

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1899.

CROWDS READ THE CALL'S YACHT RACE BULLETINS

Photographs Tell the Story of the Utter Rout of Yellow Journalism and Its Faking Methods.

FROM time immemorial the woodsheds of the land have rung with the shrieks of bad boys to whom the strap of correction was being applied in the hope that they might leave off their mischievous ways and become useful members of society.

cables are famous, and one of these cables carried on one of its cable steamers will be "paid out" as the vessel follows the racing yachts.

Plainly the Examiner bad boy is a persistent brat. Undeniably his conscience cannot be quickened by punitive applications to his mendacious understanding.



A City Full of People Testifies to the Splendid Service Rendered by Signor Marconi.

at critical times. Mr. Marconi, stranger as he is in a strange land, sent a bulletin at 1:40 p. m., New York time, posted here at 10:41 a. m. by The Call, to the following effect: 1:40 p. m.—Shamrock turns. Columbia turns a few seconds later."

At 11:16 a. m., San Francisco time, he was at it again, posting a bulletin. "Columbia appears to have regained the lead." The Call, a minute before posted: "Columbia goes on port tack. Has not succeeded in reducing Shamrock's lead."

At 11:17 the Examiner boy put out this one: "1:52 p. m., Columbia has lead and is outpointing Shamrock"; and at 11:19 a. m. this one: "2 p. m., Shamrock gains a trifle in tacking, but is still behind."

How do these bulletins compare with this one from Marconi, posted by The Call at 11:22 a. m., San Francisco time: "Columbia has not been in the lead since the yachts turned the stake boat."

It's Marconi and the Examiner bad boy for it. Which will you believe? The bad boy, a few minutes later, evidently believed Marconi, for at 11:30, San Francisco time, he put the Shamrock ahead on the course, in utter disregard for another of his bulletins that read: "New York, 2:55 p. m., Columbia outpointing Shamrock and sailing like a witch in the light breezes."

But what's the use of going further? What's the use of catching the yellow kid in lies out of his own mouth? What's the use of showing the slips he made, like this ridiculous one, for instance: "N. Y., 12:28 a. m.—Mrs. Iselin comes on deck of Columbia. Wind is ten miles an hour at the Hook."

If the Mackay-Bennett was near enough to the race to see Mrs. Iselin come on the Columbia's deck how in thunder could even a pig see the wind blowing ten miles an hour at Sandy Hook?

It would tire a horse to show the ridiculousness of the yellow kid's pretensions and the hollowness of his performances, but a brief glance at the conclusion will do no harm:

At 1:31 p. m., San Francisco time, The Call posted the announcement, "Race off."

At 1:34 p. m. the Chronicle followed suit.

At 1:43 p. m. the Examiner bad boy did likewise and two minutes later he blew his tin whistle to emphasize the fact that the race was off.

Shame! shame! little yellow boy! to let your granny on the Chronicle beat you out that way. Shame!

The superiority of The Call's service was so marked that comparison is hardly necessary to convince the people of San Francisco that wireless telegraphy is an adjunct to modern journalism that places it far and away ahead of the old method.

What Sanarelli did for humanity Marconi, his distinguished countryman, has done for the progressive newspaper—made it immune to the ravages of the yellow kid.

In San Francisco the people have seen it tried, and any number of them stand ready to testify with The Call that wireless telegraphy is no experiment.

This paper received yesterday two splendid photographs showing the progress of the great yacht race.

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW WHICH WAY THE CROWDS GO.

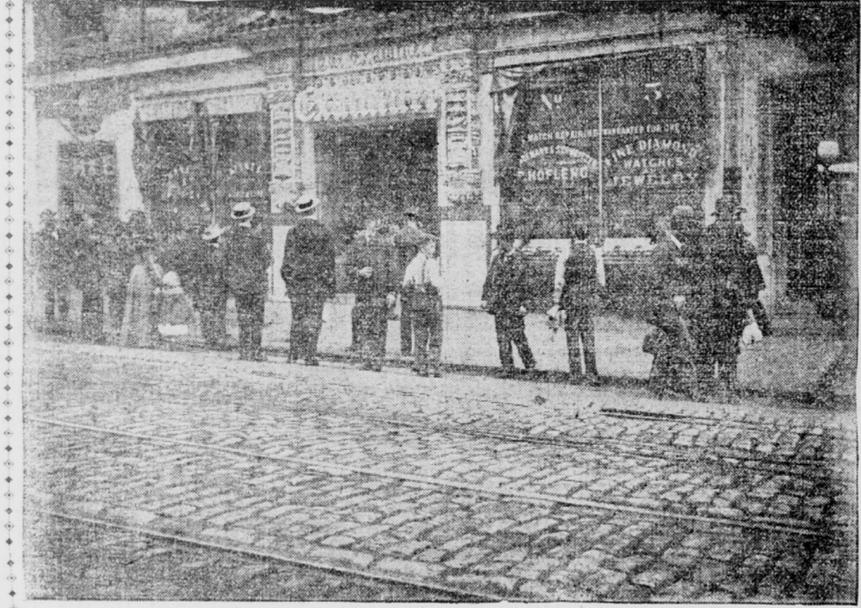
Above are two photographs taken yesterday morning in front of The Call business office during the progress of the great yacht race.

at 11:20 a. m., breeze nine knots an hour; 11:35 Shamrock takes in spinnaker, dusts it and hoists it again; 11:55 a. m., yachts about five miles from the starting point. Five miles in thirty-five minutes in a nine-knot breeze, is a mile every seven minutes.

In another section of the matutinal lie the Yellow Kid said he was trusting to no experiment, and further on, although he refrained from referring to Marconi as "Macaroni," he stuck his tongue in his sallow cheek and intimated unkind things about the distinguished Italian whose coming to this country has resulted in the yellow infant's sore lambasting.

After a few preliminary bulletins announcing the maneuverings of the yachts and the intelligence that the wind was blowing, with good promise of a race, The Call at 8:15 a. m., San Francisco time, posted a bulletin announcing that the preparatory signal gun had been fired.

At 9:55 a. m., San Francisco time, as another instance of the Examiner bad boy's "most rapidly," he put the Shamrock 200 yards ahead on the bulletin board. Two minutes later he put out a bulletin that the yachts were on even terms, racing neck and neck.



"VAST" THROUNGS IN FRONT OF EXAMINER'S BULLETINS.

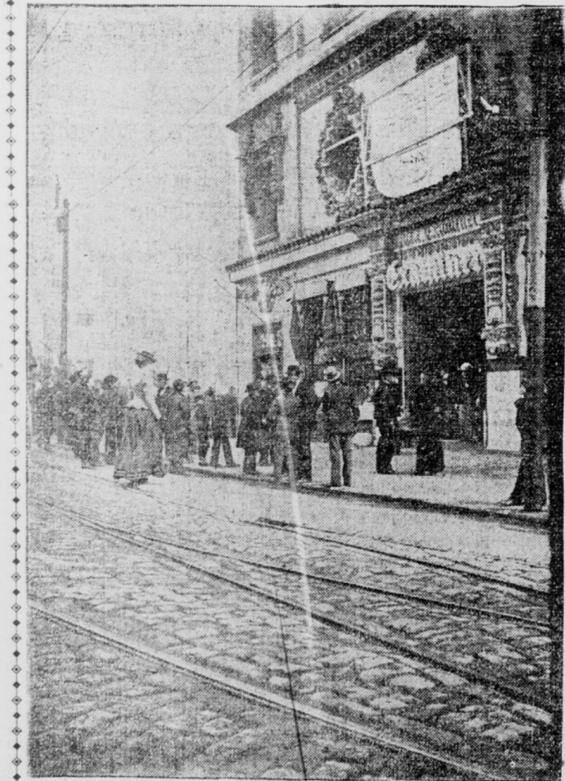
Photograph taken at 11:30 a. m. on Third street, showing the amount of interest being taken in Examiner bulletins of the great yacht race.

bright and early yesterday morning with another. Here it is:

Watch the Examiner bulletins on the yacht race! They will give the news most accurately, most fully and most rapidly. The Examiner is trusting to no experiments in telegraphy.

yacht race—stopped long enough yesterday in front of the yellow kid's hastily scribbled posters to detect the hollowness of his pretensions.

Call photographers went out yesterday morning during the progress of the great race between the Columbia and the Shamrock. They had been directed to take photographs at 10:30 o'clock and at 11:30 o'clock of the crowds in front of the office of this paper and of the Examiner.



IN FRONT OF THE EXAMINER AT 10:30 O'CLOCK.

Look at the photographs. Count the onlookers at the bulletins of the shameless yellow kid, still smarting from continued applications of the slipper. Try it on the photographs of The Call crowds. What? You give it up? You would think the shameless Examiner brat would do the same, wouldn't you? Well, the chances are that he will do nothing of the kind.

Thousands and thousands of people in this city had another opportunity yesterday to compare the bulletin service faked and furnished by the yellow kid and that sent out by Marconi on the wireless telegraph to The Call.

The Examiner bad boy, it will be noted, said in his matutinal lie: "Watch the Examiner bulletins on the yacht race! They will give the news most accurately, most fully and most rapidly."

At 11:20 a. m., New York time, the yellow kid posted a bulletin that the starting gun had been fired and the yachts were off.

And—now note the "most rapidly"—at 11:35 a. m., New York time, it posted the following: "Columbia's spinnaker flaps somewhat in the lightning breeze. The smoke of excursion craft goes straight up out by the yachts, which are now about five miles from the starting point."

ASBURY PARK—Columbia now appears to be gaining on Shamrock. The boats from here appear to be about a quarter of a mile apart. Three miles from stakeboat.

Three minutes later the Examiner Yellow Kid, having blown on the sails, caused both yachts to turn the stakeboat, Columbia leading, a minute ahead of the Shamrock. According to the yellow Examiner's own bulletins, just quoted, the Columbia had in three minutes not only overcome the Shamrock's lead of one-quarter of a mile, but both yachts had sailed three miles in three minutes.

A mile a minute. That beats Southern Pacific time all hollow. "Most rapidly," thanks to the Yellow Kid. Undoubtedly he must have been traveling with the Prince.

For all the "most rapidly" of the Yellow Kid, he could not manage to make it

The Merchants' Exchange Association OF SAN FRANCISCO. San Francisco, Oct. 7th 1899. John D. Spreckels Esq., Proprietor San Francisco Call. Dear Sir: Please accept thanks for the very complete and valuable reports furnished the "Exchange" (by your wireless system) of Columbia-Shamrock race.



CROWD AROUND THE CALL BOARD AT 10:30 O'CLOCK.