CRIME HATCHERIES.

Life in San Francisco's Dens of Depravity.

PLACES WHERE VICE RUNS RIOT.

Jack Hallinan's Notorious Cremorne Theater.

A PLACE THAT SHOULD BE CLOSED.

Other Vile Resorts in This City Where Youth Is Corrupted and Women Slowly Slain.

CHAPTER I.

Life in the dives of San Francisco! What is it like?

Tell us not that it is picturesque. Say not that it is permissible; that the low and vulgar will be low and vulgar, no matter what is said or done. Say that it is vile, and you have spoken of it in fit terms—sharp, short and to the point.

Vile is the word.

There are different kinds of dives. There is the underground hall, where the fetid air reeks with a stench that never leaves the place night or day; where young maidenhood is debauched; where innocent youth becomes laden with foulness; where robberies are concocted; where men are slain; where licentiousness rules supreme.

There is the hall just off the street, perhaps a step or two up from the sidewalk, which is just so many steps downward into Hades for those who go in as participants. Here, possibly, it is a little cleaner in a physical sense, though morally it is just as foul and loathsome as the dive-cellar.

Then there are a few places where one goes upstairs in order to gain entrance. So far as good air and decency are concerned nothing is gained by the ascent. The upstairs places are just as vile as those in the cellars. Often they are worse.

But they are all dives, whether above or below ground.

The "Century Dictionary" gives the definition of a dive as that of "a disreputable place of resort, where drinking and other forms of vice are indulged in, and commonly vulgar entertainments are given."

So it may be in a cellar or in an attic. If it conforms to the foregoing definition putting it upstairs does not let it escape from the appellation of "dive."

But there is a better name for them—crime hatcheries.

That is what they are. The police records will prove it.

Now, there are a great many dives in San Francisco. If there were only one, that would be one too many.

Some of them are hidden away out of sight. Others flaunt themselves brazenly on our leading streets, their blatant bands of harsh music sending forth their discordant notes nightly.

These places which greet the youth of the city with attractive signs, inviting them to come in and begin a course of vice, are maintained on such streets as Market and Kearny, staring the public in the face, saying, "We are here to stay; what are you going to do about it? We are here to stay—just bear that in mind. We will do all the mischief we can, and you cannot prevent it. We are deep-rooted, strong-seated. We cannot be moved. We are giants in the land. Our power in politics is great, and no matter what is done against us we cannot be injured.

Much of this is true.

The dive-keepers have political pulls. They know how to get off easily when it comes to threatened punishment. They are experts at evasion of the law. They have plenty of money, and use it more unscrupulously than does any other class of corruptionists.

They are moral lepers.

And yet these same dive-keepers have the support of the law, after a fashion. To uproot them one must strike deep.

It should be done. They should be uprooted, and with no tender hand; but mercilessly, just as they slay and corrupt.

There is the Cremorne Crime Hatchery.

It is the worst of all. It would be closed to-morrow by the police if they had the power. The Police Commissioners refused to give their consent to license it; but it is licensed just the same.

How is that done?

Never mind, just now. It is done—rest assured of that. For there is money behind the Cremorne—big money.

THE CALL will tell all about these things in the course of time. In this chapter it will merely introduce the reader to the Cremorne, the Star, the Eureka, the Olympic, the Palace Varieties, the Elite and other dives.

See how vile they are!

ROBIN'S APPROVAL.

What the President of the Police Commissioners Says of "The Call."

R. J. Tobin, president of the Board of Police Commissioners, was told that THE CALL was collecting data for a crusade against the dens of depravity in this city.

"Good," said he. "I will help THE CALL all I can. We have had a great deal of trouble with the dens—a great deal. We know that in those places much of the crime that is committed in this city originates. We know that they are a stench in the nostrils of the community. We have done everything in our power to close the most disreputable of them, but we cannot go further than the law allows to go.

"By stirring up the public to a proper sense of the condition of things in this respect THE CALL will do much good. It will help the commission. There has never yet been an effective newspaper crusade against the dives. I have often thought that here was a field in which a great daily newspaper might do a wonderful lot of good. But, of course, such a thing must be gone at in the right way. A newspaper ought not to publish matter concerning dives that is printed merely for the sake of picturesque effect. That is not the way to make the fight, and I do not think THE CALL will make it that way.

"It is a good move. Go ahead. You cannot strike too strong a blow."

WHAT THE CHIEF SAYS.

He Is Opposed to All the Notorious Dives and Dance-Halls.

"These dives and dance-halls are like so many festering sores on the body politic, and were the power mine not one of the disreputable places would be open to-day."

It was P. Crowley who spoke, Chief of the Police Department of San Francisco. One of THE CALL'S interviewers was the listener.

"Some of them are vile and filthy places; none of them fit to live in a respectable community," the Chief went on. "We have tried our best to close their doors, but you see them running in spite of us."

"You are willing to be quoted that way, Chief, in THE CALL?" asked the interviewer.

"I certainly am. You can't quote me too strongly against these places. Nor am I averse to having this chance to say for the department that it is opposed from first to last to all dives and would long ago have cleaned them all out had the power been ours. They run in spite of us, not with our assent.

"Yes; some of them are worse than others. Some have bad criminal records. In some crime has been committed, even to murder. Since I have been in the department I know what its attitude has been toward these places. They have given us so much trouble that for our own peace and quiet, if for no other reason, we would gladly see them all closed."

"If there is a choice, Chief, which of the dives do you consider the worst?"

"Well, I can tell you which causes us the most trouble. That is the Cremorne, but the Bella Union, the Eureka music-hall and half a dozen others are just about as bad. The Cremorne is the most dangerous to the community because of its prominent location on Market street. But I look upon them all as so many plague-spots in the community, and I am sure every other respectable citizen does the same.

"Yes; you may put the police down as against the dives, first, last and all the time. If THE CALL is going to fight these places it will have our hearty support. Dives cost the city more in a year than any other nuisance it has to contend against. Taxpayers ought to put their feet down on the dives and stamp them out of existence."

HALLINAN'S CRIME HATCHERY.

The Most Disreputable and Dangerous Resort in the City.

Jack Hallinan's Cremorne at 771 Market street is the worst of the dives because in flaunts its iniquity in your very face and stretches out its sin-slimy arms to the gilded youth.

You need not look down to see it when passing, nor search to find it out. Its hideous features, veiled only with the robes of sensuality, meet you boldly in the street, and at night a blare of trumpets rings out upon the air from the balcony above to tell you that the painted, gaudy-dressed, short-skirted harpies and their male accomplices have assembled in the upper halls to filch your pockets and steal away your self-respect.

Five hundred men and boys crowd the place nightly, and often this number is greatly increased. A nominal admission is charged here, but the iniquity is so much greater that its patrons do not mind the

A Box Beauty at the Cremorne.

added cost. There are two grades at the Cremorne. On the main floor are the accommodations for those who have only a few dimes or perhaps a dollar to spend. The twenty "lady" waiters here mostly wear long skirts. They are homely, as a rule, though blase and immodest enough to suit the vilest of mankind. Men of brawn and muscle, sailors, laborers and shabby loafers congregate here. Beer is only 5 cents, and drunkenness prevails.

A gallery lines three of the walls. On each side are the "boxes," foul, dirty little pens, with lace curtains in front. The most attractive and short-skirted of the waitresses "work" the "boxes." A quart bottle of stale beer drawn from the keg is here sold for $5. Nothing costs less than two bits. The "ladies" smoke cigarettes, for which you pay 25 cents for a pack of the meanest of the 5-cent brands.

At the rear of the gallery is a bar. Colored waiters are in attendance up here. The "ladies" do not serve the drinks. They only punch the bell for the waiter after they have "worked" you for the price.

The stage performance is of an order so obscene as to shock and surprise even the New York Bowery roughs, and the orgies which take place in the gallery, in and out of the boxes, would be tolerated in no public place in the civilized world outside of San Francisco. Barbary Coast is mild when compared to the Cremorne, and even Chinatown can boast of no such wild, open iniquities.

Boys are here, gamblers, cutthroats, blacklegs and thieves, but mostly the human jackals who live on the earnings of the "lady" waiters and waiters.

Now and again you see a young face among the latter. Girls who have just started on the downward road are often to be found in the galleries of the Cremorne. What a fearful plunge toward hell they have already taken! And there is no hope for them. And the pity of it is more than words will tell.

Sometimes, too, one sees that the "lady" waiter's hands are hard and bony. These

ENGLISH CADETS AT THE STAR.

hands tell a mournful tale. They speak of good intentions, hard toil, of a striving and a trying and an ending in—damnation.

At 11 o'clock the orgies of the Cremorne are at floodtide. There is a horrible din, above which can be heard an occasional curse or vile epithet, though the weazened orchestra is completely drowned. Tobacco smoke and the fumes of bad liquor are so thick as to render the atmosphere opaque. The indecent "jokes" of the stage performers are inaudible, but their actions and poses speak louder than words. The bar is doing a rushing business. Everybody is almost or entirely drunk. Satan is king and 500 men and women are being damned in body, mind and soul. Sometimes the number is greater; never less. And seven nights a week!

Hallinan's Crime Hatchery operates under a theatrical liquor-dealer's license and pays $76 every three months into the public treasury.

Just what the Cremorne costs the taxpayers of the city and State in the way of necessitating increased accommodations in the County Jail, Hospital, Poorhouse, City Prison, Insane Asylum and other public institutions has never been computed to a nicety, but a liberal estimate places the cost at about 500 per cent greater than the license fee.

Under the provisions of the law regulating these licenses the Cremorne must be closed by one hour after midnight. That is, its music and stage performance must be stopped. That there should be a limit to the inflictions of its loud-mouthed, weazened orchestra is a consideration devoutly to be thankful for by the adjacent neighborhood.

But not until the wee small hours of the morning; till, indeed, every victim's last cent has passed into the possession of Jack Hallinan and his pal, Ed Heman, and their accomplices in crime; till the bottom dregs of a night's fearful revelry have been drunk, are the orgies of the Cremorne abated for the nonce.

In the "cafe" at the end of the long galleries, for hours after midnight, the short-skirted harpies prey upon all who come into their clutches. Those without money are told to go when the show is over, but for those who have money the show is never over. Four burly, bully-ragging negroes furnish the entertainment here, and at all hours after midnight their voices may be heard out on the dark, deserted streets, screeching vile songs and indecent ditties.

The whole performance, off and on the Cremorne's stage, from the time its foul doors open till they close, is one protracted robbery, interspersed with petty larcenies and lesser and greater crimes. The stage performance is disgustingly obscene; the language of the performers foul and unclean beyond the comprehension of those only moderately wicked.

The performance is stretched out of all semblance, so as to keep the victims there till their last coin is gone.

"Don't you want a drink?"

"Wont you buy something?"

"Let me have a beer with you?"

This is the grand chorus of the brazen hussies pleading into your ears 50 times in five minutes.

The performance is so very vile and indecent that the sober ones would all probably leave after the first half of it were it not for the deep deception of the programme. "Wait and see the terrible Turk buying and selling girls," it says. Then again: "Wait and see the Turkish slave market scene." Further down there is a catch-line calculated to stay the most dissatisfied: "We are getting mighty close to the Pasha's paradise."

But it is all the meanest kind of a delusion and snare. The uninitiated expects to see nude women, or something of that sort, and waits on through the tiresomely vile performance for the grand finale.

And his only reward for the waiting and endurance is a plethoric redundancy of the vilest language imaginable to the most depraved men and women. The actions are only suggestive, and vilely and indecently so at that. When the spectator leaves the Cremorne he feels that he has been robbed. He is much poorer in purse, and has lost whatever remnant of self-respect he may have had when he entered the dive.

Hallinan's Crime Hatchery runs seven nights in the week, and the orgies of the seventh night are, if anything, wilder and viler than those of the other six.

Boys frequent the Cremorne. Not your boys, pray heaven! But somebody's boys. You find them mostly in the filthy little private boxes, almost—sometimes quite—hidden from view of the main audience by double folds of foul, almost slimy lace curtains, which are so very ragged and so very unclean as to leave a bad odor in the air and soil clean hands that touch them.

Boys who frequent this place go down very rapidly. The criminal records prove it abundantly.

Only boys of well-to-do parents are encouraged in patronizing the Cremorne. Those who can afford to buy bad wine at $5 a bottle are welcomed most heartily. And a dirty, greasy negro waiter stands around waiting to sneak away the bottle after the first glass or two have been emptied. Not to save the vile stuff, for it is worthless. Oh, no; the half filled and nearly filled wine bottles are not filched from the boxes because the "wine"—so called only by courtesy—is valuable, but rather that another bottle may be ordered at once.

A police official who investigated Hallinan's Crime Hatchery recently very thoroughly, tells how the "actresses," dressed most indecently and immodestly, proceed to rob their victims.

In the box in which he sat—disguised as a "sport"—a flashy young man with more money and less brains, was shown in by the colored waiter. A moment later one of the "actresses," with low-necked, short-sleeved bodice and very scant skirts, came tripping in and at once set about to "work" the "sucker."

"I'm awful dry," she began at once, after the initial "How are you to-night?" had been passed between them. Then without further ado she punched the button. Immediately the door slid back and the waiter appeared.

"We want something to drink," said the harpie. "What shall it it be?" to the "sucker". "I don't like beer; let's have wine, eh?"

"Wine," feebly responded the victim.

He was a little surprised to find he had to pay $5 for a bottle of cheap claret that had not even the virtue of being corked nor labeled, but by this time the unblushing siren who had edged very near him had her arm about him. He paid it ungrumblingly.

Two small glasses were filled from the bottle and the bottle sat in a corner on the floor.

Presently the "actress" became thirsty again. They looked for the bottle and found it gone.

"Why, we must have drunk it all," she said, and another bottle was ordered and paid for. This was repeated till the victim had spent $30, which was all he had. He was pretty full by this time, and being "broke" the woman at once deserted him. He went to sleep on the floor. In the morning he awoke to find his watch and ring in the possession of Hallinan and a wine bill for $40 against him at the bar. Before he could recover his jewelry he had to satisfy this bill.

Twenty of these cases happen nightly, and seven nights a week.

THE STAR VARIETY THEATER.

A Misnamed Den Under the Pavement of Grant Avenue.

Mrs. Alma Stein, big, brawny and brash, signs her name as proprietress of the Star Variety "Theater." The husband, Rudolph, is evidently the lesser half of the marital partnership, and manager for Mrs. Alma. The "theater" is on Grant avenue, near Sutter, but you would never find it when passing along that thoroughfare—unless you kept your eyes lowered and pried into the dark holes beneath the pavement. Indeed, the whole title of the foul den is a misnomer. There are no stars in this cellar, neither Thespian nor astronomical, and the only variety the dive boasts is the difference between bad beer and vile cigars and vile beer and bad cigars.

Mrs. Alma wears abbreviated skirts and tends bar, while the manager loafs about in shirt-sleeves seeing that the "boxes" are worked right and the girls don't lag.

GENTLEMEN
OCCUPYING SEATS MUST TAKE
REFRESHMENTS.

This is one of the signs that adorn the greasy walls. Another is to the effect that "ladies' drinks are 10 cents." There are no women in this hole, though nearly a dozen females; they are all "ladies." Their skirts are mostly as short as their capacity for stowing away bad beer is unlimited. They are a bad lot, and you readily believe they are not women. No, they are harpies.

It is a dirty, ill-smelling place. Your son will loose all self-respect if he frequents it; and you daughter—that is too terrible to think of. Yet some people's daughters are there. Aye, and they are young and fair, too, sometimes. Where they are old and hardened you would not care so much, though then it were bad enough. But see this young, frail, delicate little creature, not 17, and small for her age. Her cheeks need no paint. She even blushes sometimes at the foul talk about her—a thing rare, indeed, within these walls. She has a native grace and modesty, she is intelligent, has been to school, and is now going to the devil at a fearful pace.

Who is she?

The programme has her as little Lola Travers, "a dancer par excellent" and "the biggest favorite we ever played." The latter clause is doubtless correct, but if you are not hardened to those things you would inwardly weep to see such a flower in such a plague-spot. Is there no power to snatch that child from this black hole?

None.

A few months ago she came from Chicago. Her mother thinks she is playing with a reputable vaudeville company in the first-class theaters, but the human brute who sold her to the dive got a handsome bonus for his perfidy. Such girls are worth money in the market. They draw custom.

Already she drinks beer. To-morrow she will swear. She will go down fast, if it is possible to go below the basement dive. In a few years you may find her in the police courts, a vagrant; then in the House of Correction; then the potter's field.

It would be better were the last to come first.

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

Dives That Are Moral Stenches to the Community.

There are many dives in San Francisco—many more than in any other city of its size. We may be lacking in many things, but not in dives. Our gilded youth are well provided for in this respect, and the pitfalls for our own sons and daughters are numerous and varied. No; we are not backward in iniquity.

There's the Bella Union, for instance. Ned Foster's notorious place. It is a foul resort, much frequented by boys of respectable and respected parents, by crooks and harpies and by the very dregs of a metropolitan society.

The Bella Union's stage performances, while most disappointing to the sensualists and those who look for indecent exhibitions, is yet so disgustingly vile and filthy in language and action as to turn the stomach of any one but a Barbary Coast rounder. But while the stage performance is disappointing the performances in the dirty lobby and foul little private boxes are calculated to please the most degraded.

A similar state of affairs prevails at the Eureka dance-hall, on Kearny street, near Sacramento. Vile pictures adorn the exterior, and in large letters the announcement is made that a French can-can takes place every night. But those who wait out the weary, vulgar performance are doomed to bitter disappointment when the "can-can" takes place. It is a tame affair, very

Scene at the Eureka Theater.

tame, but by the time it occurs the "lady" waiters have filched your pockets and emptied your pocket-book.

The Palace Varieties, in the cellar at Grant avenue and Post street, deserves especial mention for its especial indecencies, but do not expect to see the unusual there. Only the most vulgar and commonplace performances are in vogue at this—and all—the dives.

The Olympic "Theater," under Dupont street's pavement, is especially noted for the profanity and vulgarity, not to say disgusting character of its stage dialogues. One would scarcely think that even the most depraved could find anything pleasing in a filthy dialogue between two men on the stage. Yet a large crowd of ruffians and gentlemen elbow each other in this dive seven nights in the week.

The Elite dive, at Grant avenue and Geary street, where Rice was murdered a few years ago, is an underground joint that is dirty, foul-smelling and disease-breeding. Female waiters, short-skirted, vulgar of tongue, and with great capacities for stowing away bad beer, gather here nightly to the number of a score or more. By 10 o'clock there is always a full house.

The main feature of all the dives are the female waiters. They are mostly aged, all are brazen and but few even passingly good looking. Yet they serve their purpose. They make the dive-keeper rich.

HARES WERE SCARCE.

Coursing at Ocean View in the Teeth of a Gale.

The Inaugural Puppy Stake of the Pacific Coast Coursing Club Is Divided Between Three Dogs.

Quite a gale was blowing out at Ocean View yesterday, and somewhat interfered with the sport of the inaugural day of the Pacific Coast Coursing Club, but some capital racing was witnessed all the same. Good hares were very scarce, but there was not a slow jack chased all day. The decisions of John Grace Jr. and "Smiler" Hales, who leaves for New York to-night, were satisfactory, as was the slipping of John Canavan, while President S. L. Rogers was in evidence both in the field and among the visitors, many of whom were ladies. The new club had a most successful send-off.

There were several minor matches, but the principal event of the day was a 12-dog puppy stake for club members only. Each contest was the subject of spirited speculation, as several of the horsemen who are now flocking into the city to attend the horse-racing were present. The stake was finally divided between Dr. S. L. Rogers' Quaker Lass, J. Reddy's Richard III and William Perry's Coomassie. Following are the details of the stake-racing:

AFTER THE HARES.

Ocean View Coursing Park, Sunday, April 3, 1891. Twelve-dog puppy-stake, for members of the Pacific Coast Coursing Club only:

First round—William Perry's Coomassie beat P. Lydon's Mountain Maid, M. W. Kerrigan's Redfern beat J. Wolff's Excuse Me, Ed Canavan's John W beat A. Adams' Mission Queen, Dr. S. L. Rogers' Quaker Lass beat S. A. Cummins' Pride of the Valley, J. Reddy's Richard III beat Eugene Casserly's Morning Call and J. Hall's Colonel beat Tony Moore's Lady Comerford.

Second round—Coomassie beat Redfern. Betting 3 to 1 on the winner. The pair raced neck and neck to within 20 yards of the hare when the favorite's speed enabled her to score lead up and first turn. Saving herself she turned twice again, wrenched and killed, Redfern never scoring a single point.

Quaker Lass beat John W. Betting 2 to 1 on the former. From an even slip Dr. Rogers' dog took a very long lead up to a strong hare, and a most exciting chase ensued. Quaker Lass outworked her opponent at every point of the game, and, after getting in five turns, killed and won in a walk.

Richard III beat Colonel. Betting 5 to 2 on the winner. There was a tedious search before a satisfactory hare could be started, but the one they got was worth waiting for. Richard proved that he was one out of the box by the brilliant way in which he won the course. He led up with ease and turned twice and then the blue dog got in. The red was soon in front again and had scored a couple more points when the blue dog turned and killed.

THE STAKE DIVIDED.

A more exciting course is rarely witnessed. Coomassie, Quaker Lass and Richard III divided the stake.

It was announced during the day that the Golden West Club will hold a meeting at Ocean View next Sunday, and as there are a large number of dogs in training for the principal event a grand day's sport may safely be anticipated. Charles S. Wieland's Examiner will also meet Joe McAuliffe's Seashell for a stake or $25 a side. There were a lot of other challenges flying around, too, yesterday afternoon, but no match was arranged. M. J. Kelly, familiarly known as "Slide Kelly, Slide," and Pat Kerrigan created great amusement, as they always do, in their endeavor to bring off a race between their respective dogs, but although various amounts of from $5 to $1000 a side were freely talked about, somehow or another they could not come to terms, though they sometimes nearly came to blows. Old George Stead pacified the excited owners yesterday, and peace and harmony then reigned supreme. A splendid lot of hares will arrive to-day from Merced, and will be stocked by P. J. Canavan, who is running very short of the "Paddy Murphys," which he always tries to keep.

A "HAPPY FAMILY."

A Community of Rats and Cats Living With a Bull Pup.

In the window of the saloon at 208 Pacific street may be seen one of the most singular "happy families" in the city. It consists of an old, motherly cat, five kittens about a month old, a pair of large white rats, 12 young rats, a bull pup and a pair of wicked-looking Norway rats that were caught recently on the Lombard-street wharf. The old cat nurses the young rodents just as she does her own offspring, and the entire collection, with the exception of the bull pup, crawl over and around her as if the cat was their best friend.

The old rats make a bed of the cat, and may be seen, sound asleep, half buried in the soft, warm fur on the cat's back, while the young rats and kittens are all mixed up beside her.

The strange friendship began when pussy was looking about for a quiet corner in which to give birth to her offspring. The rats had been given the freedom of the saloon, and the cage in which they had their nest was always open. The place suited pussy to a nicety, for she at once made herself at home, and is now looked up to by all as the protector and head of the family.

The wharf rats were at first inclined to resent the advances of the albinos and the kittens, but pussy soon taught them that the young things were not to be molested, and in a few days they got used to the new order of things, and are now two of the most docile members of the strange community. The pup regards the kittens and rats with a look of disdain, and holds himself aloft as if of a superior cast.

Governor Markham.

The Governor and Mrs. Markham came down last night from Ukiah, and are at the Palace. The former has been inspecting the asylums at Ukiah and Napa. Mrs. Markham was indisposed, and the Governor did not emerge from his apartments during the evening.

HANK SAT ON THE BENCH.

The Local Magnate Refused to Be Evicted.

Frisco One Game Ahead of the Colonel—The Dukes Win Three Out of Five at Los Angeles.

Harris won another game yesterday and sat on the bench besides. So there now! He sat there just as long as he wanted to and glared and glared and glared real saucy at those who had dared to say him nay.

It was a thrilling exhibition of daredevil devotion to a lost cause on the part of this Casabianca of the diamond to cling to his post and defy President Mone, with his whiskers, Umpire McDermott and the latest edition of baseball Blackstone, compiled by Mr. Spalding, but Hank exhibited nevertheless. He sprung his little bluff, made it stick, then made a little speech, after which Hank sat on the bench with the conquering air of a Monte Cristo when he says the world is hisen.

About 5000 people early assembled to see Hank evicted from the pea green bench he loves so well. They had all read in the morning papers of how Hank sat on the bench the day before and that Mone was going to have the law on him if he did not keep off and behave himself like Colonel T. Pneumatic Robinson, so called because he operates principally with wind.

The wily magnate had also heard the threats of the chief executive of the league and prepared himself accordingly. He consulted all the eminent authorities on baseball and benches in the town Saturday night, looked through the rules and then went to bed firm in his determination to sit on the bench on the morrow or perish in the attempt.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning Hank was on the bench rehearsing for the grand finale with Pat, the ground-keeper. Acting under

Easy O'Neil Taking a Hot Liner.

instructions, Pat would approach his employer and remark in a subdued balls-and-strikes tone of voice:

"Excuse me, Mr. Harris, but you cannot sit on that bench."

"Villain, I defy thee; do thy worst!" Hank would thunder in Morosco accents, shaking a copy of the rules in the groundkeeper's face, and that young man would retire pale and trembling, so real did it all seem. They practiced this act until Hank felt that he could go through his part without falling down, and as it was then almost 2 o'clock, he decided to remain on the bench and let the people see him as they came in. He was there when the gong rang for play, and he involuntarily tightened his clutch on the iron rail. Mone and Robinson were watching from the back of the stand, and Umpire McDermott stood in the wings awaiting his cue.

Pat was in the prompter's box ready to help Hank out with his lines. At the proper time Carroll made his kick, McDermott bore down on Hank, while the spectators watched the proceedings with breathless interest.

McDermott spoke a few well-chosen words to Hank, who replied with equal courtesy, using his line and reading it perfectly. They argued for a few minutes, and the result of the discussion was that Hank sat on the bench and McDermott turned away and went on with his regular work. The spectators cheered Harris, who responded with a speech.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I'm no speechmaker. You see I'm on the bench, don't you? Well, I'm going to stay there. See?"

Loud and vociferous applause greeted this effort, while Hank sat on the bench and aided his athletes to crawl up one peg above the depths, score 4 to 3, and it was a

Pete Sweeney on the Homestretch.

decidedly close call for the locals. A few Oaklandesque bungles in the third gave Frisco their 4 runs, and but for the presence of some of the hardest kind of luck the Colonels would have finished on top. The game was both good and bad and close enough to be exciting.

Young Mr. Pace of Santa Rosa has been eliminated from the ranks of Harris' all-star aggregation to make way for B. Hanley. With little Sweeney back, Hanley in the team and three pitchers to be seated, room had to be made in some way for Harris to sit on the bench. So Pace had to go, making the first man regularly fired this season. He returns to Santa Rosa to-day to brood over the uncertainty of jobs in the California League and open up correspondence relative to securing employment elsewhere.

Pitcher Hart worked out his first stint in the box and finished the job in a neat and artistic manner. He is very much like Nicholas Lookabaugh in style and delivery, using a slow curve at which the Oakland batsmen bit but did not hit to any great extent. Five scattering singles was the sum total, which, with eight bases on balls, netted them three tallies. The bases on balls did not cut much of a figure, as the runners were thrice doubled up by the rapid fire throws of J. Peck Sharp.

The first double occurred in the first inning, and gave Captain Carroll a chance to exercise his prerogative. Hutchinson was on second and Carroll on first, when Hardie sent a fly to the infield. Coughlin took the

Captain Carroll Objects to Wig-Wag Decisions.

ball and dropped it, retiring Hardie and forcing Hutch at second. McDermott decided the play with a double-action move of his hand to which Carroll objected. He said he didn't like the wigwag style of rendering decisions, and requested the umpire to hereafter hold up two fingers when two men were out on a play like that. McDermott said he would.

Easy O'Neil pitched nice ball, but got miserable support at times. In the first two innings George Sharp dropped three easy flies in succession, but no harm was done. In the third Hart got away on balls, but was caught at the plate while trying to score on Hutchinson's overthrow of D. Sweeney's grounder. Another base on balls, a bad throw by Wilson and three hits gave Frisco their four tallies. Twice after that, with the bases full, O'Neil's fine pitching and good fielding retired the side without a run. Easy accepted eight hard chances without an error.

Oakland scored once in the first and twice in the fifth, and of these three tallies Smith brought in two and was once left on third by Carroll fanning the breeze. Fred's heavy batting won the colonel's only game thus far, but in the last two he failed to make a hit. Clem Bishman is showing up in fine form on third. He made some fine stops a la Denny yesterday, but is batting in hard luck. Following is the score:

AT SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 3, 1892.

San Francisco.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
D. Sweeney, c. f.	4	1	0	2	0	0	0
Hanley, r. f.	3	1	0	1	1	1	0
Reitz, 3 b.	5	1	1	1	0	4	1
P. Sweeney, 1 b.	5	1	1	1	12	2	1
J. Sharp, 2 b.	3	0	1	0	6	4	0
Coughlin, s. s.	4	0	1	0	0	5	3
Levy, l. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Spies, c.	3	0	0	0	7	0	1
Hart, p.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.	34	4	4	5	27	17	6

Oaklands.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, l. f.	3	2	0	0	3	0	0
O'Brien, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	3	1	2
Hutchinson, s. s.	3	1	0	0	0	4	2
Carroll, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	14	0	0
Hardie, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Bushman, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
G. Sharp, c. f.	2	0	1	0	1	0	3
Wilson, c.	4	0	1	0	2	1	1
O'Neil, p.	4	0	1	0	1	7	0
Totals.	32	3	5	0	27	17	8

RUNS BY INNINGS.

San Francisco.	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—4
Base hits.	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0—4
Oaklands.	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—3
Base hits.	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	2	0—5

Earned runs—San Francisco 1. Two-base hits—Reitz. Sacrifice hits—Hanley, O'Brien 2, Coughlin 3, Wilson 2, O'Neil, Levy 2. First base on errors—San Francisco 4, Oaklands 4. First base on called balls—San Francisco 7, Oaklands 8. Left on bases—San Francisco 9, Oaklands 12. Struck out—By Hart 4. First base on hit by pitcher—Smith. Double plays—Coughlin to Sharp 2, O'Neil to O'Brien, Coughlin to Sharp to Sweeney. Passed balls—Spies. Umpire—McDermott. Official scorer—Stapleton.

OUTPLAYED THE DUKES.

The Last Game at Los Angeles Winds Up With Fireworks.

LOS ANGELES, April 3.—Los Angeles redeemed herself to-day to a certain extent by administering a drubbing to the San Joses. The score was not, of course, as big as it was on Saturday, but the Giants fairly outplayed the Dukes at every point, especially at the bat, and earned the game by good, hard, honest playing. The features of the game were Roberts' home run, Tredway's circus catch of Denny's long fly, and Eobright's great one-handed catch when he gathered in the sphere in great shape and retired the Los Angeles team in the ninth inning. The following is the official score:

AT LOS ANGELES, APRIL 3, 1892.

Los Angeles.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, c. f.	3	2	1	1	2	1	0
Tredway, l. f.	3	2	1	1	2	0	0
Glenalvin, 2 b.	4	1	2	0	3	4	0
McCauley, 1 b.	3	1	2	0	10	2	0
Hassamer, s. s.	5	1	2	1	1	3	3
Newman, r. f.	5	0	1	0	3	1	0
Hulen, 3 b.	4	0	1	1	1	2	1
Rogers, c.	5	1	0	0	5	1	0
Roache, p.	5	1	1	0	1	2	0
Totals.	39	8	11	3	27	17	4

San Joses.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stallings, r. f.	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
McVey, c. f.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Everett, s. s.	2	1	0	0	3	4	1
Ebright, 2 b.	3	1	1	1	2	5	0
Denny, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	2	1	1
Dooley, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	14	0	0
Clark, c.	3	1	2	0	0	0	0
Roberts, l. f.	4	1	2	0	2	0	0
Lookabaugh, p.	4	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals.	33	4	6	2	27	13	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Los Angeles.	2	0	3	0	0	3	0	0	0—8
San Joses.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—4

Earned runs—Los Angeles 4, San Joses 2. Two-base hits—Wright, Glenalvin and Clark. Three-base hits—Glenalvin, Hassamer and Ebright. Home run—Roberts. Sacrifice hits—Glenalvin, McCauley 2, Hulen, McVey and Denny. Bases on balls—By Lookabaugh 5, by Roache 4. Struck out—By Roache 3. Hit by pitcher—Hulen. First base on errors—Los Angeles 2, San Joses 4. Double play—Everett to Ebright to Dooley. Time of game—2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire—J. McDonald. Scorer—J. Will Lyons.

Beaten by Amateurs.

SPOKANE, Wash., April 3.—The Spokane team, members of the Pacific Baseball League, were beaten to-day by the Spokesman amateur nine in a 10-inning contest, with a score of 7 to 5. The local team consisted of the editors, reporters and printers of the Morning Spokesman. It was an exhibition witnessed by 2000 people. The league games begin here April 13 between Portland and Spokane. The Spokane team is composed of leading professionals just imported from the East and their defeat is the subject of much merriment.

Baseball at Bakersfield.

BAKERSFIELD, April 3.—The first baseball match of the season was played here to-day between the Visalia and Bakersfield clubs, in which the Bakersfields were victors. The score was: Bakersfields 13, Visalias 8. The batteries were Hyslinger and Early, Button and Simpson.

LEAGUE LINERS.

Items of Interest to California Patrons and Players.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per cnt
San Jose	5	2	7	.714
Los Angeles	4	3	7	.571
San Francisco	2	3	5	.400
Oakland	1	4	5	.200

From present indications, Michael Finn's men are the leading exponents of the national game as it is played on this coast. Their progress has been ever onward and upward, and it looks as if they had struck a gait that will carry them on to glory once more. Out of seven games played they bagged five. It was like finding the first two here, and they had it still easier in the orange-scented south, where they played Glenalvin's Giants five straight and won three.

On Wednesday the hard hitters of the Los Angeles team fell up against Lookabaugh's slow curves with great violence, but he got away with it. Thursday Mr. Harper appeared to them in the form of a pudding, and the hitters won. On that day Mr. Stafford of Los Angeles held the Dukes down to eight hits and thought he was doing very well indeed, while Harper suffered to the tune