

# GLARING EYESORES ON OUR STREETS.

REPULSIVE BEGGARS THAT ARE A DISGRACE TO THE CITY.

MANY OF THE MENDICANTS POSSESS CONSIDERABLE PROP-ERTY.

THEIR PRESENCE ILLEGAL.

CRIPPLES AND ALMS-SEEKERS MAY BE KEPT FROM PUBLIC PLACES.

The street beggars of San Francisco are a disgrace to the community. They are unlawful parasites, and they are frequently lawless. They have become an eyesore to the inhabitants, and they are shocking sights to visitors. If the evil is allowed to continue, San Francisco will gain a reputation that will excel that of the beggar cities of Southern Europe.

The manner in which the blind, the maimed and the pretended cripples have divided up this city in respect to stands whereat to ply their mendicancy has reached such a pitch that a person can hardly pass a street corner without suddenly coming upon a sight, not only revolting to delicate women, but sickening to strong men. The blind have their stationary location, but the cripples hobble about, getting in the way of persons so as to purposely block their path. If refused money, curses and frequently blows with crutches follow the demand.

Few of the unfortunates are entitled to the charity they obtain. Most of them are criminals, or at least of a vicious nature. That a blind man could successfully commit a burglary and that a man with one leg and one arm could beat a strong man virtually to death are hard statements to believe, but such criminals are now in the State prison paying the penalty of their misdeeds. That the sight of a hideously blinded woman glaring up at a young lady would cause the latter to faint and nervous prostration result sounds like a tale of the imagination, but such an occurrence took place recently at the foot of the stairs leading to a photograph gallery on Post street. Women are frequently seriously startled by the sudden appearance of a deformed man, and men are greatly harassed by the great army of cripples and wrecks who accost, follow and persist in importuning.

This state of affairs would not exist if the laws were enforced. The indigent tramp who is too lazy to work would be imprisoned and the blind or crippled unfortunate would be given a comfortable home either in a blind asylum or the almshouse provided the local ordinances were put into effect. The law is plain on the subject and if the police officers were only instructed to do their duty the streets would be cleared of its hideous sights and its vicious paupers within twenty-four hours. The orders of the police to "move on" would be obeyed and this city would be rid of a most objectionable class of imported parasites.

Even those deserving of charity would be far better off in a properly conducted almshouse than on the street. According to their own stories they eke out a most miserable existence, live in squalor on a few cents a day, clothe themselves in rags and suffer for comforts furnished to even animals. The truth is that many of the unfortunates have money saved up, while those who are in daily need are generally in that condition because of their own vices. Those vagrants of this class do not wish to be placed in a home because they could secure no liquor there, and as many are confirmed drunkards they strive hard to keep out of the poorhouse. Still they occupy bunks in the City Prison or the almshouse more frequently than anywhere else.

The better class among the blind, crippled and infirm prefer the precarious assistance afforded by an "independent" mode of life to living upon a regular charity. Under the thin disguise of selling pencils they contend that they are not as much the objects of charity as if they were in the poorhouse. The truth is that they prefer the life of the streets and the chance to have a glass of beer and whisky whenever they want it to the confinement and the regular routine of a large charitable institution. It is the desire to do as they please which makes them all want to beg for a living. Therefore by the non-enforcement of the law the streets are littered with the hideously blind, the shockingly deformed and the sickeningly infirm.

The people pay taxes for the support of these unfortunates in an institution where comfort, good air and good food are supposed to be given to them. Having once paid for their support many citizens object to contributing toward the pauper's desire to drink and toward the maintenance of revolting spectacles on street corners.

There is a chance now for San Francisco to become a great city within a short time and progressive citizens object to exhibits of beggars which lead visitors to believe that there is a very large pauper element here and that it is due to general poverty in the land. This is not true, as nearly every beggar has been imported from some other country.

The police are often hindered in doing their duty by the false sympathies of some people. If a policeman arrest a beggar, he is blind or a drunken cripple, the crowd will often abuse the officer for imposing upon a poor unfortunate. The policeman realizes for once that he is a public servant, and to oblige those possessed of false sympathies, or those devoid of sense, he uses his judgment and violates the law. The people do not understand that the arrested man is being taken into custody for his own good and for the public welfare. The beggars are a nuisance to the police, and the latter will be only too willing to run the mendicants off the streets when they learn they disobey the law by allow-

ing the vagrants and maimed to remain in public places.

The majority of the beggars are cripples, and curiously enough these are given more money than the blind, though the loss of sight is considered the greater misfortune. Still the cripple can look appealingly at a passer-by and the blind man is virtually also dumb and deaf. Most of the cripples have met with the loss of limbs through their own viciousness. The majority when possessed of a sound body were tramps, who have fallen while drunk from brakebeams on trains and escaped with their lives by the loss of their limbs. This new physical deformity adds to their mental deformity, and they drift to large cities to become beggars and thieves. Nearly all their money goes for drink, and many of the constant "strikers" in this city are addicted to the habit of drinking Chinatown gin, one drink of which puts a man into a semi-unconscious sleep for a couple of hours. When they descend to drinking Chinatown gin they are forever lost.

Some of the more hideous street beggars have been arrested recently and others have been driven away by Police Officer Peter Richter, whose beat is on Kearny street, and who has made a small crusade of his own. The almost blind organ grinder with a head and face of a dried skull, who used to sit on corners along Kearny street, will be seen here no more.

The drunken blind Indian "Andrew," with the sickening red eyeballs, who plays a harmonica and runs wildly through the streets, has been at the almshouse for two weeks.

Two men, hardly more than boys, who are to be seen on the streets every few months, are about as good samples of misdirected-charity receivers as any known. One of these boys is legless. The other stands behind him and plays an accordion. When they obtain their day's contributions they haunt the dives on Mission street and consort with the lowest whites and negroes, who mingle there together. Both of the boys have led abandoned lives for years.

Three of San Francisco's most noted beggars may never be seen here again. They are John Kinlock, Joseph Caley and Dick Bannister. Bannister has been banished. He is an armless man who plays a hand-organ. He wears leather bands on the stumps of his arms, and connects the handle of the organ with the stump of his right arm. Bannister became a loathsome drunkard and was compelled to leave the city. Bannister created a sensation at San Jose once. He and three legless men did such a flourishing business in the Garden City that they planned a novel spree. The four cripples hired a four-in-hand and drove to Mount Hamilton, visited the Lick Observatory and got on a wild drunk afterward.

Joseph Caley is a blind Mexican boy. He appears to be about 20 or 25 years of age. He is short, but fairly stout in stature and is badly pockmarked. His habit was to stand in front of the White House on Post street. He would almost shut his sightless eyes, hold his hat in front of him and stand still for hours. He was always in bad odor with the police, as they frequently found him among gangs of petty thieves when raids would be made. It is this Mexican boy, who though totally blind, robbed a store at midnight and got to his room, a mile from the scene of the robbery, and was then only caught by accident. About three months ago Caley and Fred Lane, aged 17, went to a grocery store on Post street. Caley opened the door with a skeleton key. Both entered the place and loaded themselves down with plunder. Caley was led back to his room on Montgomery avenue, near Kearny, and the boy started for his own room. Two policemen saw him, and as his actions were suspicious they checked him. They found some of the stolen goods and Lane became so scared he betrayed his companion. One of the policemen went to Caley's room and there he found a number of whisky bottles, some boxes of cigarettes and other plunder. The trial of the two burglars came off before Superior Judge Bahr two weeks ago. The blind Mexican burglar and tempter of younger boys was convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment in San Quentin. The Lane boy was sent to the Preston Industrial School.

The most vicious beggar known to the police of San Francisco is now in San Quentin serving a term of five years for assault to murder. He is John Kinlock, and was seen daily on the streets of San Francisco until three years ago. Kinlock had only one leg and one arm. But the stump of his right leg was cut off at the knee. With this stump Kinlock, while standing on crutches, would strike men vicious blows in the abdomen, almost depriving them of sensibility through excessive pain. Kinlock's habit was to walk the streets, get in the way of men and women and keep there as long as possible. Kinlock was more or less under the influence of liquor all the time, except during the many periods following his arrest. When refused money on the street he would hit men with the stump of his leg or his crutch, and to women who passed him by no language was too revolting for him to use. He was feared by his comrades, even the able-bodied ones. He was often suspected of committing petty crimes, such as "rolling" drunks, but the police never succeeded in catching him until one night three years ago. Kinlock and Tom Barry induced a drunken man who had money on him to leave a Barbary Coast saloon and go with them to Gold street, a little alley near the corner of Jackson and Sansome streets. As soon as the trio were in a dark spot Kinlock hit the victim over the head with his crutch and felled him to the ground. He then beat the man into insensibility and left him for dead, after taking all the money and valuables in his clothes. Kinlock was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. It was a light sentence as Kinlock's victim never fully recovered. He was an employee at the Presidio and made money by lending sums at high rates of interest. Since the beating and robbery the man has been unable to work and his mind has been so deranged that he has become very weak mentally as well as physically.

A COMPLETE AND POSITIVE LAW. Beggars and Unsightly Persons Prohibited From the Streets. The law regarding the cases of beggars,

whether they be infirm, blind, crippled or unsightly, is very plain. The law was made for the purpose of keeping beggars and fakirs off the street, and the Almshouse was created for the purpose of giving the unfortunates a home. This home is supposed to be conducted in a better way than any of the places where the beggars exist. The people are taxed for the support of the poor, and there is no reason why such sights as are to be seen about the street daily should be inflicted upon the community. The mendicants should not be sent to jail or the Almshouse for a few days or weeks and then be allowed to return to the street corners again. Section 29 of the general orders of the Board of Supervisors, entitled "To prohibit street-begging and to restrain certain persons from appearing in streets and public places," reads as follows:

No person shall, either directly or indirectly, whether by look, word, sign or deed, practice begging or mendicancy in or on any of the streets, highways or thoroughfares of the city and county of San Francisco, nor in any public place.

On the conviction of any person for practicing mendicancy or begging, if it shall appear that such person is without means of support and infirm and physically unable to earn a support and livelihood, or is for any cause, a proper person to be maintained at the Almshouse, such person may be committed to the Almshouse.

Any person who is diseased, maimed mutilated or in any way deformed, so as to be an unsightly or disgusting object, or an improper person to be allowed in or on the streets, highways, thoroughfares or public places in this city and county, shall not therein or thereon expose himself or herself to public view.

On the conviction of any person for a violation of any of the provisions of the next preceding clause of this section, it shall be deemed proper and just, the fine and imprisonment provided for may be omitted and such person sent to the Almshouse.

It is hereby made the duty of the police officers to arrest any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section.

A PIONEER OF BEGGARS.

Henry J. Powell's Misery After Amassing Considerable Wealth. The most painful object on the streets is the most prominent one. Henry J. Powell, better known as the "paralyzed old xylophone player," whose stand has been for years at the corner of Sutter and Kearny streets, is a good example of what continuous professional begging makes of an unfortunate. For many years the white-haired man has been seen daily by thou-



Henry J. Powell. [Sketches from life for the "Call" by Livingstone.]

sands. He was never an object that produced anything but pain and pity, and at the present time he presents a sight that is almost sickening.

He struggles daily from his room to some place along Kearny street. He can hardly drag his distorted legs along the ground. Foot is moved after foot in the slowest manner, while the face of the old man peers up into the countenances of passers-by with a look on it that is evidence of the greatest mental and physical suffering. He no longer plays the xylophone, as his hands are too badly afflicted. His daily actions are generally the same. After painfully dragging himself to his stand he sits down, rubs his aching hands with liniment, and then overcome with that peculiar stupor of old age which foretells death he falls asleep. The policemen on Kearny street have to raise him up and awaken him frequently, and they expect to pick up a corpse some day. Though possessed of wealth Powell has no enjoyment of it. Having been swindled all his life he is fearful for that which he has left, and though he is still rich enough to secure comfortable quarters he lives in a dingy hole, eats but a mouthful and drags himself out to gain a few dimes.

Henry Joseph Powell is an Englishman, 72 years of age, and claims to have been a partial cripple from birth. He attempted to make a success in business in different Eastern cities, but never gained much of a start. About thirty years ago he went to Montana, a pioneer, and prospered. After having been swindled out of considerable money, as well as a partially developed mind, he came to this city, as his affliction had increased rapidly. He spent a small fortune in trying to cure his paralysis, but failed. Health and money gone he was in despair. One day twenty-two years ago he went to the corner of Sutter and Kearny streets, and he began a life of begging. Powell made money rapidly, and transferred his stand to old Meigs wharf, where, twenty years ago, who passed him gave him something, and many times handfuls of coin were dropped into his hat. But the constant sitting brought on rheumatism, and Powell's legs increased with him. Still he lived like a miser and hoarded. Nearly every time he would invest his money he would be robbed. Times have become so dull now and he has lost so much money Powell is anxious to get into a home where he can secure good treatment for the remainder of his days, which will probably be few.

Powell lives at the Coso House, a low-priced place on Sansome street, near Sacramento. He occupies a little room about the size of a box. In this he sleeps, cooks, eats and lives. He makes his bed and attends to his room himself. All the time he is not on the street he is in this room.

Attempts have been made by persons taking a kindly interest in the old fellow to get him to return to England, where he has a sister. Though wishing for a home, he still had to leave his miserable surroundings and painful old age. He has a large number of people as regular contributors. Some give him 10 cents a day, others 25 or 30 cents a week. In the past a large number of persons used to give him \$1 every Monday morning.

About twelve years ago he lost \$5000 through the purchase of a ranch in Santa Cruz county. He got into a lawsuit, which he won, but he was swindled out of his money. He still owns a ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains which is worth \$2300 to \$2500. Powell accuses L. J. Ewell, the dairyman, of defrauding him out of \$500. Ewell has instructed his attorney, Joseph Nathaniel of Naperville, Ill., to recover the money. Ewell kept the Coso House for many years. Powell has lived there for the last eight years, so the two became well acquainted. Ewell induced Powell to put \$1500 in the stock of the Ewell X. L. Dairy Bottled Milk Company. He received a few dividends, but now he can get neither dividend nor principal, and accuses Ewell of swindling. Besides his ranch in Santa Cruz county Powell has

about \$2000 in bank in this city. Neither Powell nor his "banker," Charles S. Fecheimer of the Plaza store, 706 Kearny street, will tell just what Powell has, but state that it is about that sum. Mr. Fecheimer has taken care of the old man's money for ten years and is now trying to make arrangements to get him from his miserable surroundings to a place of quiet and comfort. Some people incline to the belief that Powell owns a considerable interest in Fecheimer's store.

"PROPHET" AND HIS PROPERTY.

An Italian Organ-Grinder of the Well-Known Old Style.

Pietro Zazzi is a beggar of the old style. He is a genuine Italian organ-grinder, and has plied that vocation for twenty years. He has traveled all over the coast and has made a large amount of money. He now lives at 825 Greenwich street, near Stockton. He owns the place, but it is mortgaged. He also owns a house and lot on



Pietro Zazzi. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

Third avenue, near California street. This is mortgaged to the City Building and Loan Society, but Zazzi is paying up the installments rapidly. He also has a lot on California street, near Maple, in his wife's name. There is a small mortgage on this. He is supposed to have many more interests. Zazzi has given his attention to grinding the organ along streets in the Western Addition. When he goes out he always wears a cap upon which is the word "Prophet." But Zazzi does not go out a great deal now. He is 80 years of age and is able to rest.

DEBATED WRECK OF A MAN.

Andrew Hassell, a Frozen Norwegian, a Chronic Drunkard.

Andrew Hassell, a Norwegian, is an ugly-looking beggar, whose feet were frozen off in Alaska. He now walks around on his knees, carrying a number of trinkets in a basket. His appearance is against him, his bloated face showing constant dissipation.



Andrew Hassell. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

Hassell, crippled and a beggar, manages to provide for himself and a woman known as Nellie Mulline. They live in a room in the notorious Jessie-street lodging house. They are nearly always drunk, continually fighting, and they would not be tolerated in any other kind of house than that in which they now live. It is one in which the vilest of all classes consort, negroes and whites together. Hassell is a debased wretch, upon whom charity is badly mispent.

KEPT BY A BLIND WIFE.

A. J. Whitehouse Loafs While His Better Half Begs.

Perhaps the most shameful case of street mendicancy is that of Mrs. M. L. Whitehouse. It is not shameful on her part, but on that of her husband, who lives upon the earnings of his blind wife. Mrs. Whitehouse is 50 years of age and has been blind since childhood. She married her present husband, A. J. Whitehouse, eight years ago in Kansas City, Mo., where she has relatives. It is probable Whitehouse, who is younger than his wife, married the blind woman so as to live upon her begging. He lies around their two little rooms



Mrs. Whitehouse. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

in the third story of a rookery in the rear of 344 Third street while his wife is out at work. He pretends to be ill. He often allows his wife to come home alone,

as she can distinguish objects dimly. Whitehouse cooks, makes beds, etc., but he is too lazy to carry out the organ with which his wife used to attract attention. He also states it is too much bother for him to purchase pencils or trinkets for his wife to sell. Mrs. Whitehouse, attired in shabby dress, sits on a camp stool on Post street near Kearny or on Kearny, near Market. She complains of her treatment by her husband, and says he scolds her dreadfully if she does not bring home much money.

FRANK PHELPS' WRECKED LIFE.

A Disgusting Spectacle to Be Seen on Restaurant Steps.

A disgusting, sickening sight is presented by Frank Phelps, a man of 28 whose afflictions are the result of his dissipation and misspent early life. He generally reclines on the steps near the entrances to the restaurants of the Center Market at the corner of Grant avenue and Sutter streets. Here he lies writhing in assumed agony, exposing the stump of an arm and uttering groans, which if ever genuine are from his desire to get whisky or morphine as he is a "hypo" fiend by reputation. He begs in piteous tones for passers-by to purchase a pencil. As soon as he gets a dime he slowly picks himself up and walks rapidly and firmly to a neighboring saloon. When he returns to his place on the steps he whines out a tale of paralyzed legs to all whom he may attract. This constitutes his work of the day. At night he takes up a stand in front of some restaurant, and with twisted limbs and distorted face begs for a dime with which to get something to eat. After the restaurant closes he becomes a "striker" on the street, and later goes to one of the numerous beer saloons near the old City Hall, where he meets congenial spirits. There the proceeds of the day are spent in "filling up" on steam beer, until the money being gone he goes to sleep in a chair or walks down to the City Prison and begs for a night's lodging. Occasionally he saves enough out of the beer money to pay for a



Frank Phelps. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

bed in a 15-cent lodging. Phelps claims that he was a newsboy in the East. While in Salina, Kans., seven years ago he attempted to jump on a train on which he was news agent. He fell under it and had his left hand cut off. His home, he claims, is in Belleville, Ill.

LIFE OF A BLIND SCOTCHMAN.

Con McGregor Finds Pleasure Among Dissolute Companions.

Con McGregor is a Scotchman who is not satisfied with the dollar or two he makes selling papers at the entrance to the ferry in the morning, but he also sells pencils and begs occasionally. McGregor is certainly blind in one eye and claims to be blind in both, though the left eye appears perfect. McGregor lived for a long time with a depraved woman in St. Charles place, and the two became noted for their drunken orgies. McGregor now lives on Natoma street and the little blonde woman who is with him makes the neighborhood lively when she starts on one of her sprees. McGregor has the reputation of being a man of irritable temperament and is generally disliked among his acquaintances.

ANNIE BARRY'S WRECKED LIFE.

A Woman Who Claims to Be Nearly a Centenarian.

Annie Barry is one of the female wrecks that float about the city begging for alms. She is a little Irish woman with yellowish white hair and claims to be 95 years of age. Notwithstanding this she is a drunkard and an inmate of the notorious den known as the Jessie-street lodging-house. Barry hobbles along painfully and with an agonized and drawn face extends her palm for aid. She was a housekeeper for prominent families some years ago, but recently she has spent her time mostly between the jail and the almshouse. The latter place being one which she declares has been badly conducted during the past three years.

BREAD-WINNER FOR MANY.

Fernand Deboas Grinds an Organ With Pecuniary Success.

Fernand Deboas is the support for at



Fernand Deboas. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

least two men, and it is probable that a whole family receives the major part of his earnings. Deboas is the aged Belgian who sits in front of the City of Paris and grinds "Two Little Girls in Blue" out of an organ all day long. About 9 p. m. a slouchy renegade comes for the old blind man. They go to Dick von der Miden's grocery, at the corner of Mission and Fourth streets, leave the organ, drink beer for an hour or so and then take the Castro-street cars so as to get as near as possible to the home of Peter Valle, a pretended musician, who, with a wife and four children, lives on Ocean road, opposite Alvarado street, on the eastern slope of Twin Peaks. Valle owns the property, and claims to have an income from some source in Chicago. The whole party came from Chicago just before the Midwinter Fair opened, and the only visible source of income has been the old organ-grinder. Seven years ago Fernand was the support of three professional beggars in Kansas City, Mo. When Fernand did well the man and a woman with him would go on a spree, leaving the third one, a crippled girl, to starve.

BLIND FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Frank Amann Lives in a Hotel Almost Neglected.

Frank Amann has been twenty years a beggar on the streets of San Francisco, and is supposed to have considerable money

laid away. He sits bare-headed all day on Grant avenue, near Geary street. At night a man, whom he pays 30 cents a day to



Frank Amann. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

lead him back and forward, comes for him and takes him to a hotel in St. Charles place, off Kearny street, near Broadway, where the lowest class of women and the most criminal men abound. Amann, though totally blind, cooks his supper on a coal-oil stove. He has a few friends to meet him occasionally in the evening to talk to him. Some of these friends are entrusted with Amann's savings. Amann is an Alsatian, 60 years of age.

AN IMPORTED PROFESSIONAL.

Joseph Heidesburg Changed His Grounds From Paris Recently.

A good sample of the imported mendicant is Joseph Heidesburg, an aged Frenchman. Old Heidesburg plies his vocation at night principally, when he has nearly a clear field to himself, though he is often to be seen out on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. His favorite haunt is on the north side of Post street, near Kearny, where he



Joseph Heidesburg. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

sits under the arc lights of the White House. Here he remains with a bent head, and twisting about a concertina, which makes doleful, wheezing sounds, that are interrupted every few seconds by a loud squeak, which he draws from the tortured instrument by the exercise of a little extra vigor. Heidesburg's appearance is that of a bundle of rags, with an upturned hat placed in front of it on the sidewalk. At times he goes to the west side of Grant avenue, south of the corner of Geary street, and again he can be seen at some dark spot on Montgomery street. Heidesburg is neither blind, crippled nor ill, though he pretends to have all those complaints. He is a somewhat stoutly built Frenchman, 60 years of age, who was brought to this country about three years ago by an uncle who lives at Redwood City. He entered upon the life of a beggar, which he had followed professionally in Paris, though pretending to be a butcher.

Heidesburg occupies a small room at the Hotel des Alpes, 821 Pacific street. He has no friends or relatives in this city, and leads a miserable existence. He cooks his own meals in his room, seldom leaves it in the daytime and at night prowls along Kearny street to his chosen post. He is poverty stricken and leads an uneventful life.

DECEASED MRS. JANE SHAY.

A Old Woman Who Needs Constant Care and Attention.

Mrs. Jane Shay, who claims to be 80 years of age, and looks it, sells matches every day in front of the Academy of Sciences. She lives at 255 Minna street with Mrs. Mary Moore, a widow of 65, who is said to have some kind of an income. Mrs. Shay was a working woman, but now she is unable to even help herself about. For the last five years she has sold matches. She has three granddaughters in this city, but they are unable or unwilling to help her. Mrs. Moore cooks the old woman's meals for her. Mrs. Shay was at the Almshouse once, but complains of the treatment there.

TWO DESTITUTE OLD BELGIANS.

Johanna de Spiegelere Begs for Her Sick Husband.

Johanna de Spiegelere, a withered old Belgian woman, sits all day long in front of the Pacific Postal Telegraph Company's office on Market street, and with the little money she gets she keeps herself and her sick husband from starvation. Peter de Spiegelere came to this country over twenty years ago with a few hundred dollars. For several years he sold lead pencils, making a precarious living. He was taken sick several weeks ago and his wife now goes out in his place. The two live on two rickety rooms in the rear of 42 Jessie street. The wife is 82 years old and the husband is three months younger. They are almost destitute, but the old man cries if the Almshouse is mentioned to him. He had \$80 in the People's Home Savings Bank. He has withdrawn and received in dividends a total of \$14.

THE HAPPIEST BEGGAR IN TOWN.

Robert N. Morris More Satisfied Legless Than When Whole.

The happiest beggar on the street is Robert N. Morris, a legless pencil-seller, who is to be seen daily in front of the store of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., or that of D. Samuels, on Post street, between Grant avenue and Kearny. Morris candidly admits having made quite a sum out of the sympathies of the women who trade on Post street, and declares he does not need much assistance. He presents a shocking sight, as both his legs are entirely off and he stands on two short stumps. His head and body are those of a finely built man of middle-age, and as he presents a neat appearance many persons think he is a man who once occupied a high place in society. The result is that he gathers in

many dimes. Ten years ago Morris, whose home is in Chico, was a drunken brackenn about Sacramento, according to his own story, and it took all his money to keep him in liquor. One day he tried to jump on a train and fell under it and had both legs cut off. For the past ten years he has knocked about the United States, begging in all the principal cities. He made more by begging than by bracking. He traveled much and spent all of his surplus money for whisky. He claims to have quit drinking to excess over two years ago, just before he went to the World's Fair at Chicago. Morris, when spoken to, hands the questioner a neatly written card which has upon it his name and his address, which shows he lives at the Bonanza lodging-house on Market street, opposite the Baldwin Hotel. He eats in the Palace Restaurant, underneath his lodging-house. Morris is a very independent fellow. He laughs at being placed in a home or the Almshouse and travels wherever his inclinations direct him.

QUIET PERPETRATOR OF FRAUD.

Joseph Zen Does Not Possess Four Motherless Children.

One of the many impositions on the public without much of a history is Joseph Zen, a Swiss. He generally stands silently in front of Sherman & Clay's, on Kearny



Joseph Zen. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

street. A badge announcing that he has four motherless children to support is upon his breast. Zen lost his sight about two years ago. He has no motherless children or any relatives at all. He lives at the San Gottardo Hotel, 511 Broadway, opposite the County Jail. A hired guide takes Zen about town. Zen leads a quiet, uneventful life.

THE CASE OF JOHN SCOTT.

Though Blind, He Walks the Streets in Safety.

John Scott, alias "John Adam, the Scotchman," is one of the few blind men with an uneventful life. For the last few years he has stood at the corner of Post street and Grant avenue. Scott claims that in 1880 his eyesight was destroyed and his right arm blown off by a blast in a coal mine in New Mexico. For seven years he could see a little. Then his eyes gave out. Scott has a room at the Pacific lodging-house, on Leidesdorff street, and eats at the What Cheer House. Though totally blind, Scott finds his way from his lodgings to his stand. He never meets with any accidents except falling into base-



John Scott, alias John Adam. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

ments through open traps. On two occasions he nearly lost his life. Scott is a steady man, and though his face may be said to be a hard-looking one, he is better than the average blind man. He barely makes out a living.

HARRY THE HACKMAN'S CASE.

He Has Passed an Uneventful Life for Fourteen Years.

Another blind man with an uneventful life is Harry McLaughlin, the ex-hackman. He grinds a broken-down organ in front of



Harry McLaughlin. [Sketches by a "Call" artist.]

the plaza opposite the old City Hall all day and at night he goes to the Osborn House, a resort for low characters, which adjoins the Bella Union on Kearny street. Harry eats at the International Hotel. He earns a fair living, has a little money and only a horse wagon could get him to the Almshouse. He has been blind for fourteen years.

Good Advertising.

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