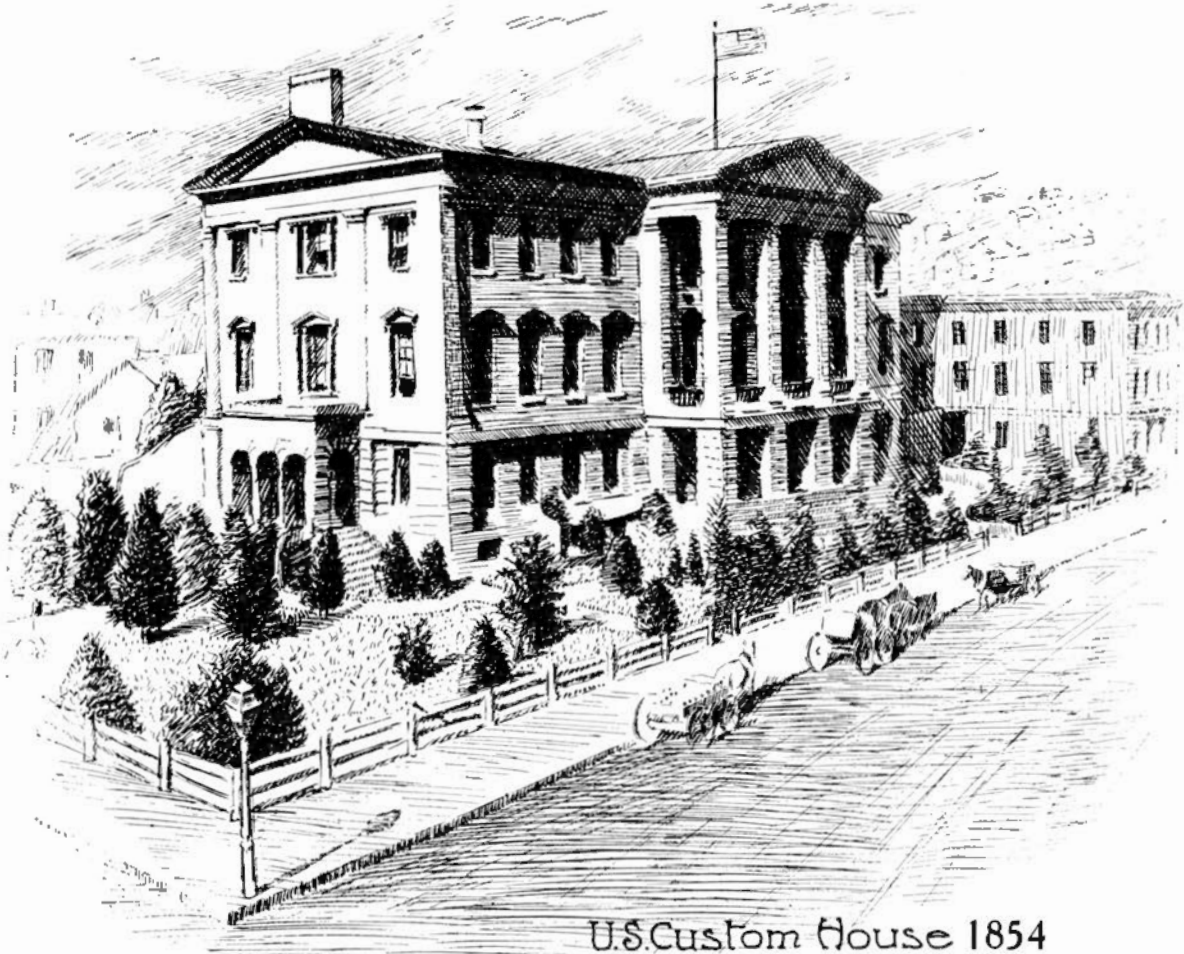
As we journey o'er Life's rugged highways
What a caravan strange we scan,
Crossing our path on the by-ways,
That checker the course of Man.

A few for a time walk with us—
At a turn of the road to leave,
But, though we deplore the parting,
Not for them does the soul long grieve.

Ah, no, not for them the pulse quickens,
Theirs but the sordid part
To chatter of Life's fleeting pleasures,
Nothing they speak from the heart.

But, lo, comes a kindred spirit,
How easy and bright grows the way!
Ah, Heaven! Our souls flutter near it,
Though the Earth hold our sin-weighted clay,

Ah, fainting the heart at the cross-roads,
Where the forks of our pathway lie,
But the hope soothes the tears' bitter scalding,
That our courses will meet in the sky!



U.S. Custom House 1854

ROSTER OF EMPLOYEES

U. S. CUSTOMS SERVICE, SAN FRANCISCO

Collector's Office

Hon. J. O. Davis, Collector
 W. B. Hamilton, Special Deputy Collector
 C. L. Brown, Special Deputy Collector
 H. E. Farmer, Acting Deputy Collector

Chas. H. Blinn, Acting Deputy Collector
 Walter D. Hoyt
 Miss Emily W. Shaw
 Mrs. Evelyn G. Barrangon
 Mrs. Levina B. Grillo
 Fred G. Ingersoll

Collector's Office, P. P. I. E.

T. J. Barry, Deputy Collector
 Lee Hibbard, Liquidating Clerk
 Conrad Usinger, Naval Office Liquidating Clerk
 F. B. Van Nostrand, Entry Clerk

W. C. Gash, Entry Clerk
 Blanche B. Unger
 Harry Wyrlick
 J. T. Liddy
 C. W. Spencer

Appraiser's Office, P. P. I. E.

C. J. Evans, Chief Examiner of Merchandise
 L. C. Bowen, Examiner of Merchandise
 L. J. Phelps, Examiner of Merchandise
 M. R. Nicholson, Examiner of Merchandise

Daniel O'Brien, Examiner of Merchandise
 Corinne R. Blsnette
 James Faney
 A. J. Cahill
 C. F. Lohner

Surveyor's Office, P. P. I. E.

James J. Cantlen, Chief Inspector
 E. B. Montgomery, Clerk, Chief Inspector's Office
 J. J. McGovern, Inspector in Charge, Agriculture
 T. R. Harrison, Inspector in Charge, Argentine, Bolivia, China, Canada, Philippines and Sweden
 F. P. Flesh, Inspector in Charge, Australia, New Zealand, Cuba and Portugal
 H. H. Meier, Inspector in Charge, Denmark, Netherlands and Turkey
 J. J. Nealon, Inspector in Charge, Education
 E. M. Seaman, Inspector in Charge, Fine Arts
 F. W. Lewis, Inspector in Charge, Food Products
 Marius Artignes, Inspector in Charge, France and Italy
 Alex Davidson, Inspector in Charge, Horticulture and Japan

Roy K. McPhail, Inspector in Charge, Liberal Arts
 Chas. E. O'Neil, Inspector in Charge, Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy
 H. S. Verney, Inspector in Charge, Manufactures
 S. L. Moorehead, Inspector in Charge, Norway, Greece, Guatemala, Honduras and Panama
 E. R. Carter, Inspector in Charge, Receiving Station, Zone, and Live Stock
 H. G. Phelan, Inspector in Charge, Transportation
 C. J. Connell, Inspector in Charge, Varied Industries
 W. P. Johnson, Inspector in Charge, Warehouse No. 1, and Grand Trunk Ry. and Canadian Pacific Ry.
 W. C. Latham, Inspector
 G. T. Williams, Inspector
 Francis Boland, Inspector
 E. A. Powers, Inspector
 J. D. Chase, Inspector
 H. G. Schwarz, Inspector
 H. H. Chapman, Inspector

CUSTOM HOUSE

First Division

N. S. Farley, Deputy Collector
 J. G. Beaty
 O. K. Cloudman
 G. P. Clough
 T. Dunlavy
 C. S. Fitzsimmons
 G. H. Fletcher
 G. W. Hassler
 W. J. Hunter
 W. B. Kaplan

J. J. Kelly
 G. G. Kenny
 Earl R. Lieb
 F. W. Lynch
 S. I. Marston
 M. A. McAuliffe
 H. W. Morris
 F. B. Sharpe
 A. K. Sheats
 John J. Svacina
 W. J. Shepman

Warehouse Section

C. A. Reynolds, Acting Deputy Collector
 W. E. Rowlands
 T. K. Tregoe

J. F. Bagley
 G. H. Ashton
 J. J. Lynch
 B. D. McGowen

Storekeepers

A. A. Ey
 O. E. A. Schmidt
 C. C. Powell
 R. K. McPhail
 R. Todd

W. F. Carpenter
 R. W. Mencke
 L. Randall
 R. H. Merritt
 A. H. Clifford

Auditor's Office

C. G. Perkins, Auditor
 C. C. Myall
 W. I. Kip
 John Frace
 G. B. Edgar
 E. M. Dean

D. A. Lawler
 S. F. Stanley
 U. S. Parsons
 C. E. Camp
 Frank Sexton

Adjuster's Office

E. P. Matteson, Adjuster
 C. L. Marple
 W. A. Limbaugh
 John P. Albro
 A. L. Behneman

E. L. Schultz
 Samuel Haskins
 Peter Kelly
 Alexander Ross
 Fred E. Holmes

Cashier's Office

Luther Osborne, Cashier
 Frank J. Halpin

S. P. Maybach

Boarding Staff

W. J. McBride
 V. J. Lindquist
 W. A. Sprague

J. P. Foley
 J. J. O'Donnell
 R. R. Harris

Customs Bureau at Postoffice

R. H. Willcox, in Charge
 J. F. Murphy
 A. L. Norton
 Milo Ellich

J. B. Jefferson
 E. J. Perazzo
 J. Pohley

Sub-port, Hanford, Cal.

Don F. Jacks

Sub-port, Eureka, Cal.

Chas. Temby

Receiving Department, Appraiser's Building

L. B. Anderson, Clerk in Charge
 E. F. Murphy
 H. V. Elliott
 T. A. Benson
 J. P. Dudy
 Michael Farrell
 C. L. Freylach
 G. F. Grinnell
 B. A. Harrison
 Wm. Bamstedt

J. H. Hessler
 J. M. Holloway
 Cornelius Hooley
 Joseph Kindle
 H. N. Krenkle
 R. E. McConnell
 J. F. Nagle
 G. S. Podesta
 W. H. Solinsky
 J. W. Thompson
 H. M. Walker

Record Room

F. J. Fuller

Geo. W. Cook, Jr.

Surveyor's Office

J. S. Wardell, Surveyor
 J. T. Stone, Special Deputy Surveyor
 C. T. Cook, Acting Deputy Surveyor
 Rosalie Jewett

T. C. Eagar, Admeasurer of Vessels
 C. J. Geddes
 F. W. Moore
 H. T. Grimm
 Mrs. M. Snow

Inspectors

D. J. Ahern
L. E. Beban
W. E. Bidwell
Louis Davis
Edward Durkin
E. E. Enlow
John Greenan
J. F. Hall
Joseph Head
E. H. Hills
E. D. Kellogg
R. T. McGinnes
W. A. Mitchell
J. E. Mullen
S. H. Sackett
Paul Semmig
John Toland
D. F. Leahy
Mary V. Lawrence
Sadie E. Adams
P. H. Barrett
C. J. Benninger
G. M. Dorsey
J. T. Ferguson
P. O. Huffaker
C. A. Kelly
D. S. McKenna
G. B. Richardson
M. C. Southard
Alfred Ulp
J. J. Brosnan
W. H. J. Deasy
M. A. Graham
Andrew Johnson
J. A. Olivier
D. A. Stivers
D. G. Swinehart
J. V. Talt
S. H. Hunt
E. H. Montell
Benj. Schneider
Andrew Sorensen
A. W. Ballinger
John Barry

R. L. Cave
M. P. Brady
P. H. Constance
W. W. Collins
O. S. Dwier
F. G. Fessler
W. F. Fitzgerald
J. H. Flathmann
C. W. Jacobsen
J. A. Leslie
T. A. Peloquin
J. P. Thompson
A. G. Thompson
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R. S. Wheeler
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Geo. Shepston
Thos. H. Griffin
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Geo. H. Probasco
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E. W. Leeman

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Frank McDonald, Custodian
David E. De Velbiss
Chas. F. Hastings
Wm. Gadberry
Peter O. Peterson
John Cook
Thos. R. Hamilton
Fenton P. Courtney
Phil. J. Mahr
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Alonza Pearson
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James N. Stafford
Phil. T. Sullivan
Adam Weisdel
Gustave W. Gjesdahl
James P. Moran
John Niess
Wm. J. Brooks
John A. Francis

Wm. Foster
Wm. B. Brannigan
Albourn Cammon
Peter Carlson
Wm. Fall
Cornelius Fuller
George Fuller
Paul Grassi
Chas. N. Knightwine
Oscar R. Linderberg
James Moore
Thos. Roberts
Mellanee Browne
Blanche G. Fletcher
Nellie A. Hodges
Mabel E. Jones
Edith McGuire
Maud A. Rolston
Antonia Rivera
Annie L. Sharkey
Anna Straight
Julia G. Weisenhavern

VALEDICTORY

“Hard by the far-famed Golden Gate,
The Mecca of the low and great,
There stands the theatre where Surprise
Has pried apart our mouths and eyes.
For wondrous Westland with her last
Has all her former feats surpassed.
We’ve seen great Burbank’s grafting deeds—
Marconi stunts—whose genius speeds
A message on a wireless track
And makes of space a jumping-jack.
We’ve seen Art Smith—the great bird-boy—
Go kiting skyward in his toy,
And when he did his wonder-loops
And twisty turns and darting scoops,
We shut our eyes and held our breath,
As “Artie” flirted there with death.
Here now does Edison hold sway,
And radium’s finder—Pierre Curie—
Does not this Fair alone suffice
To render all that men or mice
Have wrought since days of Tubal Cain
Infinitesimal and Vain?
Can any deed in past compare
With the great triumph of this Fair?
Consult the annals of all time,
Great deeds set forth in prose or rhyme;
Delve deep in Clio’s treasured store,
Exhaust encyclopedic lore,
You will not find a word or line
Extolling anything so fine.
By this we then commemorate
The Big Deed ere it is too late,
And trust that you will think it wise
To offer no apologies.”

E. B. Morris,
V. J. Lindquist,
P. B. Devine.



