JOHN DAGGETT THE NEW BOSS.

Succeeds Foote as the State Leader of the Democrats.

DONE AT SACRAMENTO.

Now the Mint Superintendent Can Dictate to All His Minions.

MAY ALSO FRAME POLICIES.

Will Name Nineteen of the Twenty Additional Members of the Central Committee.

Out of the fuss and feathers, the fury and the fighting of the recent Democratic Convention at Sacramento comes a new boss for the Democratic party of California. He is John Daggett. Hereafter no Democrat may aspire to party prominence in this State except by the consent of the man who for years ruled in Siskiyou, but who will hereafter as completely control the party destinies of Alameda county. The fact that Alameda is first on the roll-call makes it a matter of some importance to a leading politician of the State, for by the initial vote he may at a moment's notice indicate his policy and his wishes. After this, the saying will be current among Democrats that "As goes Alameda so goes the rest of the State."

At the beginning of the Sacramento convention W. W. Foote was regarded as a more important factor in California politics than John Daggett. At the close of the session their positions were reversed, and the change is final. When Mr. Foote made peace with Mr. Daggett through the good offices of Frank Gould he abandoned his position as leader and Daggett stepped to the front. Foote had set his heart on going to Chicago as a delegate-at-large, and fearing that his chances were imperiled by the opposition of Daggett it appears that he consented to a truce.

One of the last things done by the Sacramento convention was to authorize Chairman Gould to add twenty members to the State Central Committee.

When that list is made up it will be seen that Daggett has named at least nineteen of them. He may get the whole twenty. There is nothing to stop him from doing so if he desires. The fact that Daggett is to-day the most potent factor in the Democratic party of this State is due to his activity and his ability to handle and give out more patronage than any other man. The Mint, of which he is superintendent, he has used arbitrarily for the advancement of his own political interests by the making and changing of appointments. The other Federal departments in this State are honeycombed with his favorites. Notwithstanding declarations of opposition in certain quarters a great many of his friends have soft billets in the State's service.

Daggett has all the qualities of the modern boss, for he looks out for places for his followers, and modern followers demand this as the first condition of discipleship. Daggett is cool, calculating, patient, untiring, and he has that quality of reticence that seems to be the great prerequisite of the up-to-date political boss. In Sacramento he was seldom seen and never heard except in private. He made no speeches on the floor of the convention, though he could have had a hundred proxies. Yet his influence was manifested in every ballot that was cast. He did not shout or rail in barrooms or hotel lobbies.

At the beginning of the session Congressman Maguire was the leading candidate for delegate at large to the National convention at Chicago. When the votes were counted he was the lowest in the list of the four successful competitors. Daggett could have defeated him if he had thought it worth while to do so. He can defeat Maguire for Congress, but probably will not throw his influence that way, as Maguire is less in the way in Washington than in California. As a matter of fact a man almost drops out of State politics the moment he goes to the National capital. Among the Romans when an ambitious commander became troublesome at home it was the custom to give him a commission as a pro-consul and send him abroad to rule some imperial colony, where, no longer surrounded by his partisans and adherents, his power and influence on the central government became quickly minimized. That form of honorable banishment greatly resembles the present method of disposing of rising politicians when they cannot be brought under the yoke of the ruling spirit in the home circle.

This may somewhat apply even to the case of Senator Stephen M. White. A few years ago White's name was constantly on the Democratic tongue. Now he is scarcely heard of among the practical men of the party who conduct its councils and dominate its policy. But Stephen M. White could not be a political boss in California. He is not built right for that, which is not to his discredit.

Likewise W. W. Foote has not the qualifications for a boss. He clearly showed this by his course in Sacramento. He is entirely too frank, too impetuous. His bitter little speech in announcing the vote of Alameda County on the question of sustaining the ruling of Temporary Chairman Ruddock, saying that his county cast its vote "in behalf of decency," lost him many friends and gained him no new support. But that is only one phase of his character which disqualifies him for bossship. Mr. Foote has not the patience to dole out party places to the hungry hordes of camp-followers that are known to all political organizations.

In a large, generous way he would go as far as any man to assist a friend to a good position, but he could not endure the drudgery of parceling out paltry jobs to needy and persistent hangers-on. Mr. Foote has many charming traits. These mostly militate against his chances for achievements as a boss. On these he may be sincerely congratulated, though they bar him from success in politics.

With John Daggett it is different. He likes this kind of moil in the muck of the political morass and is content to wait. He who was read out of the Democratic party by the Stockton convention was not discouraged. He waited until a Democratic administration was entrenched at Washington and then demanded and secured the choicest plum of California's National patronage despite the strenuous objections of California's most eminent and most influential Democrats. Now his game is about won, for he has practical control of the party machinery, and those politicians and journalists who do not like to serve under his banner will have the great American privilege of walking out.

It is safe to predict that Frank H. Gould will rise no higher in his party, nor will his future be so pleasant as has been his career for the past four years. It is true that he has succeeded in obtaining positions in the Mint and in some State institutions for several of his relatives, but that will be the extent of his political prosperity. From this date he is the factotum of John Daggett, just as is John Markley, secretary of the State Central Committee, and secretary of the State Board of Examiners.

Gavin McNab was somewhat prominent in Sacramento on account of his stature. He will, however, be simply a lieutenant for Daggett, as he was during the convention. Very few of the country delegates obtained more than a speaking acquaintance with Mr. McNab. When they wanted to talk "business" they went to see Daggett, who was actually the only man who could remain in his room at the hotel and "send for men."

Charles Wesley Reed made an amusing speech when he denounced Daggett, though, as he says, he saved Maguire from defeat. Those who have met Mr. Reed know how much he desires to get on in politics, and when he opens his eyes to the true condition of affairs he will be repentant and apologetic. At the next banquet that is to be given in honor of that eminent citizen, statesman and patriot, the Hon. John Daggett, it may be assumed that Mr. Reed will be the first to arise in his place and propose the health of the distinguished guest of the evening. "And, gentlemen, let the royal bumper be drank standing," he will add in his most strident tones.

One of the odd things done by the Sacramento convention was to defeat the resolution offered by J. Marion Brooks of Los Angeles expressing sympathy with Cuba. The resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That we are in sympathy with the Cuban patriots in their efforts to establish a republic, and favor according to them the rights of belligerents by the United States.

John Daggett objected to the resolution on the ground that to adopt it would look like a criticism of President Cleveland, who has refused any kind of aid or comfort to the Cuban patriots. Mr. Daggett also added something about the faulty syntax of the resolution. It was declared out of order twice and at last when regularly before the convention was ordered to lie on the table by an overwhelming vote. So Daggett had the final victory of the convention and the Cubans must struggle along without the sympathy of the Democrats of California.

WELLS DRURY.

JORDAN AND THE SEALS

Stanford's President Starts on a New International Mission.

Bering Sea Question to Be Investigated by America, England and Japan.

President Jordan of the Stanford University, head of the Bering Sea Commission that will endeavor to settle the fur seal question by going over the sealing grounds with representatives of England, Canada and Japan, started for Seattle Saturday with his secretary to take passage from that port on the United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross, which has been especially fitted up and detailed for the expedition.

The exact nature of the commission is not yet known, as sealed orders are awaiting Dr. Jordan at Seattle.

"The ultimate purpose," said Professor Jordan last night, during a hasty meal just before train time, "is undoubtedly to settle the Bering Sea question. Further than that I cannot say. Detailed instructions have been sent to Seattle.

"In the party will be Dr. Leonard Stejever, curator of reptiles in the Smithsonian Institution, and originally from the University of Christiania, Norway. He is probably the best student of the anatomy of birds and reptiles living. He was in charge of one expedition to the seal islands. The United States has sent out two smaller expeditions before this one, which is the largest and best equipped of all.

"One was sent out by the Fish Commission and the other by a department at Washington.

"Other members of the party are Frederick A. Hues, curator of anatomy in the National museum in the Smithsonian Institution; Joseph Murray, a practical seal hunter of Alaska; Charles H. Townsend, the naturalist, aboard the Albatross; George A. Clark of Stanford University, secretary of the expedition; the British Commissioner, Hon. D'Arcy W. Thompson of London; the Canadian Commissioner, Mr. Macoun of Ottawa; and the captain of the ship, Lieutenant-Commander Jefferson F. Moser.

"We will visit three groups of islands—the Pribiloff, an American possession; the Commander, owned by Russia, and the Kurile, a group belonging to Japan. When we visit the last named we will be joined by two Commissioners from Japan. I have not yet heard their names.

"It is an international affair, though I suppose the foreign Commissioners are guests of the United States.

"The investigations have to do entirely with the fur-bearing animals, seal and fur otter. Of course I shall go fishing to some extent, and shall probably pick up some interesting specimens.

"I was officially appointed on June 17, but was actually notified several days before that.

"We will be back on the 25th of September.

"My address in the meantime will be 'Nowhere,' for I believe there is only one postoffice up there and a mail reaches it about once in six months."

Dr. Jordan will receive from the Government $4000 for his three months' service in an expedition that to him will be much in the nature of a pleasant vacation trip. At the same time his salary of $10,000 a year as president of Stanford University goes on whether school keeps or not.

In order to take charge of this important Government commission, Professor Jordan canceled all his lecturing engagements in the East and his arrangement with Indiana University, where he was to have delivered the commencement address to the graduating class. But more important probably to him than these considerations was the disappointment of giving up a long-contemplated visit with his aged parents, who were to have accompanied him from Seattle to their old Eastern home.

MRS. KNOPH'S PURSE.

Lost Near the Cliff and Recovered by the Police.

Mrs. E. M. Knoph of 232 San Carlos avenue was one of a number of people who sat on the beach near the Cliff House yesterday and watched the seals. A few moments after she arose and had started for the cars she missed her purse, containing $49 35.

She was noticed by several persons making a search, when some one told her that a man, who was pointed out to her, had picked up something from the sand near where she had been seated. He was approached and asked if he had picked up a purse, but he refused to make any answer. He was, however, kept in sight as he got on the train, and at the terminus followed until Officer Harrison Moran was met and the matter stated to him.

He halted the man, who stated that his name was Charles Wise, and asked him for the purse. Wise made reply that he was going to take it to the office of the Chief of Police, but the officer compelled him to surrender it, and after examining its contents found that it tallied with the lady's description thereof, so he turned it over to her.

Scores of Quaker families in Southern Pennsylvania have preserved the marriage certificates of their ancestors for many generations, signed—as is the Quaker custom—by all the guests at the ceremony.

It is estimated that it takes two years for the water from the Gulf of Mexico to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

'NEATH THE HAND OF THE REAPER.

Odd Fellows Unite in Annual Memorial Services.

ADDRESSES IN EULOGY.

Past Masters Speak of Their Departed Lodge Members.

DIED ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

San Francisco and Apollo Lodges Mourn the Loss of Many True and Tried Brothers.

There was a solemn gathering in Odd Fellows' Hall yesterday afternoon. The Friday night lodges—that is, those whose meeting night occurs on Friday—had assembled together to do honor to those of their members who during the past year had fallen 'neath the hand of the reaper. The extensive membership of the Odd Fellows' lodges in this City made it impracticable for all to unite in the services. The lodges represented yesterday were: San Francisco No. 3, Apollo No. 123, Ophir No. 171 and Sargent No. 368. These were assisted by the Patriarchs Militant Canton San Francisco No. 5, R. H. Duncan commander, and California No. 1, Oriental No. 90, Amity No. 161, Templar No. 19, Walhalla No. 130 and Loyal 215 of the Rebekah lodges.

After an organ voluntary by H. M. Bosworth, W. F. Norcross, president of the day, briefly stated the objects of the services. The audience then joined in a hymn, followed by a prayer by Chaplain J. W. Perry. The Press Club quartet rendered "Rock of Ages," after which W. F. Norcross read the ritual prescribed by the Grand Lodge for such occasions, and also a portion of an address delivered by Rev. John Venable, grand chaplain of the order, at the convocation held in Oregon last year. The address was on the relation of Odd Fellowship to the church. It described the various functions of the two institutions, and declared that they were in no wise antagonistic, but both had their places in the development of a Christian civilization.

The Press Club quartet then rendered another selection, after which the president delivered a eulogy on H. T. Dorrence and Wesley Minta, past grand representatives. He said in part:

It has fallen to my task to speak briefly of two members, not members of any of the lodges here, but representatives to the Grand Sovereign Lodge. They were well known to all Odd Fellows and their memories are dear. Brother Dorrence came early to California, and early he became identified with Odd-Fellowship. He was elected delegate to the Sovereign Grand Lodge. He was a member of Charity Lodge No. 6 of Stockton. His record was unblemished for high character and his memory will long linger in the minds of his brothers.

Brother Wesley Minta was also a delegate to the Sovereign Grand Lodge. His name recalls pleasant and endearing recollections which time cannot efface.

James Linforth, past grand master of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, pronounced a eulogy upon Job Seaman, who died October 13, 1895. He said:

Brother Seaman was kind and indulgent, kind to a fault. Although he had handled more than one fortune, death found him, like so many of the early comers to this land, of little wealth. He was an intelligent and faithful Odd Fellow. He was genial and open-hearted. Every one spoke well of him, and it is doubtful if he had an enemy in the world. He also spoke well of every one. He overlooked a fault to find a virtue. It is to be regretted that his frequent absence from San Francisco deprived many of the younger members of his acquaintance.

Martin Stevens, also past master of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, was the next speaker. He said:

Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters: A short distance from here in the plot of San Francisco Lodge No. 3 is a marble slab on which are printed a few words, merely the dates of the birth and the death of John Turley. But is this the whole of that man's life? Does that alone tell the whole story? That it does not you are brought here this afternoon to learn. He joined the Odd Fellows at the age of 32, and until his death he was a consistent Odd Fellow. To many of you that may mean little, to Odd Fellows it means that he was true and generous; that he never neglected an opportunity to do a good act to a brother.

This man of whom I speak was a good man. He gave unselfishly of his own means. He led a life of honor and of purity.

I have been asked also to speak of Brother C. W. Ham. All that I have said of Brother Turley may also be said of him. For fifty-two years he was a consistent Odd Fellow. It is a beautiful ceremony that suggests that we meet here to-day in remembrance of these honored men. When the last grand reveille shall be sounded, when the bugle blast shall ring out on the air for the last time and the recording angel shall call the names of these men for the last time, back shall come the answer sweetly, "Dead on the field of honor."

A. P. Black spoke in memory of C. H. Allison, A. J. Trask and Judge McAfee, also of San Francisco Lodge No. 3:

It must by this time have become evident to you that San Francisco Lodge No. 3 has out during the last year been invaded by death. I have been asked by the committee to speak of Brothers Allison, Trask and McAfee. I do not remember to ever have seen any of these three men. It is a beautiful object lesson of this society that the brothers, though absent, are still with us. We take care of our brethren.

Though a man may be in the remotest section of the country, he may be assured that his wants will be provided for. My inquiries have shown me that these three men were men of lofty character, who were always willing to do their share. While not men who urged themselves forward, in their quiet sphere of life they were well known; they were beloved. That is the best compliment that can be passed on any man. Those who knew him most loved him best.

Hon. W. W. Morrow of Apollo Lodge No. 123 eulogized S. York Atlee and Charles C. Terril. He said:

What lesson death teaches those who have departed we know not, but we do know that death teaches a lesson to those who remain. The lesson taught by those who have struggled through existence, is a lesson to those who come after. Odd Fellowship is an organization that reaches out through the people, and it retains in its records the history of the masses. It is from the lives of such people we draw proper instruction. To-day we meet to recount something of the character of those who have departed during the past year.

When I entered Apollo Lodge twenty-three years ago there were men of strong character in that lodge. I was particularly impressed with the character of George Atlee. He was appointed the first Postmaster of San Francisco, but he did not accept it. He perhaps did not believe in the future of this State. I am informed, however, it was because of sickness in his family. Twenty-two years later, however, he did come to take charge of the New Age, the official organ of Odd Fellowship. He afterward went East, where he died, at 92 years of age. He was a strong man then. It is worth while for us to stop and admire such men.

There is another name I was requested to mention, and I do it with readiness, because I knew him well. I refer to Brother C. C. Terrill. I considered him one of our best citizens. He was a great man. He was a true man. He formed his own views of what was right, and he vigorously maintained them. As a member of the Legislature he was honored by the people of San Francisco for his energy and integrity. He has left his mark in this City, he has left it in the State. It would be well for the whole world if we had more such men as Brother Charles C. Terrill.

G. G. Burnett, a past master of Apollo Lodge, spoke feelingly of the life and death of George J. Wheelock, whom he had known intimately. He also spoke in eulogy of J. F. A. Delicot and D. M. Rinertson.

Frank Coffin, assisted by the Press Club quartet, sang the beautiful solo, "It Is Well With My Soul."

F. W. Jaeger delivered an eloquent tribute to the memory of H. Knell, late of Ophir Lodge, No. 171. After a selection by the quartet and a hymn by the audience, Chaplain Perry dismissed the services with prayer.

BURIAL OF H. C. MANSIR.

He Was Janitor of Odd Fellows' Hall Since Its Dedication.

Notwithstanding a general annual Odd Fellows' memorial meeting was being held in the main (public) hall of Odd Fellows' building yesterday afternoon, and notwithstanding two other funeral ceremonies were being conducted in the same building at the same time, Memorial Hall was filled with brothers and patriarchs and other mourning friends of the late Henry C. Mansir, at 2 o'clock. Oriental Encampment and Templar Lodge, to which the deceased belonged in his lifetime, were represented by an aggregate of nearly two hundred members, while others occupied the remaining seats, and many crowded round about the doors of Memorial Hall.

C. W. Moulthrop occupied the noble grand's chair, the grand treasurer of the encampment, George W. Lamont, took the station of chaplain, and a past chief patriarch of the encampment, acted as marshal. A specially engaged choir, under Organist Snellock, sang appropriate hymns and psalms with great effect.

The address was by C. A. Sumner, who said, in part:

This is, indeed, a house of mourning.

Another familiar face is to be seen here and now for the last time; another familiar voice is hushed, to be heard no more until responsive at the resurrection.

Forty years an Odd Fellow, thirty years a member of Templar Lodge; twenty years a patriarch of Oriental Encampment—70 years of age. These are the divisions of his time we may most appropriately note marking the sum of his life at the psalmist's prescribed limitation of three score and ten.

A life in its sphere well spent. His biography exhibits many traits of character suitable for a eulogy.

Henry C. Mansir—honest man; good, kind soul; true, devoted, ardent Odd Fellow; loving, steadfast friend! The moment has come to exclaim here, above your lifeless form, with the tenderest recollections and affection of a patriarch and brother: Hail and farewell!

And we are glad that he has lived thus long:
Why mourn that he has gone to his reward?
Why should we deem kind nature did him wrong,
Gently to disengage the vital cord?
For when his hand grew palsied and his eye
Dim with the mists of age it was his time to die!

THE WAR CRY IN CHINESE

The Salvation Army's Official Organ in a New Form.

All of the Religious News of the Ranks Read by the Residents of Chinatown.

The Salvation Army has begun to issue a Chinese edition of the War Cry, and the merchants buy it up like hot cakes and read every letter and hieroglyphic that it contains.

This is what the lasses who sell the War Cry all over the Chinese quarter say, and any one who likes can confirm their statement by looking into the stores, where it is becoming no uncommon sight to behold the portly proprietors immersed in the study of a big sheet of printed Chinese, quite unintelligible to the average American reader, but which is easily distinguishable as the War Cry by a very big crown, surmounted by a very little cross, which adorns the title page. When the members of the army see the Chinese reading this literature they rejoice greatly, because after it has been read, marked, learnt and inwardly digested they believe that many conversions will result.

It is only three weeks since Brigadier-General Keppel resolved to issue a Chinese War Cry. There had been none before in the history of the army, for that organization has not yet attempted to gain a foothold in China. A number of difficulties lay in the way, the first and foremost being that "war cry" conveys such an idea of blood-curdling horror to the Chinese mind that no one would have had courage to read a paper with such a name. It was absolutely necessary to invent a new name, so the mild and pleasing one of Salvation Army News was selected, and it has proved satisfactory to all parties.

Among the converts are several literary Chinese, who were delighted at the idea of issuing the War Cry in their own language. Yee Ling was made editor in chief, because he was very learned and felt equal to arranging and adapting the American War Cry to suit the needs of his own countrymen. Under his directions a tasteful and striking title-page was designed, which included pictures and mottoes in Chinese. The most conspicuous of the latter reads, when interpreted: "China for the Lord."

The amount of labor which Yee Ling has accomplished since he was promoted to the editor's chair is considered to be astonishing.

He has four large blanket-like pages to fill with army news, and when the American version of the War Cry does not strike him as being suited to the tastes and spiritual needs of his fellow-countrymen he rearranges and adapts. In many cases he writes his own articles, and nearly all the local Chinatown army news is of his own gathering. Having composed his paper, Yee Ling engraves it all on one stone, and, considering the smallness and fantastic shapes of the hieroglyphics, this is a tremendous undertaking. Chinese presses are used for the stone-engraving, and the firm to which they belong does the work at half cost, as it has been firmly impressed on the minds of the literary portion of Chinatown that the white magic contained in the Salvation Army News will have an uplifting effect on the whole community.

Editor Yee Ling is assisted to some extent in his labors by Jo Kin, a poet who has already put a whole book of hymns into Chinese. Jo Kin only contributes to the poet's corner, however. The current issue of the Army News contains "There Is a Fountain" translated into Chinese blank verse by him.

Captain Jones, one of the hardest-working lasses in Chinatown, spoke very enthusiastically of her success in selling the Army News.

"I have been out this morning and have done a thriving business," she said. "The people who buy the News read it, too, and they never complain about what they find in it. We give copies to all the Chinese in the Broadway Jail, and last night—the Lord be praised!—one man who had read the War Cry in prison and had only come out that afternoon was at our meeting. That was a beginning, and we believe that many conversions will come from our Army News."

In an old Indian mound near Cedarville, Ohio, was recently found a stone image of a woman in a sitting position. The image is smoothly carved and well proportioned, and shows the female features very clearly. It is thought that it dates back many centuries, probably to a time long prior to the mound-builders.

A company has been formed in Copenhagen, with a capital of 100,000 crowns, to erect in all the public squares of that city telephone kiosks, in which, besides the use of the telephone, the citizens will find the daily papers, be able to write letters, have their boots blackened, receive messages, etc.

MONEY MADE IN A FEW MINUTES.

Corbett's Large Revenue From His Fight With Sharkey.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

Delegations Are Arriving Here From All Over the Country.

O'ROURKE WANTS SHARKEY.

The Rev. Dr. Case Gives Some Advice to the Members of the Civic Federation.

Jim Groom, representing the National Athletic Club, and James J. Corbett, looking out for his own interests, spent three hours of their time yesterday afternoon counting the receipts up to date of the coming four-round contest between the champion and Sharkey.

The affair is not to take place until next Wednesday night, but the sale of seats has been on since last Monday morning. During that time 3200 seats have been sold at an average of $4 each, or $12,800. This is unquestionably the heaviest sale in advance of any one-night performance in this City. It must be considered also that the extreme possibility of its duration can only be fifteen minutes, while there is a likelihood of even this short space of time being cut down by a well-placed blow.

The $2 seats in the gallery have not yet been placed on sale, and will not until the night of the fight, when they will be peddled out at the Pavilion box-office. Taking it for granted that only half of the seating capacity will be sold, this will bring in an additional revenue of over $3000, bringing the receipts up to about $16,000, half of which, win or lose, must go to James J. Corbett before he enters the ring.

It is evident from this that there is something in the name of champion.

On the other hand, Sharkey, the bold sailor lad, will get less money than Corbett, but he is being given an opportunity to make a record for himself that may be worth thousands of dollars to him, if he can make a good showing.

Should he manage to remain in the contest during the four rounds without being knocked out his pay will amount to something like $3000, and even if he is knocked out he will get nearly $1800, a rather handsome amount for a man who has been working for Uncle Sam for many years at the munificent salary of $20 a month.

The interest in the coming contest is far from being purely local. The various press associations are already making arrangements for private wires to run from the Pavilion directly East to their respective papers.

The Western Union, having the only wire direct to the papers in this city, will not be permitted to sell the news to the poolrooms.

Delegations from all over the East are arriving to witness the contest, and those people who cannot get here before Wednesday are wiring on to secure seats. Yesterday the National Athletic Club received messages from Ogden, Portland, Denver, Tucson, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane for seating places.

In the meantime both Sharkey and Corbett have reached the "pink of perfection." In other words, they are now in as good condition as they may ever hope to get. They will continue with light work until Tuesday night so as not to get stale, and on Wednesday they will both take a well-deserved rest prior to the hard work they will have to face at night.

Corbett and Professor Smith defeated James C. Nealon and Albert Hampton yesterday afternoon at handball, and subsequently Corbett and Hampton defeated Professor Smith and Nealon.

Tom O'Rourke, the manager of George Dixon, the colored lad who holds the world's feather-weight championship, has wired from New York to Johnny Herget, better known as "Young Mitchell," asking him to arrange with Sharkey for a six-round go with Maher in the event of the sailor staying out the four rounds with Corbett.

"BEWARE OF THE DOG."

Topic of Rev. Dr. Case's Prelude on the Sharkey-Corbett Mill.

Rev. Dr. Case's prelude in Howard-street Methodist Church yesterday touched on the Sharkey-Corbett mill in the following style. The topic was, "Beware of the Dog":

"The common warning, 'Beware of the Dog,' is intended for those who are putting themselves into places where they ought not to go.

"The best plan to get away from the dog is to keep out of those places where the dog is and where we have no right to be.

"The Civic Federation is not made up of a lot of idiots; they are men of sense and discretion. The abettors of the ring have no idea that the Civic Federation is foolish enough to accept their invitation to act as umpires in a slugging match, even though softened down in name to a 'sparring exhibition.'

"Pugilism in all its forms is an unmitigated evil. There are necessary evils—things not desirable in themselves, but endured for the greatest good which may result from them. But there is not one single redeeming quality in the fisticuff, of fistic culture, so called. Sparring is only the preparatory department of the baser pugilism.

"The gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome appealed to the brutal instincts of men, as did the bull-fights of Spain. Prize-fights, dog-fights and cock-fights all appeal to the same low and brutal instincts. It has been well said that the battle of the ages is the struggle between the brute and the angel in humanity.

"What was that great prize-fight in Jacksonville, Fla., two years ago but a convention of brutes? It was called an athletic exhibition, but as described by the reporters it was but little short of pandemonium itself.

"One writer, looking over the crowd, wrote to his paper that if Superintendent Byrnes' detectives had been on hand with kodaks they could have made a new 'rogues' gallery.'

"Another says that 'even the Pinkertons were amazed at the herd of thugs, thieves, pickpockets and sharps.'

"A third says: 'The crowd sat with open mouths and glaring eyes.'

"The champion brute is said to have stood over his victim 'like a lion over his prey'; and again, 'his smile had murder in it.' And yet another said they glared on each other 'like two tigers.' Still another, impressed with the devilish aspect of the scene, said that 'at one time there was a huge roar of cheers and bitter brimstone curses,' and of the fighters, that they were 'gripped like boa constrictors,' and later declares that the winning brute was like an 'angry python,' while his antagonist 'grinned like a demon.' One writer declared that the beaten bully went down like 'a slaughtered ox.'

"One writer has said that perhaps nothing more fully illustrates the infernal spirit of the whole affair than the statement of the fact that the pool of blood which had oozed from the bruised and torn face of the beaten brute was all sopped dry in a few moments by the handkerchiefs of the blood-thirsty and demon-possessed crowd, in their anxiety to have some memento of the horrible occasion.

"No, gentlemen of the ring, the Civic Federation is above your kind of business; otherwise they would be infinitely below their own. The papers announce one of the champions for participation in a ball game on Sunday, the 28th. We may expect next to hear that the Civic Federation has been invited to send a committee to decide whether he plays his game within the limits of the law. But it will be of no use. The honorable gentlemen of the Federation have long since learned to 'Beware of the dog.'"

YACHTS IN THE WIND.

The California Club Regatta for the Wallace Trophy in Choppy Water.

The California Yacht Club's annual regatta for the Wallace trophy was held yesterday on the bay. A stiff breeze was blowing, which frequently compelled the yachtsmen to take in sail and show their skill in weather work. Eight yachts entered, but the Edna got in first after an exciting contest. Following is the official time card:

NAME.	Start.	Finish.	Actual time.	Corrected time.
Edna	12:43:57	2:55:45	2:11:48	2:11:48
Flash	12:45:02	3:20:04	2:35:02	2:14:02
Whirlwi'd.	12:45:05	3:18:03	2:32:18	2:19:32
Phœnicia	12:45:30	3:22:05	2:36:35	2:21:29
Thelma	12:42:15	3:08:05	2:25:50	2:24:3
Stranger	12:45:52	3:47:15	3:01:23	2:51:29
Sea Fox	12:44:28	4:00:22	3:15:54	2:54:53
Surprise	12:41:17	3:38:50	2:57:33	2:47:79

TWO GAMES OF CRICKET

The Champion Alamedas Are Badly Beaten by the Bohemians.

At Alameda the Pacifics Meet and Defeat the Men of San Jose With Ease.

The cricket contest between the champion Alameda team and the Bohemians played yesterday at Golden Gate excited considerable interest, as the unusually large attendance of spectators attested. It did not, however, prove so interesting an event as was generally expected, for the Bohemians scored a most decisive victory by 76 runs and almost by an inning. This result was almost wholly due to the superb bowling by Billy Robertson, captain of the Bohemians. A glance at the analysis given below will show what a great achievement this was.

Going in first, the Bohemians, thanks principally to Smith and Bowhill, compiled the by no means formidable score of 69. Their opponents followed but could do nothing against Robertson's deadly breakers and were finally dismissed for half a century, Ward alone attaining double figures.

The day being still young the Bohemians went in again. Reynolds, Robertson and Martin all made creditable scores and the side added 85 runs to their first inning's total.

With 104 to make and about an hour and a half to do it in the visitors started their second essay. This time their fall was more rapid and heavy than ever. No one ever reached double figures and the whole team was disposed of for a miserable 28 runs, leaving the Bohemians easy conquerors. The score:

ALAMEDAS—FIRST INNING.

C. Gardner c. Pollock b. Robertson	8
E. G. Sloman l. b. w. b Robertson	0
E. Hood st. Martin b. Robertson	7
H. B. Hogue l. b. w. b. Robertson	6
E. T. Randall b Robertson	0
F. S. Price b. Robertson	0
H. Ward Jr. c. Lugg b. Cookson	15
J. J. B. Peel b. Robertson	0
H. Bird b. Robertson	1
H. Ward Sr. not out	3
C. Bragg b. Robertson	5
Extras	5
Total	50

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Robertson	53	21	9	9
Cookson	48	24	0	1

BOHEMIAMS—FIRST INNING.

Dr. Bowhill b. Ward Jr.	11
S. B. Martin c. Ward Sr. b. Ward Jr.	4
A. E. Reynolds run out	0
W. Robertson b. Ward Jr.	4
V. P. Irwin c. Ward Sr. b. Ward Jr.	5
G. Simpson b. Sloman	0
E. A. L. Smith l. b. w. b. Sloman	24
F. E. Holder b. Ward Jr.	6
W. Reeves c. Hood b. Sloman	0
A. W. Lugg not out	0
H. H. Cookson c. Bragg b. Sloman	0
Extras	9
Total	69

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Ward Jr.	72	21	4	5
Sloman	82	38	1	4
Peel	6	1	0	0

BOHEMIANS—SECOND INNING.

Smith b. Sloman	5
Bowhill b. Sloman	6
Reynolds b. Sloman	24
Irwin c. Bird b. Ward	6
Robertson c. Bird b. Sloman	24
Martin st. Price b. Sloman	12
Simpson c. Hood b. Sloman	2
Holder b. Peel	0
Reeves c. Ward Jr. b. Peel	0
Lugg c. Randall b. Sloman	0
Cookson not out	3
Extras	3
Total	85

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Ward Jr.	48	29	0	1
Peel	36	11	1	2
Sloman	82	42	3	7

ALAMEDAS—SECOND INNING.

Hood b. Robertson	1
Hogue b. Robertson	5
Randall c. Robertson b. Cookson	0
Sloman b. Robertson	6
Ward Sr. c. Holder b. Robertson	8
Price st. Martin b. Robertson	0
Bird c. Lugg b. Robertson	6
Ward Sr. c. Martin b. Robertson	0
Peel not out	1
Bragg c. and b. Robertson	0
Gardner absent	0
Extras	1
Total	28

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Cookson	30	19	1	1
Robertson	36	8	1	8

At Alameda the Pacific and San Jose clubs met in an unofficial match and enjoyed a friendly tussle, which resulted in a win for the home team by 39 runs.

The batting achievements of Mutch, Myers and G. Theobald of the Pacifics and of S. Mayo and Falcon of the San Joses constituted the feature of the game. Cassidy and Bowley did very creditable bowling for their respective teams. Only one inning was played, the scores of which were as follows:

SAN JOSES.

S. Mayo st. Myers b. Harbour	13
L. Helsby b. Sharland	7
D. Bowley c. Delafield b. Casidy	4
F. Mayo st. Myers b. Casidy	2
A. Othero b. Casidy	0
R. Falcon b. Hill	13
E. H. Day b. Casidy	1
R. Duncable c. Myers b. Casidy	9
J. Woodland not out	2
G. A. Grahame c. Delafield b. Casidy	1
F. Croll b. Casidy	1
Extras	9
Total	62

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Harlow	25	5	2	1
Casidy	85	28	4	7
Sharland	20	10	1	1
Hill	35	10	2	1

PACIFICS.

George Theobald c. and b. Bowley	14
G. B. Wise b. Bowley	4
John Myers b. Falcon	17
E. Sharland b. Bowley	0
E. A. Mutch c. Day b. Mayo	27
H. C. Casidy c. Mayo b. Bowley	7
J. H. Harbour b. Bowley	0
T. J. A. Tiedemann not out	8
C. B. Hill b. Bowley	0
E. F. Musson b. Bowley	9
R. H. Delafield not out	1
Extras	14
Total	101

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Bowley	138	47	6	7
Helsby	42	9	3	0
F. Mayo	42	9	2	0
S. Mayo	54	16	3	1
R. Falcon	36	6	2	1

MORSE SUPPORTS BROWN

The Ex-Pastor Will Continue to Preach at Golden Gate Hall.

Deacon Morse's new church, with the unfrocked Brown as pastor, is an assured institution. At the weekly prayer-meeting of the dissenting members of the old First Church, held at Golden Gate Hall Wednesday night, it was determined to maintain "regular preaching, Sunday-school, Christian Endeavor and Wednesday evening services under the direction of Rev. Charles O. Brown, D.D." All this happened, however, after the regular prayer-meeting exercises.

There were exactly 110 people—twenty-two men and boys and eighty-eight women and children—in Golden Gate Hall Friday night when Dr. Brown announced the first hymn and Deacons Dexter Morse and Dewing and Secretary Christensen of the First Church were among the number.

When all these formalities had been gone through with, Deacon Morse made a few remarks about the movement. He told his hearers that Golden Gate Hall was an ideal spot for a church. Morse ended by giving a few figures on the cost of conducting a church in Golden Gate Hall and in keeping open the doors of the First Congregational Church. He hoped that everybody would appreciate the difference and lend their support accordingly.

Dr. Brown claimed that he had taken no part in the movement and was surprised at the turn affairs had taken.

"I had all my things packed ready to be shipped East," he said, "when my friends got between me and the train, and here I am. I have never asked a person to attend these meetings [here Brown appealed to those present] and if I stay here ten years I never will."

In this manner has Golden Gate Hall Church, with C. O. Brown as pastor, been launched. By private subscriptions and public contributions the leaders in the movement hope to keep the institution alive. After the regular meeting several ladies met in an ante-room for the purpose of forming a choir. James Hamilton Howe will be the leader, and he proposes to furnish all kinds of music at a cost not to exceed $500 per