

WHARF RATS OF THE WATER

PROTECTION THAT IS A NECESSITY.

FRONT AND THE NEED OF A POLICE PATROL BOAT

A "WHARF-RAT" is the smoothest rascal the police run up against. In their own language he is "a warm article."

He usually piles his nefarious business on dark, foggy nights, but sometimes ventures out in the broad light of the moon.

When a "cheese" is "located" the scamps procure a small skiff, and, placing the oars in the bottom of the boat, they shoot under the wharf. Through that dark, silent tunnel they push their boat from pile to pile until under the dock at which the "cheese" is moored. One of the rats, who is the scout of the party (usually three), shifts aloft; that is, he squirms up on the dock to investigate the possibilities of a safe "haul."

If the coast is clear he taps on the boards which shield his waiting pals. The boat is tied to a convenient pile and the wharf-rats "nibble" the cheese. They stealthily pace the deck. One runs aft, one below, one forward.

Sometimes the cheese holds a few cases of liquors. Under these circumstances a case is emptied and lowered into the boat, then the "small bottles" follow. A rat slips into the boat and quickly and skillfully replaces the bottles in the case. Another case is treated likewise, and another, until the "commadore" cries enough. Then, without accident, the skiff starts on her dark, "underground" return trip. Many times the goods are sold to saloon men on the water front. If they cannot be disposed of readily, the sparkling fluid trickles down their brown, bare throats and keeps their "whistles wet" for a fortnight.

Detective Harry Reynolds one dark night observed some suspicious movements around the docks at North Beach and immediately made an investigation. This was fortunate, for he discovered, not only the thieves but their plunder. A sloop was filled with liquors, brandies, etc., from the Potrero, and a heavy and miscellaneous bundle of tools, "swiped" from the Union Iron Works.

That was a clever capture for Mr. Reynolds. One night the "gank" robbed a bonded warehouse of twelve cases of whisky, which they conveyed in their skiff, under the wharves, to the foot of Vallejo street. From here they packed the cases up to the saloon of a restaurant keeper, a fat Italian, who bought the fire-water. It was afterward discovered that the whisky had been kept stored away under the wharf near the warehouse for two weeks! Note this.

Healy, Tibbitts & Co., pile-drivers, had a raft of logs moored somewhere near the foot of Marie street. On awakening one bright morning they made the astonish-

ing discovery that their raft was gone! With stifled curses they reported to Captain Dunlevy. Although they heaved the news at him in chunks, the amiable Police Captain instructed his men to hire a launch and make a "voyage of discovery."

After considerable trouble and unavoidable delay, a tug was secured, and, after cruising about the bay for some time, the raft was found grounded on Alameda's shores.

It was evident that the rats had "borrowed" a tug to tow the big raft across the bay.

One starless night, while crew and captain of the good ship Tacoma were deep in slumber, members of the gang sneaked aboard and took down the ship's bell, tied a rope to it and sunk it, fastening the other end of the rope to the timbers of the pier. This feat being accomplished in safety, they grew bolder and, going down into the hold of the big "cheese,"

they cut the rivet in a shackle of the cable chain, so that when the ship dropped her anchor in the stream the cable would run out and drop to the bottom of the bay, subsequently to be dredged and sold for old iron.

And they did not stop at this, either. The ship had a number of horses aboard and the rats induced two of the horses to enter the water, presumably to land them at the first point of land they reached. But for some reason or other they quit their job before getting the horses to land, and the beasts were drowned.

The Tacoma incident is a familiar topic of conversation among the members of the harbor police.

Night after night hides piled up on Broadway wharf disappeared in lots of half a dozen or more. Fifty have been stolen to date. As is their custom, the wharf rats snaked the hides down under the wharf into their boat and navigated to South San Francisco.

Broadway wharf seems to be a favorite rendezvous of the wharf rat element. Many "minor" incidents might be recorded, such as the stealing of a barrel of sugar or knocking over an Italian fisherman and sailing his boat full of fish across the bay, there disposing of the scaly cargo.

A hundred cases of tin to be sent to the Alaska canneries were piled on Folsom-street wharf No. 2 and the rats helped themselves to seven or eight of them. Their escape was easy. By the time the police had secured a boat the rats were a mile away.

It was only a week or so ago when the captain of a ship was robbed of his watch

and impression that I was asleep. I confess my heart beat more rapidly than usual.

"The door opened slowly and the visitor stood in the doorway. 'I noticed through my half-closed eyelids that he far surpassed me in size and strength, and I realized that I would have to make up my inferiority with coolness and strategy.' 'He fumbled in his inside vest pocket for something and presently drew forth a

brilliantly polished knife, probably well suited to slice my anatomy to a queen's taste. He approached my chair, looking around cautiously. I suddenly sprang up and,

and money, the thieves taking some of the ship's belongings incidentally. A story is told by the second officer of a small vessel on the water front which illustrates the nerve of these rascals. He says:

"One night it happened that I was alone on board the B—, and after reading until nearly 12 o'clock I threw aside my book and filled my pipe afresh, stretching out my feet preparatory to a comfortable snooze.

"I could hear the water lapping against the sides of the boat and this sound, in company with the ticking of my little brass clock, was the means of making my sleep easier.

"I was disturbed in my slumber by a rattle of the door latch. I knew none of the crew were to come back that night, so I promptly suspected wharf rats. I lay still and, my lamp being turned low, I resolved to give my midnight visitor the

same treatment that I had meted out to the other rats. I slipped on my slippers and, with a gasp, I saw a pair of

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P. L. Henderson, Chief Wharfinger.

A POLICE PATROL BOAT is absolutely necessary in this harbor. The crimes of such people as "wharf rats" are a disgrace to our beautiful city. A police boat, supplied with a searchlight, could soon clear the wharves of the pests. Eastern people are very much surprised when they are told we have no police patrol. Every decent man along the water front will hail its coming with delight.

Paris Kilburn, President of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, Considers it a Necessity.

A POLICE PATROL BOAT is certainly a necessity. Rascals known as "wharf rats" should be severely punished, as their very presence on the water front is detrimental to the interests of the merchant. In addition to preserving order, such a boat would be valuable in case of fire. Our commission has two tugs available day or night, but assistance from the police patrol would be a great help.

A. J. Dunlevy, Capt. Harbor Police.

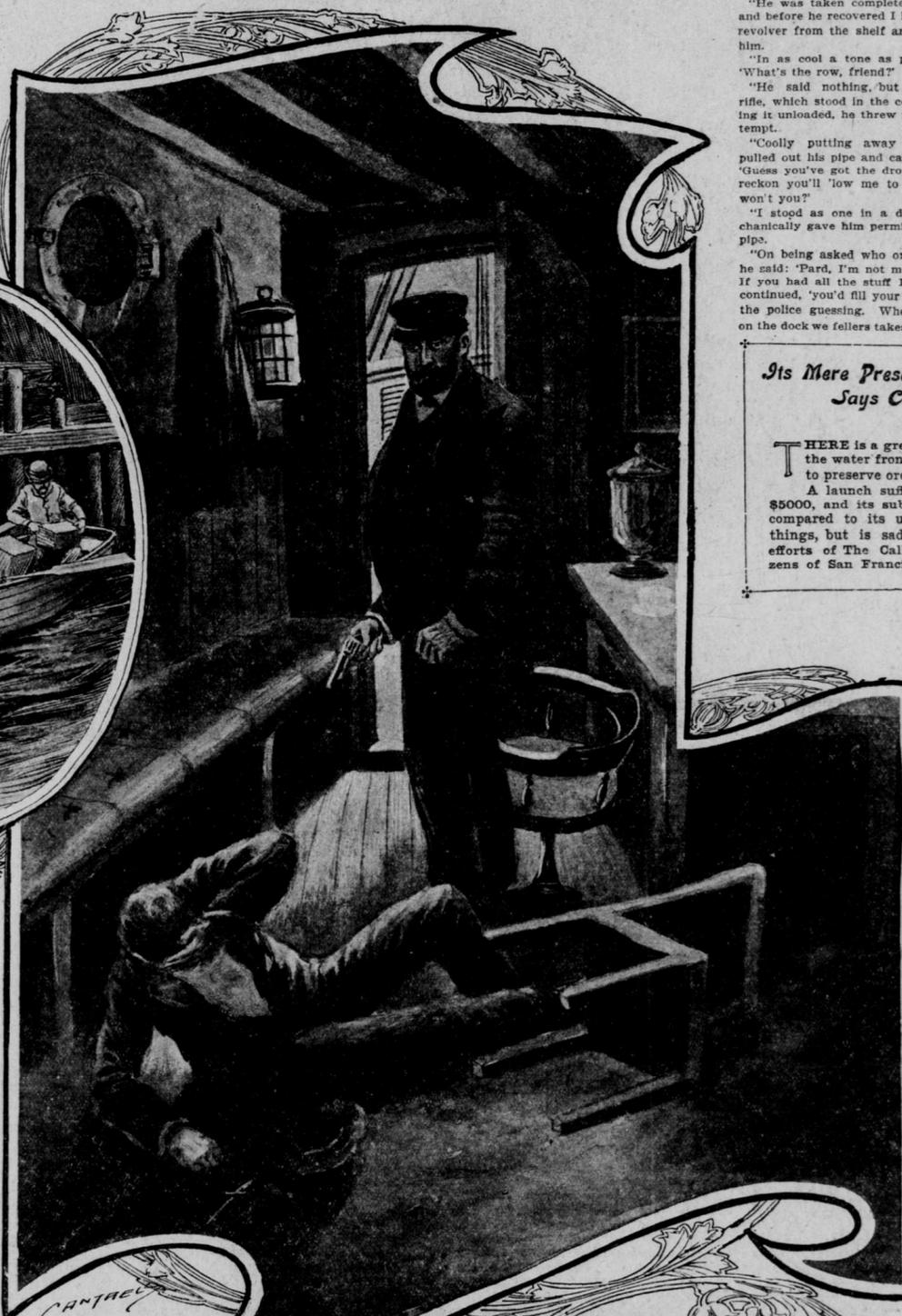
NOT WITHSTANDING that the act of Congress passed March 31, 1900, and the regulation prescribed by the Treasury Department pursuant thereto, relieve the Police Department from the duty of boarding incoming deep-water vessels, there is still a necessity of establishing and maintaining a properly equipped patrol station, supplied with a patrol boat. No time should be lost in doing it.

der the wharves there would be discovered many a hidden treasure, and evidence of many murders." This story, the foregoing record of wharf rat robberies, and the opinions of the Chief of Police, the president of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, the captain of the harbor police and the Chief Wharfinger are offered as conclusive points in an argument in favor of the purchase of a police patrol for the harbor of San Francisco. It is the only harbor in the world without such service. The public officials want it, the citizens demand it.

What Golf Costs Us

IT is within bounds to say that this country spends at least \$15,000,000 a year on golf. Fifteen million dollars is a large amount even to an American. Few of us have that much pocket money, yet I believe the sum to be well within bounds when reckoning up the annual expenditures for golf. Remember that a few years ago the Morris County Golf Club at Morristown, N. J., although already boasting fine and extensive links, added in one purchase \$50,000 worth of land to its possessions, so that clubhouse and links now represent an expense of about \$50,000; that the Midlothian Country Club, near Chicago, represents at least an equal amount of expenditure and owns a railroad two miles long, over which the "Golf Limited" conveys members of the club from the Blue Island station of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway to the clubhouse.

In round numbers there are 1000 listed clubs in the United States, but there must be many more. I myself belong to a club within little more than an hour's railroad ride from New York, but it has not yet got into the "Guide." How many more clubs must there be that have escaped notice? The total number easily is 1200, although I think 200 is a small aggregate to allow as having escaped the official eye. Considering that the Country Club at Brookline, Mass., has 750 members, and that it is not at all extraordinary to find golf clubs with over 300 members, it is not unreasonable to allow an average membership of 120,000. In New York City there are 2000 players who are not members of any club. Golfers of this class throughout the country must aggregate at least 30,000, so that the golfers of America may be put down as 150,000 strong. Certainly it is not too much to allow an average annual expense of \$100 each, which makes the total \$15,000,000.—Gustave Kobbe, in Harper's Weekly.



Hints for the Smoker.

HERE is a good tip for a smoker. The best pipe grows foul sometimes, and the various patent cleaning devices are of little use in making it fresh. But if you pack the bowl tight with grass or hay and lay the pipe aside for a few days you will have it as sweet as when it was new. Talking about smoking, here is a good idea for lighting matches. Don't light them on your trousers, for you'll burn silts in them; nor on your shoe soles, for you'll rub the heads off. The plan is to rub them on a piece of paper—a folded newspaper, an envelope, a ticket. The silica in the paper acts like sandpaper.

To Make Cold Creams.

IN preparing creams or lotions, it must be remembered that the formula should be followed exactly if certain results are expected. Fats or oils should be melted over a slow fire by the least possible heat, and in a double boiler preferably. The method as given of adding the other ingredients should be closely adhered to. Tinctures and extracts are invariably added at the last, when the mixture has slightly cooled, and drop by drop, or at least very slowly. Glycerine, properly used, is an invaluable cosmetic. It whitens, softens and dissolves coloring matter when carefully combined with other agents, such as rose, elder flower or orange water. It is very injurious used in concentrated form, as it burns, parches and yellows the skin. Fats are the basis of all cold creams. Wax and spermaceti are often added to give requisite firmness, but possess no intrinsic value. They are inclined to clog the pores.

Odd Experiments With Insects.

MDEVAUX, a French physiologist, recently made experiments with insects, his object being to ascertain how long they would be able to resist asphyxiation after they had been submerged in water. An ant, he says, after being submerged, doubles its body up three or four times and then becomes absolutely inert. Though apparently drowned, it soon begins to move after it is taken out of the water, and at the end of five or ten minutes it walks about as well as ever. If they remain submerged for several hours, say from six to eight, ants require a longer period, at least half an hour, to recover themselves. The direct heat of the sun seems to benefit them greatly. Even if the submersion lasts for twenty-four hours most of the drowned ants come back to life. They do not begin to move for half or three-quarters of an hour and their first tokens of life are so slight that they can only be seen through

He Was Taken Completely by Surprise.

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