

Rip Van Winkle

Booklovers, awake! Wednesday will be the last day for getting ALL the back contest pictures free!

THE CALL



THE WEATHER
YESTERDAY—Highest temperature, 66;
lowest Saturday night, 50.
FORECAST FOR TODAY—Fair; light
northwest wind.
For Details of the Weather see page 11

VOLUME CXI.—NO. 11.

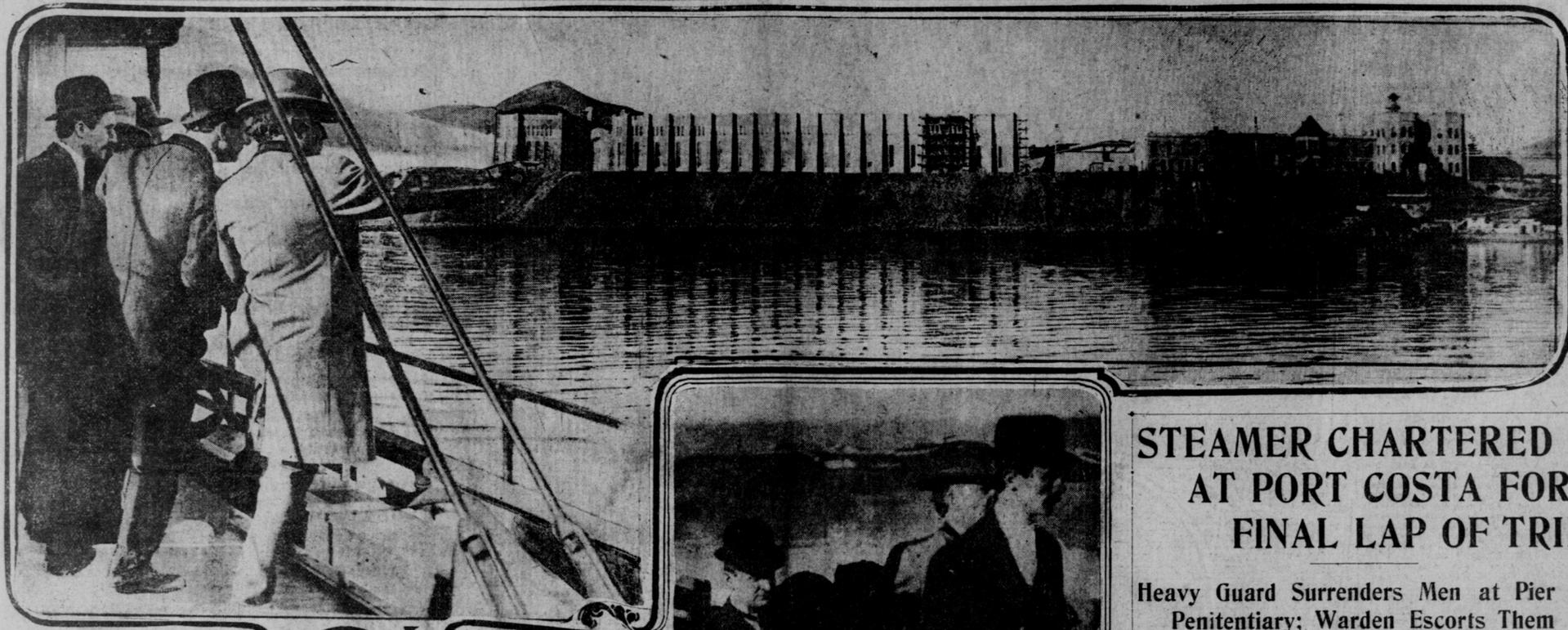
SAN FRANCISCO, MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SAN QUENTIN PRISON GATES CLOSE ON McNAMARAS John J. Assumes Martyr's Air---Younger Brother Grows Bitter

THE McNAMARA BROTHERS ON BOARD THE CAROLINE AS THEY APPROACHED THE GRIM WALLS OF SAN QUENTIN

On the right in the group of men is Sheriff Hammel of Los Angeles, pointing to the main entrance of the prison in prison, and on his left the man with the mustache is James B. McNamara, who is looking at the place where in all probability he will spend the remainder of his life.



The McNamara brothers, between Sheriff Hammel and one of his deputies, as they stepped ashore from the Caroline yesterday at San Quentin.

STEAMER CHARTERED AT PORT COSTA FOR FINAL LAP OF TRIP

Heavy Guard Surrenders Men at Pier of Penitentiary; Warden Escorts Them Within Walls and Assigns One Cell for Both

JAMES B. McNAMARA, admitted murderer, and his brother, John J. McNamara, confessed dynamiter, at 10:05 yesterday morning were locked in San Quentin prison, the former sentenced for the rest of his life and the latter for a term of 15 years. As far as the state of California is concerned, its activity against the brothers stopped at that moment. Now, passively, it will let them expiate their crime.

James B. McNamara set the dynamite bomb which exploded at the Los Angeles Times building at 1 o'clock on the morning of October 1, 1910, and caused the loss of 21 lives. The state has sequestered the brothers for the rest of his life, unless he is pardoned, as punishment, and with what other motives constitute penal philosophy. J. J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron workers, confessed to being responsible for the placing of the bomb which partly destroyed the Llewellyn Ironworks in Los Angeles. The term of 15 years' imprisonment imposed upon him will be shortened by good behavior. The two brothers will occupy the same cell, contrary to the usual rule with imprisoned kin.

Little Time Lost

The McNamaras confessed their specified crimes on December 1. On December 5 they were sentenced to imprisonment in San Quentin. Los Angeles was eager to be rid of the two unwelcome guests. If there is much further investigation it is more eager that the odium of it fall on San Francisco, if culpability can be traced here.

Boat Is Boarded

The brothers had a brief excursion into the sunshine prior to their long commitment into the shadows. They came north from Los Angeles on the Owl limited train. At Port Costa the train stopped and Sheriff Hammel of Los Angeles county took his heavily guarded men off the car in which they had passed the night, put them on the bay steamer Caroline, Captain W. G. Leale, and transported them to Point San Quentin, down San Pablo bay. Handcuffed together, the brothers stood on the forward deck of the boat. As the vessel passed Giant, the site of the powder works familiar to the younger brother, "J. B.," as the place where he purchased the explosive with which to destroy the Times building, the McNamaras stood with their backs to the momentous landmark.

Younger Is Sullen

The younger brother, the confessed murderer, conducted himself with the same air of sullen abnegation that has characterized him since his arrest in April. It was John J., the elder, stronger and more intelligent man, who was changed by the approach to his penal home. He had lost his bravado, the carriage of his well shaped head that had had something leonine about it before he had to acknowledge his guilt before the world, had changed: The smile that had been a sneer when it was not inscrutable,

GASES IN MINE DELAY SEARCH FOR 100 DEAD

Rescue Force Overcome After Penetrating Two Miles to Main Entry Head

RICEVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 10.—Somewhere in the depths of Cross Mountain Coal mine probably 100 men lie dead tonight, while their sorrow stricken families keep vigilance at the mouth of their tomb, hoping against hope that their loved ones may be alive when rescuers reach them.

Eight mangled bodies were brought forth by nightfall, when search was abandoned for the day. Outside the immediate families of the entombed men, no one in this little mountain village believes that any living thing in the mine has survived the terrific explosion of coal dust that wrecked the workings Saturday morning.

Gas Overcomes Rescuers

For more than 36 hours every surviving miner in this region has tolled with no thought of food, sleep, or pay, to remove the debris and force fresh air into the innermost recesses of the mine. Tonight they practically had penetrated to the main entry head, nearly two miles in. Tomorrow they expect to be ready to work the cross entries in which the great mass of bodies undoubtedly were caught by the blast.

Black damp developed late today and stopped progress for a time, but soon the silent force pushed dauntlessly on, some of them till they were carried out overcome by the noxious gases. Thousands of the morbidly curious flocked into Riceville today and crowded about the main entry of the mine. They saw nothing but the pitiable grief of the stricken families.

Families Need Assistance

There is hardly a family in the entire Coal Creek valley that has not felt the touch of death. The problem of caring for the widows and orphans is great, requiring immediate solution. Certainly Riceville will be unable to care for her living with most of her wage earners numbered among the dead.

Food is scarce tonight, but plentiful supplies are promised for tomorrow from Knoxville. So far there has been little suffering among the families of those who lost their lives.

It has been impossible to get any authentic figures on the exact number of men in the mine when the explosion occurred. Mine officers have given out no statement. It has also been impossible to get any check on the men who went to work yesterday morning. That it is more than 100 is certain and that they are all dead seems almost as certain.

That the blackdamp will be driven Continued on Page 3, Column 6



James B. McNamara and John J. McNamara. Indianapolis, Ind.

Snapshots of the McNamara brothers taken yesterday morning, and facsimiles of their signatures written in the logbook of the Caroline.

WOMAN KILLED TO SILENCE EVIL TALK

Warning to Keep Still or Suffer Consequences Sent Before Stabbing Near Home

[Special Dispatch to The Call]
SPOKANE, Dec. 10.—The whole detective force is working tonight on the case of Anna Webber, aged 22, found dead on the path leading to her home on the river bank Friday morning. The theory is that she was murdered because she knew too much regarding a society scandal.

The girl's uncle says she was warned a few days ago to "keep still or suffer the consequences" after she is alleged to have seen a former mistress, a wealthy society woman, with an army officer.

It has been discovered that a call for the girl to assist at a society party in the home of J. A. Finch, a Spokane millionaire, was not genuine. The police have abandoned the theory of murder for robbery, because her money was unharmed, also because a knife, not a highwayman's weapon, was driven through her head.

MERCHANT IS STRICKEN AT PANQUET AND DIES

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 10.—Arthur Benedict Mullen, manager and principal owner of a local clothing firm, died this morning at the Sisters' hospital, following a stroke of apoplexy he suffered last night while attending a banquet. He was 38 years old.

DOWNTOWN FIRE THREATENS RUIN

Big Office Structures Menaced by Fierce Blaze, Which Attracts Crowd

A three alarm fire that destroyed a one story wood and sheet iron building at 221-21 Market street at 9 o'clock last night threatened a number of big business buildings adjacent and provided a spectacle for a great Sunday night crowd, although the damage amounted to barely \$5,000. The fire started in the store of the A. Kesbles Photo Card company, and hardly had the first alarm been sounded before the flames, eating into a stock of shoe dressing composed of paraffine and oil, shot 50 feet into the air and seemingly set fire to the entire structure at once.

The first firemen arriving directed their efforts toward saving the nearby buildings, and not until the third alarm had brought out 12 engines, three trucks, two water batteries, three chemicals and a water tower was the department able to cope with the fire.

In the burning building, besides the photo card company, were six other firms: Jo Heringue, notions; A. Adoni, picture cards; a photograph gallery; V. Belinsky, crayon artist; Jacobs Fruit company, and Mrs. Thomas O'Neill, jewelry and second hand goods. The tenants rented from Mrs. O'Neill, who in turn leased the building from the William H. Crocker company. No insurance was carried, as the insurance companies had canceled policies after a blaze in the structure nearly a year ago.

BANDIT IS KILLED BY MAN ATTACKED

Companion of Thug Flees After Struggle in Apartment House Vestibule

By slaying a one armed man who had attacked him and putting the other to flight at the Dolores apartments, 2306 Market street, Charles F. W. Webber, a saloon man, prevented a daring hold-up and possibly saved his own life early yesterday morning. The men waited for him in the vestibule of the apartment house, knowing that he wore \$2,000 worth of jewelry. Webber was felled by blows from the revolver butts of the robbers, but succeeded in drawing his own weapon and firing a shot that killed one of the thugs and summoned help.

The dead man was taken to the city morgue, where attempts to identify him were without success. Webber, as a formality, was charged with manslaughter at the city prison and released on \$1,000 cash bail.

Webber was returning home from his work and had reached the vestibule of the apartment house before he noticed that two men were standing in the doorway. As he started to unlock the door a blow on the head felled him to the floor, while a second blow glanced from his shoulder.

As he fell, Webber drew his revolver and fired at one of the thugs who was bending over him. As the robber fell forward with a bullet near the heart, the second man, tall and muscular, leaped upon Webber.

A fight for possession of the latter's revolver followed. Webber, a little wry man, tried to turn his pistol upon his opponent, but the robber was stronger and wrested the weapon from Webber's grasp. The saloon man dodged behind one of the vestibule doors, thinking that his assailant would fire, but the bandit leaped down the front steps and fled.

RACING AUTO KILLS DRIVER OF WAGON

Attempt to Beat Time Record in Run Around City Ends in Tragedy

Speeding 70 miles an hour through fog and darkness, attempting to break a record, Oscar Cooper, automobile salesman and demonstrator, drove a big racing machine into a farm wagon driven by Bartolomeo Paramedame in Sloat boulevard before dawn yesterday, killing Paramedame and injuring two other men.

Harold Curry, alternate driver of the racer, one of the injured, was taken to the park hospital in a serious condition, suffering from cuts and contusions and possibly internal injuries. Domingo Drandano, riding on the wagon, was thrown a considerable distance. After recovering consciousness he hurried to a house near by and telephoned for aid.

Cooper emerged from the wreckage of car and wagon unhurt. Later at the park hospital he surrendered to Patrolman A. L. Martin and was charged with manslaughter at the city prison, from which he was released on \$1,000 cash bail.

Paramedame was breathing when an ambulance arrived, but died a few minutes after reaching the city and county hospital. His head and chest had been crushed. The body was removed to the morgue and later taken to an undertaker's establishment. Curry was carried to the park hospital, where it was said that he probably would recover, although he had received painful injuries.

The wreckage of machine and wagon with the bodies of the horses remained in the roadway for some time, and a guard was stationed to prevent other automobilists running into the wreckage.

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