

CHILD CRUSHED UNDER A CAR.

Little Walton Manning Meets With a Terrible Death.

HIS MOTHER WATCHING.

She Saw Her Boy Smile and Then Disappear Beneath the Grinding Wheels.

WAS THERE A WARNING BELL?

The Motorman's Explanation—A Mission Tragedy That Darkened a Holiday Celebration.

Walton Manning, 8 years of age, son of James W. Manning, an employe of the Market-street Railway Company, who resides at 2614 Mission street, was crushed to death beneath the wheels of car 1004 near the corner of Mission and Twenty-third streets at 8 o'clock last evening.

The little fellow was on an errand for his mother when he met his shocking death. His parents were seated near a front window watching him as he crossed the sidewalk and started toward the railroad track.

He turned around and smiled at his little brother and sister who were playing on the porch and then continued on his errand. He did not glance down the track, however, and the noise of exploding bombs drowned the sound of the electric car as it bore down upon him.

Without looking to the right or left, he turned to cross the track, and in an instant the car struck him. Being a little boy, the fender did not throw him from the track, but on the contrary it helped to crush out his life.

Thadcy Begley, the motorman, had not seen the boy on the track and was unconscious of the accident until the screams of a number of lady passengers and the lurches of the car as it crushed its victim informed him as to what had happened. He then put on the brakes, but before the car came to a standstill the child's body had been dragged and bumped over the cobbles for fully 100 feet.

Mrs. Manning, the boy's mother, witnessed the accident from her window. She rushed downstairs screaming, and reaching the street implored the bystanders to save her precious boy; to take him from beneath the wheels that she might try to save his life.

Her appeals were without avail, however, and when the motorman and Martin Quinlan, who had witnessed the accident, attempted to lift the remains from underneath the car they found that the rear wheels were resting on the child's body and it could not be removed. Try as they would, they could not remove the mangled remains from beneath the wheels. The car was then moved forward over the body.

It seemed a cruel thing to do, but there was no help for it, and the remains were recovered from their awful position. A sheet was then procured, and after carefully wrapping the body it was carried to the side of the street and the coroner's office was notified.

Deputy Coroner J. G. Tyrrell and Messenger T. Smith hurried to the scene that the body of the little boy might be removed before a large crowd congregated. Fragments of the poor crushed flesh and bone were found here and there by Messenger Smith, who walked along the track with a lantern the entire distance the car had been dragged.

As the coroner's wagon started away Mrs. Manning swooned away. She was carried into her home by her husband and a bystander. She is prostrated with grief and the father is also heartbroken over the death of his oldest child.

"No bell was sounded to warn the child that a car was approaching," said Martin Quinlan last night. "I was standing on the porch of my residence, 2021 Mission street, at the time of the accident and am positive that if the bell had been sounded Walton Manning would now be alive and well. My little daughter, Irene, was standing on the sidewalk just in front of the place where the boy was first struck. She says that the motorman was busily engaged watching some children set off fireworks and was not looking ahead of his car as he should have been doing."

Thadcy Begley, the motorman, was arrested by Sergeant John Martin. He was taken to the City Prison and released on his own recognizance by Captain Gillett. Begley, who lives at 10 California avenue, said: "I did not see the child. I felt a jolt and then some people on the sidewalk shouted to me that I had run over a boy. I immediately stopped the car. That is all I know about it."

MUSICIANS ARE AT WAR.

Objections Made to Letter-Carriers and to Soldiers and Sailors.

The Russian Band at the Chutes to Receive Attention From the Musicians' Union.

Disclaiming all desire to be aggressive, the local musicians' union has yet three interesting battles on its hands, which it is claimed must be fought as measures of self-defense and protection.

What has aroused the greatest feeling and is in consequence enlisted the greatest attention of the union at the present time is the Letter-carriers' band. This is composed of the gray-habited mercenaries in the service of Uncle Sam who have developed their musical predilections to an extent that permits them to enter the field of competition with regular professional bands.

While the members of the union declare that they are always pleased to discover and encourage musical talent, they consider it a great injustice that men earning regular and fair salaries in the Government employ should seek to extend their eight hours of their labor, as decreed by law, and enter into competition with men whose earnings are often of a precarious character.

One of the latest instances wherein

members of the union, all of whom are professional musicians, have an opportunity to augment their incomes was in connection with the Sharkey-Corbett fight. Negotiations were in progress between Mr. Groom of the National Athletic Club and some of the union men for the musical portion of the Pavilion pugilistic function, and suddenly, without notice or apparent cause, they were dropped.

An inquiry by some of the individuals who had lost an engagement resulted in their learning that the letter-carriers who followed music as a lucrative pastime on the side had agreed to give their services without cost in return for the privilege of viewing the fight encounter. This was the straw, and it was this which crystallized the sentiment against the mail-carriers and determined the union to take action in the matter.

Another disturbing factor was the advent of the Russian band of fourteen musicians, which has been engaged at the chutes. It was the general opinion that the regular band would be dispensed with, and on the strength of this supposition a letter was written by the secretary of the union to the manager of the chutes asking him what his intentions in the matter were. To this came a reply suggesting a conference, at which the situation could be discussed. Yesterday was the first appearance of the Russian band, but in view of the fact that all of the former union musicians were also engaged for the day it is hoped that there may be no friction arise from this quarter.

It is believed that the Russian band will be used as an ocular attraction rather than for dispensing music for the chutes audiences. Should such be the case there will be no ground for complaint on the part of the unionists.

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GEO. WALLENROD ENDS HIS LIFE.

Sends a Bullet Through His Brain at the Alcazar.

NO CAUSE IS KNOWN.

Was in His Usual Health and Spirits a Few Minutes Before.

SAID HE WAS GOING HOME.

But Turned Into the Electrician's Room, Looked in a Mirror and Pulled the Trigger.

George Wallenrod, superintendent of the Alcazar building, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by blowing out his brains. The act occurred in the seclusion of the

Theater; Lee, in the employ of the Market-street Railway Company; and a married daughter, Mrs. Gerhard. The tragedy came upon them with the force of a terrible blow.

The body was removed to the undertaking parlors of H. C. Porter & Co., Eddy street. The few personal effects, after being examined by the coroner, were turned over to the members of the family.

Mr. Wallenrod was a native of Leipzig, Germany, his birth having occurred June 23, 1836. He was but a child when his parents reached New York and had only attained his fifteenth year when he came to California.

After working in the mines with varying success he took to the hotel business in California and Nevada. In 1868 he settled permanently in this city and commenced a mercantile career. After five years as a merchant he entered the employ of Charles de Young in the business department of the San Francisco Chronicle, where he remained for ten years.

He was entrusted with the superintendency of the erection of the Alcazar building, and upon its completion assumed the management. The opening night of that pretty place of amusement was an event in the theatrical circles of San Francisco, the leading role of the performance being taken by Miss Emma Nevada. For four years Mr. Wallenrod was the efficient manager of that theater.

Mr. Wallenrod was personally agreeable and affable in manner, entertaining in conversation and of a genial, sociable and kindly disposition. As a result, he was a general favorite with all who came much in contact with him, especially among the old pioneers of El Dorado. He was a member of the Knights of Honor, of the Improved Order of Red Men and of the Grand Army of the Republic.

He held an honorary membership in the latter organization, conferred on him by reason of the many kindnesses and courtesies extended to the various G. A. R. posts in this city and vicinity. He was ever ready to aid by benefits at the theater under his control and otherwise the organization, and so merited the kindly feeling and appreciation of the old veteran soldiers.

A SIGNAL FROM MARS. A Question Unanswered, Perhaps Unanswerable. Year after year, when politics ceases from troubling, there recurs the question as to the existence of intelligent, sentient life on the planet Mars. The last outcrop of speculations grew from the discovery by M. Javelle of a luminous projection on the southern edge of the planet. The light was peculiar in several respects, and, among other interpretations, it was suggested that the inhabitants of Mars were flashing messages to the conjectured inhabitants of the sister planet, earth. No attempt at reply was made; indeed, supporting our astronomer royal, with our best telescopes, transported to Mars, a red riot of fire running athwart the whole of London would scarce be visible to him. The question remains unanswered, probably unanswerable.

There is no doubt that Mars is very like the earth. Its days and nights, its summers and winters differ only in their relative lengths from ours. It has land and oceans, continents and islands, mountain ranges and inland seas. Its polar regions are covered with snows, and it has an atmosphere and clouds, warm sunshine and gentle rains. The spectroscope, that subtle analyst of the most distant stars, gives us reason to believe that the chemical elements familiar to us here exist on Mars. The planet, chemically and physically, is so like the earth that, as protoplasm, the only living material we know came into existence on the earth, there is no great difficulty in supposing that it came into existence on Mars.

If reason be able to guide us, we know that protoplasm, at first amorphous and unorganized, has been guided on this earth by natural forces into that marvelous series of forms and integrations we call the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Why, under the similar guiding forces on Mars, should not protoplasm be the root of as fair a branching tree of living beings, and bear as fair a fruit of intelligent, sentient creatures?—Saturday Review.

Searching Would Be Too Suggestive. Two anxious readers write to the Journal from the beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, Ind., asking if it would be all right to ride a bicycle to the funeral of a "distant connection by marriage, providing you keep behind the hearse."

Gruner noticed that the door was ajar and remarked the fact to the others as he pushed it back and all three entered. The room was dimly lighted by means of the thick glass in the sidewalk overhead, but it was sufficient to reveal the body lying outstretched, face downward, upon the floor.

Gruner uttered an exclamation of surprise. The others leaned forward. "It looks like the old man," said Hall. The electric-lights were turned on. "He is dead," said the man, "and indeed 'the old man,' as they were accustomed to call him, as a term of endearment—for old George Wallenrod was loved by all who knew him.

The body was cold and stiff, and had evidently been dead many hours. A cheap imitation Smith & Wesson revolver lay near him; a chair, that he had evidently grasped when falling, lay across his body. His life's blood and brains had poured out about him on the floor.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon George Wallenrod left his son in the theater, wearing the appearance of his usual good spirits. He went into the bar which is connected with the theater and took a drink of whisky and remarked to the bartender that he was going home to dinner. From what followed it is supposed that he went straight to the little underground room and, standing before a looking-glass that was fastened against the wall, pointed the revolver at the center of his forehead and fired. The pistol dropped at his right hand and as he fell his hand grasped the back of a chair which had a fixed place under the glass. The body swayed around and fell face downward across the floor and the chair fell on top of it, and George Wallenrod had made his exit—one of the last men in the world that those who knew him would have suspected of voluntarily making this tragic end.

No one was better known in theatrical and business circles. He was one of the "old timers" and no man can name an enemy of his. He had none. He was invariably cherished as a friend—a kind, considerate, genial friend; a good companion.

He superintended the construction of the Alcazar building as one of the firm of Wallenrod, Osborne & Stockwell. He was manager of the theater for the first few years afterward and since was superintendent of the entire building.

There is no suspicion of there being anything wrong with Mr. Wallenrod's financial affairs. Just before Mr. de Young left for the East, a few weeks ago, his books were examined and found to be all right.

Mr. Wallenrod was 65 years of age. He leaves a widow and three children, George W. Jr., assistant treasurer of the Alcazar

BELLBOYS QUIT THE BALDWIN.

Say They Were Asked to Work Eighteen Hours a Day.

OBJECT TO THEIR FOOD.

Numerous Grievances Cited, but Only One Which Caused the Strike.

PROPRIETOR STONE EXPLAINS.

He Says a Few Boys Who Were Having an Easy Time Were Discharged.

A number of the bellboys of the Baldwin Hotel are on a strike. Just how many of the lads are standing upon their rights it is difficult to ascertain, owing to the remarkable variance in the stories of the principals to the controversy, but it is somewhere between five and seventeen, with the chances in favor of a number nearer the latter figure.

The grievances of the "bellhops," as detailed by C. F. McKenzie, one of the strikers, are numerous. "Last month," said McKenzie, "there was a reduction of wages all through the house. We were reduced from \$15 a month to \$12 50 and we made no complaint whatever. The 'grub' there isn't fit to eat and last week we got up a petition to have the fare improved. The bottom seems to have fallen out of the petition and we heard nothing from it and the 'grub' remained 'rotten.' But still we didn't kick.

"To-night, when we went on duty, the head bellman told us that hereafter our hours would be twelve hours one day and eighteen hours the next. That would leave us only six hours to sleep on the days when we had our long shifts. Before this we have been working twelve hours one day and six hours the next. We thought this was long enough, and we couldn't stand working eighteen hours.

"We have no kind of an organization, but we all clubbed together in the assembly-room on the first floor and decided we didn't want to work at the Baldwin. We had no kick at Mr. Lake, the manager. He is as good a man as a boy ever worked for, but he gets his orders from Mr. Stone, the proprietor, and he has to obey. We knew what Stone's plan was. He was going to take the boys off the doors and, by having us work double time, reduce the force. We decided all we wanted was our pay, and we made no other demand. Stone tried to get a chance to talk to us separately, but we told him if he had anything to say to us to say it to all of us. He then refused to pay us because we had left without putting boys in our places. He told us to come around to-morrow morning, though."

The story told by Stone differs wonderfully from that of the boys. He says that six boys were discharged because they refused to obey orders. He denied that he had asked the boys to work eighteen hours, but admitted he had arranged to dispense with the services of some of the boys by prolonging the hours of others. He declared that this in no case exceeded twelve-hour shifts, including two hours for meals. He ascribed the trouble to the fact that the boys had been having such an easy time that now, when retrenchments are in order, they thought they would be the first ones let out. In proof of his statement that he called a uniformed lad to him and inquired: "Are you ever overworked?" "No, sir-ee."

Stone says he will pay all the boys today, and only failed to do so last night because their accounts were not made out and his bookkeeper was away.

All About Love. "Say, I'm in love," confided the far-dancer to the lookout during a lull in the play. "Why, you don't know what love is," laughed the lookout. "Don't you believe it," retorted the dealer. "Love is a game that Cupid deals. He has a crooked layout, and the bank wins every bet. If you copper a case in his game it's sure to win; if you play a case open it loses, and you're in big luck if you don't get whipsawed in every turn. If a man calls the turn it's a 1 to 10 shot he drops dead."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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NEW TO-DAY.



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NEW TO-DAY—DRY GOODS.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT! SPECIAL SALE OF FINE LACE CURTAINS!

On to-morrow and following days we will offer a SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 2000 PAIRS FINE NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS at about ONE-HALF FORMER PRICES.

The attention of housekeepers generally is directed to this sale. These Curtains are fresh, NEW GOODS. They come in both Ecru and White, and are all this season's designs. They were purchased by us at the closing out sale of a large CURTAIN MANUFACTURER.

NOTE.—In connection with the above sale of Curtains we will offer 100 pairs FINE WHITE CALIFORNIA BLANKETS, Price \$3.00 a Pair.

ANTICIPATE YOUR WANTS.



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