



## INFURIATED SOLDIERS DEMOLISH A PRESIDIO SALOON AND MURDER IS ONLY AVERTED BY THE NERVE AND PROMPT ACTION OF THREE POLICEMEN

## MODOC COUNTY MOB LYNCHES FIVE MEN FOR PETTY THEFTS



### Riot Grows Out of Rumors That Two Volunteers of the Forty-Sixth Infantry Had Died After Being Given "Knockout" Drops in the Place and Robbed of Money

**B**ETWEEN 700 and 800 men of the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Regiments participated in a riot at the Lombard-street entrance to the Presidio gates last night that resulted in the complete demolition of the saloon at the corner of Greenwich and Baker streets, kept by Mrs. Mary Powers. Considerable damage also was done to White & Crowley's saloon, and but for the bravery of three police officers the riot would have ended in the murder of helpless women. The trouble was the culmination of an attempted robbery of a soldier earlier in the day.

The Forty-sixth Regiment was paid off in the morning and mustered out of the service. With hundreds of dollars in their pockets, the discharged men started out to celebrate their release from military service. The saloons in the vicinity of the Presidio were visited and it was not long ere many of the ex-soldiers fell into the hands of the "sharks" who infest the entrances to the Presidio on payday.

About 4 p. m. two men of the Forty-sixth Regiment were found by some of their comrades in a comatose condition near the Lombard-street gate of the reservation. The men were taken into the camp of the Forty-fifth Regiment and were treated. When they came to their senses they told a story of being drugged and robbed in a saloon.

The men of the Forty-fifth Regiment were soon in possession of the details of the victims' stories, and with repetition the occurrence was distorted and magnified. It was even rumored that the two men had died.

**SOLDIER FOUND UNCONSCIOUS.**

About 7 p. m. two men of Company G, Forty-fifth Infantry, found a man named Morgan, a private of the Forty-sixth Infantry, lying on the sidewalk near the

SCENES NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE PRESIDIO, WHERE A MOB OF INFURIATED SOLDIERS TOTALLY WRECKED ONE SALOON AND DAMAGED ANOTHER BEFORE BEING DISPERSED.

### Mob Finally Dispersed by Firemen With a Hose, Assisted by Details of Cavalry and Infantry From Reservation

opening in its ranks, Sergeant Ellis pulled Harris to his feet and started to run with him up Greenwich street, while Officers Hogan and Johnson held the crowd back at the points of their revolvers. In the darkness Harris managed to escape and then the mob turned to vent its fury on the saloon of Mrs. Powers.

With a cry of "burn the place down and kill every one in it," the riotous soldiers rushed into the saloon. Volley after volley of stones was hurled through the windows by those in the streets, while the men inside quickly finished their work of demolition.

"For God's sake, boys," cried Sergeant Ellis, "there are women upstairs; don't harm them."

The only reply to the sergeant's appeal was a shower of stones through the upper windows of the house, where Mrs. Powers and her three daughters lay huddled, trembling with fear for their lives.

In thirty seconds from the assault on the saloon the place was a wreck and when the cry was raised, "Let's do the rest of the joints," the police officers realized that they could not cope with the mob.

**DISPERSED BY WATER.**

With quick instinct Sergeant Ellis pulled open fire alarm box 45 and turned in an alarm. In quick response came police officers from all directions and a detachment of the fire department. The general call sounded within the Presidio, calling out the guards. Squads of the Fifteenth Cavalry and the Eighteenth Infantry were hurried to the scene and formed up in skirmish order.

While the guards of the Presidio were hurrying to the scene the fire department turned a hose on the riotous soldiers, dispersing them in all directions. The police charged with drawn clubs and the law breakers were forced back and then driven into the Presidio by the military guards.

Yelling in disappointed rage, the rioters hurled showers of rocks from within the walls of the reservation, shattering the windows of White & Crowley's saloon close by.

Again the military guards charged in—

### Frontiersmen Take Aged Calvin Hall, His Three Sons and Their Comrade From Officers and String Them Up

### Constable Carpenter and His Deputies Are Compelled by the Avengers to Assist in the Hanging of the Culprits

- VICTIMS OF THE MODOC LYNCHERS.**
- CALVIN HALL, 72 YEARS OLD.
  - FRANK HALL, 26 YEARS OLD.
  - JAMES HALL, 19 YEARS OLD.
  - MARTIN HALL, 16 YEARS OLD.
  - B. D. YANTIS, 27 YEARS OLD.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

**A**LTURAS, May 31.—Five men lynched for petty thievery! Swift and awful was the vengeance visited upon a quintet of culprits by a Modoc County mob last night. Hanging to the stringers of a bridge on the outskirts of Lookout, a little town ten miles west of Adin, the bodies of Calvin Hall, two of his three sons and another young man who had shared his home, are still awaying in the breeze. From a culvert between the town and the bridge the body of the third son is suspended. Shorter shrift was accorded him than to the others of the lynchers' victims, because he fought for his life.

The mob was in no mood to be delayed. Halting long enough to choke out the life of Frank Hall, it proceeded on its way to the place selected for the execution. There the father and his remaining two sons and their comrade were put to death. No time was wasted. The victims of the mob's vengeance were not even given the opportunity of making a farewell statement. One by one they were stretched up, willing hands pulling at the ropes that hung them into eternity.

Never in the history of California has there been such wholesale punishment as this meted out to frontier offenders. And their crime had not attained even the dimensions of horse-stealing—always a capital offense in those counties yet on the borderland of civilization. They were petty thieves, no more; their booty was the proceeds of nocturnal raids upon clotheslines and woodsheds.

**STOLEN ARTICLES FOUND IN THEIR HOME.**

Calvin Hall was 72 years of age—an old man tottering on the verge of the grave. He was a squaw-man, and his three sons—Frank, aged 26; James, aged 19, and Martin, aged 16—were the half-breed progeny of his life-union with an Indian woman. B. D. Yantis, who shared the Hall home, was 27 years old.

For some time past the Halls and Yantis have been suspected of the thefts of numerous articles, such as barbed wire, pieces of harness and articles of raiment taken from the clotheslines of Lookout. They were arrested on Saturday and constables armed with a search warrant repaired to their home. Brief search served to bring to light evidence of their guilt, and they were taken from the Hall ranch to Lookout and there detained in custody to await examination and trial. In the meantime the search was continued, and halters, dishes and more articles of clothing were found hidden away. The simple and honest populace was aroused to the highest pitch of excitement as one by one the stolen articles were restored to their owners. From the day of the arrest of the culprits there have been muttered threats, and the Halls and Yantis knew that only a leader was needed to place their lives in jeopardy.

The aged father was charged with petty larceny, consisting of the pilfering of several hayforks only, and he was allowed to go free on his own recognizance. His arraignment was to have taken place this morning. The other four faced burglary charges, and their examinations were set for June 3. They remained in custody, having been unable to procure the \$300 bail demanded by the Justice of the Peace before whom they had been brought.

There being no jail in Lookout the four prisoners were held in custody in the Lookout hotel. In guarding them Constable Carpenter was assisted by R. Nichols, J. W. Brown and S. Goyette. The former two remained on duty from noon until midnight, when they were relieved by the others. Calvin Hall remained as a guest of the hotel, so as to be near his sons.

**MOB OF LYNCHERS OVERCOMES THE OFFICERS.**

At 2 o'clock this morning a mob of masked men, their number variously estimated at from thirty to fifty, suddenly appeared in the street before the hotel. No hint of their coming had been given and the two men on guard were taken completely by surprise. No attempt to spirit the prisoners away to a place of safety or to defend them from the mob was possible. Brown and Goyette faced the overwhelming odds of two score of determined men well armed. They looked into the muzzles of rifles and shotguns held by steady hands, and gruff voices from behind the masks ordered them bluntly to keep still if they were not ready to die. The two guards were powerless to make resistance and they attempted none.

While some were disarming Brown and Goyette, others of the mob broke in upon the accused men and dragged them from their quarters. The masked men knew their ground thoroughly, and lost no time in rounding up the frightened quintet. The old man, Calvin Hall, was dragged from his bed and hurried out and thrust into position by the side of his sons, while preparations were underway for the grim march to the Pitt River bridge, which had been chosen for the scene of the mob's terrible vengeance.

The hands of each of the accused men were bound securely behind him, and a rope was noosed about the neck of each. The mob worked swiftly and silently in the dim light of lanterns and torches, and few words were heard except the entreaties of the doomed men, begging for their lives.

### GUARDS ARE FORCED TO AID THE AVENGERS.

"Now come with us," one of the leaders said to the two guards. "We need your help." And Brown and Goyette were shoved into the ranks of men holding the ropes that tightened about the necks of the trembling prisoners.

The mob moved swiftly and silently through the streets and along the road leading to the bridge that spans Pitt River. There was no hesitancy or discussion. The details were well planned and had been decided upon at the mob's rendezvous—wherever that may have been—for the coming of the mob and its going after the lynching was done are veiled in mystery.

Frank Hall, the oldest of the three sons, stopped pleading when the merciless purpose of the vigilantes became evident. He set his teeth with the grim stolidism of his mother's race, and refused to proceed. He fought his captors with the strength of despair, and even after he had been choked almost into unconsciousness by the tightening noose he still offered stubborn resistance.

The mob was in no mood for wasting its time with a refractory victim, and the struggling prisoner was dragged and tumbled along to a culvert over a deep gulch conveniently near. The rope was made fast, and young Hall was pushed from the roadway into the gulch, with a sheer drop that left little life in his body. When his executioners became assured that the swinging body was past reanimation, they dragged the old man and his remaining two sons and Yantis away from the sight of the fate that was to be theirs, and hastened on toward the bridge.

### AGED FATHER THE FIRST TO BE HANGED.

The chosen scene of execution reached, no delay was permitted. No one asked the doomed man if they had prayers to offer or confessions to make. Calvin Hall, the renegade white man whose half-breed sons had grown up to be thieving accomplices of their father, seemed to be a particular object of the mob's wrath. He was chosen for execution first of all, and with scarcely the delay of a minute his body was dangling from the north side of the bridge.

Yantis and the two young Halls, both of them mere boys, were hustled unceremoniously to the other side of the bridge and in a few minutes more their swaying bodies were keeping ghastly companionship with that of the old frontiersman.

The grim work done, the lynchers did not tarry. Five minutes after the last victim was strung up to the bridge timbers, the mob had dispersed. Not a mask or a lantern was left, and their going was as silent and untraceable as their coming.

When the bodies of the victims were discovered this morning the news of the lynching spread like wildfire, and people hastened from miles around to view the gruesome sight.

Information of the mob's work was at once telegraphed to Sheriff Street, of Modoc County, and District Attorney Bonner. Both of these officials and the Coroner have left Alturas for Lookout determined to ferret out the perpetrators of the outrage.