

IN THEIR HOMES.

Pinching Poverty Among the Unemployed.

SOME SIGHTS WITNESSED.

Hunger of the Wives and the Little Ones.

WEEDING OUT THE FRAUDS.

Investigations by the Citizens' Committee and the Result of the House Visits.

"Is it John Kelley you want, sir? He lives here, but he's not looking for work." It was a tall, portly woman, haggard and old, who made this announcement, accompanied by a glance of suspicion toward Registrar Daniels and a GALL reporter yesterday afternoon on the upper floor of a miserable shanty in a court off Brannan street. The Registrar held in his hand a mighty list of the names of the unemployed and their addresses, and the reporter was accompanying him upon one of his house to house visits, whereby the citizens' committee are enabled to sift the chaff from the wheat, or, in other words, to discern between the deserving men and the frauds.

"He won't be in till dark, maybe," continued the woman, with a look of anxious inquiry, as though she thought that him never to return to his business until he had seen a little of the people to be investigated.

"Perhaps you would let us come in and have a talk to you for a few moments," he added, insistently.

Without a word the woman led the way into a small kitchen containing a stove with no fire in it, a rough deal table and a few chairs, upon one of which a gaunt cat was sitting. The woman stood a wash-bowl, and in another was the family larder, which somewhat resembled Mother Hubbard's famous cupboard, for it was full of everything but a few potatoes and half a loaf of bread.

Wondering a little at the questions, for it was evident that they had not applied for charity, Mrs. Kelley told how her husband had been sick in November and had not been able to get to work since. "I have got a little washing to do at odd times," she said, "but we have four children—yes, they are down playing in the yard—and it's no easy job to keep people in bread, much less pay any ones. You'll excuse me, sir, but I thought when I saw you—"

But the story was so identically the one told by John Kelley himself, when he had applied for work, that Registrar Daniels was immediately for a pen and paper to fill out a slip. By way of reply Mrs. Daniels glanced at the cupboard and then going to the door called "Johnnie" in a thin, shrill voice. A ragged little urchin of 8 years of age, whose cheeks were more hollow and paler than they ought to have been, responded to this call.

"Have you lost the ink I gave 5 cents for last week?" asked his mother severely. "No, ma'am, it's in the cupboard," replied the child, making a futile effort to clamber up by the shelves, as there were no chairs available; "it's with my school-book."

And then the ink was produced and the slip filled out and handed to Mrs. Kelley, with the explanation that her husband would get a work ticket next Wednesday and immediately for a pen and paper to fill out a slip. By way of reply Mrs. Daniels glanced at the cupboard and then going to the door called "Johnnie" in a thin, shrill voice. A ragged little urchin of 8 years of age, whose cheeks were more hollow and paler than they ought to have been, responded to this call.

"The Lord be praised that he's got work at last," said the old woman, as she handed the slip to the Registrar. "I've been waiting for a long time, but I'm glad to see you're getting on your feet again."

"I'm long live I'm after wishing you for bringing my man what he was tramping the streets for."

The streets for he visited was a more pretentious building—not, in fact, the sort of abode in which one would expect to find a member of the army of the unemployed. A neatly dressed woman came to the door and admitted that James Kenton resided there—"in the rear," she added—and then stared at her visitors as though she would very much like to know their business.

The woman responded readily enough to the questions asked, and when the man's wife could be seen, then a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she asked abruptly: "Is it work at the park you were thinking of giving him? Well, I'll tell you right here, that's a good career that deserves it better than he does. He is not a married man, and others deserve the work more than he does."

A little more investigation proved the woman's statements to be true, and the name of James Kenton was struck from the rolls, Registrar Daniels observing, as he drew the pencil through the name: "That man told the most touchingly pathetic story. I am learning that the less a man says about his poverty the more real his needs is as a rule."

The next case was that of a German with a wife and seven children. The shanty where they lived was in one of the poorest parts of a little street south of Market. A little girl about 7 years old responded to the knock, and led the way into what was evidently the living-room. It was a broken chair, a little table and a few chairs, and a half a loaf of bread. There was a large teapot full of weak tea and a loaf of bread, that was all, not even a drop of milk or a tea-spoonful of sugar.

The woman, who seemed to be of the better class, evidently disliked to make an exhibition of her poverty; she said her husband was trying to get work, they had never been so poor before, and she hoped they would get on their feet again.

As she was speaking the husband, who had been out all day looking for work and found none, came in looking inexpressibly dejected and discouraged. He recognized the Registrar and a flush of hope came into his eyes as he explained to his wife who it was.

Mr. Daniels had seen enough to be convinced of the worthiness of that case. He had one more to go, and for Monday, and he gave it to the man with very few words. It was taken with even fewer words, and the tears in the eyes of the children, as they realized that "father had got work," were all more eloquent than any profuse expressions of gratitude would have been.

If any one doubts the genuineness, the grim reality of the suffering endured by the families of the men who are willing to stand in line all night on the chance of getting a work-ticket, let that reporter go among a number that the reporter

came across when accompanying Registrar Daniels. A few proved to be frauds, some men had given false addresses, others were not what they pretended to be; but over 90 per cent proved to be of genuine distress—men who had struggled to find work and had failed, and whose families were living on miserably poor commons or else actually wanting bread, although often too sensitive to ask it of charity.

Henceforth the citizens' committee will meet on Wednesday mornings. Plans will be given to those men who apply between 9 and 12 A. M. at the registrar's office, room 19, Merchants' Exchange. These slips will be honored in order of date, after the cases have been investigated. Two hundred and fifty work-tickets will be given out on each distribution day—that is if the funds keep up. There is an urgent need of more contributions if the undertaking is to continue until the spring brings work, however.

The following cash subscriptions were received yesterday by Treasurer Daniel Meyer: Cash, \$1; Thomas Butler, \$20; cash, \$13; Mrs. James Phelan (additional), \$100; Mrs. A. L. Lankershim of Los Angeles (additional), \$100; Mrs. M. Moore, \$10; an Eastern friend, \$5; Central M. and Church (additional), \$5; Bay City Lodge No. 71, L. O. O. F., \$20; Steiger & Kerr, \$25; E. T. G. (additional), \$1; John J. Grant, \$25; amalgam of Deane Improvement Company, \$25.50; Joseph Brandenstein (additional), \$50; employees of Dodge, Sweeney & Co., \$45.95; employees of A. Schilling & Co., \$45.25; employees of Root & Sanders, \$10; Catholic Ladies' Aid Society No. 20, \$5; Holy Cross Church (additional), Father McGinley, \$5.50.

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LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Parade and Drill of the Boys' Brigade.

FIVE HUNDRED TURN OUT.

A Stirring Scene on Van Ness Avenue Yesterday.

CLOSE OF THE STATE COUNCIL.

Officers Elected—Addresses by Rev. Drs. Pullan and Dille—To-Day's Programme.

One of the most stirring sights that have been witnessed in San Francisco in many a day was that afforded by the parade and review of the Boys' Brigade of this city and Oakland, which took place on Van Ness avenue yesterday afternoon.

Over 500 sturdy, bright-eyed boys in neat uniforms of blue and armed and equipped with musket and bayonet, marched and countermarched, broke into "files of fours," re-formed into "company front" and went through all the maneuvers prescribed by the latest tactics with the precision of veterans, and then after a review, headed by their own brigade band, with flags flying and swords and bayonets

up 1300 wicked and abandoned children during the same time." The speaker went on to give the statistics of the various reform schools and said that they merely showed what need there was for the boys' movement.

"The Salvation Army is doing a great work. It used to be said that the Methodist pulled men out of the gutter, the Baptist washed them, and the Episcopal fed them, but the Salvation Army is doing the sediment and it is now the duty of the churches to keep the sediment from settling. It cannot be denied that the majority of boy criminals were once Sunday school boys, and that is a sad fact to be remembered. What is to be done? On the part of the State no boy should ever be herded with criminals; no boy should be driven in open police patrol-wagon through the streets; there should be compulsory education. But what does the state do? It licenses saloons, winks at card shows and gambling dens and furnishes the means for a policeman to beat him and curse him for some boyish prank.

"What does the church do? There is no device equal to the Boys' Brigade. It comes from Scotland, where it is an axiom that you can do anything with a Scotchman if you catch him young." Dr. Dille then recounted the history of the boys' movement, its objects and aims. He decried the selfishness of the boys' brigade saying it was a mighty power to hold and mold the boy and bring him to Christ. To the objection that there should not be guns and flags and marching in church he replied that it was a church where people assemble to wear good clothes and patronize God by worshipping him. The Boys' Brigade had no place in it, but it is a church that loves the boys and wants them to be godly men, then the drums and flags and boys are right in place.

As to denominations in the work for boys and girls of prejudice as rolling away and God's people are finding each other regardless of the cloaks they wear, and while they believe in their own denominations they can clasp hands and pray for the souls of the boys and the souls of boys are to be saved. The Boys' Brigade, while interdenominational is not undenominational.

The speaker closed with an earnest plea in behalf of the boys' brigade, and building it up, saying it was the grand movement for boys in existence, and if properly supported would do a great work for God and the boys.

There will be a company prayer-meeting at 9 o'clock this morning, and then the meetings as above announced will close this session of the State Council.

ASSASSOR'S EXTRA CLERKS. Work on the Rolls to Be Soon Inaugurated.

The life of Assessor John D. Siebe is at present a burden to him. He will begin the work of making the new assessment rolls on March 5 and will require 100 extra clerks in order to do the work. The salary of these extra clerks is \$100 a month, and the Assessor has a disposal there are 700 applicants, and each of these brings all the influences at his command to secure favorable consideration of his application. The result is that the Assessor is having the life pestered out of him and wishes to never had a place at his disposal.

The number of applicants this year is larger for the reason that times have been hard and many men are out of employment.

The Board of Supervisors appropriated \$40,000 for extra clerks in the Assessor's office in last July. Of this sum \$27,800 remains, but this is hardly sufficient to pay the expense of the extra clerks. The appropriation is \$10,000 less than last year and the Assessor states that it will require about this much more before he will be able to turn over the personal property rolls to the Supreme Court on July 1 next, when the Board of Supervisors will sit as equalizers.

All About Five Dollars. Carroll Cook has succeeded in his fight against the firm of Garber, Boalt & Bishop in the case of John Kroger, on habeas corpus. Kroger was fined \$5 by Police Judge Charles A. Low for fraudulently making use of the firm's name in advertising California Bottling Company in the exercise of his business as a bottler at 1313 Scott street. A search warrant was granted, with the result that Kroger was detected and fined.

On technicalities Carroll Cook took the case to the Supreme Court on a writ of habeas corpus, and the writ came up for argument yesterday afternoon at a special session of the court. The result was that the Supreme Court granted the writ and ordered Kroger to be discharged.

FAIR VISITORS' FAVORITE DRINK. Peruvian Butters. Exhibit in Horticultural Building.

DRILL OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE ON VAN NESS AVENUE.

Committee had Instructed the City and County Attorney to confess judgment to the suits involved it took the matter under advisement as to the course to be pursued.

Police Surgeon Somers appeared before the committee in regard to providing quarters for the care of insane patients. He said the great want was a ward for female patients, where they could be confined when violent.

On motion of Supervisor Denman it was agreed to order certain repairs to be made in the City Receiving Hospital for the care of the insane.

In regard to the subject of the 4000 feet of fire hose which recently arrived, but which the Fire Committee did not see its way to pay for owing to lack of funds, the committee agreed to allow the Chief of the Fire Department about 4000 feet, as he stated that this was an absolute necessity. The contractor refused to allow the city to have the goods unless he was paid for them, and said he would keep the rest of the hose until after the next tax levy, when it could be paid for out of a new appropriation. The bill for all the hose is \$14,700.

The committee was to have investigated the subject of bitumen, but owing to the failure of Superintendent of Streets Ackerson to have his report ready on the character of bitumen in different quarries the matter was postponed.

A PRINCE'S FETE.

A Reception Tendered to Poniatowski.

Many Society People Meet Him at the Home of Chevalier de Kotski.

One of the most brilliant receptions of this season was that tendered in honor of Prince A. Poniatowski by Mme. and Chevalier de Kotski at their residence, 1527 Geary street, from 3 until 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Invitations had been issued among San Francisco society to be present on this auspicious occasion to greet the Prince and welcome him to the shores of the Pacific. The response was prompt and as the hours of the day wore on the throng so increased that the spacious apartments were filled to their utmost capacity with a representation of the interior of the mansion was most elaborately decorated in honor of the occasion, the principal feature being a number of choice plants and palms, and flowers of every variety, which made the handsomely furnished parlors a complete bower of beauty.

Shortly before 4 o'clock the prince made his appearance and was introduced to the guests assisted in ascertaining the names after which the honored guest mingled among his newly-made acquaintances and assisted in making the afternoon a most pleasant one, to say the least.

A delicious repast was served at the close of the day, which was partaken of by all with a decided relish.

Chevalier de Kotski discoursed a number of selections upon the piano during the course of the reception in his usual charming style, and upon one occasion he sang an original barcarole which was received with much favor for its tuneful, lively melody and artistic execution. A number of others assisted in entertaining the guests in various ways, among them being Mrs. Frances Edgerton in a poetical rendition of "A Story of the Rose."

Among those present were the following: Dr. W. Pawlek, Captain Bielawski, Colonel and Mrs. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Holaday, Mrs. Bears, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. P. Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Colonel L. P. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Fayon, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Young, Mrs. W. Pawlek, Dr. and Mrs. Cushing, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan, the Russian Consul-General, Mrs. John Corning, Sir Henri Hayman and many others.

The distinguished guests by Mrs. H. Jewett and Mrs. W. Pawlek.

The Devil Fish.

The exhibit at the aquarium at the Midwinter Fair is one of the most interesting on the grounds. The devil fish that was caught at Monterey last Sunday is among the curiosities.

PALMER IS DEAD.

He Was Called "King of the Gypsies."

PNEUMONIA TOOK HIM OFF.

Tribesmen Demolish the Old Man's Home.

STRANGE GYPSY SUPERSTITIONS.

Nothing Allowed to Remain That Would Recall the Memory of the Departed Chief.

A spiral column of smoke rose from the ashes of what had been a man's home out at Point Lobos road and Sixth avenue yesterday morning. There was no fire alarm. It was merely that the occupants of a number of gypsy tents had watched the "camp" of one of their number follow its owner's spirit into space.

The "King of the Gypsies" was dead and his huge body had been borne to the Morgue. His wife and his children, even to the third generation, and a number of stepsons and stepdaughters and sons and daughters-in-law, following the traditions of their tribe, had assembled to witness the complete demolition of all things that might, if left behind, recall to their minds the sorrow of today. So they applied the torch to the dilapidated old tent in which the "king" had lain, and watched the flames creep over the canvas and crackle among the brush about its base.

There were some articles in the old camp that would not burn. These were the cooking utensils, the wash-bowl, and knife and fork and other things made of metal, and these, together with other personal effects of the old king, left in other adjacent tents were gathered together by his tribesmen and tribeswomen and taken to a little distance, where a lusty young gypsy barker and hacked them to pieces with a dull ax.

"It is a notion among the gypsies," he said, as he methodically pursued his work, "that when anybody belonging to them dies, everything that belongs to him is destroyed. That is because they don't like to see the things about after the man is gone."

"But those things are serviceable. Couldn't they be taken to some other way?" was asked.

"No," said the young man, as he drove the edge of the ax into a shining brass teapot. "That would not do. You wouldn't like to have other people using things that had been used by anybody who belonged to you, would you? Well, that is the way the gypsies feel about it, and that is the reason we are getting rid of everything that belonged to old man Palmer."

And so there is nothing left of Henry Palmer, the "King of the Gypsies," except his body, which, stripped of clothing, lies under a sheet on a slat at the Morgue. Even that will disappear to-day, when an undertaker will convey it to Oakland and bury it in a lot in Mountain View Cemetery, where he has already buried many of the members of the Palmer tribe. It is the same undertaker who was always called by this strange tribe of nomads, and it is a part of their code of superstitions that this should be so, as long as the tribe and their funeral agents shall last.

The lot in Mountain View is owned by them, and here and there it is dotted by the graves of men and women and children who have lived and died out of doors. It covers the remains of the "Queen of the Gypsies," Palmer's first wife, who was shot by some renegade gypsy beyond the Mississippi River eight years ago. Her remains were brought all the way out to California in a wooden box, and she was buried in the lot by the side of her children, and in the presence of her people.

Henry Palmer was a rich man then—rich beyond what would be considered wealth in a gypsy. He owned several houses, for real estate was too stationary for the roving spirit of the man. It is ever so with gypsies. They hoard their money and put it in banks, that is, those who are provident enough to have any.

In the old days Henry Palmer was one of these. His check was good in many banks, and he was worth more than \$100,000. But his wealth was not ostentatiously displayed. It made him no less a gypsy than he was when he was a child in the world in a gypsy tent somewhere in England. Like his ancestors, the famous Palmer tribe of England, he always lived in the open air, traveled about with wagons and horses in summer, and wintered in a camp in the outskirts of some large town or city. His clothes were comfortable, but not showy, in his prosperous days, and it was only his ability to draw checks that would be honored that gave him the world to know that he had advanced beyond the gypsy life.

Palmer's fortune had been made at buying, selling and trading horses. Year after year he supplied most of the horses used by the thousands of the city. His clothes were comfortable, but not showy, in his prosperous days, and it was only his ability to draw checks that would be honored that gave him the world to know that he had advanced beyond the gypsy life.

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WEEKLY BULLETINS OF WORK DONE IN THE MINES.

VIRGINIA CITY, Feb. 24—Appended will be found the official reports of superintendents of operations on the Comstock.

CON. CAL. & VA.—1650 Level—From the drift run north from the foot of the upraise on the sill floor of this level at a point 178 feet in from its mouth a north-east drift has been advanced 33 feet in porphyry carrying fine lines of quartz. The crosscut running east from the drift run north from east crosscut 1 from the north drift from the winze (down 52 feet) has been extended 8 feet in quartz carrying face in a porphyry quartz formation carrying a low assay value. In working upward near the mouth of the east crosscut we have extracted 19 carloads of ore, about 15 tons, assaying \$30.25 per ton. Have continued prospecting work on the vicinity of the winze 20 feet down. The upraise commenced at the end of the southwest drift, the Rule drift, from the 1050 station of the Con. Cal. Va. shaft has been carried up 44 feet and connected with the Best & Becker drift. From the south-west drift at a point 245 feet south from the shaft station an east crosscut has been driven 8 feet in quartz carrying face in a porphyry quartz formation carrying a low assay value. In working upward near the mouth of the east crosscut we have extracted 19 carloads of ore, about 15 tons, assaying \$30.25 per ton. Have continued prospecting work on the vicinity of the winze 20 feet down. The upraise commenced at the end of the southwest drift, the Rule drift, from the 1050 station of the Con. Cal. Va. shaft has been carried up 44 feet and connected with the Best & Becker drift. From the south-west drift at a point 245 feet south from the shaft station an east crosscut has been driven 8 feet in quartz carrying face in a porphyry quartz formation carrying a low assay value. In working upward near the mouth of the east crosscut we have extracted 19 carloads of ore, about 15 tons, assaying \$30.25 per ton. 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