

THEY MET IN THE NIGHT

How School Directors and Politicians Compiled the Black-List.

TO "PURIFY THE DEPARTMENT."

A Cyclery Near the Park Was the Favorite After-Dark Rendezvous.

BIG BROTHERS NOW OUT IN FORCE.

They Threaten to Punch the Heads of Some of the Directors if the Decapitation is Attempted.

It was all hatched up out at Supervisor Devany's.

Devany's is a quiet place, away out by the park, and one of the last spots to be picked out, off-hand, as a rendezvous for downtown politicians—some of whom are in office and the others content with just pulling the strings. The sign over the front door simply proclaims the place to be a "cyclers' rest," but it is said that the sign inside—in the little back room—could tell another story if it had ever been tacked up.

It was out at Devany's that a meeting is said to have taken place one night, during which the chief topic of conversation was the annoying combination of circumstances that prevented the "gang" which is alleged to be in the ascendancy just now at the City Hall from placing its friends during the campaign, had found them extremely difficult of fulfillment and was naturally in a kicking humor.

If the memories of some of those who attended this meeting serves them correctly the corpulent Sam Rainey presided over the little gathering, and it was Sam who, louder than anybody else, growled about the scarcity of places to either give out or—well, "loan."

According to the unwritten minutes of one of the earliest of these meetings it was suggested that, inasmuch as the Supervisors had traded off everything in sight, it was incumbent upon those who were in charge of the machine to "make a hole in the School Department." The suggestion is said to have been voted a good one, and that was the nucleus of what has since turned out to be one of the most daring political coups that has been attempted here in years.

But what is interesting the curious most just now is whether or not the "solid" contingent will dare to carry out their bold program to summarily oust a hundred or more school teachers on the pretext of incompetency, in the face of the Normal School and other certificates of efficiency that they all must carry as credentials. The general opinion is that they will not, even though some of the men who are said to have engineered the scheme proclaim that the work of "riding the School Department of barnacles and cowboys," will go ahead according to program.

The sudden and apparently unexpected publicity given the plan which is said to have been hatched up at Devany's seems to have somewhat rattled the promoters of the place-finding scheme, and a few of them are willing to come out openly and discuss the situation with sincerity. Several of them—the supposed ringleaders—had a quiet little meeting yesterday and, it is said, decided to stick to their guns, despite public opinion and the expose, they would carry out their plan, anyhow.

The tenor of the debate is said to have been that, as an effort was merely being made to "purify the department," it is of cordant public opinion should be accorded no attention. But, just the same, they were not overflowing with enthusiasm over their own project when the meeting broke up—that is, that some of them, at least, were not. They were obviously troubled. They were annoyed that such a well-nursed and original job should be nipped just when it was ripening into the lushness of life.

And then public opinion is not all that is just at this moment worrying the members of the "solid nine." There has suddenly developed an overproduction of big brothers, each of whom seems to have secured some particular School Director to trail and threaten with all sorts of torment, and even bodily harm, unless his sister's name is expunged from the reported black list. And those pedagogues who are not fortunate in having big brothers have influential friends and relatives who solemnly vow that "something will be done" if any attempt is made to carry out the promised pruning bee.

Few of the teachers who are said to be marked for removal by the "solid nine" are willing to discuss the chances of their losing their positions, but all say that they cannot believe the board will throw them out of employment in order to give favored ones places. At the same time they are not losing any chances of protecting themselves, and all are preparing for a vigorous fight should the majority in the board attempt to carry out the intentions that are ascribed to it.

None are willing to be quoted as saying that the move is purely a political one, but all are firm in that belief. Several of the teachers have prepared for trials, should the matter go that far, and will have witnesses to prove not only their ability as instructors but their efficiency as disciplinarians.

self as to what is needed for new schools and other money-dollars propositions?

Y. M. C. A. MASS-MEETING.

Rev. Dr. Adams Discussed the Development of Conscience in the Uplifting of Humanity.

The exercises at the mass-meeting at Y. M. C. A. Hall yesterday afternoon were interesting throughout. A spirited service of song conducted by Edward Coleman awakened enthusiasm. A fervent prayer was offered, and then Mr. McCoy spoke of the association of Christian young men and the purpose of the society. He remarked that a special effort was about to be made to increase the membership and especially the number of associate members. Incidentally mention was made that the association had been criticized for not going to the prisons and stations to reclaim the sinners. The main purpose of the society, as he understood it, was to save young men from sin and degradation. The main work of the institution was on the line of prevention. The chief address of the meeting was delivered by Rev. Dr. Adams, pastor of the First Congregational Church. He spoke of the word and the light and invested the theme with absorbing interest. Leading up to the idea that God has been uplifting humanity through the ages the sense of color study. When he was a boy people saw only seven colors in the rainbow. Years before that time it was the common belief that there were only three colors. Now the children will tell you of thirty or more shades. "You may regard it as remarkable," said the pastor, "that the Bible nowhere mentions the blue sky."

The speaker maintained that the general conscience had been developed in the patriarchal days. Our sight as to God's revelation had increased. The conscience of Abraham is not the conscience revealed to-day. The conscience of the civilized world to-day revolts against human slavery and polygamy. In speaking of conscience, Mr. Adams said: "As a pastor I have been frequently asked by members of my congregation if I should do this, or if I thought it was wrong to dance or attend the theaters. Invariably I refuse to advise any one in respect to what he should do. I will not be the conscience for any other mortal than myself. I regard it my duty as a pastor to develop a conscience with an edge so keen that it will cut. A man knows when he sins if his conscience be developed."

THE WHALES HAVE COME.

The Elk in the Park Increasing so Fast That They Must Have Another Pen.

Those who visited the Cliff House yesterday afternoon were entertained by a whale, which ambled about on the billows and did some tall spouting, as if he wished to rival the seal rocks in the amount of spray sent up. He was among the earliest visitors of that kind for the season, as only two or three have so far been seen. Many sight-seers watched him with curious eyes as he shot the spray into the air and occasionally leaped high



MADE A TARGET OF HIMSELF. GEORGE J. MOORE, whose attempt in a shooting-gallery to make a bullseye of his heart happily failed. He is now reconciled to Mrs. Moore.

enough to show half his body. The gulls were following him in his frolics and seemed to be gathering a feast of sardines which he stunned but did not swallow. The park museum annex will be completed this week. The attendance for the last month has been 70,000.

The herd of elk is increasing so fast that a new corral is to be built on the west of Strawberry Hill. Superintendent McLaren thinks when the boulevard is opened from the Presidio to the park it should be a block wide, and extend from Thirteenth to Fourteenth avenues. Now is the time to arrange this, he says. Before the property is built up.



A LITTLE BONE OF CONTENTION.

Mary M. Brown, the little 12-year-old halfbreed Indian daughter of Captain William H. Brown, who a few years ago was lost in the Arctic Ocean, together with his crew of a dozen men and the schooner Mary Brown. He left a large estate, to which this child is heirless to a considerable part. Several interested persons are now contesting to be appointed as her guardian. The case comes up this week.

SORRY HE MADE HIMSELF A MARK.

Moore, the Would-be "Gallery" Suicide, Expected to Recover.

His Dramatic Act the Result of a Domestic Misunderstanding.

The Wife and Many Relatives Visit the Injured Man at the Hospital.

George J. Moore, who shot himself at a shooting gallery Saturday night, was resting easily at the Receiving Hospital last evening.

Dr. Frank Fitzgibbon has charge of the case, and says that if the vital membranes are not perforated, the wound will not



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Many floral offerings were handed in, among them a large badge of the Second Division, Sixteenth Army Corps, from his old friend, Colonel C. Mason Kinne. The salubrious consisted of: J. J. Lyon, C. Mason Kinne, T. C. Masteller, H. W. Mortimer, H. J. Brady and E. G. Harris, and after the services "taps" were sounded by Bugler Canham.

Major Stees was one of the early comrades of the Grand Army on this coast, and was an enthusiastic comrade of the order. He was captain of Company G, Sixth Minnesota Infantry, and major Fourth Pennsylvania Infantry. His remains will be sent to St. Paul for interment this evening.

TOURISTS' CLOSE CALL.

A Team Bolts on Ocean Beach Boulevard and a Woman Is Run Over.

A very exciting runaway took place on the ocean beach near the Park Observatory yesterday afternoon, and the spectators held their breaths for a few moments expecting a tragedy as they saw a madly frightened pair of horses dash down the road and four people successively hurled from the rockaway that was swinging behind.

A party of Eastern visitors—Dan Miller and Frank Lowe, of St. Louis, accompanied by two ladies—were out driving a spirited team from Peter Garrity's City Hall stables. As they approached the Cliff House on the Ocean Beach boulevard the horses were terrified by the whistle of an approaching engine, and the driver lost control of them. A bicycle rider caused the runaways to swerve so suddenly that the couple on the front seat were thrown out, and the sister of the driver fell in front of the wheels and was run over. She was stunned for a few moments and had a very narrow escape from death, for the wheels passed over her head. The team was now beyond all control, as the lines were flying loose in the air. On they dashed for a quarter of a mile, and then, making another big swerve, they threw the other two occupants out and upset the rockaway. The second lady to fall had her face considerably bruised. The men were not hurt.

The lady who was run over was carried to the Park Observatory, which was close to where she fell. The side of her head was much bruised, but she said she did not feel seriously hurt. Both ladies say they were not frightened and felt no inclination to jump out of the vehicle.

The team was once owned by Talbot Clifton. The horse, escaped with a few scratches, but the vehicle was considerably smashed. Some bicycle-riders caught the team after it had exhausted itself dragging the overturned rockaway.

has been no serious trouble between her and Moore. He has always been kind to her, but the gay company he had kept had grieved her and from time to time she had remonstrated with him for drinking so heavily, but at no time was a divorce thought of by her. The evening of the shooting, Mrs. Moore had left their rooms at 695 O'Farrell street to visit some friends and while she was gone Moore came home and finding her gone imagined she had left him. He became blue and downhearted and shot himself. Mrs. Moore returned to the rooms a very short time after her husband had been there. Moore wishes to correct the idea that he was intoxicated at the time he shot himself. While he admits that he had been drinking, he claims he was fully aware of the rash act he was committing. The entire affair appears to be more the result of a misunderstanding than of any serious difficulty between the husband and wife. Mrs. Moore was with her husband at the hospital all yesterday afternoon, and he was visited by a number of his relatives.

PAST COMMANDER STEES.

Funeral Services of the G. A. R. Conducted by Lincoln Post No. 1.

The funeral of Major Charles J. Stees, past commander of Sedgwick Post of this City, and also of Acker Post of St. Paul, Minn., was largely attended by the officers and comrades of Lincoln Post No. 1, at their post rooms, 35 Eddy street, Sunday afternoon. Promptly at 2 o'clock Commander P. H. Maas convened the post and the impressive burial service of the Grand Army was carried out in due form. Colonel J. J. Lyon made the address, and members of Lincoln Relief Corps assisted with appropriate vocal music.



that he had vanquished an enemy and richer in a worldly way just \$15. The beaten man—he was indeed badly beaten—was half-carried from the scene of the battle, his eyes closed and blackened, but with a feeling of content, as he had shown his friends and the world that in his form not one fiber tainted with yellow fear existed.

Several weeks ago John Harry, a young man who resides on Broadway, and a colored lad named Arthur Jackson, the principals in yesterday's fight, quarreled. Whether it was a woman or a more trivial outburst of contention that caused the trouble no one seems willing to say. The bitter feeling grew and grew between them, nevertheless, and a short time ago the friends of the enemies decided that nothing but blood could again weld the broken chains of friendship.

So eager were the friends to witness a battle between the enemies they made up a purse of \$15, which was to go to the victor. The principals then went into training, and a week ago both were pronounced by the friends to be in superb condition. Then began a search for a battle-ground. The police had to be avoided and a committee was appointed to select a spot where the grudge could be settled and the money won without jeopardizing the liberty of combatants and spectators. Goat Island was finally decided upon, but as so many friends wanted to see the fight it would have necessitated the chartering of a steamer to carry the crowd, so the Presidio was accepted as far enough from the police and not too far from home and medical aid, if it was required.

Yesterday morning at 7 o'clock pugilists, seconds, rubbers, friends, acquaintances, hangers-on and the referee, James Donnelly, gathered together out by the Presidio ball grounds. But little time was wasted; a ring was pitched and the pugilists stepped into it, glared at each other a minute and then closed in combat. A cheer rose from 200 throats as the men sparred for an opening, and when the blood began to flow the crowd went delirious with delight. The men fought, clinched, bunted and smacked each other with insane frenzy for three minutes, and then they took their corners for a minute's rest.

The minute passed and they went at it again. About half a minute of the second round had flown when Harry fell under the blows his enemy was raining on his head, and before he could rise the colored boy leaped over him and slugged him on the nose. A cry of foul wailed throughout the forest, and for a time a row, which might have taken the cavalry stationed at the Presidio to quell, was imminent. The referee finally adjusted the matter, however, and the fight continued.

Another gory round was passed, and as the men faced each other in the fourth round they were all but exhausted and fought with much less vehemence than that which characterized the preceding rounds. The colored lad was shrewd and played that he was getting weaker and weaker. This threw his opponent off his guard and five seconds before the time limit of the round was up he gathered his strength together and swung a terrific blow with his left at the white boy. Harry saw it coming and tried to stop it, but failed. It reached his jaw and he fell to the ground like a dead man. It took many minutes to bring him to, and when it was accomplished he was taken to his home to rest, and tell over and over the story of his downfall and how it came to pass.

MAJOR STEES' FUNERAL.

A Beautiful G. A. R. Service at Washington Hall.

The funeral of Major Charles J. Stees took place at Washington Hall at 2 P. M. yesterday under the direction of Lincoln Post, G. A. R. Captain Maas had charge of the proceedings, and the funeral ceremonies were those usual in the order. Colonel Lyons and C. Mason Kinne assisted in the ceremonies, and there was a large attendance of comrades and friends of the deceased soldier. All bore testimony to the good qualities of the sleeping soldier, of his troops of friends, endeared to him in life by many deeds of loyalty and kindness.

Major Stees had passed his sixty-third birthday and had seen many phases of life in the pioneer West. He was formerly captain of Company G, Sixth Minnesota Infantry, and later assistant adjutant general, department of California. He was a native of Pennsylvania, but he had lived in Minnesota and the West for many years. The body will be shipped to St. Paul for interment. None of the relatives live on this coast.

BLOOD WIPED OUT A GRUDGE.

John Harry and Arthur Jackson Engage in a Prize-Fight.

Four Gory Rounds in the Retired Precincts of the Presidio.

No Color-Line Was Drawn and Two Hundred People Witnessed the Battle.

A picturesque little spot in the midst of a miniature forest just back of the ball grounds at the Presidio was stained with the gore of pugilistic combatants early yesterday morning. The blood, however, wiped out a grudge of long standing, and the victor left the field of honor proud



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