

The San Francisco Call

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1895

AMUSEMENTS.

FALWYN THEATRE—"Wang."
 CALIFORNIA THEATRE—"The War of Wealth."
 COLONIA THEATRE—"Haverly's Minstrels."
 MOROSCO'S OPERA-HOUSE—"Money Mad."
 TIVOLI OPERA-HOUSE—"Madame Favart."
 EPHEMUS—"High-Class Vaudeville."
 GROVER'S ALCAZAR—"The Coronet."
 SHOOT THE CHUTES—"Daily at Hall street, one block east of the Park."
 SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT TRACK—Races.
 CENTRAL PARK—Dancehall.

By Will E. Fisher & Co., Silverware, etc., Friday, November 15, at 10 Post street, etc.

CITY NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mary Ahlers, a domestic, was suffocated in her room at 428 Franklin street yesterday morning.

San Francisco boats Oakland at Central Park, 11 to 8. Comiskey's pitching was batted with much ease.

The Jackson and Powell-street railway company runs a single car one trip every Sunday on South Beach avenue.

J. J. Coffey, son of the late Detective Dan Coffey, was arrested yesterday for threatening to kill his mother and sister.

Grand Jury Expert Timmer inspected the Morgan and thought another Morgan would be ordered built.

The defense in the case of Frank Kloss, charged with the murder of William Deady, has been ordered to discontinue.

Sarah D. Hamlin is highly recommended for the position of School Director to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education.

From the scores made by the police at the races at the Golden Gate, it is evident that improvement in their marksmanship can be seen.

The funeral of Dr. Basil Norris, U. S. A., took place yesterday at the Presidio and was attended by the most distinguished military authorities.

The Irish-American Cuban Volunteers are now perfectly organized, and are only waiting for orders from headquarters to march.

Generally fair weather with increasing cloudiness and stationary temperature are the prominent features of to-day's forecast.

The will of Charles Root, leaving \$100,000 to his family, was filed for probate yesterday.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union held its annual meeting on the 12th inst., and elected officers and directors for the ensuing year.

Rev. Dr. Goodwin of the California street M. E. church, held his Sunday night discourse "Lawyers and their relation to their clients and to society."

The Board of Education failed to elect a successor to Director Deady, and the authorities Superintendent of Schools Babcock nominated Dr. George Drucker.

Mrs. Mary Foley, aged 42 years, died suddenly at her home, 1427 Mission street, yesterday morning. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.

The decorations and booths used in the Pavilion at the Goethe-Schiller festival were sold to the theatrical managers for only \$125. They cost over \$3500.

The Board of Health made a tour of inspection through the City and County Hospital yesterday, and the night before paid a visit to the Receiving Hospital.

Five out of six favorites were downed at the track yesterday. The winning horses were last chance, "Laster" and Don Pio Pico, Wawona, Detective and J. O. C.

J. E. Salomon and Adolph Mendelsohn are suing William B. Bradbury for an accounting of a debt of \$1000 which he owes them to him and secured by some jewelry.

One hundred and seventy suits are to be brought against the stockholders of the Pacific Bank to realize a net amount of capital stock, amounting to about \$600,000.

James Goodwin, former administrator in the John Levinson estate, has sued Horace W. Phillips for \$5000 counsel fees for his attorneys, the latter forming the majority.

John Gillen, a teamster, 60 years of age, was found dead in bed at his home, 414 Fourteenth street, yesterday afternoon. An autopsy held here, at the coroner's office, yesterday.

William McCormick, a Mission-street blacksmith, undertook to do business on the cooperative plan, and his peculiar practices led to the arrest of his partner yesterday.

William Kearney, carpenter, was found dead in his room at 44 1/2 Ninth street yesterday afternoon. He fell from the roof of a building under a year ago and had been ailing ever since.

Mike Baldwin, an engineer, was arrested last night by Policeman Shanahan and booked at the Police Prison on a charge of assault. He is wanted on the charge of assault to murder his wife.

J. B. Flood, Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul General in San Francisco, returned to the United States, arrived here yesterday and will be given a reception by the Swiss colony on Saturday.

James Kelly, alias "Spider" Kelly, the pugilist who was indicted by the Grand Jury on Monday for robbery, was arrested last night on a warrant on \$1000 bonds, accepted by Judge Sanderson.

Mary Hill, a servant in the house of ex-Supervisor Burns, 1504 Washington street, was arrested yesterday afternoon and charged with grand larceny in stealing money and diamonds from her employer.

The Railroad Commission, acting on the advice of Attorney-General Fitzgerald, has decided to demand annual statements from all railroads, stage lines, electric lines and local street car companies.

The trial of Thomas Ashworth, Superintendent of Streets for this City, was opened before Judge Murphy yesterday. Seven jurors were selected. His defense will be that he was deceived by his deputies.

The leading local capitalists captured the best boxes at the auction sale yesterday at the Holiday Theatre, and the proceeds of the great festival concert soon to be given in aid of the Children's Hospital.

W. E. Panisell, who has been twice tried for robbing Carroll and his partner yesterday afternoon on the night of February 16, 1894, has been found guilty by a jury in Judge Belcher's court. He will be sentenced to the State Prison.

Parents yesterday had to answer before the Superior Court by Judge Joachimson in \$2000 bonds for stealing \$350 and some jewelry from Mrs. Joaquina Varela, 228 Brannan street, where she was employed.

The Western railways have asked the Southern Pacific Company to hold another conference at Salt Lake over Utah freight business, recently discussed at the local company agreed to meet them again.

The third trial of M. D. Howell of Stockton for passing counterfeit money is to begin in the United States District Court today. Secret Service Agent Harris expects to have Matt Jones on hand to upset his defense.

The celebrated copyright controversy in which Dr. Joseph Simms accused Mary Olmstead Stanton of deliberate plagiarism of his works on physiognomy was partly argued in the United States Circuit Court yesterday.

Richard Kelly was charged with the charge of grand larceny in Judge Waller's court yesterday. He will be sentenced next Friday. Kelly is only about a year out of the State Prison, and he was sent for fourteen years for robbery.

Dan Donahoe, a plumber living at 267 Minna street, while under the influence of liquor last evening, walked in front of a McAllister-street car on Market street, opposite Grant avenue, and was knocked down. His left side and leg were lacerated.

By the clever intervention of Attorney Joseph Campbell, Marvin L. Freeman was yesterday induced to withdraw his plea of incriminating himself and to answer all questions relating to his former testimony given in the Freeman Westinghouse case.

The case of Mrs. Tobin came up once more in the Superior Court yesterday. There was a lively day, and it will probably make an interesting trial. She is suing the Pacific Coast Blood-Nose Association and others for \$25,000 damages for being ejected from the betting ring at the track.

At the Morgue the body of the man who shot himself in Golden Gate Park on October 26 is still unidentified. Coroner Hawkins issued an anonymous letter yesterday giving the information that the picture of a lady the man had been carrying with him, and with whom he had lived together.

Park Commissioner Austin says that \$6000 or \$8000 will be appropriated from the funds for Golden Gate Park to illuminate the main driveway to the ocean beach if interested citizens will contribute the rest of the sum necessary. D. D. Suggers and Henry Descher promise that the required sum will be raised.

Football-Players Practice.

Both the University and the Olympic football eleven are doing severe practicing. Both teams are at Central Park yesterday afternoon working with their friends just the same. They devoted themselves to new passes and team plays. A short game was indulged in. All the men are in splendid condition.

FLED FROM HIS BRIDE.

A Tremendous Social Sensation Rocks the Potrero.

WHERE IS JIM DALY?

He Failed to Materialize on His Wedding Day When the Feast Was Spread.

A CROWD WAS DISAPPOINTED.

Mamie Connors Ready for the Altar and the Little Flat Furnished on Scotch Hill.

Potrero society has been rocking on its foundations since last Sunday night. At least that figurative assertion would do quite well in telling of the social sensation that began out there on Sunday evening, when a bridegroom came not to the altar of St. Theresa's Church when the rather imposing edifice was crowded to the doors at the appointed time; and this sensation, with its romance, its mystery, its speeding rumors and its clashing sounds of battle and of human trouble, has been the one and universal topic of conversation ever since.

James Daly is the recreant bridegroom and Mamie Connors the more or less disconsolate bride. Daly was expected all through the day of the wedding and until the wedding feast was ready late at night, but he disappeared on Sunday. He hasn't been seen since, and what became of him is a Potrero mystery. A little flat was all furnished and ready, the bride was dressed, the priest waited to perform another happy ceremony, and nearly 2000 people gathered in or about the church to see the function that was to be the Potrero somewhat as the Marlborough-Vanderbilt affair was to New York.

When 9 o'clock came on Sunday evening the great broad steps of St. Theresa's Church and the sidewalks around were packed with a wondering and expectant throng. Then Father O'Connor, the parish priest, addressed the crowd briefly, telling that perhaps the couple had got married in the City, and the crowd slowly dispersed through the hilly streets of the Potrero, beginning a terrific gossiping that is yet growing in volume and intensity. The affair is gossiped about in the saloons and stores and all through the great shops of the Union Iron Works as eagerly as it is about the great and kitchen tables through the hills. Opinion is divided as to whether Jim Daly should have allowed his folks to wreck the wedding in that fashion, as to the degree in which the Daly family are warranted in holding their Jim and themselves to be too good for Mamie Connors, and as to the degree in which Jim is to blame, for it was the bridegroom's family that headed off the wedding by drastic measures for the reason intimated.

Jim Daly and Mamie Connors have been raised at the Potrero, are known to everybody, as are their people, and they have been leading social lights amid the balls and routs that lighten the lives of folk beyond Islais Creek. Mr. Daly Sr. settled at the Potrero before Jim was born, and that was twenty-two years and more ago. The Dalys have led eminently respectable lives, devoutly religious and decently and aristocratically exclusive. Mr. Daly toiled away at the gas works and elsewhere as his children grew up and were well educated in the public schools. These, now young men or women, found good positions in large downtown establishments, and as age came to the parents a certain air of refinement and gentility increased in the happy but obscure little home.

A little over four years ago Jim left the grammar-school and became a machinist apprentice at the Union Iron Works. He was "out of his time" a few weeks ago—that is, he became a journeyman and began a new and successful career as a man at his trade. Jim was always a decent fellow, and it would seem that a picture of a strong, industrious, well-liked young man completing his apprenticeship while he was furnishing a pretty little home on a hill and getting ready to end an old love affair in the proper way must be one that it would be cruel to spoil.

Mamie Connors is a vivacious and quite pretty Miss of 18 years or so. She lives with her people in a neatly and newly furnished lower flat right across the street from the fine new schoolhouse. Mamie has worked at the rope-walk for a long time, and has ever been ready for gay evening affairs, whether at the Potrero or at Ixora Hall. People won't say anything worse of her than, "Well, she'd go to dances every night in the week if she could, and I guess Daly's folks didn't like her style."

Jim liked dances, too, and for four years he has been "her company." Out of the association grew the love and the engagement that was able to defy opposition until the critical hour arrived. People don't know just how the Dalys got Jim to give his bride the slip right at the altar. One current report was that the wife was drugged, and another was to the effect that his father had him arrested. But gossip is ruthless and unkind. It is even told that Mamie's mother lured Jim into the matrimonial net, and that one thing that helped make the Dalys so proud was a piano that Mrs. Hydenfeldt gave Jim's sister after the latter was a witness for the former in the Hydenfeldt litigation.

It should be remembered that human nature is quite the same in the Potrero and the Western Addition and that Cupid is as impartial as death. It is only the attitudes that vary, and why may not Sierra street climb a hill to as interesting a love story as may California street?

Mamie Connors was at home yesterday and, after some giggles in the hall, she cheerfully apologized in the parlor for not being fixed up. Mamie was not crying about anything. Smiles and little laughs displayed her pretty teeth right along.

"No, I haven't seen or heard of him yet," she said, "and I don't know how it's going to come out any more'n anybody else. I wished I did know. Well, if he don't come back I s'pose I'll have to wait for some other fellow," and she laughed again.

"Yes, we waited and waited for him, but we had the wedding anyhow. We had a fine time that night. There was 200 people here—everybody that was invited—and we treated his friends just the same. They danced in this room and in that room and in the bedroom, and the

band played in that bay-window. We had a brass band."

"There was nine pieces," observed Mamie's sister, who was to have been bridesmaid.

"Then we had a fine supper upstairs in the flat next door (Mr. Lefferman's), and everybody had a good time anyhow."

"Did you see him Sunday at all?" was asked.

"Yes, in the morning. That is, I didn't see him after he left, but he promised to be around again at 9 o'clock that morning. That was Monday evening and Sunday morning. We had a lot of wedding presents. That lamp was one. Jess, bring them in."

Two big grocery boxes came in.

"They packed them away because I didn't want to see them," explained Mamie as the dishes, the glass water pitcher with beautiful marguerites painted all over it, and the rest of the pretty things came out of wrappers. The presents were certain evidence of popularity.

"P'raps you'd like to see the wedding dress," the bride remarked, and Miss Jennie brought the pretty creation in pink with a loose chiffon front and beaded revers.

"Mine is just like it," explained the disappointed bridesmaid, who was going to "stand up" with her sister.

"Yes, everything was ready," Miss Mamie declared. "The license was out and Jim left it here with the wedding-ring for fear his folks would tear it up and we couldn't get married. I don't think it was Jim's fault so much as his folks', and especially that fight-cut of a sister of his. But then he always said his folks couldn't say who he'd marry. My mother said to him one night, 'Jim, I hear your folks is fighting because you're going to marry Mamie,' and he said, 'Well, what good will it do 'em?'"

"He's been going with me for over four years, ever since I left school. Four of us started going together—me and my sister and that young lady over there and Mamie Farrell up on the hill—and four fellows. The others got to fighting, but Jim and I stuck together and we fixed the wedding day three months ago. We had a flat all fixed up on Scotch Hill and here I am yet."

Mrs. Connors came in and helped tell the story.

"Oh, we don't want anything in the papers about it, but then what's going round, with everybody talking, is worse than the papers," said the well-built mother of the abandoned bride.

"I look at it this way; we didn't lose much. Suppose his folks did oppose it. He's 22 years old and he's his own boss, and after him coming here two years—that is two years in this house—and setting up with Mamie that very night till 11 o'clock—anyhow it was when I went to bed and he was setting right there where you are now—I say if he goes off now, if his folks don't object, it's no great loss. But his folks want to say much."

"I don't believe he was to blame," put in Mamie.

"Oh, you can't see any of his fault. We hear that he was drugged, and all sorts of things, but we don't know anything, and don't know what'll happen if he should come back, and I s'pose he will some time. They cut up his good clothes Sunday, I hear, but he was free that day, for he was seen in a car at 1 o'clock by a man that wouldn't belie him. Her father went up there Sunday evening when he didn't come, and they slammed the door in his face. They had a good time at the wedding, anyhow, and now we'll just have to wait."

So the bride waits quite cheerfully with her wedding press and her wedding presents for a chance to leave the rope walk and move into the little flat on Scotch Hill, and "otherwise" the wedding was a great success.

The woe in the case is in the Daly home. When you go to see the Dalys you climb a tremendously long flight of stairs from where Sierra street bumps into a perpendicular rocky bluff to where Michigan street seems to sleep on top of a hill.

Down Michigan, past a few cottages and a few goats, is a little cul de sac, and at the end of it, right on the edge of a hundred-foot precipice, is a little old cottage with three straggling additions, and with vines, rose bushes and asters crowding the little bit of a front yard in an old-fashioned careless style. In the cozy little parlor, with its piano, sofa, pictures, its framed diploma that tells of the Daly family graduated from a common school, and with its many ornamental treasures that suggest a nice refinement, Mrs. Daly told why Jim should not marry Mamie Connors. She is quite aged now, and it is plain that if Jim marries his affianced there will be broken hearts up there in the little cottage.

"My boy has gone away and he's not been drugged," she said. "I don't want to say a word against anybody, no matter what lies they tell, but we don't want Jim to marry into such a family. Jim got to know her when he got to going to dances, and it was Ixora Hall one night and B. B. Hall another—gentlemen two-bits, ladies free—and that's the sort of a girl she is. That ain't the sort of girl for Jim to marry or to come into our family. We're very strict Catholics, and last Sunday I asked Father O'Connor if he was going to marry my boy without confession and the holy sacrament, and he said the confession would do.

"The boy didn't get home Sunday morning till 5 o'clock, where he ought to have been fasting since 12 and getting ready for the sacrament. On Sunday I told him that he was forgetting his religion very early, that if he was going to marry that girl he could pack up his things and leave us forever. His brother and his sisters talked to him and his father laid down the law to him. No; if he comes back to us he's welcome, for he is very dear to our hearts; but if he marries that girl he's gone out of my heart forever," and tears ran down the furrows they follow.

"Jim is a good boy. He never drank, nor smoked nor cursed. Now they're trying to nip him just as he's out of his time and get him to say that his father and his mother that raised him can go. It's pretty hard. We've never had any trouble in our home before, but now our time has come. That girl's mother has been taking Jim's wages and buying furniture on the installment plan, and he's been foolish enough to be led on. We don't know what Jim will do, but it will be a sad home here if he throws himself away. Jim's worthy of something better."

That's the Daly-Connors situation. Nobody knows where Jim is or what will happen. Everything but the supper awaits the wedding, including the little flat on Scotch Hill. It's a grave thing to abandon a bride at the altar. If Jim moves into the little flat the hearts of his old mother and father and of his sisters will be broken. What will Jim Daly do? Now, what should Jim Daly do?

COPIRIGHTS IN COURT.

Celebrated Dispute of Physiognomists in the Federal Court.

AN ARGUMENT ON PLAGIARISM.

Judge Morrow Listens Patiently to the Logic of Attorneys Redding and Kallloch.

The legal battle between Dr. Joseph Simms, author of several standard works on physiognomy, and Mary Olmstead Stanton, whom he accuses of deliberate plagiarism, began in the United States Circuit Court yesterday. This has become one of the most celebrated copyright controversies of the country. Both sides were ably championed by forensic talent, and Judge Morrow, being ex-officio Circuit Judge, heard the argument.

For Dr. Simms Attorney Joseph D. Redding filed the courtroom with beautiful metaphors, and during the afternoon the



defense contradicted through Attorney I. M. Kallloch with all the logic he could command. Attorney A. B. Hayes will resume for Dr. Simms this morning. He will be able to devote only an hour to his client's side of the dispute, however, as Judge Morrow will then take up the Howell counterfeiting case, but this will be time enough for him, he thinks, in which to close the argument.

Dr. Simms' name has become very familiar to scientific circles and the reading world. He is a member of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and graduated as an old-school physician in New York. His principal works on physiognomy have been "Nature's Revelations of Character," "Physiognomy" and "Health and Character." Mrs. Stanton gave her book the title of "Scientific Physiognomy," and, according to Mr. Redding's argument yesterday, she boiled all Dr. Simms' ideas into one little volume, in which he had grammar and plagiarism were equally prominent. Mrs. Stanton had her book published in 1889, and she always proceeded against her publishers as well as her, making the San Francisco News Company and the Argonaut Publishing Company co-defendants in another suit.

In substance Mr. Redding's argument was that Dr. Simms was a "well-to-do" man from which Mrs. Stanton obtained the material for her work, and that she not only appropriated his ideas, but copied his form, the thematic form, the muscular and fibrous form, the osseous or bony form, and the great many instances, almost his very language. One of Dr. Simms' most striking similitudes—the clock—to demonstrate how the human character is plainly indicated by the countenance to the physiognomist, Mr. Stanton, so Mr. Redding said, had literally stolen from the doctor's publications.

Mr. Redding did the "deadly parallel" as with vigorous effect. Simms and Stanton were compared until it looked as if the work of Mrs. Stanton was almost a reproduction of that of Dr. Simms. The doctor had made five divisions in his physiological classification—namely, the abdominal form, the thoracic form, the muscular and fibrous form, the osseous or bony form, and the great many instances, almost his very language. One of Dr. Simms' most striking similitudes—the clock—to demonstrate how the human character is plainly indicated by the countenance to the physiognomist, Mr. Stanton, so Mr. Redding said, had literally stolen from the doctor's publications.

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Simms—These forms, which are five in number, I shall consider in the following order: The abdominal form, the thoracic form, the muscular and fibrous form, the osseous or bony form, and the great many instances, almost his very language. One of Dr. Simms' most striking similitudes—the clock—to demonstrate how the human character is plainly indicated by the countenance to the physiognomist, Mr. Stanton, so Mr. Redding said, had literally stolen from the doctor's publications.

Stanton—Five different systems of functions which create the different forms of man, and which are always found in combination, but in different degrees of development in different persons. These are named the vegetative, the muscular, the osseous, and the bony.

Stanton—It is a law of human nature that we love to use our strongest faculties.

Dr. Simms had mentioned Washington, Andrew Jackson, Lincoln, Lafayette, Alexander the Great, Cesar, Mahommed, and Cromwell as types of the bony form and men on whom "of all others the nations relied for support." Mrs. Stanton uses the names of the same heroes of history to show that bony men excel in morality and the nobler qualities of character.

"These are only a mere suggestion of the multitude of parallels by which Dr. Simms is endeavoring to convince the court that the names of themselves cannot be copyrighted, that they are everybody's property. He tried to show that Mrs. Stanton had not plagiarized Dr. Simms' language.

WATER THAT SMELLS BAD.

People of Noe Valley Complain of the Spring Valley Product.

The Fluid Has to Be Filtered and Boiled Before It Can Be Used.

Dirty, disagreeable water from the Spring Valley mains is a particular cause of annoyance and apprehension that is disturbing the people of that part of the Mission known as Noe Valley.

Their complaints are not the result of the recent publications regarding the poor water supplied to the City. Nearly a month ago some of these people first mooted a public meeting at which they might discuss the problem of good water.

In the low districts, where the natural flush of the pipes is not so perfect, a

better opportunity seems to be given the disagreeable properties in the water to show themselves. In Noe Valley the water from the Spring Valley pipes smells bad, tastes bad and is dirty. There is a pronounced odor of decayed vegetation. Many of the consumers are chary about using the water, even after it has been filtered. They boil it before they drink it, and physicians recommend that it be boiled before it is given the sick.

Parts of Noe and Eureka valleys are supplied by the Mountain Spring Water company, a private concern with the source of its supply in the hills to the westward.

With water near them that is at least agreeable to the taste and to the smell those who are compelled to use the disagreeable solution of decayed unknowns realize more seriously their position and look doubtfully upon the collection of filth intercepted by their filters, and in some cases wonder with the evident impurities there are not germs that are responsible for several fevers in that neighborhood.

But this does not seem to be the only part of the City that has serious cause to complain of the water furnished.

Warren Temple, a lawyer, and his family, living at 2324 Sutter street, have been unable to use the water from the Spring Valley pipes for several weeks past without first boiling it. They complain that it has an offensive odor and is very disagreeable to the taste. The sample

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

The Defense in the Case of Kloss, Charged With Murder.

The prosecution in the case of Frank Kloss, charged with the murder of William Deady, closed yesterday and the defense commenced. The defense is that some time in 1889 Kloss, while working as a stagehand at the Orpheum Theater, was struck on the head with a curtain-pole, and that ever since he has not been re-

sponsible, particularly when he has taken a little liquor. Gustav Walter, one of the proprietors of the Orpheum, testified to this. P. J. Corbett, the stableman, had employed Kloss since his accident in 1889, but he had to discharge him because he was so cruel to the horses.

Kloss' brother also took the stand and told how the defendant was afflicted with epileptic fits. The case will be finished today.

A SECOND CONFERENCE.

Western Railways Ask for Another Meeting Over Utah Trade.

The Western railways leading into Utah have become dissatisfied with the result of the recent conference with the Southern Pacific at Salt Lake City. On second thought they have suddenly reconsidered their action, and are now only too anxious to undo it and talk the whole question over again. They have been forced into this peculiar position by pressure from Salt Lake merchants, and yesterday a telegram was issued by them jointly to the Southern Pacific asking for a conference to consider exactly what occupied many days in Salt Lake City.

The Southern Pacific Company replied that it would suspend action with regard to cutting rates to Ogden, and would gladly take part in a discussion of the tangled situation, provided the conference was held at an early date. These conditions were promptly accepted, and a meeting of the different railway representatives will take place in Utah's capital within two or three weeks. Meantime, there will be a cessation of hostilities between the competing railways with regard to Utah business.

The merchants of California have been looking toward Utah with great expectations, but found that the low rates of Eastern and Western roads shut out competition from the Pacific Coast. Chicago shippers could deliver merchandise in Utah on a far better basis than San Francisco merchants could.

The Southern Pacific Company saw it



was losing heavily over the Central Pacific, and he cut rates to Ogden to meet Here all the trouble started. The Union Pacific would not join the Southern Pacific in a reduction, and so practically closed Salt Lake City against California.

The merchants of that city now find that freight is taken to Ogden at lower rates than they can get, and consequently their jobbing business passes to Ogden. So they have prevailed on the Western roads to ask for another conference.

Assistant Freight Agent Sprule of the Southern Pacific Company said that his company would meet the Western lines half way on any friendly arrangement that would give the Southern Pacific business and incidentally open Utah to San Francisco merchants and interior shippers throughout California.

Havingley's minstrels are nightly beguiling the hours for Columbia Theater audiences with their light and songs and repays peculiar to comedians of the cork-backed variety.

"Madame Favart" has only a few more days to run at the Tivoli. "Carmen" is being rehearsed for next Monday.

THE MAN WITH A SECRET

An Anonymous Letter to the Coroner About His Marital Relations.

An anonymous letter was received by Coroner Hawkins yesterday respecting the unknown man who shot himself in Golden Gate Park on October 26, and who died at the City and County Hospital three days ago, his body being still unidentified at the Morgue.

If anything the letter only made the mystery of the "man who died with a secret" more of a mystery than ever. The photo in his possession, a picture of a lady, and upon this the letter attempted to throw a little light by telling the Coroner she was his wife and that he was unhappily married.

The writer was apparently as much averse to being known as was the man who shot himself. Here is the letter:

The Coroner—Dear Sir: The man found in G. G. Park on Oct. 26 is the man who died yesterday. I was well known to me. He has only been here a little over 3 months, coming here from Missouri, where he was engaged in a business whose photograph was found on person beside. He frequently expressed his desire to die owing to unhappy marital relations. I notified him, even after it has been established that he could not recover, and have just received a letter from his mother stating her desire that his body should be buried with the unknown, as he wished it.

He left his valise containing letters and other effects in my room on the day before he was found, and he said, "Good-by, George," but I did not believe the poor boy would carry out his wish, and I am sure he wishes that his body be buried and not dissected.

For many reasons he wished to be unknown when found, and so I will not betray his identity, otherwise I would come out like a man and tell you all about him. Kindly publish number of his grave in the public graveyard, as he wishes.

P. S.—I sent his valise and things to his mother, which I suppose was all right.

He was here a short time with his wife over two years ago.

The only clew to the identity of the man so far found is the silver matchbox he had, on which were the letters, "A. P. H. 1895." This matchbox was evidently given him as a Christmas souvenir at Olympia, Wash. Inquiry of A. P. Hotelling & Co., however, has not yet succeeded in establishing who or what he was.

ORPHEUM.

Tremendous Success of Our New People!

GRANTO AND MAUD, AMMON'S CLERISE TRIO, TOPACK AND STEEL.

OUR GREATSPELTY COMPANY

WHATEVER YOU DO, SHOOT THE CHUTES!

THE SENSATION OF SENSATIONS!

Open Afternoon and Evening. ADMISSION, TEN CENTS.

Haight Street, Near the Park.

CONCERTS AT 2 AND 8 P. M.

RUNNING RACES!

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB RACES, FALL MEETING!

NEW TO-DAY.

You believe in pure food, you buy the best flour, the best eggs, the best sugar, yet you have not tried the best baking powder unless you have used Cleveland's.

"Pure and Sure."

Cleveland's BAKING POWDER.

But judge for yourself. Try a can.

shown a reporter yesterday afternoon justified the complaint in every way. To a delicate stomach it would have been nauseating.

A sample of the pure and undefiled (?) Spring Valley sent to this office in a small vial by G. Peterson, a carpenter, residing at 274 Eighth street, contained an insect of little more than a quarter of an inch in length possessed a wriggling activity that was disgusting in the extreme. In shape it resembles an abridged edition of the caterpillar species, having countless small legs and long antennae. The Peterson family are warranted in the indication they feel toward the condition of affairs which makes such things possible.

MIDWEEK THEATER NOTES

De Wolf Hopper Has Achieved Popularity at the Baldwin.

Stirring Melodramas at the California Theater and the Grand Opera-House.

Even a comedian of De Wolf Hopper's standing can be by no means certain that because he is popular in New York he will likewise prove a stellar attraction in San Francisco. However, a few nights generally show which way the tide of popularity is going to flow, and judging from last night's audience at the Baldwin Theater, and the favor with which his efforts were received, the comedian has no reason to be dissatisfied with his San Francisco success.

"Wang" was much to recommend it, in addition to De Wolf Hopper, though he is its strongest point. The spectacular qualities of the production are very good, and the music, though timid, is bright and is tinged here and there with originality.

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