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Fake Fights Are Discussed by One Who Knows

THE KNAVE

Isadore Jacobs' Talk Is the Laugh of Town

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 14.—The absurdity of the charges preferred against P. H. McCarthy by Isadore Jacobs, who has succeeded the almost late Charles Wesley Reed as the champion butter-in on this side of the bay, becomes more apparent as the various phases of the case leak into the public prints. Jacobs in a rambling, incoherent statement alleged that McCarthy, Pat Calhoun and former mayor Schmitz entered into a conspiracy to precipitate an avalanche of labor calamities on suffering San Francisco. The ear struck, according to Jacobs, was to be a mere incident. He claimed to be in possession of documentary evidence bearing out his fanciful contentions. So after strolling through a table d'hôte of misinformation, he cites that epitome of respectability, Eddie Graney, as having the real dope on the situation. Schmitz, declares Jacobs in an unguarded outburst of confidence, confessed the details of the plot to Graney.

Jacobs ought to go to one of those nice retreats supported by the State and have a surgical operation performed for the purpose of creating a brain condition that will enable him to at least mechanically know a joke.

I am willing to bet, though, that Graney made a confession of his inside inflammation to me ole fren Willum Jay Burns before Isadore got a look in. Eddie tells Burns everything he knows. Without Graney I believe Burns would know less than he does, which is an awful thing to say about a man.

Well, the second prize fight held under the protection of the alleged graft prosecution was a worse fizzle than the first. I thought the limit had been reached when Mike Schreck and Al Kaufmann gave their superior exhibition of inferiority, with Burns' permission. But it remained for the Gans-Britt go to take all the nice things made by the baker.

Notwithstanding the fact that Graney was a member of the notorious prize fight trust and that Willie Britt, the brother of the principal of the fiasco, was also a criminal member of that contemptible organization the alleged graft prosecution sanctioned the permit for the battle.

While the permit was obviously granted to Jack Gleason, the affair was actually financed by a man named Clark, who is the real owner of the Tuxedo saloon and the Fillmore street concert hall called the Hague. He put up the money and had all to say about the \$15,000 guarantee given Gans. In fact, the delay at the ringside was in a measure due to a misunderstanding with Clark about putting up the Gans guarantee before the negro entered the ring. It seems that Willie Britt had placed a bunch of the advanced sale of seats money in a safe deposit vault and when it came to producing the \$15,000 guarantee Clark had not all the money on hand. Some of the advance seat sale coin, it is claimed, had been used for betting purposes. So it was necessary to postpone the fight until the missing \$7000 or \$8000 was taken in at the door. Meanwhile the patrons had to wait an hour and twenty minutes to see a joke without a laugh.

I am surprised the dailies failed to handle the burning of the second edition of the Cliff House in an adequate manner. Of course there was little or nothing to say about the building that has just passed away, for no one ever took it seriously. When it was likened to a German wedding cake on the day of its opening it was hoodooed.

But of the old original Cliff House much entertainment and instructive matter might have been written. For it was there the Prince of Wales was dined and wined during his visit to San Francisco, and his praise of the famous old shack had much to do with advertising it as one of the world's great row houses.

Also was it in the dining room of the old Cliff House that the late Oscar Wilde gave the Bohemians of San Francisco a lesson in the almost lost art of drinking that will be remembered by the guests at that remarkable banquet as long as they live. All the old time sons and the members of the grand army of booze fighters were marshaled in the order and rank of capacity to put the Irishman under the table. The brews of all nations, including the concoctions of the devil, were prepared to awaken the demon of the jim-jams in the brain and soul of the aesthete.

What would happen when the poet put this drink away or tossed a jolt of an Old Bill's cocktail under his belt was the subject of prediction and speculation by the wits of Bohemia while the spread was being arranged. But when the cold gray dawn of the morning after stole over the Sutro Heights Wilde was serenely requesting his hosts to provide him with more grog. Under the table and sprawled all over the floor were the unconscious bodies of the old guard which grew pie-eyed while refusing to surrender.

The drinking prowess of Wilde was for years a slogan of

the Bohemian Club and for a long time after that eventful night most of the commercial members believed him to be a distillery in disguise.

By the way, if you have an evening off and are musically inclined, come over and hear the singers of the Milan Opera Company, now appearing at the Chutes Theater. They're not the greatest song birds that have warbled out this way, but they are a good-hearted bunch of musical artists well worth hearing.

They differ from the Grand aggregations inasmuch as they appear to be trying to please the audience. When you hear them you do not feel that they are doing you a favor by making a noise. And the price of admission is so reasonable I don't see how Manager Greenbaum can make both ends meet.

When you realize that this company carries a quartette of tenors, of sopranos and of baritones besides a big fat bunch of singing soldiers, peasants and knights and ladies of honor, and are aware that it takes but \$2 for the best seat you are compelled to pause to figure how the trick is done.

You pay \$2 to see a second rate play with a cast of fifth rate actors at any of the fashionable theaters nowadays. And if you talk to the management all you hear is the brutal manner in which the public treats the theatrical trust.

Some of the large, fat and greedy holders of the trust bonds ought to go out to the Chutes and put a nute on their mugs.

David Starr Jordan is croaking again about the inferiority of the people assigned to inhabit this earth by the Supreme Being. "Kill off two-thirds of the men and women and let the remaining third and me alone and this will be a bully world" is the gist of Dave's new philosophy.

In the meantime the unfortunate two-thirds who are not up to the physical, mental and moral qualifications of Dave figure that this good old earth would be better off without Jordan. If college professors and college presidents knew what a sorry and silly figure they cut when they declare themselves asses from the rostrum they would betongue themselves.

However, Dave Jordan is not always as foolish as he looks, for he has an eye to business. When he first came out here to flirt with the Spooks of Stanford's higher education he made a speech about the worth of college professors from a purely financial standpoint. In a report of the address he was quoted as saying that no college professor was worth more than \$3000 a year. The talk was printed and created such a sensation that one of the big dailies sent a man down to Palo Alto to determine whether Dr. Jordan had been misquoted. In reply to the question as to whether his reported remark was authentic the president is quoted as saying: "I was not accurately reported. I did not say a university professor was not worth \$3000 a year. I said he was not worth more than \$2000 a year."

Banjo-Eyed Wheeler gets \$10,000 a year from the humble taxpayer.

Bill Stafford, president of the police committee of the board of supervisors, is to be heartily congratulated for the stand he has taken against granting permits for the sure thing prize fights the local promoters backing in the favor of the alleged graft prosecution proposed to inflict upon this unfortunate and sport loving public.

The refusal to grant Alex Gregrains' application for the October permit was not a personal slap at Alex, who is a good sort, but at the game as it is played. If we are to have fights, let us have them on the level. The city is being knocked hard enough all over the country without adding the charge that it is impossible to pull off a legitimate sporting proposition within the town limits. The amateur fights, so called, that have been held here in the past were bunks of the worst type, inasmuch as they involved the youth of the city. As a matter of fact these exhibitions were purely professional affairs in disguise, and aside from this they were simply vehicles for an organized gang of sure thing bettors.

While the Schmitz trial was in progress I stated that Spreckels had booked William J. Biggy to be sheriff or chief of police. The statement was denounced as a joke by the Truthful Jeemness of the prosecution, the same veracious gentlemen who denied having given the boodling Supervisors written contracts of immunity.

Well, Biggy has been made chief of police. Who's the liar now?

Within seven hours of Biggy's election members of the police commission were vigorously denying that he was even considered for the place. I had definite information at the time that the job to make him chief was already out and dried—in fact, Captain Anderson was made acting chief merely to serve till the prosecution decided the time had arrived for springing Biggy.

All the rot about the commissioners looking around for a suitable man to head the police department was merely dust

to blind the eyes of the public. As soon as the result of the primaries made it evident that it was impossible for Biggy to get a nomination for sheriff on either the Republican, Democratic or Union Labor ticket, it was settled that Biggy was to have Dizan's job. The dum-flaming and wig-wagging that followed was intended to take the curse off.

Of course Biggy is unfit to be chief because he is without character, independence or the requisite qualifications of experience and ability. But that is precisely why he was made chief of police. The real head of the police department will be William J. Burns, the gumshoe man, and Burns will simply be a deputy for Rudolph Spreckels, who desires to control the police department for the same reason that he desires to control the district attorney's office. In Muley Langdon and Bum Bailiff Biggy he has two excellent dummies for the kind of work he has cut out.

Making Biggy chief of police has greatly lessened Taylor's chances of getting either the Republican or Democratic nomination. It has disgusted business men and the political leaders of both parties, for Biggy is heartily despised by all classes in the community. James D. Phelan is compelled to acknowledge that Biggy is unfit for the job and admit that his election was a scandalous mistake. Leading members of the Merchants' Association are sickened at the way things are going in the various municipal departments.

They realize now that politics and personal schemes of an ignoble character dictate every important appointment. They are asking themselves if there is to be no relief from intrigue and political jockeying. With the Spynovels washman at its head, the police department promises to be a hot bed of chicane and shabby politics.

Biggy has run for office five times and been defeated four. McNab picked him and made him a State senator on the wave of Steve White's popularity, but the voters have refused to swallow him ever since.

Professing to be a Democrat when elected to the State senate, he next ran for auditor on a non-partisan, anti-everything ticket. He was ignominiously beaten, but drew off enough votes to down the Democratic nominee.

Then Phelan had him nominated for Supervisor, but it was rans mitt him at the polls. Phelan appointed him Supervisor to fill a vacancy, but the Supreme Court sent him back to the washboard.

Phelan finally made him a police commissioner, and then removed him for general misfitness and treason to the administration. Sam Leake taught him to eat out of Spreckels' hand, then he betrayed both Phelan and Andy Lawrence, who had him appointed.

Biggy ran for Railroad Commissioner, but the people took Boodler Andy Wilson in preference.

Mayor Taylor denies all responsibility for Biggy's election. When he was complained to about it next day he declared he knew nothing about it till he read it in the paper next morning. Yet it had been common street talk for days that Biggy was to succeed Anderson. It had been spoken of in the papers and the police commissioners had been questioned in regard to it. Taylor now tries to make the public believe that his police commission took the most important step they will ever be required to take without consulting or even informing him about what they proposed to do.

Apparently the Big Stick doesn't think it worth while to take the doctor-lawyer-mayor into its confidence.

The efforts of the morning and evening organs of the Spreckels dictatorship to bully the labor leaders and Gavin McNab into taking Langdon and Ryan or Langdon and Taylor are both strenuous and amusing. But they are not a glittering success up to date.

Neither McCarthy nor McNab is disposed to take orders from Spreckels and turn the Union Labor and Democratic organizations over to the graft prosecution as at present handled.

"Let's get together and name a fusion ticket that all parties can support," say the Spreckels henchmen. A good joint ticket is what a majority of good citizens want, but the Spreckels conception of a good ticket causes general revolt. Langdon is a sine qua non. When it comes to the mayoralty, the graft prosecution says "If you don't like Ryan take Taylor; if you don't like Taylor, there's Ryan."

The turkey always falls to Spreckels. He prefers Ryan, but if he can't get Ryan he will be content with Taylor. The choice is therefore limited to the first or second choice of Spreckels. If Spreckels would only run himself, the only interest in the campaign would be curiosity as to the size of the majority against him.

I hear the indictments in the Parkside cases are likely never to go to trial. It is said the prosecution is getting ready to drop them. It is also said that the cases against John Martin and Eugene de Sable are to go in the waste basket.

The Parkside cases would be dropped like a hot tamale if Gavin McNab would only take the Spreckels program in the Democratic convention.

Biggy's first official act as chief of police was to ask for a new automobile. He used to be satisfied with a laundry wagon.

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