# BASE-BALL TROUBLE.

## Woes of a Pioneer Los Angeles Magnate.

### Mr. Peartree Would Like to Know Where He Gets Off—All-Californias Defeat Vallejo.

Already that anguish of soul, the heartache and the long nights of unrest that follow the advent of league ball into a heretofore spotless town have broken out in the City of Angels. Professional base-ball for gate receipts only has always been productive of more or less misery to some people and always will be. And by this same token the yanking out by the roots of a league club, as in the case of Sacramento, also brings forth lamentations and gnashing of teeth.

While the admission of Los Angeles to the league has brought visions of wealth and other joys to Vanderbeck, Harris, Finn and Robinson, it has hurled one enterprising young base-ballist into a wide thick gulf of dark despair. This young man is L. Arthur Peartree of Los Angeles, who visited this city one day last week to ascertain, if possible, just where he should get off, provided he got off at all. Mr. Peartree had an interview with the magnates here, but he is still in doubt as to his final destination.

Mr. Peartree's grief is caused by a supply of first-class ball-park in Los Angeles, for which there will probably be no demand. He owns the park in question, and a quiet tip to the effect that the league games are to be perpetrated in another park, a mile or so away from his park, has filled Mr. Peartree's mind with strange forebodings of something or other, he knows not exactly what. Hence his natural desire to inquire into the future welfare of himself and the park. In other words, where does L. Arthur Peartree get off?

Last fall Peartree and his partner, George Turner, leased a plot of ground in the heart of the city and built thereon a model ball-park. Their idea was to boom the national pastime and eventually secure the admission of Los Angeles into the league. That town is now in it, but from what Peartree says the boomers are not. They conducted the series of winter games recently ended and made some money, all of which was expended in improving the park.

HE WAS NOT LOOKING.

When the proper time arrived Peartree intended to apply for a franchise, hire some talent and run the base-ball business in that neck of the woods himself. He had a backer to furnish ready money and the cable-car company, an important factor in base-ball these days, was also going to help Mr. Peartree along.

Nothing occurred to mar the serenity of Peartree's plans until he learned one day that a young person named Vanderbeck had secured the franchise, deposited a large sack of simoleons as a guarantee of good faith and had an agent in the East rounding up pheenoms for Los Angeles. Even at this stage of the proceedings Mr. Peartree did not abandon all hope, but when he heard that this same Vanderbeck was getting chummy with the people who own the Athletic ball-park further out of town he came up to San Francisco to see about it.

From the remarks let fall by Mr. Peartree during a conference in the California League office Friday afternoon it is plain, even to the most obtuse, that he does not relish the prospect of being left alone in the world within yawning ball-park on his hands. He feels that there, after what he has done, the good hard dollars invested, to say nothing of the more desirable location of his park, the league games should be played there. Should this be done Mr. Peartree is almost certain that he can get off somewhere; otherwise he is completely and everlastingly left.

It certainly does look as if Mr. Peartree was playing the short end of the new base-ball deal, but it is out of the question for the magnates here to help him any. Vanderbeck is running the business in Los Angeles, and the selection of a playground rests entirely with him. But if his game during the season it becomes apparent to thinking minds that a change of base would prove beneficial to the new southern enterprise, and Mr. Peartree has not moved his park away or sold it, the chances are that his cherished base-ball dream will be realized in part.

As the case now stands Mr. Peartree is still in the dark regarding his final destination, but as he takes his saddened journey southward, he might do worse than to get off at Milpitas.

BASE-BALL CRITICISM.

### The Views of Two Scribes Regarding Alleged Funny Stories.

A writer in Pacific Field Sports of last week has the following criticism on scribes who evolve jocose thoughts in writing their accounts of ball games.:

While it may seem presumptuous to criticize the attitude of the local press on base-ball matters during the season of 1891, yet I am not due to refrain from making the assertion that some of the scribes helped to throw the game in the dumps. Instead of writing up the contests from a sportsman-like standpoint, in many instances the accounts partook of a burlesque character, and the plays and players were ridiculed. In the language of one newspaper man the game was "joshed" to death. Every possible chance to manufacture fun was taken advantage of, and instead of being furnished with a description of the game, the readers were treated to a discourse on how Jimmy Brown's uniform didn't fit him, or how Manager So-and-so went through various peculiar movements on the bench while watching his men on the field. A little of this humorous writing is all right, but like pastry, too much of it becomes unpalatable. While it is true that many of the games last season were yellow-colored, there were scores of good contests played, and the truth should have been said about them.

If any of the frivolous base-ball items printed in this paper have wrought harm the author begs forgiveness. He didn't know he was loaded, and is therefore irresponsible. But if the articles in question have a tendency to dump the national pastime why is it that columns of that matter were copied verbatim in Eastern papers almost exclusively devoted to base-ball interests? Perhaps the editors were looking for a weapon with which to exterminate the chief of American sports.

It is true there may be nothing particularly elevating in one of those giddy base-ball sketches, free from technicalities and mature thought, but they harm neither player nor player, and time has shown that patrons much prefer them to those pulse-quickening descriptions which start off thus: "The San Francisco and the San Joses played a game of base-ball at the Haight-street grounds yesterday afternoon. The runs were made as follows," and then go on with painful accuracy to tell just how they were manufactured.

In fact the patrons, with the exception of a few pronounced cranks, perhaps expect a humorous or so-called funny account of the game next morning. They were present at the contest and therefore enjoyed the fine points of the play with a thrill which is quite difficult, in fact almost impossible, for a hollow-eyed scribe to produce in cold, pulseless type. They don't care to wade down a column bristling with technicalities, but in reviewing the performance as seen by the funny scribes they often strike something that is really entertaining when they come to think of it. Then there is another class of readers who never go to ball games, who know nothing of the points and don't care to learn. They read funny base-ball stories and enjoy them, or say they do, whereas if the matter was purely base-ball they would as soon think of taking a delinquent tax-list for light, airy reading.

In one place the writer says—and says truly—that many of the accounts partook of a burlesque character. Those who religiously read the morning papers last summer will readily agree with him on this point. These same people will also unite in saying that many of the games were of a burlesque, not to say spectacular nature, and it was this unhappy condition of affairs and not the funny write-ups that brought on the dumps. There was nothing mean or vicious in any of the articles, which were all written in a spirit of gentle sarcasm and the hope of doing good. If a man's clumsy efforts to play ball hold him up to ridicule he should be ridiculed in defense of the public, which pays its money to see him perform. Several well-meaning but incapable young men were ridiculed last summer, but that they did not take it as a personal matter is evidenced by the fact that none of the scribes were invited to come out and get licked.

But with all this ridicule there was never a good play, or a bright, spirited game that did not receive due credit as such in the public prints. Yet the critic says there were scores of good contests, regarding which the truth should have been told. It was told, but the opportunities for adverse criticism so far eclipsed those for favorable comment that meritorious mention had no show to speak of.

The above are the views of two men on humorous base-ball writing, and it is now in order for our esteemed contemporaries to get up and say something.

Game at Vallejo.

VALLEJO, Feb. 14.—The home team played an almost errorless game to-day with the All-Californias and lost it by one run. The visitors batted Balsz hard at times, and in spite of numerous misplays on their part managed to win out by a score of 5 to 4. Denny got his eye on the ball and rapped out a triple, a double and one single out of four times up. The locals batted Hoffman freely, but their hits were scattered. Following is the score:

AT VALLEJO, FEBRUARY 14, 1892.

| ALL-CALS. | AB. | R. | BH. | SB. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cantillion, 2 b. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| P. Sweeney, s. s. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 3 |
| Dooley, 1 b. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 12 | 1 | 1 |
| Denny, 3 b. | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Riley, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hardie, c. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| O'Day, r. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Stanley, c. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Hoffman, p. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Totals | 31 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 27 | 16 | 6 |

| VALLEJOS. | AB. | R. | BH. | SB. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| McGuire, s. s. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Hughes, 2 b. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| Dextraze, l. f. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, 1 b. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Farrell, c. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Wise, c. f. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| C. Sweeney, r. f. | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Levy, 3 b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Balsz, p. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals | 37 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 24 | 12 | 1 |

SCORE BY INNINGS.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| All-Californias | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —5 |
| Vallejos | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —4 |

Earned runs—All Californias 3, Vallejos 1. Three-base hit—Denny. Two-base hits—Denny, McGuire, C. Sweeney, Riley. First base on errors—Vallejos 5, All Californias 1. Sacrifice hits—O'Day 2, Stanley, McGuire. Base on balls—Vallejos 2, All Californias 5. Left on bases—All Californias 8, Vallejos 8. Struck out—Hoffman 4, Balsz 4. Hit by pitcher—Hoffman. Double plays—Sweeney to Cantillion to Dooley. Hoffman to Dooley to Stanley. Wild pitches—Hoffman 1, Balsz 2. Time of game—1 hour 35 minutes. Umpire—Sprague.

Notes of the Players.

Harris is the only magnate who has his slate made up for the season of 1892, but he refuses to divulge at present the names of the young men who will make his name famous throughout the length and breadth of this fair land. It is known, however, that Peck Sharp and Rube Levy are the only hold-overs from last season. Reitz and Hoffman will be in the team, but the rest are dark horses.

Spies will probably wear the air package in support of his old classmate, Hoffman, and it is rumored that Pete Sweeney will captain the team and play first base. Harris announced Saturday that he had released the following players from reservation: Pop Swett, Harvey Blauvelt, Ed Cartwright, Nick Smith and Billy Clark. He said nothing about Danny Sweeney, and it is highly probable that the little favorite will again be seen in center field.

Thus far the colonel has signed five men. They are Fred Carroll, Cousin Park Wilson, Easy O'Neil, Lou Hardie and Hunkey Hines. The Colonel is daily in receipt of large quantities of telegrams, and says he will soon have two more pitchers and a strong infield. He and Wilson came to terms last Tuesday, and the young backstop is now quartered in Oakland getting acquainted with the people who are expected to watch him play ball this summer.

Jack Fanning is having heaps of trouble for a young man. He is reserved by Tacoma, but would rather stay in California; but the Northwest people show a disposition to hold onto Jack. At one time he thought he could get his release, and entered into negotiations with Harris. They agreed on terms, but the deal is off and Fanning will reluctantly return to the home of the Siwash.

Glenalvin has nearly completed his team and has ordered uniforms. The captain is expected home about the first of March, when he will immediately begin practicing work. Base-ball is booming in the Southern city, no less than six amateur clubs having been formed, and are making arrangements to play each other.

Nothing is being heard from the Duke these days. He has his team ready for business, and therefore does not need to talk.

The new MORNING CALLS defeated the Phœnix nine of St. Mary's College by a score of 5 to 0, and for a purse of $50. The features were the battery work of Johnson and Callaghan and the batting of Masters.

# CHURCH SOLDIERS.

## Officers of the Boys' Brigade Given Their Commissions.

### An Interesting Service at the Westminster Presbyterian Church—The Pledge Taken by the Young Soldiers.

The interior of the Westminster Presbyterian Church presented a strange appearance last night. There were present several officers wearing the garb of United States soldiers, and there were about forty boys and young men who also wore the blue.

The occasion was the installation of the officers and the recognition of the members of the San Francisco Company, First California Battalion of the Boys' Brigade.

The brigade is the oldest organization of the kind in the United States. It was formed three years ago, and at once became popular. It is a military organization made up of young church members. There are twenty-four companies in this city and forty-two in the California. There are thirty-three companies scattered throughout the Eastern States. Their headquarters are in this city in the Nevada Block. The company which attended the Westminster Presbyterian Church last night had seventeen members when it was formed on August 10, 1889. It now has forty-six members who wear the uniform of the United States Army. It has four officers. The average age of the boys is 17 years.

THE BRIGADE MARCH.

An interesting feature of last night's programme was the singing for the first time of "The Boys' Brigade March." It is written to the tune of the "March of the Men of Harlech," the Welsh national hymn. It was sung by Robert Lloyd, and the members of the company joined in the chorus. The first stanza and the chorus are:

Boys of Columbia, young crusaders,
Warring with the soul's invaders,
Knights of God 'gainst Satan's raiders,
Firm as men we stand!
"Sure and steadfast" our foundation,
Bread of life each soldier's ration,
We're the sinews of the nation,
Strength unto our land!

Chorus.—The Cross of Christ is flashing
From hand to hand, and massing
The flower of Christian chivalry
Through boyhood service passing—
Trusting God and doing rightly,
Duty's path for us shines brightly,
Prayer will camping us nightly
Through life's Holy War.

OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.

The pastor of the church stated the objects of the company, and calling the commissioned officers before him said: "Do you, A. H. Fish, captain, and do you, E. R. Tabor, Thomas Smith and J. H. Doane, lieutenants, in accepting these offices in the First San Francisco Company, First California Battalion, of the Boys' Brigade in the United States, to which you have been elected by the company, which election has been approved by the battalion officers and the session of this church, acknowledge your obligation, under Jesus Christ, our great captain, to be loyal to this church and to this company, and to do all that lies in your power, God helping you, to promote the supreme object of the Boys' Brigade, viz., 'the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys and the promotion of habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect and all that tends toward a true Christian manliness?'

"Is this your purpose?"

"It is," the officers replied.

"It is then my pleasure on behalf of this church to present you with your commissions as officers of this company for the year 1892.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on the life eternal, whereunto thou was called and didst confess the good confession in the sight of many witnesses. I charge thee in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and of Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession, that thou keep the commandment without spot, without reproach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"May God help you in your work, and when you give in your commissions at the last great day may you have the joy of knowing that you have led these boys along the path of righteousness to a victorious end."

OFFICERS INSTALLED.

Besides the captain and the lieutenants the following officers were installed: Sergeants H. Q. Vanderlip, E. J. Clark, W. Rodgers, G. Smith, J. Smith, Quartermaster F. L. Wood, Armorer W. Hickie, Corporals N. Freiermuth, G. Holland, H. Webster, C. C. Swift, Carl Yearlan, F. A. Earle, W. Brown, A. Chandler.

The pastor, after giving the officers their commissions, made a stirring address on the duties of the Christian soldier and presented an American flag to the company which had been given to it by Charles Geddes. An appropriate acknowledgment was made by the captain of the company.

The brigade will give an exhibition drill at the Presidio on Washington's Birthday.

Crazed by Drink.

Sergeant Cohen of the North Harbor Station was considerably startled at 9:45 o'clock last night when a big strapping fellow clothed only in a very short undershirt and an old army blanket walked into the station and coolly asked for a cigar. On being questioned he said his name was John L. Sullivan.

The man had evidently been drinking and had run out of his room in the Fair Building on Pacific street, where he nearly scared several women into fits as he rushed by them yelling like an Apache Indian.

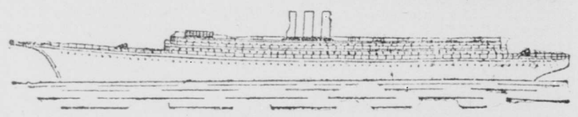
He was sent to the Central Station in the patrol wagon.

# A MARINE SPEEDER.

## The New Queen of the Ocean Greyhounds.

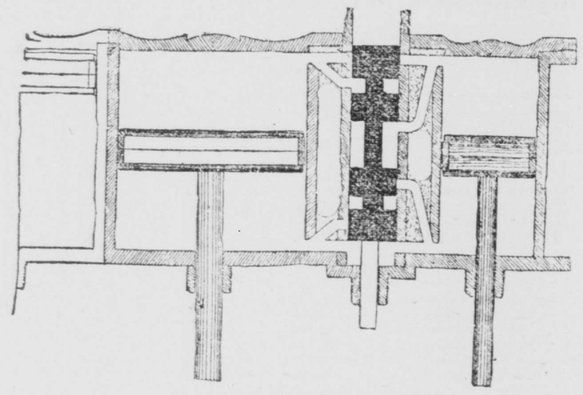
### Three Screws, Three Smokestacks and Three Keels—She Will Cross the Atlantic in Five Days.

About nine years ago A. Perry Bliven, a resident of Brooklyn, designed a vessel which he called the Meteor, and which he intended should be the queen of ocean greyhounds. She was a failure and her designer lost money in the craft. But he had learned a great deal in his experiment and he was more convinced than ever before that the future of ocean travel would depend largely upon the utilization of steam of high pressure, developed by light generators of great strength and economy, and applied to engines as simple as possible, but capable of standing the strain of tremendous steam pressure and rapid work. Lightness and compactness, together with great power, was the inventor's aim in machinery equipments, lines as fine as those of a racing yacht were his ideals for form of hull, and a schedule time of less than five days across the Atlantic the ultimate object.



THE BLIVEN PALACE STEAMSHIP.

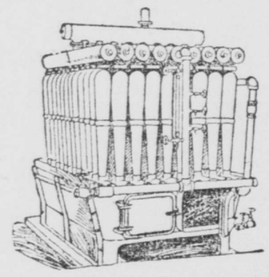
The result of Mr. Bliven's research in the farther fields of marine architecture is the plans of a ship 430 feet long, soon to be built. The features of this steamship are its yacht-like form, its similarity to the big palace sound steamers in general appearance and arrangement of cabins, the application of three screws driven by a power developed in steam generators, and the use of aluminum bronze as material for all her machinery.



PISTON VALVE ON COMPOUND ENGINE.

One of his first inventions since the Meteor failure was a steam generator which he has perfected so that with a pressure of from 350 to 400 pounds he claims he can get one-horse power from one pound of coal per hour. He says that a 125-horse power generator, holding 200 gallons of water, at a temperature of 50° with a wood fire, showed steam at the blow-off in 3 minutes 29 seconds, and in 15 minutes there was 400 pounds pressure, this being accomplished with natural draught. Besides his steam generator he has invented a means for making one piston valve run two cylinders and reverse. Steam passes directly through the valve from the high to the low pressure engine without having to go by way of a steam-chest and thus losing a percentage of power by condensation.

The Bliven Hercules Steam Generator occupies about 40 per cent of the space taken up by the ordinary type of marine boiler for the same power and is lighter. It is made of aluminum bronze, as are all parts of the machinery Mr. Bliven expects to use. In the language of the inventor: "Water goes through a hollow grate and around the outer side of the combustion chamber up to the base of the steam drums, passing through one pipe into a series of vertical cones standing in the combustion chamber, and feeding up to the height in the cones that you wish to carry water in the boiler. It maintains a perfect circulation and uniform height of water in the boiler. It avoids all priming, foaming or lifting of the water, and gives dry steam to the engines."



Hercules steam generator.

The model of the 430-foot steamship referred to shows easy lines, with great buoyancy and natural stability. The sides tumble home above the water line amidships, the section is of the V shape, and with an extreme beam of 72 feet, beam at load-water line of 58 feet, a draught loaded with 4000 tons of freight of only 23 feet 6 inches, it will be seen that she is indeed meant for a racer. Light, her beam at the water line is 58 feet, draught 18 feet 6 inches, and length on water line 410 feet. Her length over all is 480 feet, the 50 feet of overhang loaded being proportioned by 35 feet aft and 15 feet forward. Her bows are fine and her run is clear.

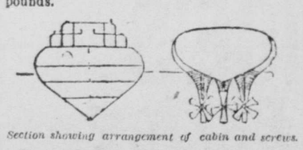
Running from the midship section aft on her bottom are three distinct hulls to hold three distinct sets of engines and provide for three screws. The engines are well aft near the screws, and when loaded there are 8 feet of water over the blades.

The spar deck is 5 feet above the water line and 10 feet above this is the main deck. The greatest beam is 5 feet above the spar deck, or 10 feet above the load-water line, thus giving buoyancy estimated at more than the total displacement of the boat. The spar deck is water tight, and below this are forty-eight water-tight compartments. The spar deck gives accommodation to officers and crew, besides 1500 steerage and 600 second-class passengers. On the main deck is a cabin 310 feet long, 60 feet wide and 8 feet high. The hurricane deck is 290 feet long and 36 feet wide. There are no spars whatever, the pilot-house, stacks and skylights being the only things above the hurricane deck.

The total capacity of the ship is 4000 tons of freight, 1500 steerage, 600 second class, and 800 first-class passengers, the total displacement loaded being 8000 tons.

The material of hull is intended to be mild steel, with 1½ per cent of aluminum. The plating is 1¼ inch, steel T frames, double riveted and self-calking seams. The power is to be furnished by eighteen steam generators, with a combined heating furnace of 72,000 square feet, grate surface of 1800 square feet, each generator tested to 1500 pounds hydrostatic pressure and 1000 pounds steam pressure. There will be no forced draught. Three sets of engines develop collectively 18,000 indicated horse-power, and as it is estimated that the generators are capable of 18,000 horse-power, 3000 will be held in reserve.

The extreme beam of the hulls running aft is 12 feet. The middle screw is 12 feet abaft the other two. With the starboard screw running to port and port screw turning to starboard a solid bank of water will be thrown into the middle screw, which is an ordinary starboard propeller. The screws are four-bladed, 16 feet in diameter and 24 feet pitch, made of aluminum bronze. It is expected that 170 tons of coal will be consumed every twenty-four hours, or 850 tons in five days, as against the City of Paris' 1900 tons in six days. Steam pressure will be in the neighborhood of 400 pounds.



Section showing arrangement of cabin and screws.

The main object of this style of ship is to cross the Atlantic in four days and twenty-two hours and travel on schedule time, or, in other words, to reduce the voyage between this country and England one day. It has been admitted for some time by engineers that this speed—twenty-six knots—could be maintained, but not with economy. Mr. Bliven claims that by utilizing a high steam pressure the result will be more economical than in the slower boats, and says a ship such as the one here outlined can be built for $800,000, a great saving in original cost.

# EVILS OF GAMBLING.

## Rev. T. C. Easton Handles the Topic Without Gloves.

The Rev. T. Chalmers Easton preached to a large congregation at Calvary Presbyterian Church last night on the popular mania for gambling.

The preacher took for his text the twenty-fourth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. John's Gospel: "They parted his raiment and cast lots."

In the course of his remarks Dr. Easton said: "In this young but great and growing metropolis of the Pacific there are three growing evils. First, strong drink, the liquor habit, with our thousands of saloons prolific of crime. Second, licentiousness, the social evil, that cancer of the body politic, working destruction swift and sure. These two great fountains of wickedness we have discussed in former lectures.

"The third evil is gambling.

"The debasing character of this vice is powerfully illustrated in the text. Yonder is Calvary. The execution of the son of man is being accomplished; yet these murderers cast lots for his raiment. Even the awe-inspiring events in nature, the supernatural darkness, did not appal these men in their deeds of infamy.

"What is gambling? What is it to be a gambler? Gambling is an effort on the part of one man to get something for nothing from another. It is neither begging or stealing, but comprehends both in that it consists in seeking to acquire money for which no honest equivalent is returned. Gambling is unproductive. The only result it claims is the circulation of money, and even that is only transferring money from the pocket of the fool to the pocket of the knave, always with a contingent reversion to the saloon-keeper.

THE GAMBLING FEVER.

"The excitement of gambling is the mixed pleasure arising from alternations of hope and fear, hope and failure. It is a sorry reflection on our Christianity that in Mohammedan countries the twin vices of drunkenness and gambling are the least known.

"Horse-racing, stocks, pools, base-ball and athletic games are all means by which Christians are staking their respect for the ideal life.

"I will not say that we are threatened in this beautiful city by the Golden Gate with being overpowered by this vice of gambling. The actions of its promoters are fortunately neutralized by the few high-minded men who are the natural leaders of society.

"The sin of gambling is, however, rapidly spreading. All that there is of the man in the heart of the gambler perishes by slow and sure degrees. Nor does he perish alone in his iniquity. The heart of the wife is often times broken, his children impoverished and his home desolated and ruined. He dies a moral pauper.

"These gambling hells are often found in the corner grocery saloons, where boys are made acquainted with the mysteries of faro, roulette and the like. Cappers are paid salaries and furnished with chips, etc., to entrap the unwary. The whole atmosphere of the dives along the Barbary Coast is charged with rapine and murder. The spirit of gambling pervades our city like a pestilence.

"There is political gambling, gambling on elections, and there is the great lottery system—more patronized in this city than in the largest cities of the East. It is patronized by thousands of the working classes, who take money from their wives and children to buy tickets. The social vampires who maintain this evil ought to be seized bodily and incarcerated in an iron cage.

LOTTERIES DISCUSSED.

"The lottery is the most shameful swindle in all the rolls of gullibility. The way in which these lotteries are advertised is ingenious indeed. Some man reads that another man has gotten $2500 for a dollar. He goes off with that idea and buys a ticket. Thousands have swallowed the bait. If the working classes in San Francisco are fools enough to spend their daily earnings in lottery-tickets, gulled by the reports in the afternoon papers, they ought to be taken care of in asylums by the State.

"Go into any gambling den in San Francisco and you will see men sitting around tables, for the most part quiet and unobtrusive, except when one of them becomes desperate by reverses, and then he will grit his teeth, knit his brow and meditate revenge. The interest becomes so absorbing that the gamester sees no sight, hears no sound. Men watch the turning of a card and the revolution of a wheel as if their very lives and souls depended on it. One young man will go in with 40 cents, come out with $40, and know very little of the game, but once the habit of gambling is formed he may as easily go in, lose $40,000 and sink into the suicide's grave.

"Gambling is ruin to business. It is an effort to get something with the usual result of getting nothing for something. It unfits men for real work. It casts a blot over home life. I have looked on faces once open and manly, now haggard and worn out. I have thought of the home, the wife, the children neglected, unhappy and in want. I need only exclaim, 'Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen from heaven.'

STAKED THEIR WIVES.

"Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans used to stake their wives, children and at last themselves in games of chance. So debauching, so demoralizing, is this vice of gambling that men will even stake the souls of their children.

"Gambling begets a passion for strong drink. Not only this, but it affects the victim in another way. As Talmage has said, it is only one step from the gambling-table to the den of the strange woman.

"The systematic blackmailing shyster attorney finds a good opportunity in the gambling house. He promises some victim a return of his lost money, obtains a small share of the plunder from the proprietor, and then represents to the poor dupe that he caught nothing, and so makes money both ways.

"Horse-racing would have no charms but for the gambling element. The days are all passed when there was any particular desire to improve the breed of horses. Gambling is the very soul of the racecourse. It has taken exclusive possession of Jerome Park. There is no difference between money lost on the track at Highland Park, Rockaway, Stockton or Sacramento and money lost on the Barbary Coast. The man who wins $1500 of his neighbor's money on a horse-race pleads that he runs a risk, but so does the house-breaker in the pursuit of his avocation. In both cases the ruling idea is to get something for nothing."

## PERSONAL NOTES.

J. S. Bartwick of Stockton is at the Baldwin.

Dr. J. M. Proctor of Petaluma is at the Palace.

Clay W. Taylor, the Shasta politician, is in the city.

Judge John F. Finn has returned from his vacation trip.

R. C. Minor, an attorney-at-law of Stockton, is at the Lick.

C. C. Hutchinson, a land-owner of Susanville, is at the Lick.

D. B. May, a prominent resident of Washington, D. C., well-known in army circles here, is at the Palace.

Another warning against the cigarette habit. A wealthy planter of Tennessee, who was afflicted with a trifling lung trouble, would have recovered easily, according to the physicians, had it not been for the nicotine in his system on account of his long-continued use of cigarettes.

# CALIFORNIA MEATS.

## Nelson Morris Discusses the Baden Project.

### The Chicago Packer's Interest in the Stock-Yards, Abattoirs and Packing-Houses at South San Francisco.

Nelson Morris, the Chicago millionaire, and owner of five large packing-houses in that city and St. Louis, is at the Palace. He traveled in his private car, and is accompanied by his wife, Miss Maude Morris, his daughter, Mrs. A. Rothschilds, Mrs. F. Seigle, with the children of the two last mentioned, and Mrs. Nathan Hofheimer.

Mr. Morris intends to spend several months in California, and is out here principally for rest and pleasure. He is one of the largest shareholders and was the prime mover in the establishment of the stock-yards, packing-houses and canning factories at Baden, or South San Francisco, as the embryo town is to be called. He arrived in the city on Saturday evening, and spent the greater part of yesterday in examining the progress which has been made on the enterprise.

PLEASED AT THE WORK.

"I am very much pleased at the work already accomplised," said Mr. Morris last night. "Three of the buildings are nearly completed, and the abbatoirs and wharves are in course of construction, while dredging for the canals and various other improvements are under way. There is nothing of a speculative nature in the project. It is no wild-cat scheme, but a legitimate business enterprise in the hands of practical business men. It is hard to say when we will begin actual operations, but we shall probably be ready for business before many months.

"The stock-yards and buildings are being equipped with the latest and most improved machinery, and will be models in every respect. The machinery is now on its way out here from Chicago, the only place where it could be procured. Whenever practicable we are making our purchases in San Francisco. I want to give this city every benefit which can be derived from the industries. We realize that the enterprise is a local one, many of the stockholders being San Franciscans. We have already invested several millions in the venture and are prepared to put up an unlimited amount in addition as requirements necessitate.

EXTENDING THE BOUNDARIES.

"Our first land purchase was made from Miller & Lux, and since then we have been quietly acquiring adjoining properties, until we now own between 3000 and 4000 acres of excellent land. There is one great advantage in the location, the pure air and healthfulness of the climate, both important factors in the successful handling of meat.

"What induced us to start this enterprise? I was in Southern California at the time of the opening of the Coronado Hotel and was the first person to register there. I had only one fault to find with the hotel, and that was in regard to the quality of the beef. Manager Babcock told me that he purchased his meats in San Diego, and I advised him to send an order to San Francisco. He adopted my advice, but the meat from this city was worse even than the San Diego article.

"I said I would send to Chicago for some good meat, and I did so. When I came to San Francisco on that same trip I investigated the city's facilities for the meat trade to discover the cause of the inferior quality, and I found that this place was one hundred years behind any metropolitan city in the United States in the handling of meat.

CRUDE METHODS.

"The slaughtering was done in a crude and primitive way, each butcher performing this service for himself. The meat was spoiled before the cattle were slaughtered. The animals were driven to the slaughter-house with horses, and were over-heated and exhausted before the bull-rope was placed around their necks. While lying on the ground after being knocked on the head instead of cutting their throats they stuck them in the neck, as we do hogs in the Chicago yards.

"The crudeness of the entire process may be comprehended when I explain that nothing except the meat, skin and liver of the beeves were utilized, the balance being dumped into the bay. I estimated that by this method $4 was wasted with every head of cattle so slaughtered. I was astonished at the total ignorance of all modern appliances, of economy in dressing meat and in using portions of the animal for other purposes.

EVERYTHING TO BE UTILIZED.

"Now, we intend to make butterine, lavarine and kindred preparations, to can and refrigerate beef, mutton, pork and, in certain seasons, poultry and game. The majority of the San Francisco butchers have promised to give us their trade and we shall inaugurate a great reform in the meat trade of California. Besides supplying the local demand and that of the Pacific Coast and Territories we will fill foreign orders and expect particularly to build up a trade with China, Japan and the South and Central American countries, shipping directly from our wharves at South San Francisco.

"Every branch of the work carried on in the Chicago stock-yards will be in operation here, and many consignments of cattle from the Western States, which were formerly shipped to Kansas City and Omaha, will be brought to this city. Washington, Arizona, Mexico, Oregon and the Dakotas will furnish the live stock, and we will buy every form of live stock which the California stockmen can raise.

PRAISE FOR OUR CATTLE.

"The quality of the beef, mutton and pork produced in California cannot be excelled anywhere. The trouble has been that there has been practically no demand, except to supply the limited local trade.

"The stock-yards business requires a large amount of capital and a great deal of special knowledge, two things that no wholesale butcher in California possessed. Our project will give the farmers a chance, and we will probably show them what can be done in the way of raising cattle for the stock-yards on our own property.

"Among the Chicago stockholders are P. D. Armour, George B. Swift and my son, Edward Morris. Most of us have sons who are young men, and they will probably take hold of our California enterprise. We expect to have quite a little town as the business grows, and various kindred enterprises, such as cooperage and other manufactories, will follow the opening of the yards, between which and this city an electric car line and a railroad running dummy trains will soon be in operation."

For a Noble Cause.

A number of ladies and gentlemen met yesterday afternoon at St. Mary's Hospital to make arrangements for a grand concert, the proceeds to be applied to the liquidation of the debt incurred for the recent improvements. The following were appointed a committee to report at the next meeting on the plan to be adopted: Joseph A. Donohue, M. C. Hassett, Mrs. L. Pawlicki, H. J. Gallagher, Mrs. J. O'Kane, A. A. O'Neil, M.D., L. A. Flynn and Frank J. Murasky.

It was determined to hold the next meeting at the same place on Sunday afternoon, February 28, at 2 o'clock.

# THE WOUND WAS FATAL

## Death of Peter White From Accidental Shooting.

Peter White, the utility man who was accidentally shot in the right lung last Thursday morning while cleaning out the saloon at 140 Second street, died in the Receiving Hospital yesterday afternoon.

The circumstances of the fatal shooting have already been published. Stephen Regan, the bar-tender who dropped the pistol, was at first booked for an assault with a deadly weapon. The charge was increased to murder after White's death. The remains of the unfortunate man were removed to the Morgue, where an inquest will be held. Deceased was aged 43 years and a native of Ireland.

## HE WOULD STAY.

### That Is Why a Proud Father Was Put Behind the Bars.

Mary Rausch, a nurse employed in the family of Edward Norton on Twenty-second street, to celebrate a christening there, went off on a spree yesterday afternoon that terminated in her being taken to the Seventeenth-street Station, where she was locked in a cell. Soon after Norton appeared to bail her out, but grew so noisy in his volleys of billingsgate that Sergeant Price had to order him out.

Refusing to go he was allowed to stay, and that he might know he was there he was put in another cell, whence his curses emanated as a fit accompaniment to Mrs. Rausch's drunken dance, which she was holding over her husband's imaginary grave. He was charged with disturbing the peace.

## OBITUARY.

J. N. WEBSTER.

Another pioneer of the State passed away yesterday in the death of J. N. Webster, who died unexpectedly at his family residence, corner of Encinal avenue and Cottage street, Alameda. During the past winter he suffered from la grippe, but had sufficiently recovered to be around and was in San Francisco Saturday. At 7 o'clock yesterday morning he was taken with pains in the region of the heart and in less than an hour expired. His death is attributed to neuralgia of the heart. Deceased was one of the oldest residents of Alameda. He was born in the State of New York April 15, 1814, his father being Daniel Webster, a cousin of the great statesman of that name. In the early part of 1849 he with twenty-seven others formed the Mohawk Mining Company, and chartering the bark Henry Harbeck sailed for California via Cape Horn. Each member put in $100 worth of goods as his share, and upon their arrival in San Francisco the value of each share was $500. He did not follow the example of the multitude upon his arrival in San Francisco and go to the mines to seek his fortune, but remained in the embryo metropolis and opened a store, his profits in 1852-53 averaging $100 a day. In June, 1854, he bought a tract of land in Alameda, and has since made his home there, expiring in the house into which he then moved. He was a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1867 showed his liberality by paying off the church's indebtedness of $3208. He was the grandfather of Postmaster George Sturtevant of Alameda.

DR. J. M. KOON.

Dr. Joseph M. Koon, a pioneer, aged 90 years, died at Stockton of old age on Friday night. The Stockton Mail, speaking of the event, says: Dr. Koon lived many years ago at Woodland, where he practiced his profession, it is said. Either from a love of steamboat life or because of lack of success in his profession, he took to the river and became a pilot on the Upper San Joaquin. Fifteen or twenty years ago he took up his residence at Grayson, on the West Side, and did piloting only occasionally after that. There was a story that the old man had been disappointed in a love affair and lost his practice through drink, but if this was so he never spoke of the romance of his youth. He came to Stockton about nine years ago and took up his residence at Mrs. Jackson's. He was greatly incapacitated from old age, but every day, as long as he was able, he would hobble down to the Grand and watch the shipping. The Empire City, the Ellen, the Roberts Island, the Clara Crow, the Ceres and other steamers that piled on the upper river were the special objects of his observation, if any of them happened to be in the channel. The old man's figure as he sat in silence on a dry-goods box or a sack of potatoes, his chin resting on a heavy cane, and gazed dreamily at the boats, while his thoughts were, perhaps, wandering to bright, sunny meadows of his youth, was a familiar sight to steamboat men, many of whom knew him personally. The old man had relatives in the East, with whom he never communicated and of whom he seldom spoke.

JUDGE HENRY O. BEATTY.

Judge Henry Oscar Beatty, father of Chief Justice Beatty, died at his home in Sacramento yesterday at the age of 80 years. He was born in Washington, Ky., and at an early age removed to Ohio, where he was admitted to the practice of law. In 1836 he married Miss Runyon at Montelaya, Ohio, and two years later returned to Kentucky, where he practiced law until 1851, when he came to California and settled in Sacramento. He practiced law there until 1863, when he went to Virginia City and the following year was elected Chief Justice of the Nevada Supreme Court. He resigned in 1868 and returned to Sacramento, where he has since lived and practiced law up to ten years ago, when his hearing partially failed. Since 1872 Judge Beatty has been the head and front of the Funded Debt Commission, organized to buy up the city debt. He always claimed that the commission was saving the city a vast sum by its manner of handling the debt, although many think the debt could have been compromised for a small sum many years ago. Except for the operations of the commission, Deceased leaves a widow and three daughters, Mrs. Judge Denson, Mrs. Rev. Ward Willis and Mrs. George E. Bates, and also a son, Chief Justice Beatty. He was