

SAN DIEGO FAIR MANAGERS HOLD FAST TO PLANS

San Francisco Delegates Find Representatives of Southern City Are Obdurate

Lyman Gage Predicts Bitter Fight in Legislature for State Appropriation

[Special Dispatch to The Call]

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 16.—Two exhibitions celebrating the completion of the Panama canal will be held in California in the year 1912 unless San Diego, after further deliberation, decides to co-operate with San Francisco in commemorating the great event.

After a fruitless conference held behind closed doors at the Alexandria hotel today, the delegations from San Francisco and San Diego, assembled here to reach an agreement regarding the claims of the two cities for the honor of holding the exposition, returned to their respective homes. San Diego refused to withdraw her claims.

Bitter Fight Predicted

Although it is believed that today's session was stormy, no statement was given out by either side. It was hinted that San Francisco was willing to concede a state fair to San Diego which would not interfere with a larger exposition and that the northern city would aid in financing the same.

That the debate was not confined to the Chesterfieldian arguments which characterized the public meeting of Saturday night was apparent from the discussion in the hotel lobby immediately after the committee adjourned.

Lyman Gage, former secretary of the treasury; Colonel D. C. Collier, director general of the proposed San Diego exposition, and Leroy A. Wright, state senator, who represented the southern city in yesterday's secret conference, predicted that the result probably would be a bitter fight in the state legislature of 1911 for an appropriation.

Moore Expresses Sorrow

Charles C. Moore, Louis Sloss and M. H. de Young represented San Francisco at today's conference.

San Francisco optimism is as much in evidence as the enthusiasm shown by those persons wearing the San Diego badges. Charles C. Moore and Charles W. Hornick, who took a prominent part in making the Portola festival a success, expressed no fear regarding the outcome, as they made preparations to board their special train for San Francisco.

"I am sorry," said Moore, "that San Diego is so unwise and maintains such a shortsighted policy as to stand in her own light. Can the citizens of that very enterprising city hope to make their western fair a success with a great international exposition open in San Francisco? Any thinking person can see the outcome. We are willing to aid San Diego in holding an exposition any other year, but we can't allow a city of 50,000 persons to stand in the way of San Francisco.

Both Sides Determined

"Why," concluded Moore, "if we went back to San Francisco and told them we had conceded to San Diego's unreasonable demands another committee would be appointed immediately and we would be fired."

"Just where the battle will end I can not say," said Colonel D. C. Collier of San Diego. "I firmly believe the state legislature will support us in our attempt to aid not only San Diego, but the entire south. San Diego, and not San Francisco, is the logical place to hold an exposition of the south, for the south and by the south. The great southwest never has had an exposition. San Francisco has had her carnivals, her Portola exhibitions and other events. They do not need the fair, and the south does. The south is back of us, and anything that southern California backs will come pretty near to being a success."

BRUGUIERE HAS LOST TRACK OF HIS DIVORCE

Doesn't Know Nor Care If He's Married or Single

Emil Bruguiere, dilettante in art, literature, matrimony and music, was not certain yesterday if he was married or interlockingly single. Friends who read in the morning papers that the court of Monterey county had granted an interlocutory decree of divorce in the action pending between Mrs. Vesta Bruguiere and the nonchalant husband hastened to have a word with him about his new freedom.

"I don't know anything about it," Bruguiere responded to the remarks of his friends. "I haven't heard if I am married or divorced or what has happened. I don't care much, either." Mrs. Bruguiere was a guest at the St. Francis yesterday, dwelling under the same roof with her former husband. However, Bruguiere's curiosity was not great enough to induce him to ask her if they were married or single.

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DESIGNS 40 FOOT YACHT FOR LOCAL CAPITALIST

Gothamite Plans Tahoe Pleasure Craft for E. G. Schmiedell [Special Dispatch to The Call] NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Charles D. Mower has completed the designs of a 40 foot powerboat for E. G. Schmiedell of San Francisco, to be used for hunting and fishing on Lake Tahoe. It will probably be built in California, although the owner has not yet announced his intentions definitely in this regard. The boat is of the cruiser type, with an unusually large cockpit and cabin accommodations under a raised deck forward.

ONE DEAD AND TEN HURT IN TRAIN WRECK

Fast Passenger Crashes Into Freight While Rounding Sharp Curve

Young Woman Proves Herself a Heroine by Aiding Injured People

PINCKNEYVILLE, Ill., Jan. 16.—One person was killed and 10 others were injured in a collision between the St. Louis and Memphis special on the Illinois Central bound for St. Louis and a freight train near this city at 6 o'clock this morning. Miss T. H. McKenzie of Lulu, Miss., a college girl, he was one of the passengers cut and bruised, proved herself to be possessed of courage and kindness. As soon as she had extricated herself from the wreck, ignoring her own wounds, she gave aid and comfort to the other injured, binding up their cuts and maimed limbs. To secure bandages she tore up her skirts.

Dashes Into Freight

The train was due in St. Louis at 8 o'clock and was running at high speed when it dashed into the freight on a curve.

KILLED

CARL E. KITCHEN, fireman on passenger train, East St. Louis. INJURED H. J. BROWN, Memphis, head cut and internal injuries. LISTER TYRELL, Hannibal, Mo., head cut and internal injuries. W. M. VAN LEAR, Philadelphia, neck twisted and internal injuries. ALFRED PIRRON, Memphis, left side crushed. T. FELBER, Cleveland O., back and neck injured. C. BINALDO, Columbus, O., neck and wrist twisted. J. R. WARD, Memphis, broken ankle and internal injuries. R. B. WILSON, negro porter, neck and shoulder wrenched. E. H. POPE, passenger engineer, East St. Louis, cuts and internal injuries. MISS T. H. MCKENZIE, Lulu, Miss., cuts and bruises.

Accident on Curve

The freight ran back to a water tank, a quarter of a mile south of the city, on the special's time. The passenger train rounded a sharp curve and crashed into the freight train head on before the crew could make a move to stop. The engine was demolished and the baggage car was piled on top of it. Fireman Kitchen was killed instantly. All the injured were in the day coaches.

Four Killed in Wreck

LEADVILLE, Colo., Jan. 16.—In a freight wreck early this morning on the Colorado Midland, near Busk tunnel, four men were killed and three others injured.

KILLED

H. C. SMITH, Leadville, conductor. MARSHALL RICH, Cardiff, fireman. H. D. FAIR, Cardiff, brakeman. EDWARD DAVESPORT, Van, Mich.

INJURED

HENRY FOREST, Leadville, engineer, leg broken. W. E. LANDLOIS, Leadville, brakeman, badly bruised and shaken up. BERT HARTER, Grand Rapids, Mich., shoulder injured.

Extra freight No. 6, eastbound, consisting of 11 cars, started down the steep grade from the east portal of the Busk-Ivanhoe tunnel to Arkansas Junction. The train had gone three miles when the air failed to work properly. The speed soon became terrific and the train roared down the mountain side. At Windy Point there is a sharp curve, and the engine and cars left the track and plunged down the steep declivity. Harter and Davenport were riding in a boxcar. Harter was thrown more than 200 feet and landed in a snow-drift practically unhurt. He made his way toward the wreck and found Engineer Forest 50 feet from his engine, buried under the ruins of a boxcar. The body of Fireman Rich was found under the engine, cut completely in two. Davenport was found under a boxcar.

One Dead and Ten Injured

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Jan. 16.—One passenger was killed, a brakeman was fatally injured and nine other passengers were seriously hurt in a head-on collision early today between the fast passenger trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad at Keystone, 25 miles west of here.

KILLED

MRS. LOUIS ZEE, Cleveland, Tex. FATALITY INJURED RALPH MORROW, brakeman, Marion, Ia., legs broken and internally injured. INJURED A. K. GRIFFIN, Chicago, baggage man, leg broken. CARL PRAILES, newborn, Burlington, Wis., ribs broken. M. SAZTMALL, Council Bluffs, Ia. JOSEPH ZEFFER, Omaha. LOUIS ZEE, Cleveland, Tex. R. MUSHKIN, Cedar Rapids, Ia. MAMIE MUSKINE, Cedar Rapids, Ia. MICHAEL DONTRICH, Chicago. GEORGE KLINGER, Marion, Ia.

The crash was terrific. Passengers were thrown into heaps and in the panic that followed those who were not pinned beneath debris broke through windows and climbed out to safety. At first it was thought that many had

GAMBLING FOR FUN DEFENDED BY CLERGYMAN

Rev. Fletcher Cook Declares There Is No Wrong in Taking a Chance

Associate Pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church Compares Theaters and Cathedrals

"There is no wrong in taking a chance. Our whole life is a chance. When you run for a streetcar it is a chance. Why, I played poker myself when I went to college. I have gone to the racetrack with members of my congregation, and we all chipped in and made a pool to play on a certain horse to win. I go to the Orpheum every week. If more clergymen went to the shows and sat in the front row it would check those players who show a tendency to be suggestive."—Rev. Fletcher Cook, associate pastor Trinity Episcopal church.

Following a sermon, somewhat unusual for its wide latitude and viewpoint, delivered at Trinity Episcopal church last night, Rev. Fletcher Cook, associate pastor of the church, in explanation of it went still further, declaring openly that he had in the past placed a bet on a horse race at the track, maintaining that gambling for personal fun and pleasure was not in itself vicious.

Defends Wagers and Theaters

"If I gamble with a friend," he declared, "and there is no bitterness nor anger about the transaction I maintain that there is no wrong done. But if I gambled with a man who could not afford to lose the amount or who took his loss in bad part, then I would return him his money." The topic of gambling will be discussed by Rev. Mr. Cook from the pulpit next Sunday and will be one of a series of its kind which he is delivering. The sermon last night was on the stage and it was marked by the same freedom of thought and expression as characterized his views on gambling. He took as his text "All life is a stage" and opened by pointing out that the theater was the outgrowth of religion. "Churches and cathedrals were once the theaters," he said, "priests the actors and congregations the audiences. Then came Puritanism.

Plea for Joy and Peace

"The stage was condemned and it has never quite recovered from the results of that era. It is still condemned by a host of people, most of whom, like their Puritan ancestors, put pietism for piety, religionism for religion and churchism for Christianity. The play represents the resting, recuperating world, just as the press represents the working world and the church the mental world. "If Christian people sit in groups feeling each other's religious pulses to find out the aches and pains of the soul what they need is a physician, for they are religiously sick. Let our religion be what it should be, full of joy and song and peace—recreative as the play is—and the church will be as popular as the theater.

"The stage is a full length portrait of us and we go from the play new men and women if we have selected the right play to see. It depends on us. We write the play. We stage it. We play it, or what is the same, we have it played for us. The play is to please us. If we are displeased it will be rewritten. If we are pleased it will be repeated.

Plays Good and Bad

"Now to the point. Is the theater bad? Some of it is. Some of it is vile. Some of it is splendid. Some of it is better than a lot of sermons and much truer to truth and life. Therefore it is for us to select the plays that will help us, whatever they may be. Some need one kind and some another. "Never go to a play that harms you mentally, spiritually or physically. Do not any more take in a bad play in your system than a spoiled piece of meat. They will both poison you. Do not go on Sunday. The best actors deplore the necessity of the Sunday theater. Keep your spirit free from desecration.

"If you will stay away from the immodest and bad play, if you will stay away from the theater on Sunday and if you will uphold the clean and decent play, then the problem will be solved. For, after all, it is the public that stages the play, as it edits the newspaper."

MINING ENGINEER IS CALLED BY DEATH

William B. Murdoch Passes Away in Oakland

OAKLAND, Jan. 16.—William B. Murdoch, a prominent mining engineer who had lived in Oakland for 29 years, died this afternoon at his home, 650 Sixtieth street. He was 74 years of age and a native of England.

During his career in California he exploited many famous mines and was connected with numerous big mining deals. A widow and two children, J. Stewart Murdoch and Miss Rosa Murdoch, survive him. The funeral will be held from the family home tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

TAKES POISON IN EFFORT TO FOLLOW BABY

Laura McDonald Makes Another Attempt at Suicide and May Succumb

Letter to Miss Maud Younger Says Death Is Preferable to Insanity

Twice led away from the shadows of death, Laura McDonald, the girl wife



who, last May, shot and killed her baby and who later was acquitted on a charge of murder, endeavored for a third time last night to find a final rest for her grief-laden spirit. Her desperation drove her to an attempt on her own life. The probabilities are that in this she will be successful and close with a pathetic death a life of sorrow. She is now in the Mission emergency hospital, but no hopes for her recovery are held out. It was the first time since her acquittal of the murder charge that she found herself alone, and then, scribbling a pitiful little note of farewell, she started to seek the baby she had killed. She drank a quantity of laudanum, but not satisfied with this alone, she turned on the gas, placing the tube in her mouth.

Found Near Death's Door

When found she was at death's door. Her masses of golden hair almost hid the childlike face, tense with the agony of approaching death. Since her release she has been living at 3448 Mission street in the home of Miss Maud Younger, who took her in charge and it was there that she attempted suicide.

This will in all probability be the final act of a life of sorrow heaped on sorrow, of continuing grief and of tragedy.

"May fate use you more kindly that it has me," she wrote in a last letter to Miss Younger. "The call of my baby is irresistible. I have long had a desire to follow my baby boy. I have tried to overcome this desire. I can not call my boy to me, so I must go to him."

Though but 21 years of age she has in her brief life known suffering in its every shape. As a child in New Mexico she was sent to work in the houses of neighbors. Later, moving to Arizona, she met and married McDonald, the younger son of an English family. With the birth of the baby he fled, leaving her alone.

Struggle of Young Mother

Struggling as best she could she made her way to Los Angeles, where McDonald met her again. Together they came on to San Francisco and here he once again deserted her. The girl, going home from work one night, discovered that her husband had robbed her of her little stock of money, rifled the trunks and deserted her. Thereupon, quietly and without a word to anybody she prepared her baby for his cradle. She dressed him in his best clothes and then, taking a revolver, placed it against his heart and pulled the trigger.

Heart Burdened With Grief

When the door was burst open she was found lying across the wee dead form with a half emptied bottle of carbolic acid in her hand. Her baby was dead, but she lived and had to face the gallows. From that shame she

Ship Loses Sails And Springs Leak During Hurricane

Captain Paul Rappmundt, master of the wrecked schooner San Buenaventura, his wife and two children, who were saved from the sinking vessel by the timely arrival of the steam schooner Fairhaven, which rescued the 10 people on the derelict.



'HAVE HAD MY HELL,' SAYS ARTIST'S WIFE

Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy, in Letter to Husband, Refers to "Inner Secrets"

[Special Dispatch to The Call] ZANESVILLE, O., Jan. 16.—The secrets of the life of Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy may be laid bare this week in court. These are referred to in a letter which Mrs. Christy wrote to her husband from New York on November 13, 1909.

In this letter Mrs. Christy acknowledged receipt of a check for \$2,500, for which she thanks her husband. Then she referred to her "inner secrets."

"I have appealed to you without success, so now I am going to be frank," she wrote. "I want to marry again. I have a chance now and I don't see why it isn't better all around to get a decent divorce and end it."

"This man is himself a divorcee and a splendid character. There is nothing to anger you, for he has treated me with the tenderest consideration and gentleness. He knows the inner secrets of my life and understands.

"And if one man thinks I am fine enough to be cared for honestly, I can not see why I ought to be denied it. I have had my hell and I want a little glimpse of heaven."

SUNDAY BASEBALL IS WANTED BY OHIOANS

Assembly May Pass Bill Legalizing the Sport

[Special Dispatch to The Call]

CINCINNATI, Jan. 16.—Four big delegations to the Ohio general assembly have come out openly for Sunday baseball in this state and will support the bill to be introduced this week by Representative Gilligan of Cincinnati to make baseball a legal Sunday amusement.

The delegations which will support the measure are those from Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus and Toledo. All the members say it is wrong to have the matter left to the mayor of a city, and that the best thing to do is to change the civil code, putting it under the jurisdiction of the general assembly.

All say they will vote for Gilligan's bill. The passage of the bill will do away with the danger of any injury to schedules of the various leagues represented in the state.

CREW OF SCHOONER PICKED UP

San Buenaventura's Captain, His Wife, Children and Sailors, Rescued

Taken From Waterlogged Derelict in Nick of Time to Save Their Lives



A STORY of storm and wreck, softened in its hardship by a woman's bravery and immortalized by her love, was brought to San Francisco yesterday afternoon with the survivors of the lost schooner San Buenaventura, which was abandoned off Northwest Seal rocks, near Crescent City, Friday evening. The steam schooner Fairhaven rescued the captain, his wife and children and the crew from the old schooner, sunk to her deck line and washed fore and aft by every sea.

Battered by Storm

The San Buenaventura left Eureka Wednesday morning for Altata, Mexico, with a cargo of lumber. She encountered a driving southeaster, fought it for two days, while rigging, sails and deck load were swept away, and then, weakened with her 33 years of service on the sea, gave in to the battering of the storm. Had the Fairhaven not hove in sight the 10 persons aboard the San Buenaventura would surely have been lost, for the little schooner is now going to pieces off Rogue river near Gold Beach, with only her bow above water on the rocks.

With Captain Paul Rappmundt was his wife, their 16 year old son Paul Jr. and the baby, Hector, 3 months old. All, with the six men in the crew, were taken from the vessel in safety, but Captain Rappmundt would have been lost on the 170 foot schooner, bound to stick by her to the last, had not his wife threatened to throw herself in the sea if he did not come into the lifeboat with her.

Remains With Husband

"If you stay with the schooner they I stay; we will send the children to the Fairhaven," she said to her husband as they stood waist deep in water in the cabin, with the old vessel settling deeper and deeper every moment. Captain Rappmundt told her he would go with her to the rescuing steamer, and so persuaded her to take her children into the lifeboat careening in the great seas that were sweeping over them. Then, alone on the vessel, the captain waved his hand in farewell to those in the lifeboat, and motioned them to row back to the Fairhaven and leave him to attempt to weather the storm on his old craft.

"You must come or I will throw myself into the sea," his wife cried, when she saw that her husband intended, after all, to stay by the vessel.

"You may save the San Buenaventura but you will lose me!" Despite the pitching of the lifeboat the woman stood up as if to carry out her intention, and at that Rappmundt capitulated and signaled the boat to come alongside. "How did my wife take it?" he said