

PATRIOTISM AND PICNICS.

Because of That Day on Bunker Hill.

Picnics went along with patriotism yesterday as they generally do on these anniversaries, when flags float and flutter from every flagpole and guns make a big noise to symbolize the aggregate recollection and reverence of the native for a day of great things.

It was undoubtedly a whole lot of patriotic feeling stirred up more or less yesterday. The signs of it consisted mainly of the flags that covered the city. There was probably just a little more patriotism abroad yesterday than a year ago, because it was a fifth anniversary and when anniversaries become rounded up by fifties and hundreds they become specially important.

It was really an important day and entitled to all the recognition and eloquence it received, if not more. Only 118 years had elapsed since 4000 British troops were gloriously met when they got their ships in Boston harbor and advanced on Bunker Hill, where Warren died and where the first real battle of the Revolution was fought.

It was, however, because the day was the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of Bunker Hill monument that it was specially important. New Englanders generally and the Bunker Hill Association in particular made the occasion an especial one.

Next to the Washington monument, the great column on that famous hill-ground of Bunker Hill will remain for centuries the most honored monument which Americans have reared.

It is an obelisk of granite, 220 feet high, standing in a six-acre enclosure. Its base is 30 feet square, and 295 steps wind spirally to the observatory on its top, where a magnificent view of city, harbor, suburbs and country is afforded. A marble statue of General Warren and various memorials of the battle are in a building at the base.

The monument was begun in 1825. The cornerstone was laid by Lafayette and Daniel Webster was the orator of the day. It was unfinished for twenty years. In 1840 a great effort was made to raise funds to complete it. It was dedicated on June 17, 1843, just fifty years ago. Daniel Webster was again the orator and made one of the grandest speeches of his life. President Tyler and his Cabinet were present, and a hundred thousand people helped to make the occasion memorable.

The monument and the place again aroused national interest at the centennial of the battle, June 17, 1875, when generals and soldiers of the North and the South united in making the day a great one.

The monument and grounds are in charge of the Bunker Hill Monument Association. So the Bunker Hill Association invited all to join them at El Campo, where a picnic afforded the occasion for the literary and historical association of New Englanders was a sort of nucleus for the patriotic day. It had been calling the attention of the public and its organizations to the day for years, and its efforts suggesting that flags should be flown greatly increased the display of star-spangled banners yesterday.

The merchants enjoyed a great picnic at Camp Taylor, the Tuolumne Association held its annual reunion, and the Veteran Firemen enjoyed the day at Shell Mound. Other societies observed the day by displaying flags and bunting and in the morning the usual sautes were fired at the Presidio and Alcatraz.

THE BUNKER HILL PEOPLE. A Delightful and Patriotic Day at El Campo.

The memory of Bunker Hill was kept alive in truly patriotic style yesterday at the annual picnic of the Bunker Hill Association of California.

El Campo was the scene of the festivities, which had been made especially brilliant this year, in consideration of the fact that yesterday was the fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the Bunker Hill monument.

Over 500 people were present at the picnic. The Ukiah which was draped across the bay, was liberally adorned with the star-spangled banner and the picnic grounds made an equally pretty and patriotic show. The party arrived at El Campo about 10 o'clock and the day was spent in the most enjoyable manner. The guests wandered about the grounds and partook of lunch in gay little groups. Dancing was also indulged in at intervals.

The rendering of a highly interesting and appropriate programme was the event of the day, however. The entertainment commenced with an overture "Patriotic Airs," rendered by the choir of New Englanders. This was followed by the Lord's prayer, which W. G. Badger, president of the society, read. Mr. Badger afterward made a few opening remarks respecting the society and its aims.

"The Star-spangled Banner," which Mrs. Mulliner sang in excellent style, was naturally warmly received, as was also a poem, "Washington," read by H. F. Foutz Jr. Then "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was sung by R. Duncan.

A great deal of enthusiasm was worked up by William A. Beatty's oration, which was delivered extempore and with great force and vivacity.

"It is fitting," said Mr. Beatty, "that we as Americans should organize associations to celebrate and commemorate great days in our country's history. It is well for us and our children to know of the sacrifices of our forefathers should be at all times before our minds. It is well on such a day to point with pride to our unexampled material prosperity and great population, our magnificent cities, our great railways, systems and the wonderful resources of our great country."

"But are there other thoughts fitting for our Bunker Hill day—thoughts that should engage all patriotic citizens. Is all well with us and our national life? Is material prosperity the sole end to be sought for by a nation? Lincoln said, toward the close of his life, that he feared not the struggle he was engaged in, that the Union would emerge from it successfully, but that he dreaded this day to come."

"Already there was upon these United States the growth and domination of great corporations—soleless and grasping. He foresaw a life and death struggle between them and our system of government, and the time is rapidly approaching. We see and our children will see, the growth of an every hand the growth of millions and many-time millionaires; we see the individual citizen less and less a factor in the Government. We see corporations and trusts control our elections, elect our Senators, dictate our national policy and secure their entire demands from Legislatures and Congresses. We are not able to cope with them. Are they too powerful for our governmental machinery? The formation of the People's party, the general industrial unrest, all show that the people are awakening to the fact that something is wrong and that some remedy must be found. It is well for us all to think on these things."

"They, too, our political life is not what it was in the days of Bunker Hill. A different standard has been set up. A man honest in private life is apparently not expected to be so in public places. It is accepted by the generality of men that a politician need not be quite as honest as a private citizen. Dishonest acts are winked at in politics. We sit complacently and allow Tammany Hall to dominate our

often formed which became in many instances stronger than those of kindred. In old Tuolumne County, where some of the principal mining districts were located, so many pleasant recollections of early days have been cherished in the hearts of the old miners there that for the past twenty years annual reunions have been called, when old acquaintances have been renewed and experiences of those times recounted.

Yesterday being the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill the society decided to meet at Wildwood Glen Park, Sausalito. At 9 o'clock the gay throng on the steamer San Rafael, and on arrival at the other side proceeded to the pleasure grounds.

Being mostly a family affair, the hills were thronged with lunch parties, laden with baskets of food, the shoulder-striker, the political healer and the grocery-keeper that honesty is honesty, whether in private life or in politics.

"But the greatest evil that is upon us is unrestricted immigration. In the early days of the republic, and in fact, until twenty years ago, it was difficult to come to America. Transportation was high, and the United States was far away from the Old World. As a result we secured the immigration that we needed. The best of the Old World came to our shores, became Americans, and joined hands with our people in making this a good land."

"But we have now the riff-raff of the world. They gather themselves into communities; our rental politicians organize the German vote, the Italian vote, the Irish vote. As a result, we never hear of the laws that have lowered the American vote is not in it! What is the result? Our municipal government is a failure. Our great cities are the worst governed in the world."

"But this class of immigrants do more than control politics. They have made the American laborer, formerly the backbone of the nation, satisfied with his lot; they have lowered his wages, driven him out of his chosen trades, and, in general, utterly demoralized him. These foreign immigrants have organized their trade unions, have made strikes and boycotts and bloodshed possible between employer and employed. Not only that, but they have lowered the American mechanic from being the finest in the world to their own level. And in addition, they have forbidden to the American boy the right to a trade and to follow the beat of his desire."

"We must call a halt upon this immigration. We must treat these as we do the Chinese. No pretense of a law such as we have now will do. We must insist on stringent regulation and restriction of immigration. We must remember that our forefathers fought for us, and transmitted to us a goodly land, and in the same spirit we must protect and guard the land for our children and our country's children."

"I am no pessimist. I believe in our country and her future. We have done great things in the past. We have been the beacon-light of liberty and freedom to the human race. We must guard our precious heritage and root out the evils that oppress and injure us and make America what it should be and keep what it is—the greatest nation of the world."

The applause which greeted Mr. Beatty's oration was prolonged and enthusiastic. When it had subsided Alfred Winkle sang "My Native Land" in his usual finished style. The next feature of the programme was "Patriotic Reminiscences," by Y. R. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson's interesting speech was enhanced by the fact that he is the son of an officer who fought for five years in the Revolutionary war, and who took an active part in forcing General Burgoyne to surrender at Saratoga. Y. R. Robinson delighted the spectators by showing them his father's commission, signed by John Hancock.

The remainder of the programme consisted of a song, "Red, White and Blue," rendered by Mrs. Pettit, "The Partisan Cantata" by Frank Shara, and "America" was sung enthusiastically by the entire audience.

After the entertainment there was dancing and races, to the various winners of which a number of prizes were distributed. These amusements filled in the time very enjoyably till the moment of departure.

MERCHANTS' PICNIC. A Charming Outing Among the Marin Redwoods.

The sixth annual merchants' picnic was held yesterday at Camp Taylor, and it was a charming event in every way. Still more, it was a great success as viewed by the committee which arranged the pleasant outing for the merchants, business men generally and their friends.

The mercantile element was well represented by a party of at least 1000 persons, most of whom were employes of wholesale and retail houses. Among the most fashionable people among the crowds. In all the year never a lovelier day beamed over the main redwoods, nor could the outing be more enjoyable to city folk with the fragrance of new-mown hay and the cool pipes, with genuine sunshine and grateful shades.

The various excursionists in and about through the hills and canyons that were bright with glimpses of forests, farms and velvety, sun-burned mountains. And it was a most enjoyable day for the day and these scenes that the party arrived at the secluded destination among the redwoods.

The picnic at Camp Taylor were inviting and the great trees offered tempting shades for picnics. Baskets were opened and lunches enjoyed. The dancing began in the pavilion while the city band played.

In the afternoon there were games and prize drawings which occasioned immense delight and fun. As many as 100 prizes, donated by wholesale merchants, were distributed for lucky numbers in gate checks and for agility in contests on the lawn. The young children were each presented with a toy and a box of sweets. The following prizes were awarded for the various events:

Young men's race—First prize, case of wine, H. C. Melrose; second prize, thirty dollars, Warren Murray.

Young ladies' race—First prize, hammock, A. J. Lundy; second prize, second-class cologne, Carrie Jackson.

Married men's race, over 100 persons—First prize, case of wine, J. E. Fyall; second prize, fifty cigars, F. Shoemaker.

Married ladies' race, over 100 persons—First prize, case of cream, Mrs. Montrose; second prize, ham, Mrs. Kimmel.

Small boys' race—First prize, box of toilet soap, Harry Lundy; second prize, gallon of maple syrup, O. Pistolesi.

Small girls' race—First prize, Grace Lewis; second prize, Mrs. Lundy.

Fat men's race—First prize, F. P. Davison; second prize, R. H. Risher.

Many laughable incidents were noticed at the lake and where young ladies essayed rides on strange horses. Juan of Olema, who drives for the country club and is the track driver of the county, took large numbers of people to the Taylor paper-mills in his four-horse team.

The officers and committees of the merchants' picnic were as follows: President, Frank S. Johnson. Vice-presidents—E. M. Root, A. B. Field, George W. Kohn, W. E. Wetman, Karl Khan, A. A. Jones, Emil Menckner, E. K. Kovach, W. E. Blake, Hugh M. Johns, Howard Taylor, D. H. Vail. Committee on transportation and grounds—A. A. Jones (chairman), R. E. Starr, W. E. Blake. Committee on laws of picnic—E. K. Kovach, Charles Levi Jr. (chairman), A. A. Buz, W. E. Spang, Leon A. Malson, E. J. Trochuck, James J. King, T. J. Harby, William M. Brisson. Committee on music—R. N. Rowley (chairman), S. I. Womser, Frank H. Tyler. Committee on prizes—W. A. Liebes (chairman), Robert C. Jones, E. K. Kovach. Floor Committee—T. H. Brown (chairman), Thomas Irvine, Henry Levy, Samuel Meyer, H. V. Roeky, George W. Kohn, E. J. Trochuck, J. M. Rogers, A. L. Ehrman, C. F. Sze. Committee on games and entertainment—Thomas Irvine (chairman), E. K. Kovach, W. E. Blake, Hugh M. Johns, Howard Taylor, D. H. Vail. Committee on Printing—E. N. Rowley (chairman), William F. Nau, James H. Harold, W. E. Wicker.

AT WILDWOOD GLEN. The Tuolumne County Association Celebrates Its Anniversary.

PLUNGERS' OMENS.

The Hoodoos and Hunches of the Turf.

SUPERSTITIONS OF BETTORS.

Various Methods of Picking Winners, and Some of Them That Have Proved Satisfactory.

If I could only pick the winner, What a happy man I'd be.

This couplet of the song with which Billy Emerson, the minstrel and plunger, used to delight thousands nightly, will never be forgotten by followers of the turf. You hear men humming or whistling it on the racetrack every day, and it is safe to say they have been backing the wrong horses.

They want winners—that is, they want to know the name of the horses that are going to win certain races. The methods that countless numbers take to determine this point would fill a good-sized book.

Superstitions reign supreme, though, and no matter how clever a judge of form a race-track bettor is, if he loses several wagers in succession it is more than likely that he will throw form to the wind and let some superstition guide him to back a certain horse as winner.

As a matter of fact, there are very few men who at some time or another have not recognized certain omens as those of good luck or disaster.

"Hoodoos" are what they call omens of disaster and "hunches" those of good luck. At the last spring meeting of the Blood-horse Association at the Bay District the

actions of a well-known betting man came under the observation of the writer. He was a heavy bettor; one who would wager from \$500 to \$1000 on a single race. He approached a young man in the middle of the track, who did not know one horse from another, and said:

"For goodness' sake give me a winner. I haven't picked a horse that has run first or second in two weeks."

The man was completely unnerved, and when he found that the young man whom he was addressing did not even know what horses were running he walked off toward the betting ring. Passing the grand stand an orange-colored veil, a hue rarely selected by women to heighten their color, floated from the balcony and fell at his feet. He picked it up, and a sudden lightning struck him. He glanced across the track. At that instant the horses were coming to the post, and the first one he espied was Reno, whose jockey was wear-

ing Peter Webber's colors of orange. That was enough of a tip for him, and he hastened into the betting ring. Reno was 10 to 1, for it was his maiden race. The turf devotee bet \$200 on him against \$2000, and Reno won it by a neck after a furious drive. Reno did not run another race at the meeting.

On the last day of the California Jockey Club meeting a peculiar incident came to notice. All of the talent who were losers had been trying to get even. Most of them met with very indifferent success. There was quite a delegation that fared exceptionally well, however, and their good fortune was due to a "hunch" something similar to the one seized upon by the man who picked up the orange-colored veil.

The consolation purse was the last event on the card. It brought out a big field of horses, and it was as hard to decide upon their merits as to decide the silver question.

A group of losers were standing near the judges' stand, discussing the merits of the horses, when one of them called the attention of the others to three pigeons which were circling in the air immediately over the track.

"Here's a tip for you, boys," said he, "watch those pigeons. It is the first time any of them have been flying over the track since the race began."

They all watched the trio with eager eyes. Presently they saw one of them sail away across Golden Gate Park. The other two remained and hovered over the track.

"What is the second horse on the card in this race?" asked the superstitious young man who first called attention to the birds. "Guadalupe," answered several.

"Well, he'll win, remarked the young man; 'let's all play him.' It was a dying chance, apparently, but they all backed Guadalupe, getting as much as 10 to 1 against him. They lost their money in their wagers in the books.

It was a remarkable race. The Jockey Club had ridden at the meeting. The group of men who had watched the peregrinations of the pigeons were indeed happy, and the young man who suggested "hunch" made staunch friends of them.

Tom Bally, the jockey and trainer of Charger, Mackey and other horses, is so superstitious that he has a table-car running by the Bay District track over his little dog and killed it. He has been afraid to make a bet. He regarded the dog as a mascot; so did all the men and boys

around the stable. They predicted bad luck to Tommy the afternoon the dog died. That very evening the directors of the Jockey Club met and their final act was to order Bally and his horses off the track, some alleged crooked work being the cause. The coincidence, however, started Tommy, and he says he has not had any luck since.

A speculator who is in doubt resorts to innumerable devices in search of tips. One when only two horses are starting in a race he can be noticed flipping a coin—heads for one, tails for the other—to decide which horse is to be the winner.

When several horses start in a race he writes their respective numbers as they appear on the programme on small bits of paper. Then he shakes them in his two hands, presses the palms close together, opens them and blows the slips away. The last one to leave his hand is carefully scanned. It is supposed to contain the number of the winner.

Many persons have an odd fancy for backing horses according to certain numbers on the programme, but the reasoning and deductions of no two men are the same. One man will conclude that because No. 2 was the first race and No. 6 runs second, that No. 6 should win the second race because No. 6 finished second in the first. This conclusion is reached by a method of reasoning peculiar to himself. Some one else concludes that No. 2 is going to win all the races because No. 2 won the first race, and No. 4 won the second, there is likely to be an unanimity of opinion with regard to the winner of the third, because one and two make three, and two and one make three horses always finish one-two-three.

Nine out of every ten women who bet superstitiously on the turf have their favorite official pool-buyers and will allow no others to place their commissions. Frequently you hear them in the grand stands exclaim: "Does come in the end, where is my lucky boy?" If the lucky boy fails to appear before the race is run, no bet is made.

The reverend for hunchbacks is a very strange superstition. It is the belief that if you can win a wager on any horse, it is a proposition. It seems rather ridiculous, but many turf followers have confidence in it. One man who acted as a pool-buyer for women speculators during the recent race meetings at the Bay District. He made a habit of asking for nearly every woman in the stands would engage him to execute her commissions after they had backed the wrong horses a few times.

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