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 organaleptically, 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 CHATTERLEY .....Inspector

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.

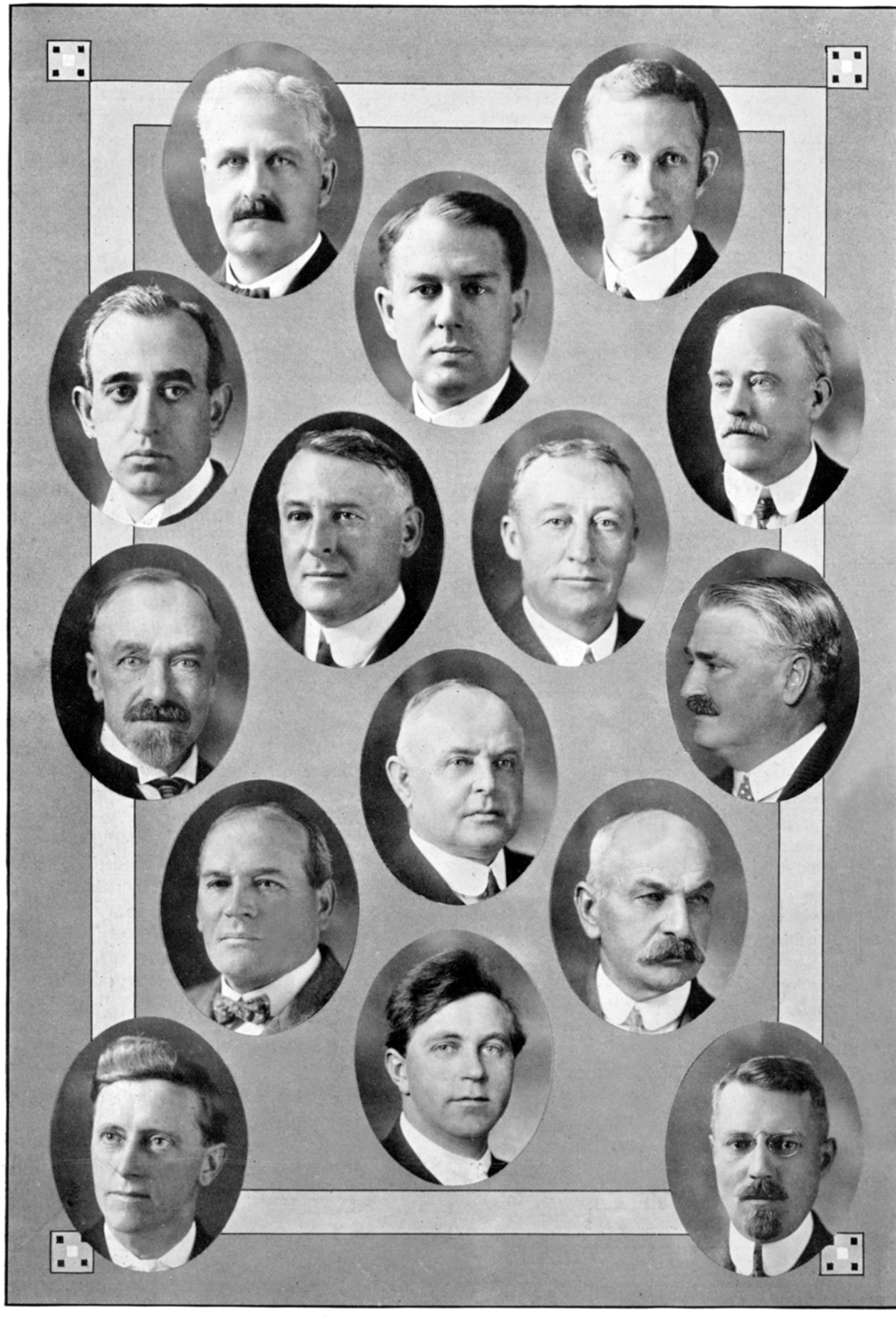
There is nothing that is academic about this quarantine work; it is police work pure and simple, and its efficiency often depends upon the authority to act quickly. As a foundation for intelligent action the quarantine inspector, daily called upon to intercept and pass upon trees, plants, fruits, nuts, 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 thir launches in company with the quarantine officers for board purposes, and finally culminated in the capable and powerful cooperation 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 appraisement, 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.

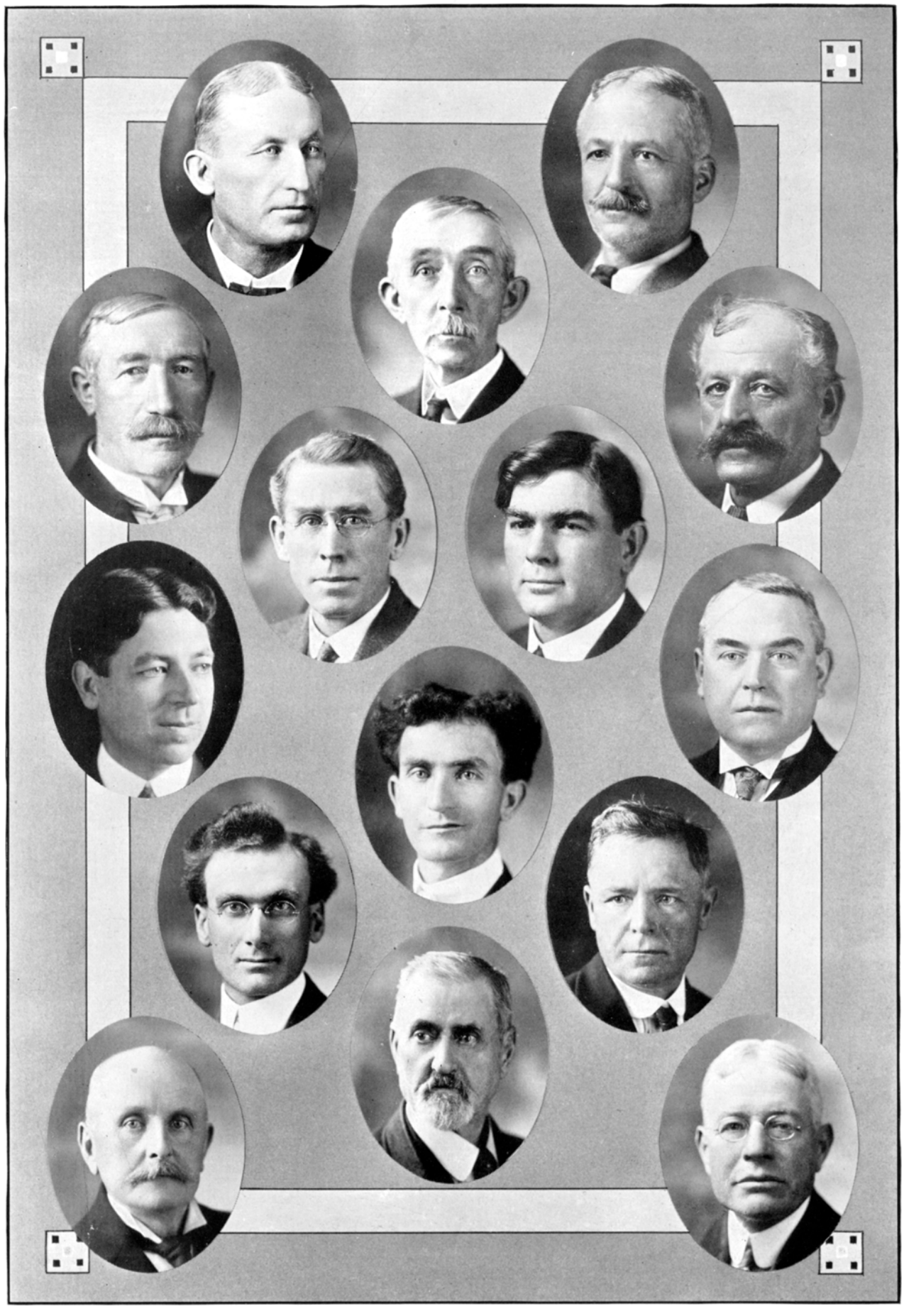
One day a party of the "boys" were on the Marina at the noon hour when the Inspector in charge of the Horticulture Pavilion turned to an Inspector in charge of one of the State buildings and the following took place:

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

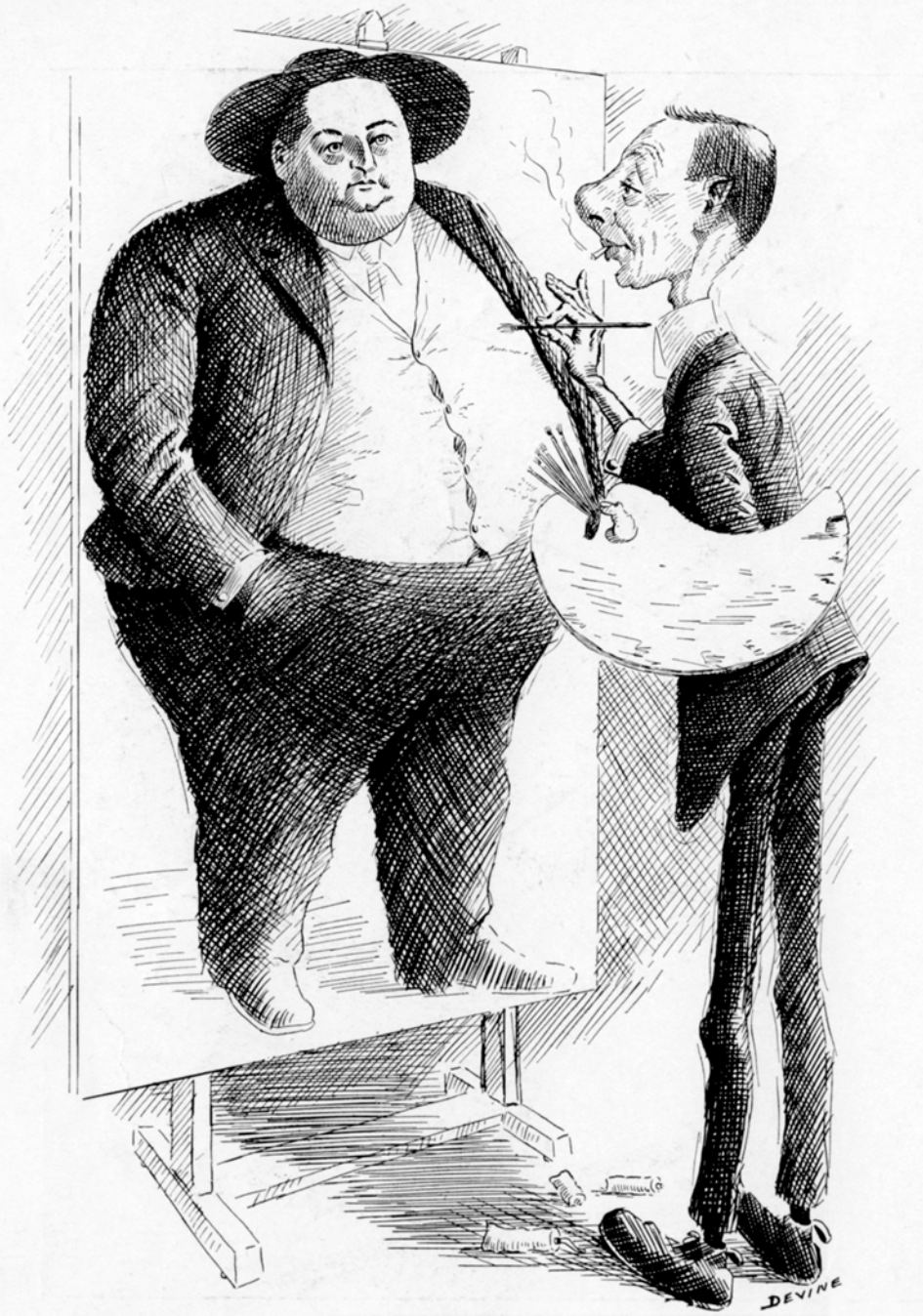
"What do you want to know that for?"

"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 COSTRE
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

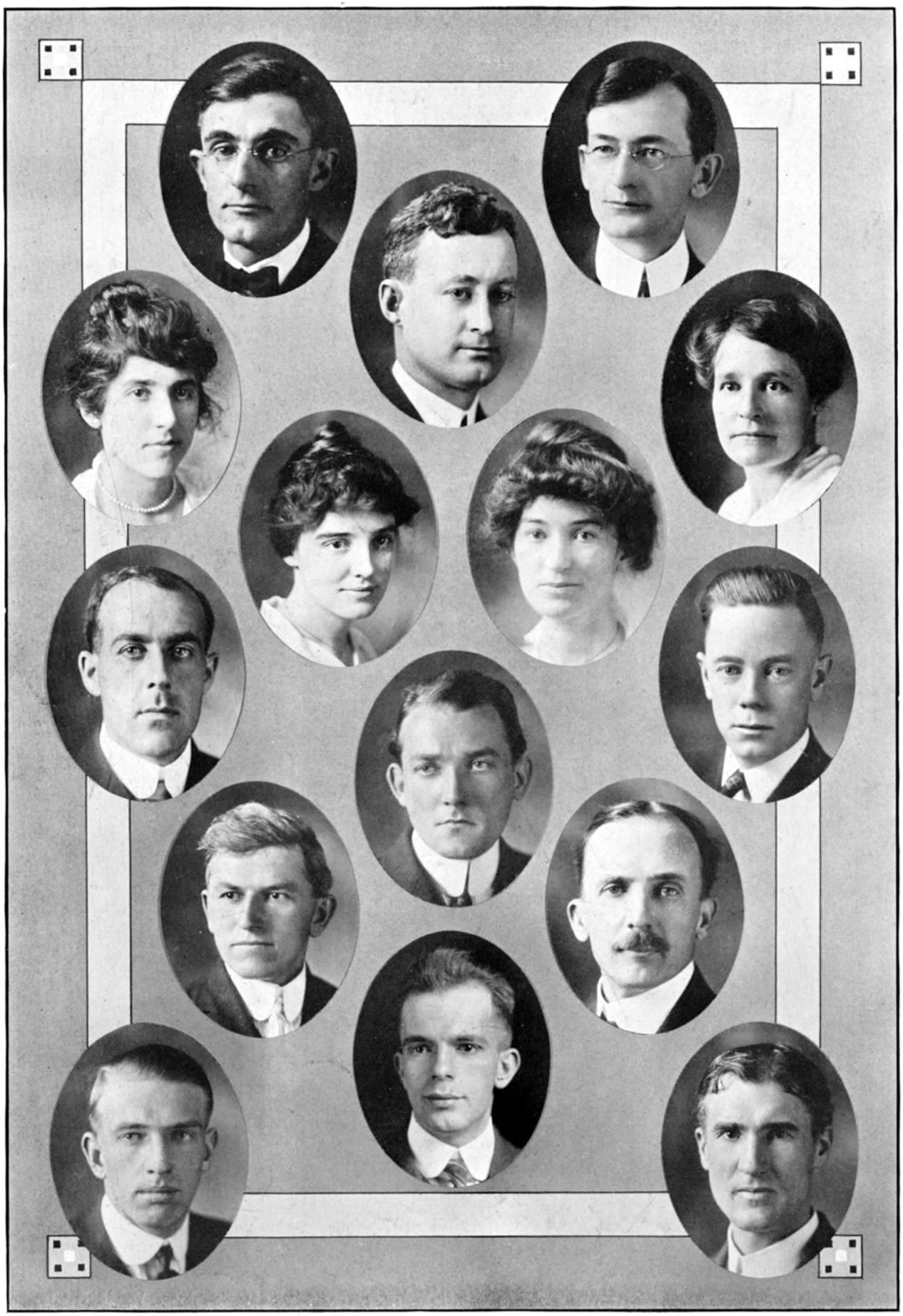


E. B. MORRIS V. J. LINDQUIST
The Editor and Caricaturist

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

EDDIE MURPHY
Small but mighty

O. K. CLOUDMAN
The Guardian of Time



PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT

Dr. B. R. Hart — Dr. R. W. Hilts — J. H. Holland
Antoniette Schroeder — Gertrude Donnelly — Katherine Douglas — Anna A. Gruber
P. S. Hollingshead — R. Hertwig — F. McGeorge
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.

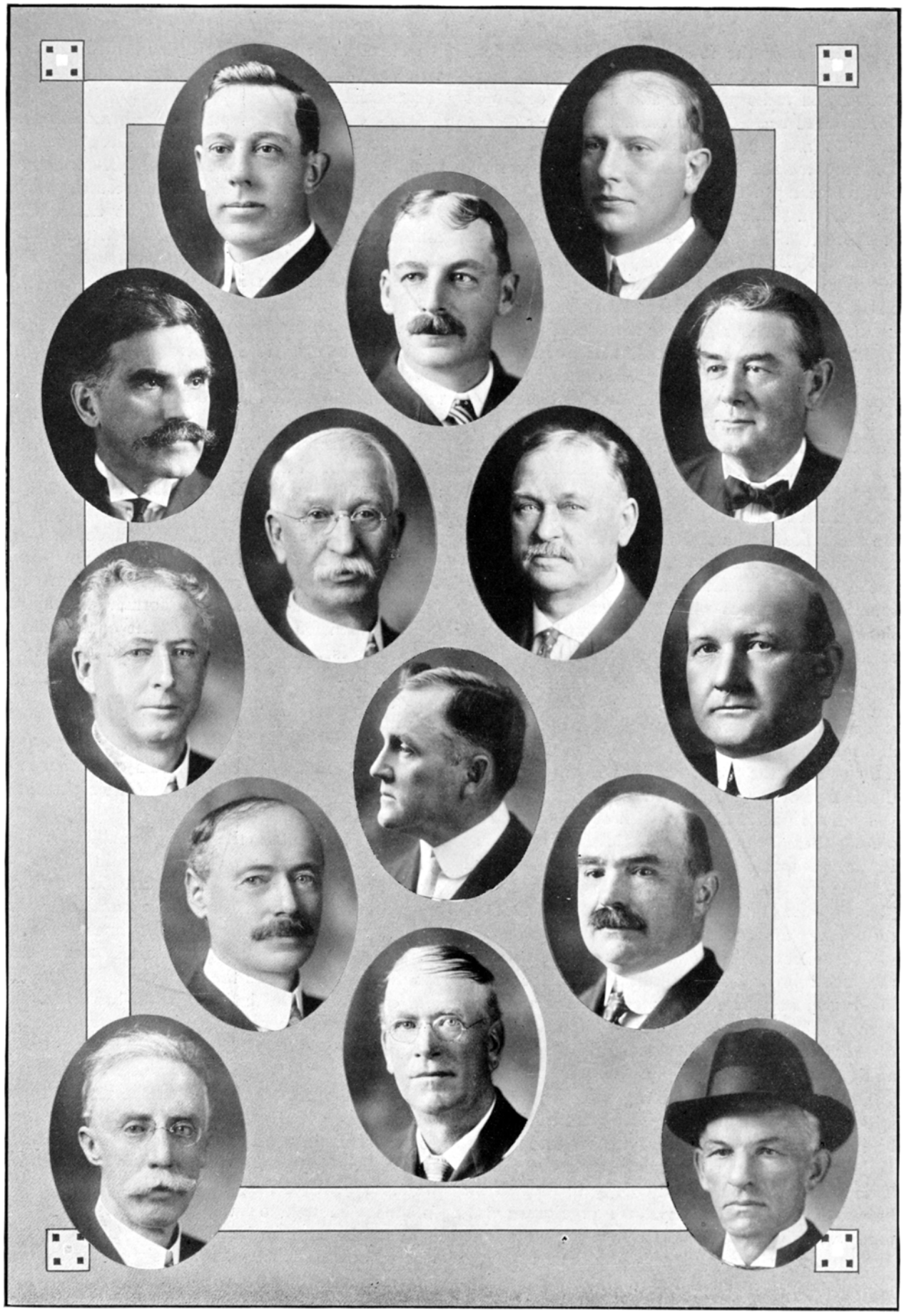
In closing an account, should any package or any part thereof, be missing, the importing exhibitors were charged duty on the missing articles, even though the missing articles may have been stolen from the exhibit. The thefts so far disclosed have been of articles of comparatively small value, the most 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 erand 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 Lebrum, the first director



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

J. J. Cantlin, Chief — E. R. Carter

H. S. Verney — T. R. Harrison — F. P. Flesh

F. W. Lewis — E. M. Seaman — W. A. Mitchell — C. J. Connell

Francis Boland — J. J. Nealon — Marius Artigues

J. J. McGovern — W. P. Johnson — C. E. O'Neil

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 fashion 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, ineed, 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 ANNA A. HANS EMILY W. SHAW
W. P. KAPLAN LAVINIA B. GRILLO W. C. GASH J. N. THORNTON
A. L. BEHNEMAN A. H. CLIFFORD
U. S. PARSONS C. J. GEDDES PETER KELLY
DON R. JACKS D. A. LAWLER 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.

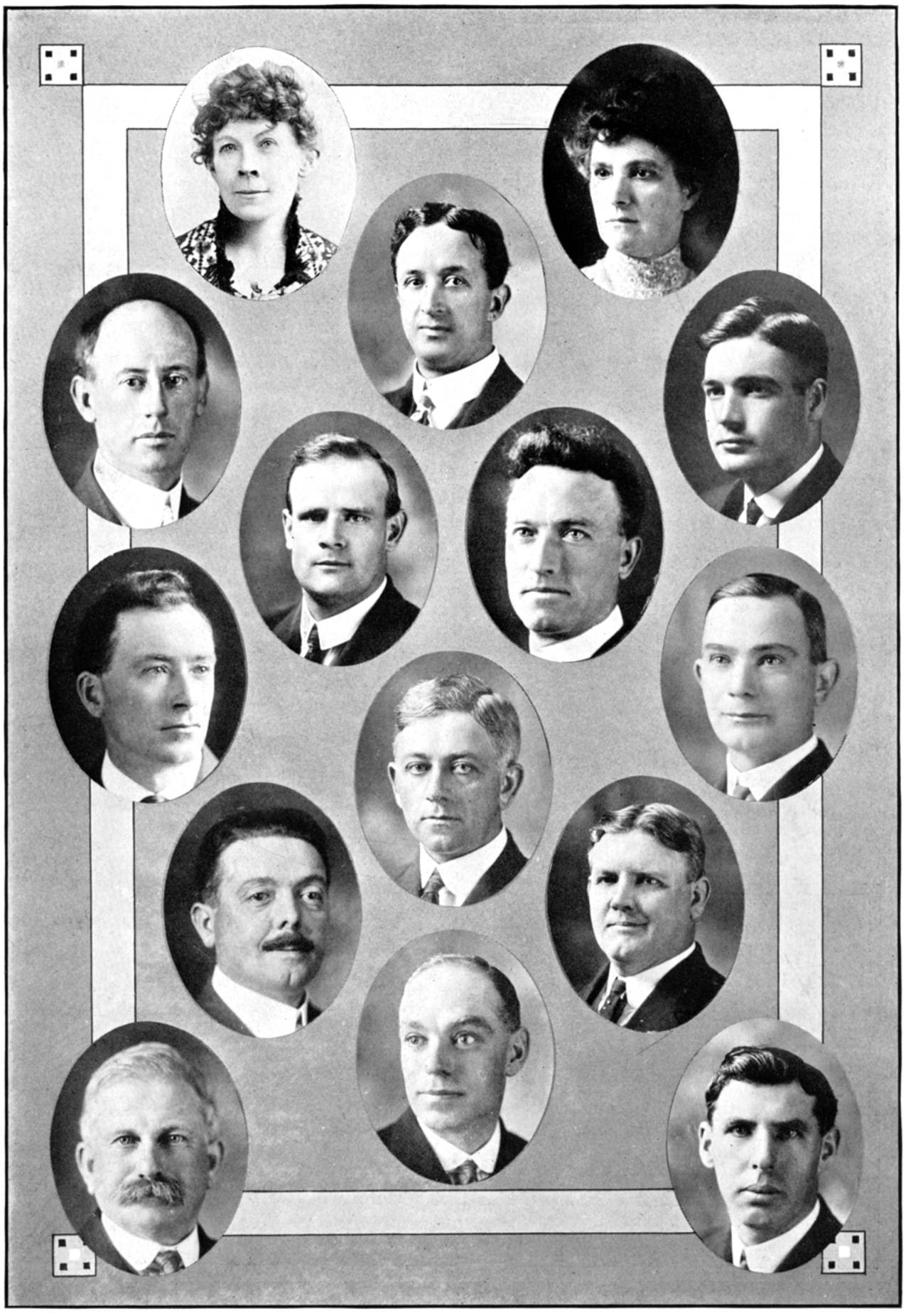
W. H. Tidwell, Special Agent in Charge.
Guy M. Watkins, Special Agent.
John W. Smith, Customs Agent.
Charles W. Salter, Customs Agent.
E. M. Atkinson, Customs Agent.
M. J. Costello, Special Inspector.
George R. Vernon, Special Inspector.
E. E. Enlow, Inspector.
John Toland, Inspector.
George Traill, Stenographer.
Anna A. Hans, Stenographer.

THE SEARCHERS.

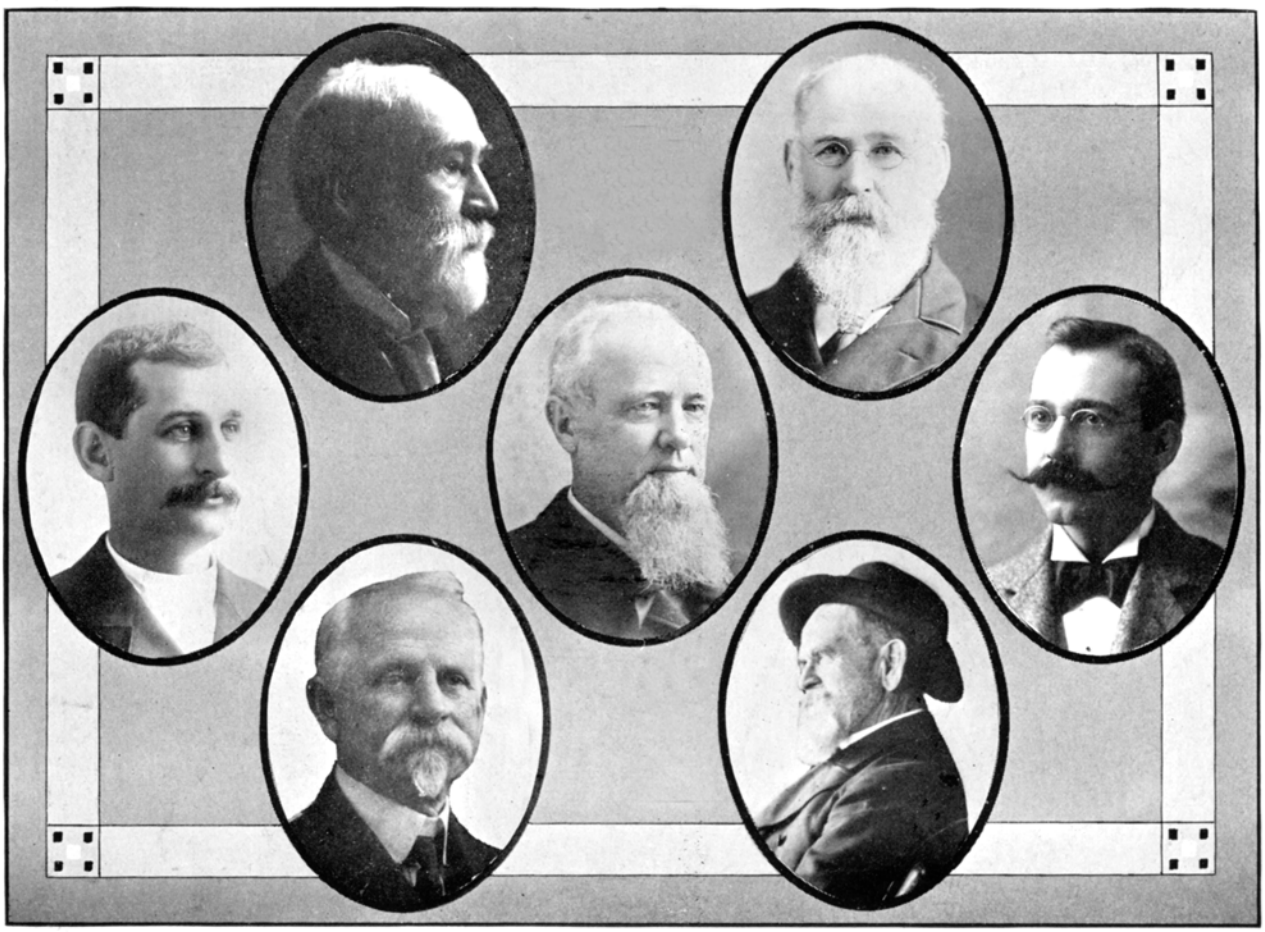
U. S. Customs.

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 BROSNAN 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.

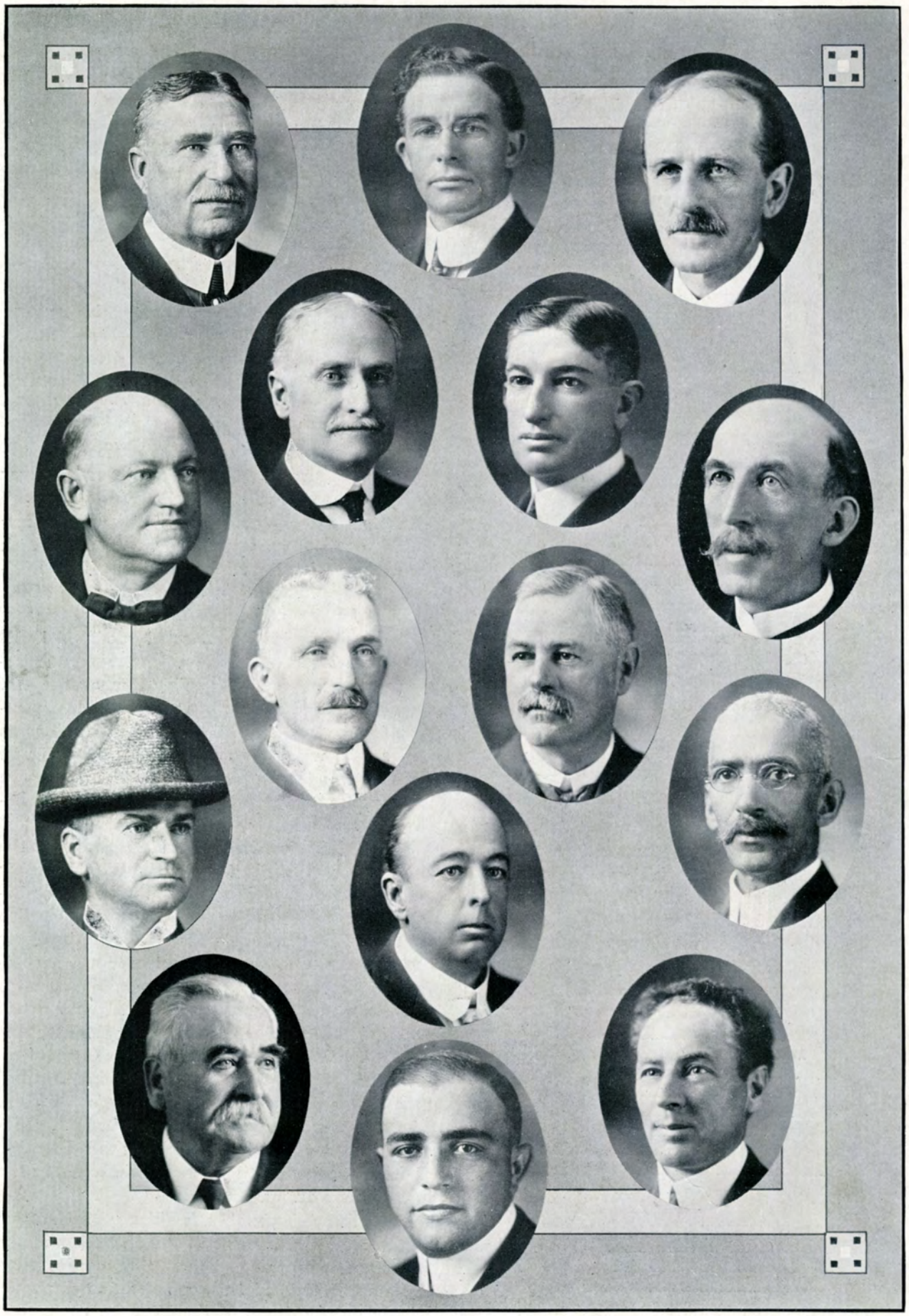
Some minor articles were measured during these fiscal years that are not tabulated, owing to space.

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 J. B. TWIGG W. S. DENT
A. H. FREUND W. G. McKEAN D. J. MOYNIHAN D. FINNEGAN
H. G. PHELAN J. J. MULCAHY
SAM GROWNEY W. B. NYE A. D. JONES
J. B. MURRAY A. R. FRICKE 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 scrupuously 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 "offshore,"
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 tourist'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 executes by day,
"He's laying for the fruit flies before the fruit flies lay."

SPECIAL AGENT GENERAL VERNON
Checking up the "Seawall"

BOB DOWNIE
U. S. Examiner

JUST GEO. REYNOLDS

"DOC" HOLLAND
Pure Food Department

DR. HART
Pacific Coast Chief, Pure Food Department

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

L. J. PHELPS
Examiner of Dry Goods

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

FRANK HALPIN
Cashier's Office

AT HOME
JIM WHALEN
At his various occupations

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 oppositte 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
H. W. MORRIS
FREDERICK GATES
R. H. ASHTON
O. K. CLOUDMAN

ALEXANDER ROSS
E. B. MONTGOMERY
JAS. J. LYNCH
FRED E. HOLMES

ROBERT JENNINGS
A. BERRYESSA
WM. C. LATHAN

S. P. MAYBACK
G. H. ASHTON
F. C. INGERSOLL

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

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 inasmuch 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 Havemeyer 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.

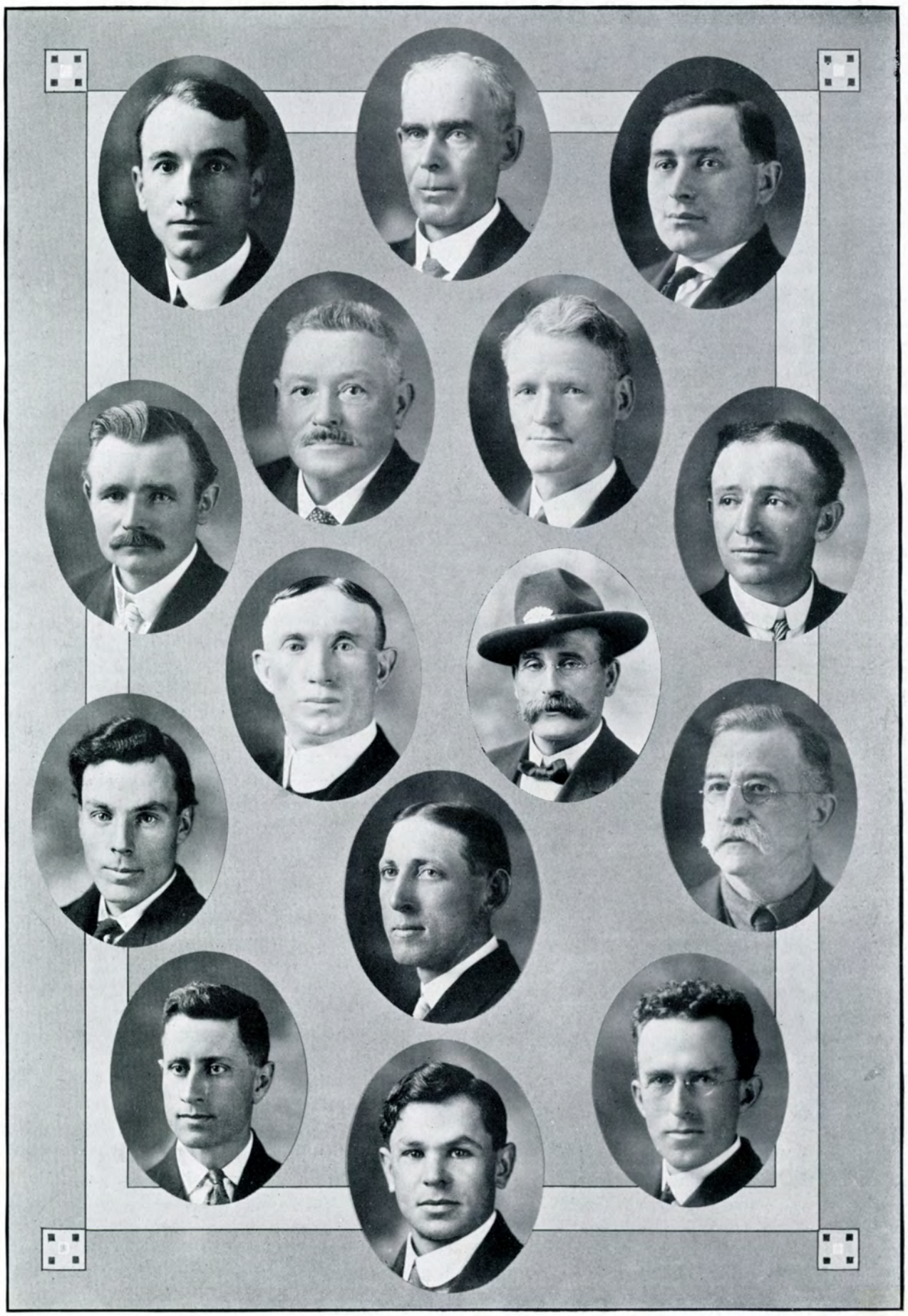
But, alas! for human hopes. The coffee did come—and when it arrived—Oh, woe is us, that we should have to tell it—Oh, heavy! heavy day! —when the coffee did come, it required but a glance to disclose the fact that rigor mortis had long since set in. My, oh, my! but that coffee was cold! (And with the 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
G. B. RICHARDSON
J. H. FLATHMAN
ANDREW JOHNSON
H. H. MEIER
O. S. DWIER
R. H. BALLINGER
JOHN H. MORRIS
D. W. DOW
R. E. ENSIGN
F. G. FESSLER
H. K. GEARY
D. G. SWINEHART
BENJAMIN SCHNEIDER
W. P. FITZGERALD

"For Ways That Are Dark
And For Tricks That Are
Vain, the Heathen Chinee
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 intende 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 showdown 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

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 confreres 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?"

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

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

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

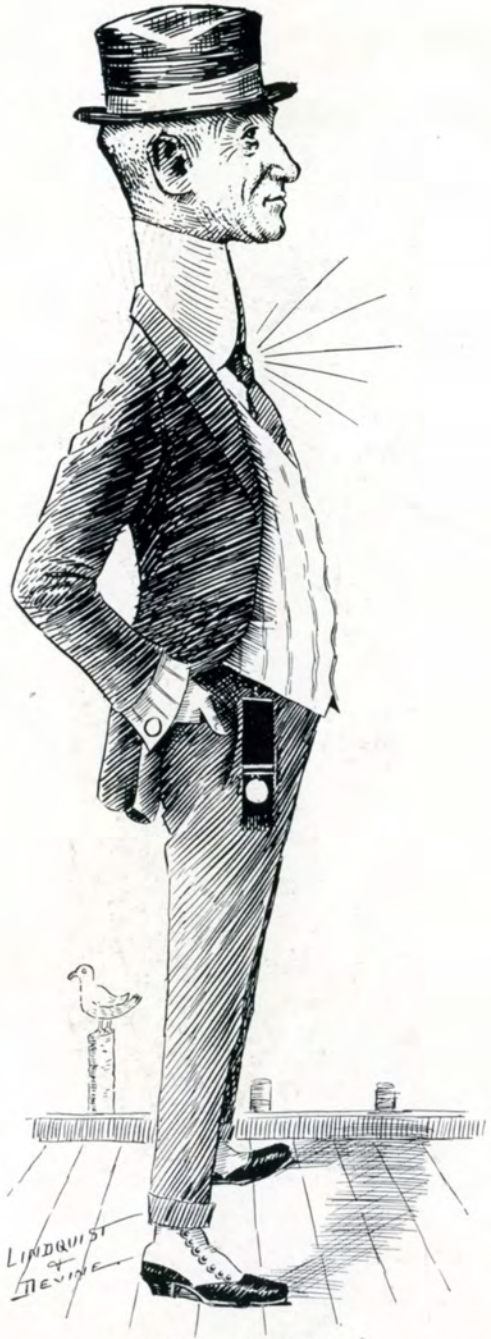
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH.

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

BILL GASSAWAY
U. S. Immigration Service

CAPT. SAM SACKETT



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

HENRY OSER
Chief Wharfinger

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

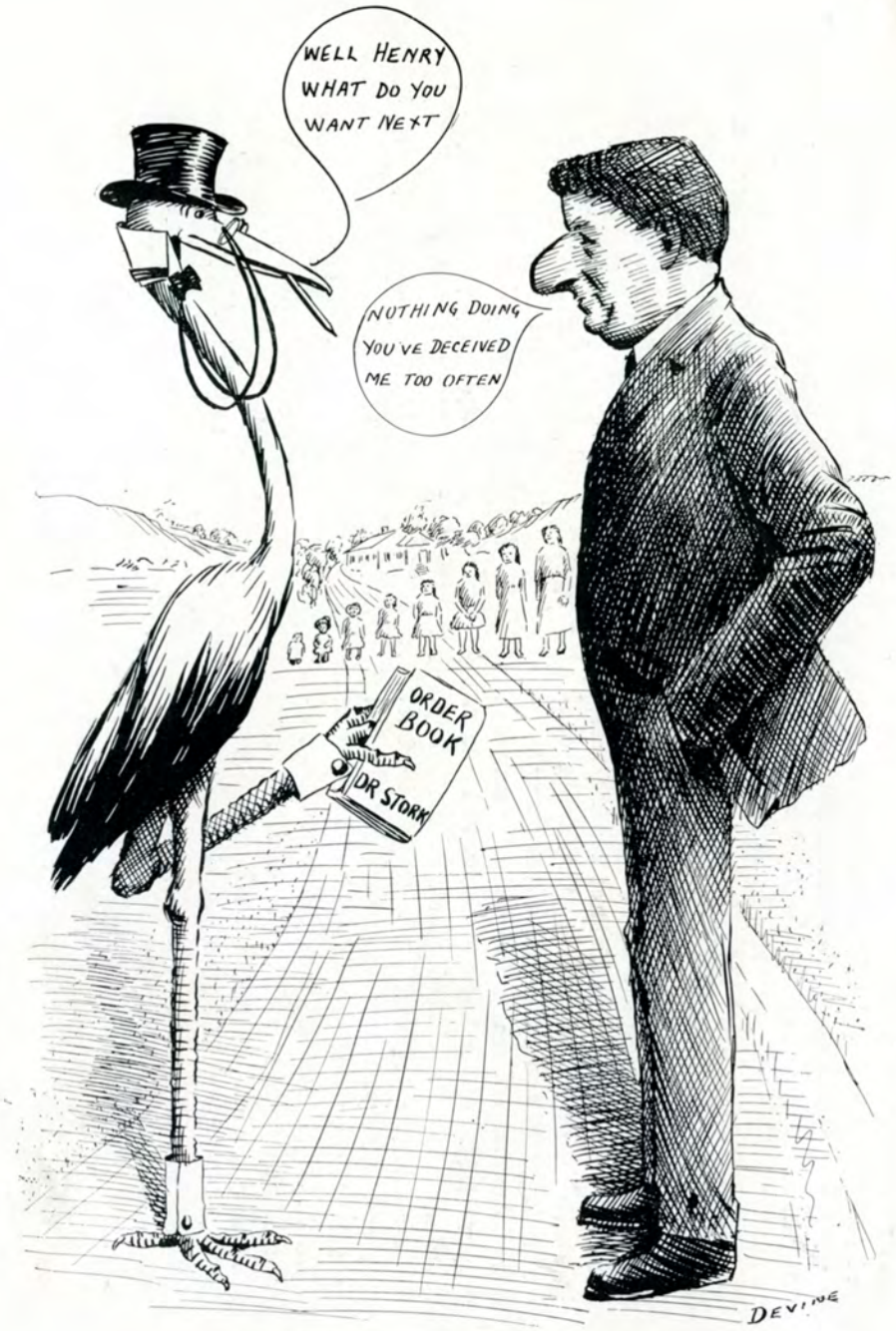
CHARLES F. KENNEALLY
A Collector of Wharf Rates

PETE WHALEN
Veteran of the city front

COL. E. W. MASLIN
Book lover and lecturer

CORNELIUS TOOHEY
"Show me a Prussian blue spot"

L. B. ANDERSON
Custodian of selected packages



HENRY FARMER AND AN OLD FRIEND

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.

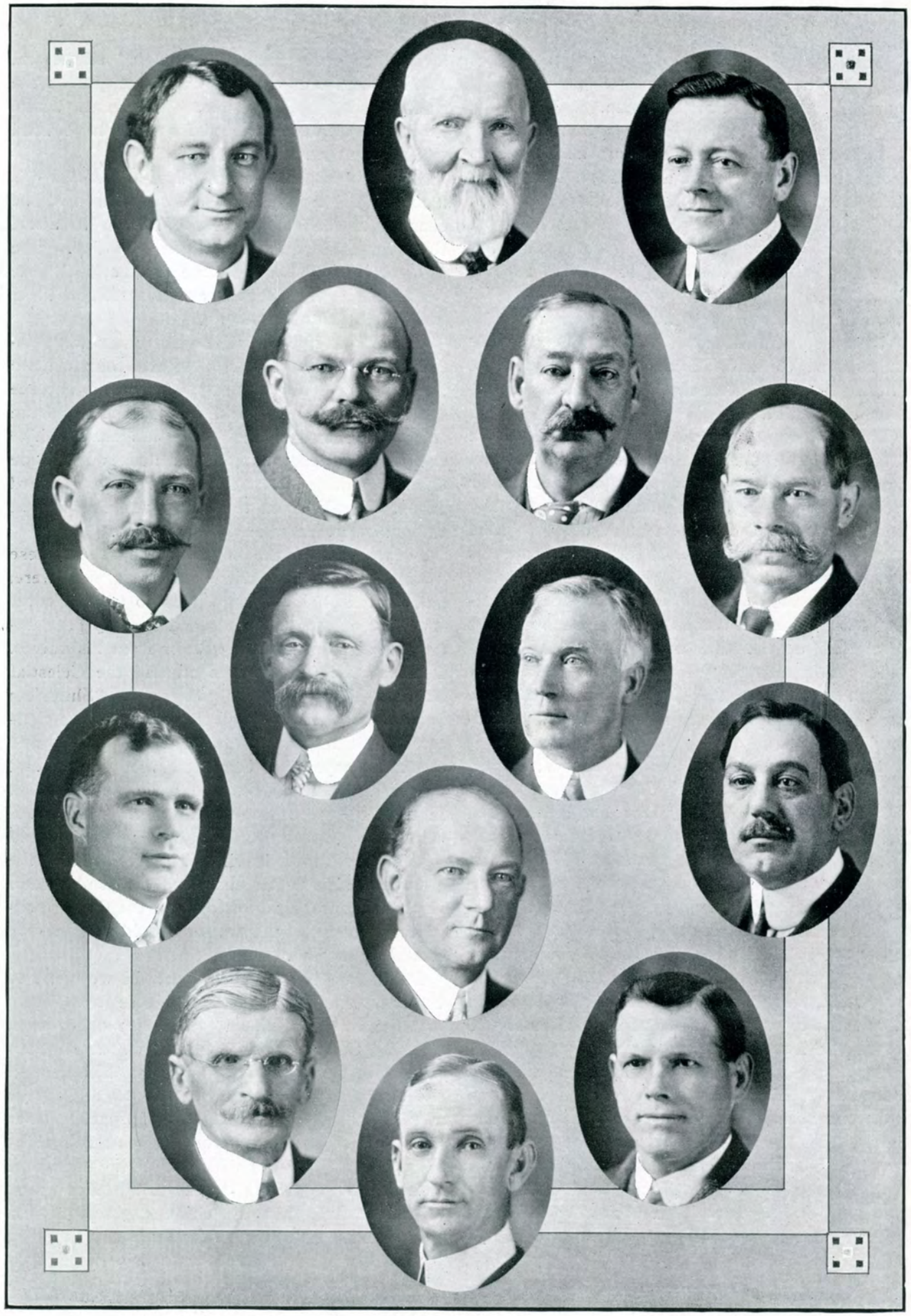
U. S. Customs.

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 corraling 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
M. FITZGERALD
A. J. SMITH
L. SPILLANE
F. S. WIGGIN
C. J. GAVIN
P. E. SCOTT
FRANK SOUSA
H. H. CHAPMAN
L. MUTHRASMUSSEN
JAMES RYE
R. C. ALLEN
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 kelson, 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 sinced 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 concrete 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.

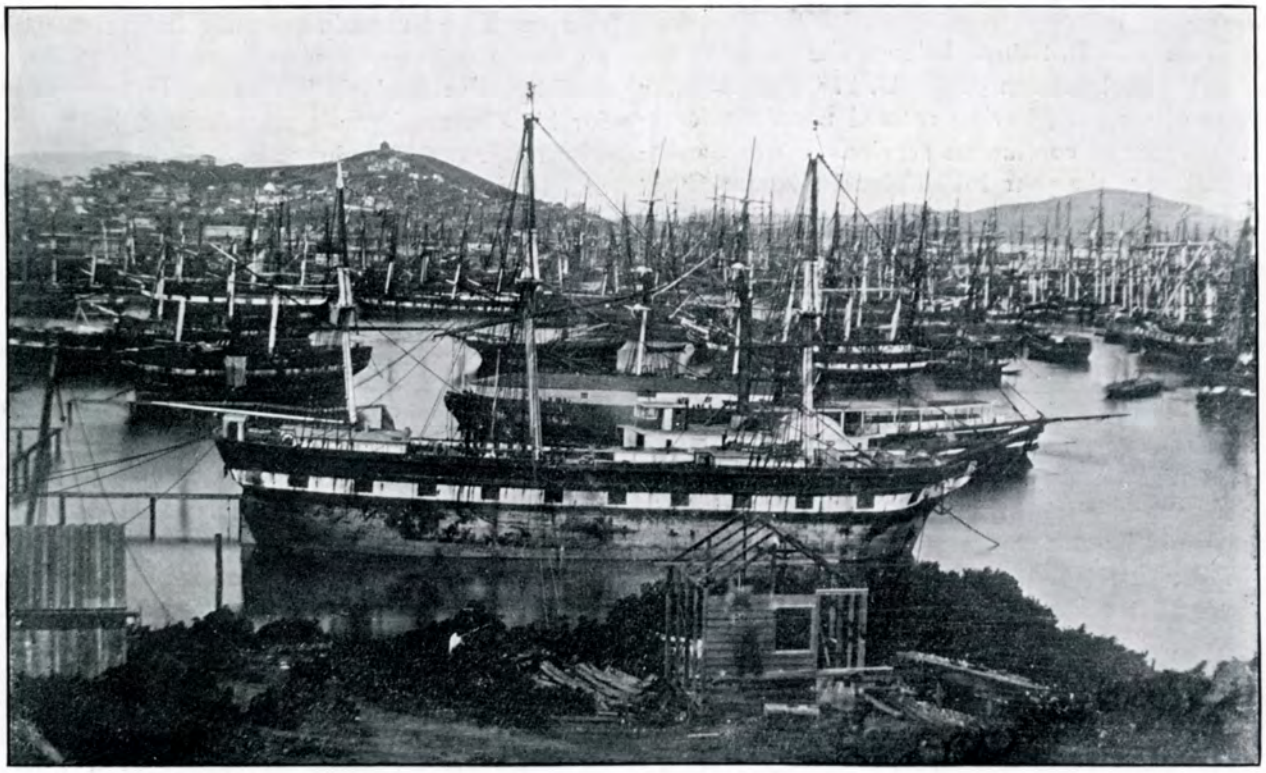
The Inspectors on regular duty in charge of the various buildings at the Exposition had the advantage of seeing at one time or another, nearly everything worth while and some that was not. Naturally they assumed a rather cocky air toward the poor "rubes"; Customs men on regular duty at the front; when 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 Woodwaud 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 epigramic 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 Gaffeney, 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 postgraduate 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.

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

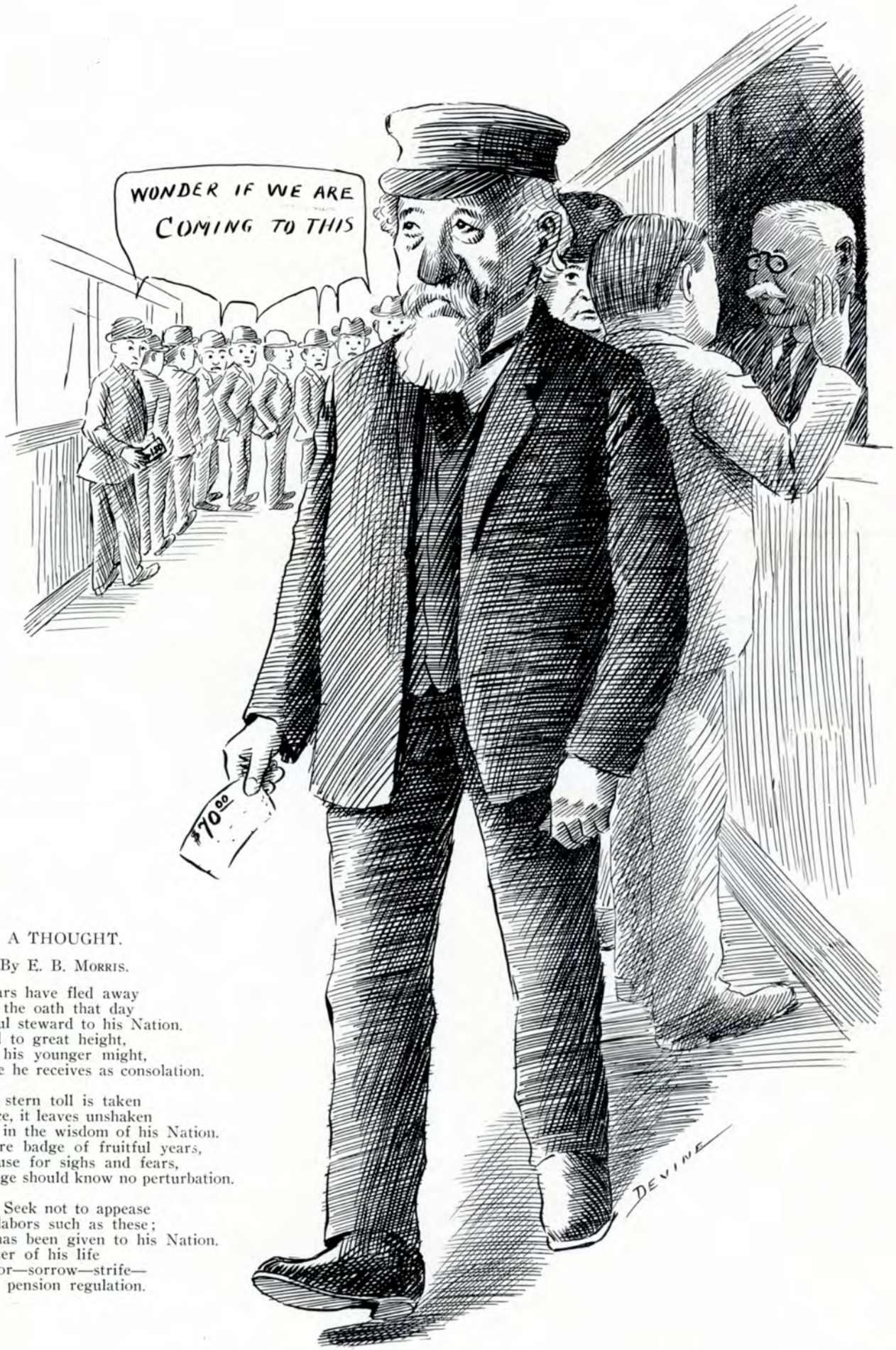
BILLY BELLINGALL
The Ty Cobb of the Custom House

DAN O'LEARY
Customs Examiner
The spellbinder of the waterfront

CAPT. ADOLPH SCHULTZ
Of the quarantine boat Argonaut

GEORGE P. CLOUGH
The man who thrives on figures

DENNIS FINNEGAN
Weigher of away back



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.

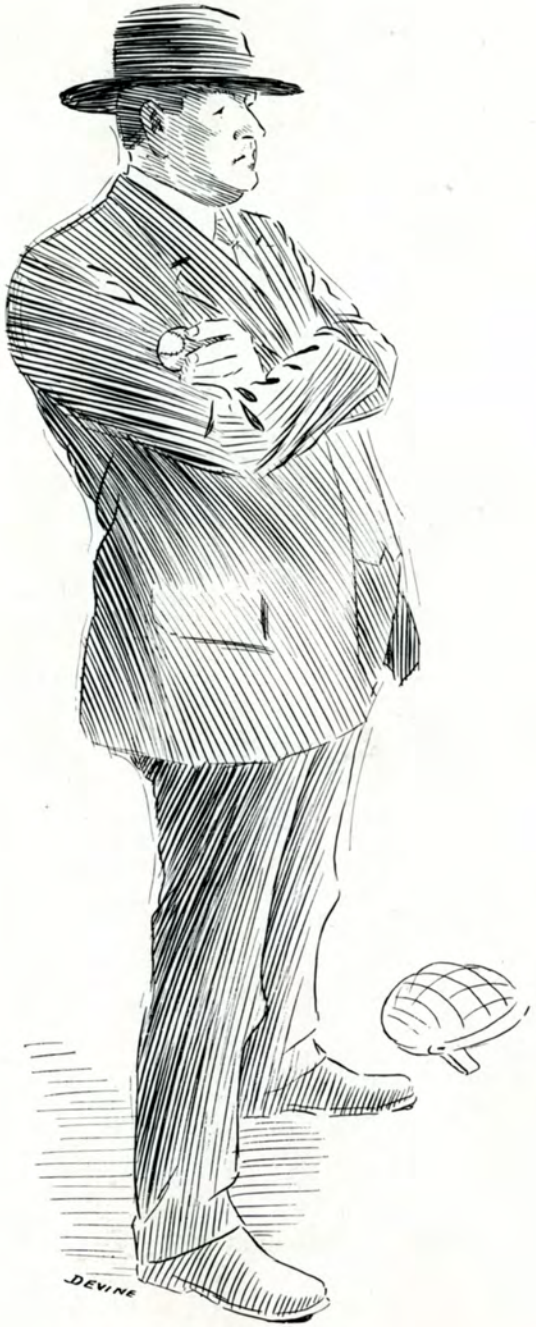
Though Life's stern toll is taken
From that force, it leaves unshaken
Still, his faith in the wisdom of his Nation.
White locks are badge of fruitful years,
And not a cause for sighs and fears,
For Faithful Age should know no perturbation.

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.

INSPECTOR DICK KELLOGG
Dignified and faithful

JOHN GREENAN
An Inspector of olden times

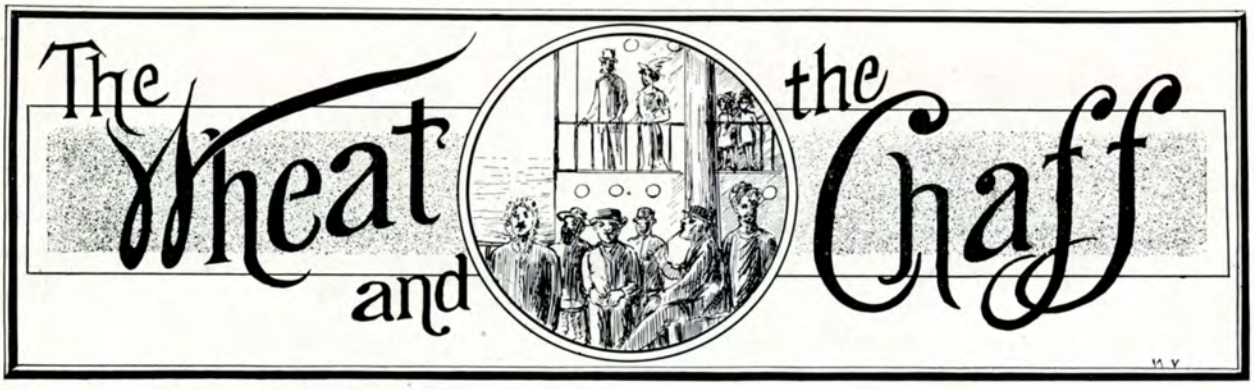
TOM SCOTT
The bond man



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 hookworm.

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.

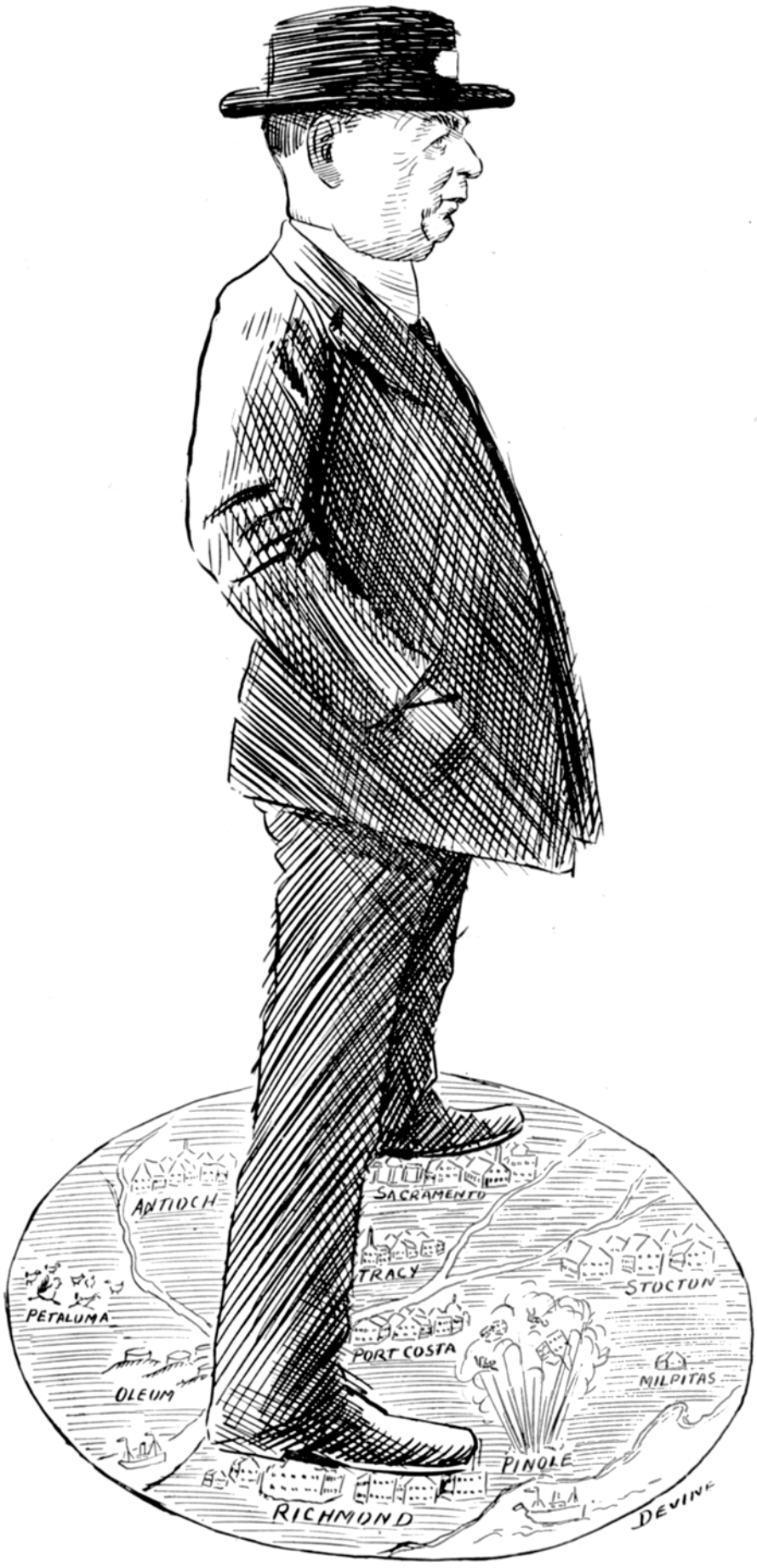
"**S**ervice!" she cries; the gates of commerce swing,
The mightiest ships transfer from sea to sea.
A threshold to the oceans here doth bring
The ships of every land to you and me.
Effort and courage placed at greatest test,
Severed the wall that made an East and West.

Close to our Golden Gate is laid the world.
"**U**pward 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.

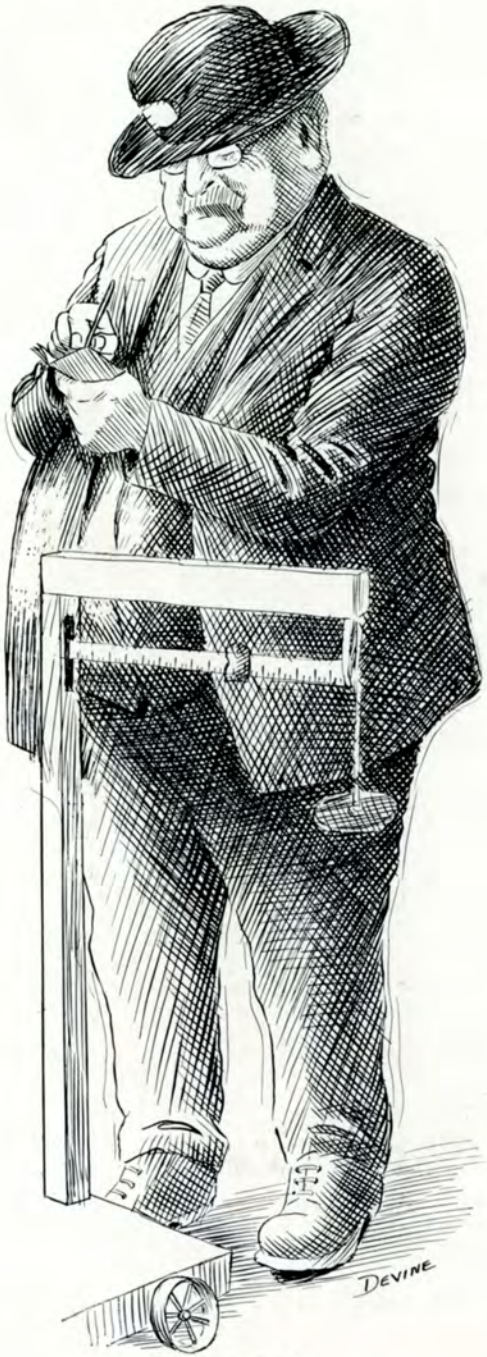
"YOU CAN SEARCH ME"

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.

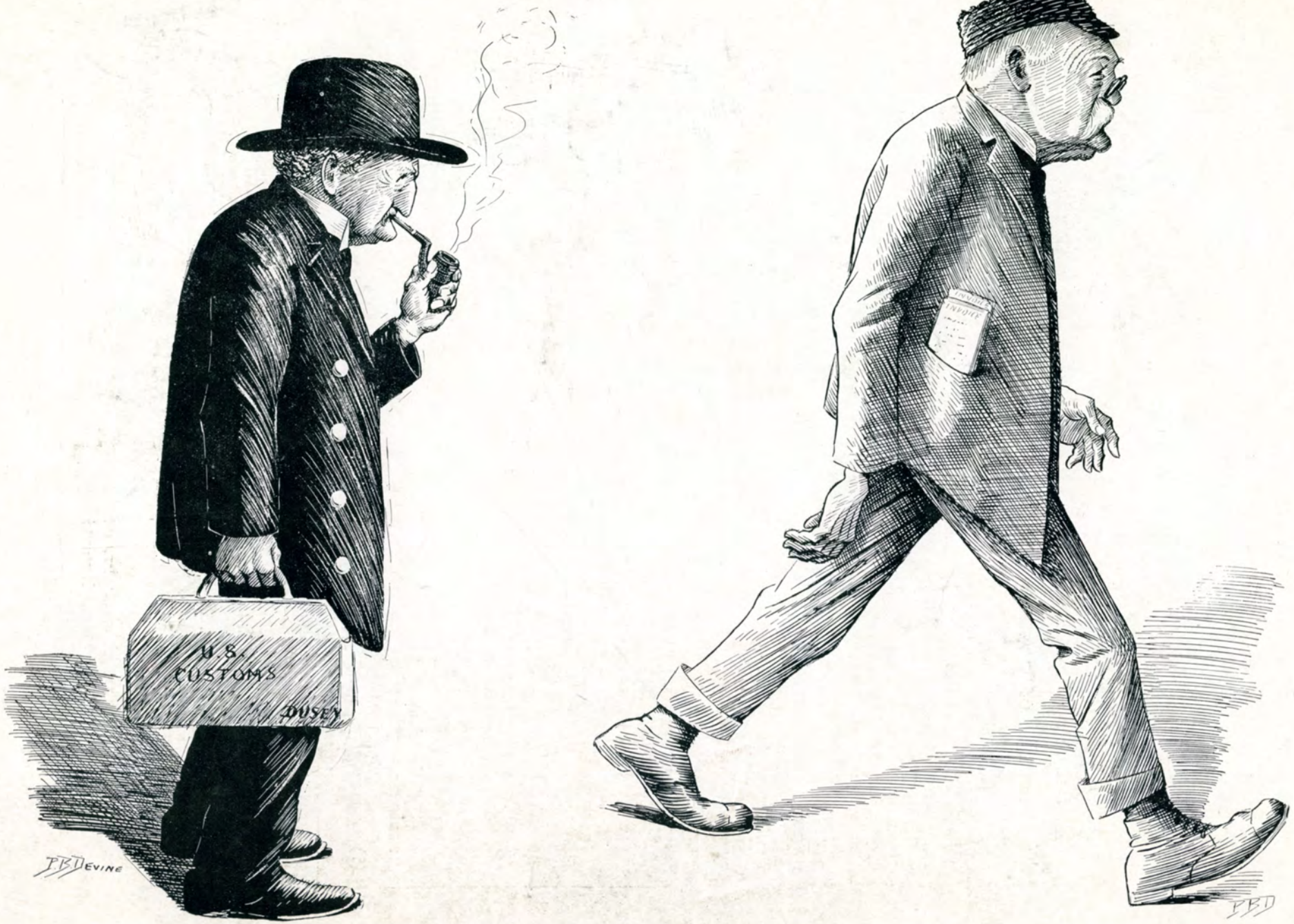


C. A. KELLY
District Officer in charge of inland districts



JIM MURRAY
U. S. Weigher

TOM EAGAR
Admeasurer of Vessels



P. S. Dusenberry

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

"Cap" Hanley

DR. GRAHAM
Chief Chemist, Bureau of Animal Industry

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

FRANK FULLER
The giant Keeper of the Records

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 admeasurer 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?

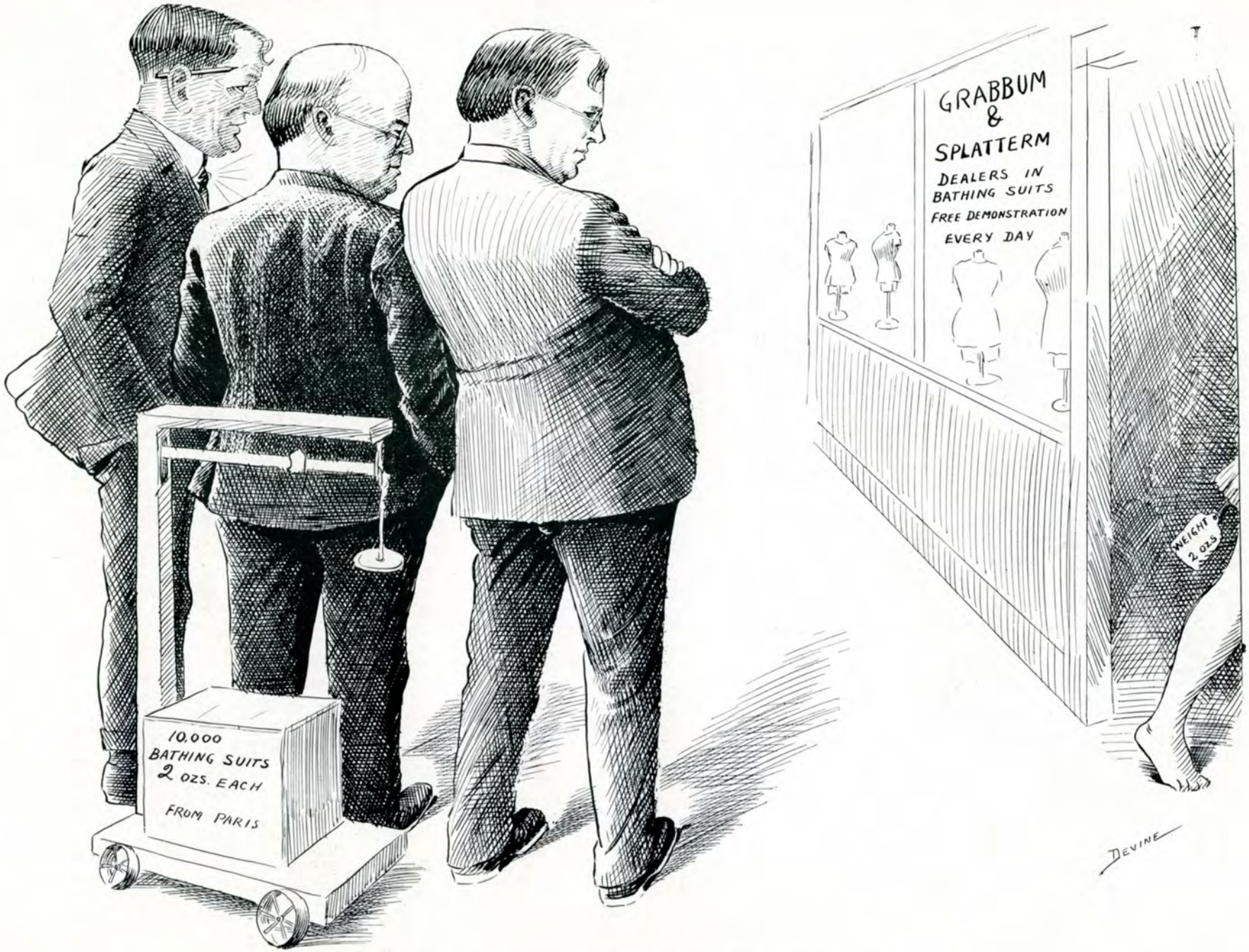
One plans on effecting seizure, and the other sees your effect on plans.

AL. DONOVAN
In his new auto

LITTLE DAVE LAWLER
Is a big clerk now

GEORGE DIMPFEL
With a new joke

J. H. CROSHAW
The commercial newspaper man



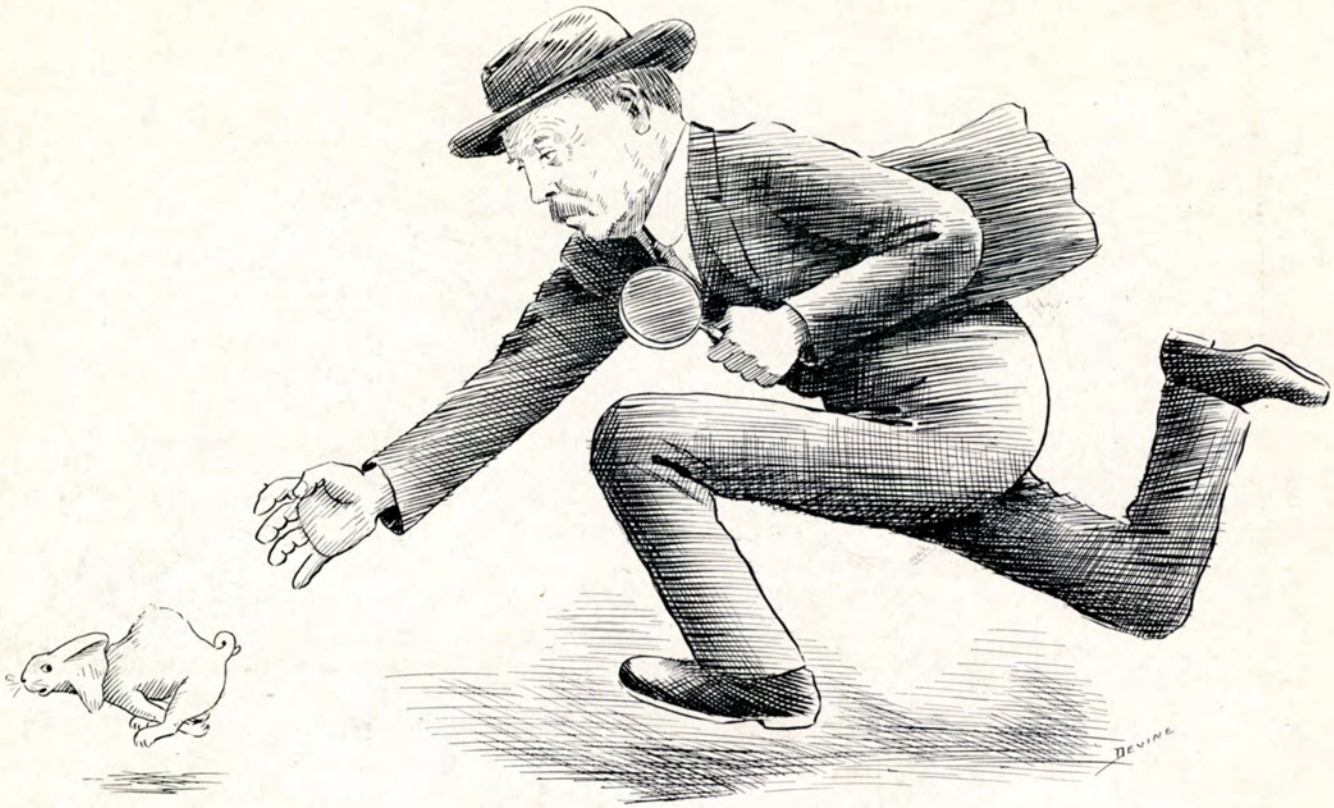
CUSTOMS OFFICERS WITTY, HEARTY AND HEINER
At work at the P. P. I. E.

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

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

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

SAMMY COLEMAN
From the 41st



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

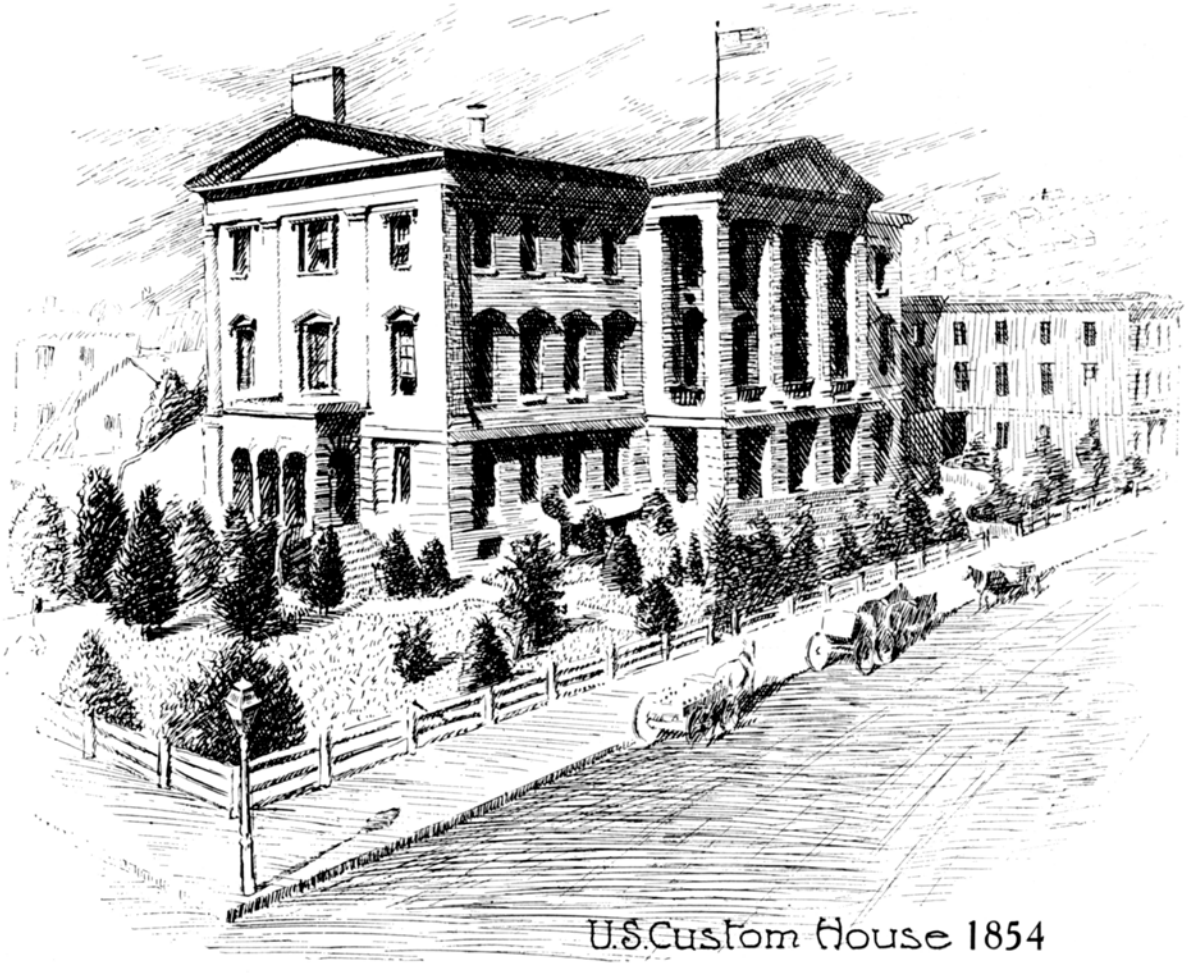
As we journey o'er Life's rugged highways
What a caravan strange we scan,
Crossing our path on the by-ways,
That checker the course of Man.

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 Colllector
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 Wyrick
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. Bisnette
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 Artigues, 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. Tregea
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 K. 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
J. E. Regan
S. P. Walsh
J. H. Brock
A. E. Buckley
D. W. Dow
C. J. Gavin
H. K. Geary
W. E. Hamburg
M. J. Hurley
C. E. Langhans
G. B. Manley
John Regan
R. C. Rush
Edward Skahan
A. J. Smith
J. H. Smith
J. S. Ramey
William Bramstedt
G. W. Kenny
J. J. Loughrey
W. J. Williams
J. H. Yates
J. H. Morris
J. F. Smith
R. E. Ensign
William Morgan
David Holden
P. H. Whelan
G. A. E. Wieger
R. R. Graham
Claude Nichols
C. B. Weltner

Weigher's Department

W. J. Dougherty, U. S. Weigher
A. Dumas Jones
R. T. Simcoe
D. J. Moynihan
J. F. Barfield
E. V. Carbone
W. S. Dent
Dennis Finnegan
A. H. Freund
A. R. Fricke
G. P. Fritz
Samuel Growney
G. W. Hassler
W. G. McKean
J. J. Mulcahy
J. B. Murray
W. B. Nye
William Phoedovius
W. A. Springer
J. B. Twigg
J. A. Witty
M. J. Acton
R. C. Allen
D. A. Amador
R. H. Ashton
W. J. Avery
W. J. Barnes
J. F. Brady
C. M. Brown
W. R. Bunch
Michael Burns
E. H. Clark
John Costre
H. G. Crafts
D. E. Dudy
J. W. Foster
E. G. Gilbert
A. P. Gularte, Jr.
S. R. Jones
A. I. Kenny
Leonhard Kjer
J. B. Lang
J. T. Lloyd
Lawrence Moore
E. F. Murphy
M. J. Murray
E. H. Pannell
E. H. Parsons
J. C. Pohley
Fred Probst
L. M. Rasmussen
A. F. Reif
James Rye
A. J. Smith
A. H. West

Gauger's Department

James D. Whalen, Gauger
Arthur S. Young
Frederick Gates
Hugh W. Dolan
Frank S. Wiggin
Joseph E. Johnston
Henry May
Eugene Lynch

Naval Office

James H. Barry, Naval Officer
Edwin W. Maslin, Deputy Naval Officer
George A. Marshall
Clyde C. Westover
Simeon A. Davis
Charles H. Osborn
Joseph N. Thornton
Harry B. Needham
Ernest C. Lind
Alfred Berryessa
James W. Welty
Robert Jennings

Appraiser's Department

Ed. E. Leake, Appraiser
J. B. Stevens, Assistant Appraiser
Campbell Whitthorne, Assistant Appraiser
J. H. Dawson, Special Examiner of Drugs
Cornelius Toohey, Examiner of Teas
E. A. Holmes, Chief Clerk
A. W. Donovan, Clerk
Anne E. Sullivan, Stenographer

Examiners and Assistants

J. W. Maguire
D. J. O'Leary
G. A. Reynolds
L. A. Heiner
E. B. Morris
G. P. Dimpfel
J. F. Brown
L. A. Kent
J. E. Pomeroy
T. E. Hearty
P. B. Devine
W. G. Read
R. B. Downie
Fred West
H. L. Alves
C. F. Hutchison
G. H. Coons
F. M. Avilla
D. F. Burrows
L. C. Bonds
J. M. Lowrie
Clarence Downs
W. H. Spilman
W. P. Graham
H. H. V. Jones
D. W. Ruggles, Jr.
A. J. K. Mohr
C. W. Kaplan
Thomas Cline
W. G. T. Kirschbaum
H. L. Halliday
R. P. Hollenbeck
M. L. Fowler
G. T. Wells
J. W. Henneberry
P. E. Scott
Michael Fitzgerald
J. F. Murphy
J. P. Dowling
C. W. Cox
J. M. Black
Frank Souza
H. C. Weldon
J. A. Ertola
E. H. Weber
J. P. Cronan
J. C. Wilson
J. F. Brennan
F. H. Bachelder
J. A. Bridges

Customs Brokers at the Port of San Francisco

C. D. Bunker
J. L. Bley
T. Eisfeldt
A. Buja
John T. Boden
P. W. Bellingall
Ralph Bellingall
C. Hohweisner
P. P. Maussang
J. W. Leggett
W. J. Bulger
F. F. G. Harper
G. Tenny
F. E. Mayhew
H. C. Kent
H. B. Thomas
Chas. Schmitz
W. H. Thornley
Geo. Pitt
C. M. St. John
Geo. W. Reed
R. S. Wheeler
Geo. W. Miller
John E. Youngberg
Chas. J. Youngberg
P. J. Haskins,
R. H. Swayne
Frank B. Hoyt
John G. Hoyt
Geo. Shepston
Thos. H. Griffin
W. J. Byrnes
Robert Strayer
Pedro Saiz
Geo. H. Probasco
Fred Behrmann
E. W. Leeman

Custodian's Force

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
Fred T. Philpott
Daniel B. Thomas
Chas. H. Maginnis
John H. Meehan
Alonza Pearson
Wm. O. Saunders
James N. Stafford
Phil. T. Sullivan
Adam Weissel
Gustave W. Gjesdahl
James P. Moran
John Niess
Wm. J. Brooks
John A. Francis
Wm. Foster
Wm. B. Brannigan
Albourt 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.