

The



Call.

JENKINS' WOES

The Gay Weather Prophet in a Scrape

He Has Lost His Station

Chief Harington Closes the Keeler Office

Some Amenities of Exile

Exciting Scenes on the Shores of Owens Lake – Summary Action of Indignant Citizens

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Presley .T. Jenkins, the erstwhile gay and festive weather sham at the San Francisco station for atmospheric prophecies, is in trouble again.

Every one remembers his meteoric career in this city last year. He came hither under the most favorable conditions of weather and political influence, with an opportunity to make a record on storms. Instead of wrestling with the problems of the skies, however, he found it more to his trade to call the turn on the happenings of the town. He became of the turf, turfy. He developed a taste for all the pleasures of the man-about town, and loved to tickle his palate with delicacies usually confined to the realms of the millionaire.

A hard-hearted Government rewarded these refined tastes with a salary of only \$125 a month. This sum sufficed to pay for champagne and cigars, but left thing with which to purchase the necessaries of life or to provide for a wife and three young children. The result was a long line of creditors who assembled daily about the Weather office in the Mills building to obtain a settlement with the jaunty forecast official. Jenkins was frequently absent from his desk, however, and his creditors received nothing but promises. An inspector happening along one day suspended the sporting weather prophet, and he was subsequently reduced in rank and banished to the little hamlet of Keeler on the shores of Owens Lake.

There his duties were nominal, and after a month or two of exile he obtained ten days' leave of absence. He returned to this city and enjoyed himself in his former haunts, overstaying his leave by five days. The Washington office was displeased at this, and was not mollified by the complaining letters which poured in from unsatisfied creditors. Jenkins was frequently admonished to pay up and warned that no further reflection on the service through his vagaries would be tolerated.

The chief of the bureau at Washington finally lost all patience, however, when complaints from Keeler supplemented those already on file from this city. Letters received from several residents of Keeler indicate that the weather officer managed to beguile his long hours of leisure in spite of the restricted population. More, than one old habitue of mining days is said to have thrived as the result of Jenkins' love for green cloth and ivory chips.

In his report the inspector who investigated Jenkins' peregrinations while stationed at San Francisco referred at length to the jaunty prophet's attentions to a young woman with whom he was frequently seen at public resorts. A month ago this fascinating female appeared at Lone Pine, a village fourteen miles distant from Keeler. About the same time Jenkins purchased a horse to renew

his army training. Keeler correspondents aver that he frequently rode over to Lone Pine, and his attentions to the young woman from San Francisco were soon the talk of all 400 residents of the little town.

Gossip soon informed Mrs. Jenkins of these incidents. Boarding a freight train, she arrived at Lone Pine and is said to have verified the rumors of her husband's friendship. High words followed in the little hotel and listening ears soon acquainted the entire population with the state of affairs. Mrs. Jenkins carried her husband back to Keeler, however; but once at home the anger of the weather special at her interference was so great that she accused her husband of personal violence, exhibiting a black eye as evidence of her charge.

Every one in Keeler was speedily up in arms at this, and all championed the cause of the wife. A committee of citizens determined to confine Jenkins in a boxcar, which serves the purpose of a lockup. In defense he stated that his wife had fallen and that her injuries were accidentally self-inflicted. Womanlike, Mrs. Jenkins, forgetting her accusations, speedily corroborated this statement, and no further action was taken.

In the meantime, however, another scandal was reported from Independence, twenty-eight miles from Keeler. The young woman who had caused all this trouble had removed thither from Lone Pine. She asserted that Jenkins had represented himself as a single man and that he had agreed to marry her upon her arrival there from San Francisco.

A potpourri of these episodes formed the basis of communications from several residents of Inyo County to the Washington authorities. The result was a peremptory order from the Chief of the Weather Bureau to closer the station at Keeler and store all the instruments at Sacramento. The Keeler office was closed on March 31, and Jenkins received no appointment to another station. He wrote to this city to inquire what position awaited him, but no place was provided in the general orders which disposed of the Keeler station and its official simultaneously.

B. S. Pague, the local forecast official at San Francisco, sent a letter to Washington representing that the Keeler station is of value in making general forecasts for the State. He states that storms over Southern California and Arizona are almost always preceded by a low pressure in the region central at Keeler. This low pressure moves along the crest of the Sierras from the Washington coast and masses near Owens Lake.

No reply has been received to this protest, however, and the weather observer at Sacramento is now the custodian of ail Jenkins' former office appliances.

