

PATRONAGE TO JUNTA COMMITTEES

Five Supervisors - Elect Vote in Favor of the Transfer.

At a Secret Caucus Saturday Night This Novel Stand Was Taken.

Charles A. Reynolds First Choice of the Junta for a Prosecuting Attorneyship.

These are anxious hours for the aspirants to political positions in the City Hall. The time passes in mystery, at least to the many who are out warming their toes on the sidewalks, and a nod or a smile from the dispensers of patronage will fill a doubting member of the faithful with hope and happiness, not to speak of visions of nice fat salaries.

They gathered on corners and thought they were pumping one another dry on news from "the inside," and of course every gentleman of the "push" gave away all he knew.

But the gravest question of all was, "What did they do at the caucus last night?"

This caucus was held in a private office Saturday night. Nine of the Supervisors-elect were present, and a few members of the "organization," the local Democratic party, were quiet participants. It was secret, but somebody came out and told everybody down the line from the Flood building to Bush street that five Supervisors-elect had voted for giving all the patronage to the organization, while four stoutly maintained that it was the board's prerogative to do as it pleased with its patronage.

So the jury disagreed, and now everything depends on the caucus Tuesday night to determine whether two more Supervisors-elect will throw the patronage to the Junta. In this case there would be seven, a majority in favor of Rainey.

More than usual interest is attached to the fight being made for the positions of prosecuting attorneys in the Police Courts. Nearly a dozen candidates are in the field—almost three to each position—and, since the more the merrier, it can easily be imagined how interesting grows the conflict.

Two new aspirants bobbed up yesterday—William H. Gleason, brother-in-law of M. C. Hassett, with a recommendation from the Junta and a personal one from James D. Puelan; also Andrew McGuire of the Thirty-seventh District, with a pull out that way.

The others are: E. P. Morgan, Robert Mann, Charles O'Callaghan, Frank Drury, Charles A. Reynolds, Judge Spinnetti, George Cabanis and Stephen O'Keefe. Morgan is backed by Ned Langan and is reasonably certain of a place. Mann has the support of Congressman Maguire and the Junta, and is regarded as a winner.

Then comes Reynolds, with every Democratic committee in the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth districts for him. A prominent member of the Junta said last night that Reynolds' claims cannot be overlooked. "Reynolds," said he, "has the best claim of all the candidates, from the organization point of view. In the beginning of the Junta movement he led a small minority, fought his way through and defeated the faction led by McNab, Sullivan, Popper, Braumhart and others.

"He paved the way for Dr. Ragan, as he finally landed on top and was made temporary chairman of the Democratic Municipal Convention, and he was with the dominant faction of the party in the convention. If the dominant faction has anything to say he certainly should be recognized."

A protest has been urged against O'Callaghan and Drury.

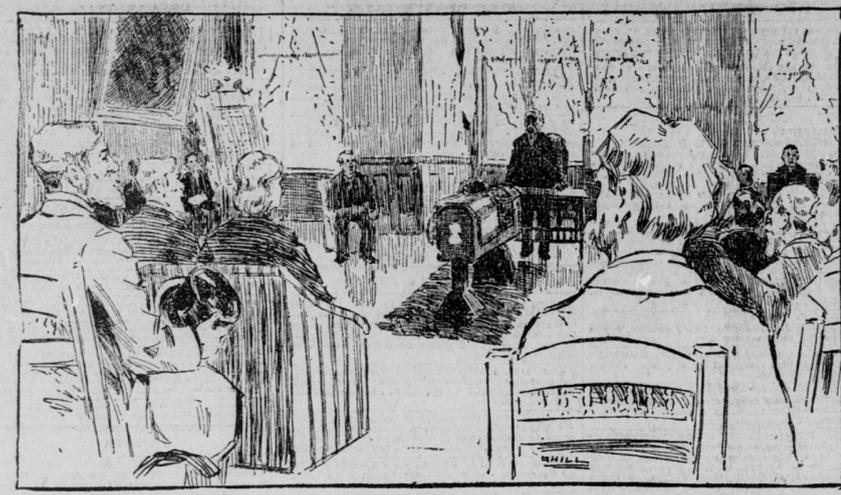
The former appears in the directory of 1896 as a law student, and Drury is given in the 1895 directory as "clerk, Wells, Fargo & Co." Chief Crowley and the Police Judges have protested to the Supervisors-elect against inexperienced and incompetent prosecuting attorneys in the Police Courts.

Spinnetti has the whole Forty-fourth District with him, and O'Keefe is only backed by part of the Thirty-ninth.

THEATER WORKERS BENEFITED

The Tivoli Given Over for Their Good Yesterday Afternoon.

The machinists, carpenters, property men, electricians, calcium-light operators and scene-shifters that go to make up the behind-the-scenes corps of the different theaters of this City were given a benefit performance yesterday afternoon at the Tivoli. It was successful, both artistically and financially. Most of the best theatrical talent now in San Francisco took part. The entertainment consisted of a laughable curtain-raiser entitled "Mistaken



Scene of the Impressive Obsequies of Captain W. F. Swasey, Held at Pioneer Hall.

BRUIN'S SPUNK IS ALL RIGHT

A Little Black Bear Makes a Fight for His Liberty.

He Successfully Evades Being Made Into Christmas Steaks.

After a Desperate Struggle Two Vaqueros Manage to Put Him in Chains.

Two men and a bear had a highly exciting contest in Butchertown yesterday afternoon and the men got the decision—also the bear. It wasn't a fair set-to, however. The bear selected the battle-ground, but that was about the only voice he had in arranging preliminaries.

The men then withdrew and from a convenient range commenced poking the bear with their long sticks.

No self-respecting bear likes to have able-bodied men taking such liberties with his ribs, and this particular bear's temper had not been improved by a two days' fast. Every lunge of the sticks brought forth angry growls and snarls, but for an hour he refused to budge.

The problematical part of the work was over. The rest was a mere matter of brute strength, and it took lots of it. Basser, Leighman and one of two volunteers organized a tug-of-war team. Inch by inch Bruin was dragged through the mud, and when he appeared—well, he was a sorry-looking specimen to have put up all that fight.

There wasn't a bear enough there to have filled a bushel-basket. He was woefully emaciated from his long fast and his shaggy black hair was clotted with mud.

The spectators were making all sorts of unkind remarks about the stranger in their midst, and something said, must have hurt his feelings, for suddenly he

took advantage of the slack rope which his captors generously allowed him and made a break for the crowd. Members of the crowd say that on the run he appeared to be a good-size bear.

The truant was returned without much difficulty to Strouse's establishment, but chaining him up was an ugly task. So long as he had plenty of rope he was willing to be a gentleman, but presented familiarities, and his conquerors had several narrow escapes from being cuffed and bitten.

"Well, he'll have to keep until next Christmas," said Leighman.

And the bear looked wise, as he playfully landed a straight left in the face of an inquisitive brindle bulldog.

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THOUGHTS OF CHRISTMAS. A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Spalding of St. John's Episcopal Church.

Rev. Dr. Spalding of St. John's Episcopal Church, in his sermon yesterday morning, spoke of the Christmas season. It brings with it, he said, the thought of a present Christ. To hear that he had come hundreds of years ago and gone away again would not be good tidings. He is present to-day with us as much as he was with the early Christians. It is through the sacrament of the Lord's Supper that he is nearer than at any other time. It was this presence of Christ which made men endure what they did in times past and even to die for him. His words were, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Yesterday being St. John's day Dr. Spalding gave a brief sketch of that apostle's life, after whom his church is named. He showed how the principle characteristic of his life was love, and that it was the burden of all his teachings, even at the time of his death, when his last words were, "Little children love one another."

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CHRISTMAS AND WORK

Rev. William Rader Preaches on Business Ethics.

Rev. William Rader preached at the First Congregational Church last night on "Christmas and Business," though he had intended to deliver a sermon to commercial men.

The speaker held that Christ was a fine type of business man, as he selected his disciples from the ranks of business men, even Matthew being a tax collector.

"Christ introduced the business motive," he said, "and founded his church on strictly business principles. But above all this, he founded the church on the highest principles of ethics known, and that is one reason why there is a profound sentiment of Christianity back of the Christmas sentiment to-day."

The speaker also dwelt on the question of good resolutions for the coming year, regretting that so many heed not the passing years as warnings to do better in the business world as well as in all the walks of life.

Lord Found and Safe. C. H. Lord, the wealthy middle-aged merchant of Minneapolis, was, suffering from a peculiar mental trouble, wandered about the City unconscious of his location, was found yesterday morning in the ferry waiting-room by his brother, who came here from Denver in search of him. Last night the brothers remained at the Baldwin Hotel. To-night they will start for Cheyenne on their way home.

The unfortunate man is apparently all right physically, and is rational and possessed of all his mental faculties, except the ability to understand where he is. The disorder first manifested itself when he was crossing the mountains on his way out here, the altitude seeming to have something to do with causing or developing the peculiar mania.

Mark Strouse's Truant Bear Furnished a Resistance More Than Proportionate to His Size. It Required the Utmost Strength of His Captors and One or Two Assistants to Draw Him From His Lair.

Receiving Hospital to have their countenances stitched up. Up to 2 o'clock yesterday the bear was monarch of what little he could survey in his slimy wallow.

This bear which has been giving such a lively account of himself is the property of Mark Strouse, the proprietor of the Bay City Packing House. Each year, a few months before Christmas, Strouse purchases a few bears which he fattens up and readily disposes of to butchers who wish them mainly for show. The meat sells readily at a good price, but hardly pays for the trouble involved.

For two months the little black bear which has caused all the trouble had contentedly occupied a position at the end of a 4-foot chain in the packing-house yard. The day before Christmas arrived, and Bruin was as good as Christmas steaks.

The workmen looked at his well-filled ribs as they passed and smacked their lips. Those smacks were bruins due to make a play for liberty, but he looked meek as a kitten and contented himself with winking the other eye, so to speak.

The men passed on and the coast seemed clear. Bruin looked at the small dog-chain with which they had confined him, smiled in a manner that sent the dogs to their kennels, and then trotted off without stopping to notice all that particular moment the chain snapped.

A bear, even a little black bear, is not a nice thing to have enjoying the freedom of the neighborhood. It may be all right in some neighborhoods, but the people of the Potrero are not educated up to, or are educated beyond, such sylvan ideas. They demanded that Mr. Strouse keep his menagerie at home, and Mr. Strouse, with the instincts of a good citizen and a fondness for bear meat, offered a reward for the return of his property.

Christmas day Bruin spent in peace. The offer of a reward by Mr. Strouse inspired several searching parties, but the bears of a retiring disposition and preferred to spend his holiday in seclusion. Not until Saturday night did Williams and Alvarez locate him under the tallow works.

It was not a pleasant place in which the bear had taken up his quarters. The tide-water swashes in under the building and makes a foul-smelling mud. The space was so small that the mountaineer could hardly stand erect. It was not nearly so nice as several cozy caves in delightful

CAPTAIN SWASEY HONORED IN DEATH

Pioneers' Last Marks of Respect to a Loved Brother.

They Gather in Large Numbers at the Beautiful Funeral Services.

Eluquent Words of Praise Mingled With Consolation by the Rev. W. W. Cesa.

Many distinguished members of the Society of California Pioneers gathered yesterday at Pioneer building on Fourth street to bid their last farewell to one of their number, one who through a long, eventful, honorable career had been an ornament to the pioneers, Captain William F. Swasey.

Without one exception, all venerable men were they who could look back over a vista of many years' companionship with the departed brother, the man who had helped to raise the stars and stripes at Monterey and on Portsmouth square, San Francisco, when Sloat gathered the golden west into the diadem of States.

They one and all wore grave faces upon which was plainly stamped deep-seated sorrow, for they full well realized the loss their society suffered. Among them were men prominent in California in various walks of life—merchants, physicians, lawyers, soldiers. When all were gathered the large parlors of the building were all small, and the hold them, and a number had to be content with standing in the main hall. Every member of the society wore a mourning badge of black and silver with the bear and its somber background, a rosette tinted with silver. Among those present were not a few ladies.

Captain Swasey died rather suddenly Friday night at his residence, 33 Sixth street. Next morning the Pioneers took charge of the funeral arrangements, and yesterday afternoon held burial services over the body of the departed pioneer.

The casket bearing the remains were borne from the house to the open space at one end of the main parlor, followed by mourning friends of the deceased. Soon after, Rev. W. W. Cesa took his stand beside the bier and read the burial service of his church, which was imbued with beautiful sentiment and hope full of consolation. The prayers over the casket delivered a brief address, highly eulogistic of the dead and of the Pioneer Society. He said: "Again, dear friends, we are met to pay the last office of respect to one of your countrymen—a company which is growing smaller and smaller every month. There does not often gather round the casket of a departed one such a company as is gathered here to-day, composed largely of men who have seen a great deal of the world, lived the lives of men associated with the earlier history of our State and City. You have come out of respect to him who has passed away."

"There must come into your thoughts when one of your number dies a feeling of sadness, and to us outside your circle it is a feeling of extreme sadness. One of you has gone who filled a niche in the history of the Nation that never can be occupied by a successor; and when you, too, are gone there will be none to represent you. Yet such is life, such is the inevitable. Wise men will always make preparation for the inevitable. I conjure you to-day to set your house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

"We can do nothing more for him who has passed from us, but if we cannot further administer to him, we can show that we believe in the brotherhood of humanity. So let us do for some brother who needs a generous act."

"It is not for me to tread within the precincts of the family, not for us to meddle in a stranger's grief or a stranger's sorrow; but for the family, I may say, we can commend you to him who is able to comfort you, to sustain you and to give you a peace."

This part of the service concluded with a touching prayer for the deceased's family and for the Pioneer Society. The choir sang, "The Society of Pioneers, G. M. Elliot, D. B. Crane and L. A. Larsen, composing the Knickerbocker Quartet, sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," with much feeling, and then John F. Pinkham, member of the Society of Pioneers, read the funeral prayers of the society.

Before reciting the service he briefly announced that it was not necessary for him to add to what had been spoken already by Captain Swasey, whom he characterized as dear brother, a true friend and good fellow-citizen.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer" was sung by C. M. Elliot, by request of Mrs. Swasey. The beautiful hymn was touching in its tenderness and when you, too, are gone, you, to sustain you and to give you a peace."

When it was concluded the minister announced that on account of the inclemency of the weather there would be no service at the grave and it was thought best to bury the remains in the hall. The quartet chanted "How Dark the Road We Go," and when this solemn song was ended all present arose and, forming in a procession, passed beside the casket to one of the hall's exits for the last time, and meanwhile the choir sang "Sleep on, Beloved."

The casket was a beautiful one, and lay half covered by the folds of an American flag. Floral pieces there was none, a blue bunch of California violets alone gracing the coffin lid.

The remains were carried out by Thomas Eager, J. P. Bearing and S. J. Wentworth of the Pioneer Society and S. J. Loop and Charles R. Reardon of the Mexican veterans and John C. Innes of the California Volunteers, who acted as pallbearers. Immediately after walked the widow and family of Captain Swasey, who was interred in the Pioneers' plot in the Masonic Cemetery.

HE WANTED TO DIE. Richard Childres Made Two Attempts to Take His Life.

Richard Childres, who said he is a plumber by trade and only two weeks in this City, attempted suicide in a saloon at Third and Mission streets where he called for a glass of beer yesterday. He proceeded to pour a quantity of sulphate of zinc into the glass when some by-standers seized the bottle in which the poison was and took it from him. This friendly act did not please him, and he remarked that if he could not do it that way "he would do it," at the same time drawing a pistol from his pocket. He placed the muzzle against his head, but before he had time to pull the trigger the same persons who had wrested the bottle from him again saved his life by taking the pistol.

The police were notified and took him to the Receiving Hospital, where he was placed in a padded cell subject to further investigations by the Insanity Commissioners to-day.

At the Receiving Hospital he stated that he had come from Minneapolis and resided at 1520 Mission street since his arrival in this City.

A very extensive domestic industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the amount of 30,000,000 annually. They are nearly all made of birch.

SOCIALISTS IN POLITICS

Told to Avoid Alliances With Any of the Older Parties.

Friends Advised to Aim First at Securing Municipal Power.

At a meeting of the American Branch of the Socialist Labor party, held last night in their hall at 909 Market street, they were addressed by S. Seiler on the subject, "Socialists in Politics."

Speaking of the meaning of the word Socialist, he said there were many who would persist in understanding it to refer to a long-haired crank, with dynamite sticking out of his pocket; but he defined a Socialist, or social Democrat, to be one who believed industrial rights to be as necessary as political rights. Freedom in politics without liberty in economics is a farce.

He advised his hearers to avoid all entanglements with any of the old parties, and to stick to a straight, independent, uncompromising policy.

They should make their first efforts to secure municipal power. A great many votes could be secured when the voters knew the candidates and could hear them speak that could not be obtained for a man they had never seen. The most notable successes of the Socialists in all countries had been achieved by this plan of campaign. With Socialists holding the municipal offices he thought the problem of the unemployed would be to a great extent solved. One of the first duties of the Socialist was to the increasing army of the unemployed. There was naturally great danger in this class to organized labor.

The speaker thought that the fight of the Socialists would be unavoidably one of classes. He characterized as "maudlin sentimentality" the effort to influence the rich by teaching that their own happiness depended upon making the working classes happy. He mentioned the content in which the capitalist regarded his class, and told of the Oregon lady who said the rich spelled the word "masses" without an "m."

To the question of what use was their organization when they could not elect candidates he said the answer was they could fight as a compact, well-organized body instead of as a mob.

THE ORE-MATED WATCHMAN. The Fire at South San Francisco Said to Have Started at the Furnace.

Little remains to be added to the destruction of the California Glue Works on Fifth avenue and Q street.

The address was given in connection with the fire was the death of Henry Hollier, who had been for many years in the employ of the glue company. He was a single man and was well spoken of by his employers and those of his acquaintance in the neighborhood where he lost his life. The management believes that he was on his rounds when his lantern blew up and ignited his clothing, and that while trying to tear off his burning garments the building caught fire. Fragments of his lamp found near the body seem to support this theory.

The company estimates its loss at \$50,000, \$10,000 of which is insured.

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NEW TO-DAY-DRY GOODS

HOLIDAY GOODS!

We beg to inform our customers that commencing Monday, December 28th, we will offer the following SPECIAL VALUES.

125 dozen LADIES' FANCY LAWN APRONS..... 25C each

200 dozen 4-Button FRENCH KID GLOVES (EMBROIDERED BACKS) \$1.00 pair

175 dozen LADIES' EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.. 25C each

20 dozen EXTRA SIZE CROCHET SHAWLS..... \$1.00 each

100 dozen LADIES' SANITARY WOOL VESTS AND DRAWERS..... \$1.00 each

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SPECIAL SAVING SALE. Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday

O. K. Whiskey 3 bot. \$2.00 gallon \$3.00 regularly \$1 bot., \$4 gal. Appropriate for the season, price and goods both all right.

Cocktails bot. 75c regularly \$1. our make. Martini Manhattan Gin, Vermouth, Old Tom Gin, Whiskey, purest ingredients, aged in glass.

Champagnes Quarts, case \$32.40; pints, case \$34.20. Quarts, bot. \$2.70; pints, bot. \$1.42 1/2. All the high-grade brands.

Sweet wines 3c 30c 3 bts. 1.00 Angelica, muscatel, malaga, sherry, port.

Dessert fruits sliced tin 10c 3 tins 25c Very good.

Candy lb. 30c French mixed bonbons and chocolates.

Everard beer regularly qts \$2.25 \$2.00 regularly pints \$1.50

Everard "Alf and Alf" pints \$1.35 regularly \$1.75.

Cigars None have greater variety, none sell so low, none can sell better. Men like them for gifts.

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