

Indoor Yachtsmen, Whole Fleet of 'Em, Lure Children to Sunshiny Edge of Pacific Wonders of New Joyland Are Revealed to Twenty Thousand of City's Youngsters

PROGRAM AS VARIED AS ANY THREE RING CIRCUS

Burlesque Bullfight Staged on Beach; Cowboy Moving Picture Actors Rescue Beautiful Girls and Fill Air With Pistol Cracks

Dip your ensigns, all loyal indoor yachtsmen, in salute to that adventurous skipper who piloted a squadron through Golden Gate park to the ocean beach and found there a new and pleasant playground for San Francisco's children.

What one crew saw was reported to the commodore, and he in turn called out a whole fleet to accompany the children to that sunshiny edge of the Pacific. Yesterday the yachtsmen and their proteges, 20,000 children, arrived from paved streets and brick walled houses to frolic in the sand.

When 40,000 people are expected to gather in one spot on the same day, officialdom in frock and coat and tile hat usually turns out to cast an air of gloom over the proceedings, but yesterday's celebration was marred by no such untoward incident.

UNPRETENTIOUS SPECTATORS Half the crowd was composed of youngsters who like top hats for targets, but not for headgear, and the other half was made up of indoor yacht club men, who scorn frock coats, and the plain ordinary public that likes to get a breath of fresh air on Sundays without worrying about its clothes.

The affair was held from 11 till 4 o'clock on the ocean beach, near the junction of the Great Highway and P street, and consisted of sports of all kinds, from footraces to trotting horse contests, and from a burlesque bull fight to cowboy moving picture actors who acted out thrilling scenes of shooting and brave rescues.

Lest the public become anxious to know whether the five hour performance had no interruption, it must be stated that an interval occurred about noon, when the attention of all was diverted to an enormous number of sandwiches which were produced from somewhere. John Tait said he knew where they came from, but he refused to tell.

ALL KINDS OF OCEAN BREEZES Old Sol was not invited to lunch, but he came after breakfast and stayed till dinner time, nevertheless, radiating good nature and sunshine without cessation and allowing no clouds whatever to get between himself and the beach. There were all kinds of ocean breezes, too, and although they whirled the sand, hats and skirts round in unceremonious fashion, they were completely dry and put no damper on the proceedings.

Tiv Kreling said the occasion was a successful combination of a three ringed circus, a picnic, a band concert and a moving picture show, and he missed it very far. There was no Julius Caesar to be ejected, and so Tiv enjoyed himself to the limit.

To tell the truth, the Indoor Yacht clubbers got so much enjoyment out of it themselves they forgot they were grown up and couldn't be picked out from among the other children.

EVERY ONE ROMPED Every one romped up and down the beach, obstructed the view of the police detail that wanted to see the races, and acted like all true indoor yachtsmen should when they get near that strange element known as water.

Billy McCarthy ruled, as judge of most of the races, that John Doe won more points than any one else, coming in first in practically every event, and therefore should be awarded first prize. It has since been ascertained, however, that the Olympic club beat the Sand Crabbe, the bush leaguers of the beach district, 6 to 5 in a baseball game, when the program began in the morning.

After that there were a lot of special acrobatic stunts by Olympic clubmen and then real boxing contests by other Olympic stars.

EXCITING BULLFIGHT Harry McKenzie, Jack Hunt, Jim Brennan and Otto Wallich pulled off a highly exciting bullfight, and maulador, picador, torador and bull chased each other around the ring on the sand to the accompaniment of enthusiastic cheers from the grandstand.

A natural grandstand it was on which the kids could perch, for it was nothing more than the steep slope from the boulevard to the beach, but it served its purpose.

No one doubts now that the ocean beach is the real and only playground, for the boys who ran footraces there yesterday put more energy in their strides and got more excitement out of it than any made to order track meet ever held. Jack Hunt says so, and he ought to know, for he was starter, judge of the finish and awardee of prizes all at the same time.

THERE WAS MUSIC, TOO There was music, too, furnished by the Pacific Hebrew orphan asylum band and a Chinese boys' band, which played away cheerfully and continuously, without any long delays.

Perched on a wooden platform, eight feet or more above the sand, they might well have considered that they were in a grandstand just to see the show, but they did their part in great style.

In the afternoon G. M. Anderson's moving picture cowboys, in chaparreros and gay colored shirts, galloped out on their cow ponies and went through all sorts of thrilling feats. One make believe horse thief was shot in the back and rolled off dead from the back of his galloping horse time after time, while his pursuers thundered by him.

HAIR RAISING RESCUES Beautiful maidens were rescued from villainous abductors, in spite of the crowd of spectators, which nearly blocked pursuer and pursued alike, and then the entire outfit swung their horses down to the water's edge for several grand races.

Next came trotting horses dragging sulkeys, and General Director Sam Berger needed no megaphone to get the crowd interested.

No man ever saw quite everything of a three ringed circus, and even a small boy finds his ability taxed to its utmost, so no description can be given of yesterday's complete program.

The yachtsmen have introduced the kids to their new playground, the ocean beach, and if the kids have as much fun there in future as they did yesterday the downtown playgrounds will be quite deserted.

The following officiated at the various events: Swimming races—Starter, Sidney Cahill; judges, Matt A. Harris, Sam N. Bucker and Edward L. Nolan.

Amateur running—Starter, George James; referee, William F. Humphrey; judges, James Woods, Phil M. Wand, William H. McCarthy,

SCENES AT THE OCEAN BEACH DURING THE FESTIVAL GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INDOOR YACHT CLUB. View of a section of the great crowd that thronged the sands to witness the day's events (upper picture) and the cowboys in one of their spectacular stunts—the potato race.



BURNED BARRACKS SAID TO BE TRAP

Lack of Facilities for Escape Blamed for the Loss of Four Lives

Defective flues, lack of water pressure in the Presidio, and firetrap quarters were said to be responsible for the sacrifice of the lives of the paralytic wife and three children of Sergeant George H. Schall in the burning of noncommissioned officers' barracks Saturday night.

These causes will be given in a report which will be submitted by a board of officers, who yesterday, investigated the fire. Major Bennett, Captain Halstead, Lieutenant Murray and Lieutenant Cade (medical corps) comprised the board.

A detail of soldiers yesterday morning found the bodies of the two eldest boys of Sergeant Schall lying under a pile of charred wood near the door of their bedroom. From the pitiful attitude of the little fellows, it was evident that death came to them while they struggled to escape from the smoke and flames.

SHOULDERED FOR HOURS Major Bennett, who headed the board of inquiry, said yesterday they had learned from Sergeant Schall that there had been no fire in the house since the family had eaten supper and that everything indicated the blaze had smoldered in the roof of the ramshackle structure for several hours, until finally caught by a stiff breeze, which was blowing, and fanned into the flames which destroyed the quarters.

Sergeant Schall was not permitted to know positively of the death of his entire family until noon yesterday. In the meantime he was kept under the influence of opiates and led to believe that his family had not been located. When told of his loss by some of his comrades his grief was so great it was feared his mind would give way.

Officers and men alike dug in the ruins of the house long after midnight Saturday in the hope of finding the bodies of the two children. The bodies of Mrs. Schall and her baby were only found after a nerve wracking period in which the searchers sifted the wet, blackened embers through their hands.

MISERABLE QUARTERS Many of the officers and men freely condemned those who are responsible for the miserable living quarters provided at the Presidio. Among the officers were a number who declared they regretted the impossibility of taking criminal action in the matter.

Because of the lack of water pressure the Presidio fire department was almost helpless to stop the flames, but a horde of men turned to with a will and moved out much furniture which was endangered. The pathetic fact that Mrs. Schall was nearly rescued was brought out by the board of inquiry.

VICTIMS OF INDIANS IN PRECARIOUS CONDITION

Deputy Marshal Mellinger Shot Twice Over Heart—Poses Still in Field

RENO, April 27.—Telephone reports from Alturas state that the two victims of the affray with Indians near Madeline, Lassen county, California, are in a precarious condition. Poses led by Sheriff Smith of Modoc county and Sheriff Huntsinger are still in the field.

United States Deputy Marshal Mellinger was shot twice over the heart and once through the leg, almost amputating the limb. Game Warden Frank Cady was shot twice in the back. Records written by the men in their books told the men who found them of the details.

The officers had gone to the neighborhood of Tie lake to warn the Indians that they must stop catching fish with spears. They arrested several Indians, including one Wilson, who broke away and, seizing an automatic revolver, opened fire on both officers. He was joined by from 10 to 20 Indians. Mellinger's notes state that he killed one Indian and wounded another, and that the Indians left in the direction of Likely, Modoc county.

The Indians had more than six hours' start on the pursuing posse.

EVIL IS CHECK ON EVOLUTION, HE SAYS

Lecturer Holbrook Says Perfection of Man Would Be Only Dream Were Not Reincarnation Doctrine True

Evil is a check on the great law of evolution, which is pressing man onward, according to Elliot Holbrook, who lectured last night on "The Path," under direction of the Theosophical society.

"At all hazards," said Mr. Holbrook, the desire for evil must be rooted out of one's nature. If the lesson can not be learned through wisdom and example, then it must be learned through agony and degradation, for man can not hold back the great law of evolution that is pressing every human.

The perfection of man would be but a dream of poets unless the doctrine of reincarnation be true. In no human life could the long path of righteousness be trodden; in no new born soul could be developed these divine possibilities but for the experiences of lives behind, building up character life after life."

COLEMAN MEMORIAL HELD Y. M. C. A. Honors Chairman Who Benefitted Institution

In memory of Edward Coleman, for many years chairman of the board of trustees of the Y. M. C. A., who died April 12, members of the association yesterday held a memorial service. General Secretary Henry J. McCoy presided and other speakers were: Benjamin C. Wright, Lester L. Morse and George B. McDougall.

Mr. Coleman was noted as an ardent friend of young men and boys. In his will he left \$25,000 for the maintenance of the Y. M. C. A. It is the plan of the association to expend this sum in erecting a building exclusively for a boys' department.

THE CALL'S NEW BIBLE HAS 600 ILLUSTRATIONS

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When Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, first saw this new illustrated bible, he said that he liked it because everything about it was well done and it seemed to him to have been done in the right spirit.

"The book itself," said Mr. Bok, "has been approached by the annotator with reserve and intelligence, and by its artists with sympathy and knowledge. It has not been made a meaningless picture book. The pictures here serve

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