

ENSLAVING JAPS.

Scheme for Coolie Labor in Guatemala.

LOCAL DUPES OF EDMUNDS.

How Two Sixth-Street Men Went Blackbirding.

A LITTLE TRIP TO THE TROPICS.

Disastrous Ending of a Once Noted Company—Difficulty of Getting Contracts on a Photograph.

Some months ago the San Francisco public was treated with the various escapades of an Englishman, who styled himself H. Sanderson Edmunds.



FRANK A. SWEETZER.

under the laws of California, and called "The Central and South American and Oriental Commercial Company."

STOLE HER LOVE.

Donald Ross Accused of Betrayal.

O. F. Dahlstrom Wants \$10,000 for the Alienation of His Wife's Affections.

A suit has been filed in the Superior Court which looks like being sensational in character when it comes up for hearing.

Mr. Sweetzer, however, was equal to the occasion. He was in receipt of friends of Sweetzer, Thomas Beveritt and a man named Charlton took passage on the Pacific Mail steamer City of Sydney for San Benito, Mexico.

Mr. Sweetzer got into trouble in Tapachula over a horse with an American negro named Thompson. As Sweetzer had all the money he could get out of the place as we could, by night, and get over into Guatemala.

"I could get no satisfaction from the Government officials to have Sweetzer brought back and so I sold what little jewelry I had and my friend and myself managed to get to Guatemala City, from

where some of the Americans made arrangements for us to get back here on the steamer.

"I saw President Barrios in the capital and he was very kind to me, and he told me he would see that Sweetzer would not do any coolie contract business in his republic, as he was opposed to it.

"The Japanese Government, you know, sent a representative there some time back to write up this business for them prior to entering into a treaty with Guatemala. This Jap became very well known among the planters in the course of his investigation, and in some way Sweetzer obtained his picture, and the last time I heard of him he was representing himself as the agent of this Jap, whose name was Shima Mats, and was trying to get contracts on the strength of his having his picture.

"I tell you I am only too glad to get back here again with a whole skin, although this business has cost in all about \$700, which we have been swindled out of by misrepresentation and fraud, and I wish my friends do not ever wish to be connected with any more 'blackbirding' expeditions."

Frank A. Sweetzer, who did his two friends up so badly on the scheme, was formerly in the employ of a large publishing-house in this city. His former employers speak well of him as an honorable young man, but state he was always chasing after some visionary wildcat scheme for making money quickly.

FAIR DIRECTORS ENJOINED.

Restrained From Removing a Baking Powder Booth.

The directors of the Midwinter Fair have locked horns with the Cleveland Baking Powder Company and a long and spicy conflict in the United States Circuit Court will probably be the result.



THOMAS BEVERITT.

The Cleveland Company was given permission to build a booth for the exhibition of its wares in the Manufacturers' Building. A costly structure designed by A. Page Brown was erected and the company had taken possession. Then the trouble commenced.

THE HORROR OF A FISHERMAN.

Crazed by the Deliberate Shooting of James Cully on the City of Sydney.

A STORY NOW FULLY TOLD.

Graphically Recited by Some Eye-Witnesses.

The principal witness is George W. Charlton, an ex-engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, who was the last man to leave the steamer when the fatal bullet fired by the hand of Albert Stench pierced the forehead of Cully, scattering his brains over the mess table.

Stench was permitted to escape at Manzanillo, Mexico, without so much as a trial. He made a statement to several parties after he had landed to the effect that it had cost him nearly \$1000 to "square the case."

When the City of Sydney sailed from San Francisco there were among her steerage passengers the principals in the tragedy of four days later, seventeen sailors from the United States steamship Boston, the witnesses quoted in this story and passed between the directors, and becoming weary he called upon the aid of Campbell, Reddy & Watson for assistance.

Two-thirds of the people in the steerage, not excepting several of the steamer's crew, were intoxicated.

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CULTY'S MURDER.

Full Particulars of a Mid-sea Tragedy.

A STORY NOW FULLY TOLD.

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THE HORROR OF A FISHERMAN.

Crazed by the Deliberate Shooting of James Cully on the City of Sydney.

Two eye-witnesses to the shooting of James Cully on board the Pacific Mail steamer City of Sydney last December, have arrived in town from Guatemala and gave to a CALL reporter yesterday the only correct account of the affair.

The principal witness is George W. Charlton, an ex-engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, who was the last man to leave the steamer when the fatal bullet fired by the hand of Albert Stench pierced the forehead of Cully, scattering his brains over the mess table.

The story of Cully's death came to this city in a roundabout way and was never half told. Of special interest are the statements made by Charlton and several of his fellow passengers on the Sydney showing the utter lack of discipline on the steamer, the drunken rows that occurred between decks the moment the Sydney left the wharf at San Francisco, and the placing of the steamer's steward and his assistant in irons for each of discipline.

BELL'S FINANCING

Involves Him in Serious Trouble.

An Insurance Agent Who Has Developed a Penchant for His Employer's Coin.

Francis V. Bell, a young man about town, whose claim to a standing in the business community is based on some ability he possesses which runs toward insurance and to whom social recognition came several years ago when he passed as the captain of a swell military organization, is in serious trouble.

It is several years since Bell first became known to San Franciscans. He was in the employ of General W. H. L. Barnes at the time and attended to that gentleman's financial interests.

As a collector of fees Mr. Bell proved quite a success. He was connected with the Merchants' Retail Company of Chicago, and took charge of its general local business interests.

When questioned relative to the matter he examined the bill and found it was a change would do him good and felt that he was obliged to give a more detailed explanation of the affair.

The discovery completely fanned Mr. Colquhoun to be had undertaken the idea that his agent was a very honest fellow, and thinking that perhaps he had made a mistake decided to look into the matter.

John Curtin, the detective, was the assistant chosen and he went to work with a will. In a short time he had accumulated an abundance of evidence to prove that Bell had been at his old tricks again and then he sought an interview with the latter.

The bill was for several hundred dollars, but the woman expressed a belief that it could never be collected.

Mr. Bell sneak-out of my house at midnight, and carried his trunk and baggage along. He never came near me again, and when I went after him he totally ignored me, so I hardly think he will make an effort to pay his bill."

WE WILL LEAVE IT TO YOU!

We will wager you something handsome and leave it to you that your face is not as smooth as your last photo. The photographer's pencil rubbed out the spots. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla will remove the blemishes from the original. It makes the face like the picture.

JOY'S IS THE ONLY SARSAPARILLA THAT DOES NOT CREATE UGLY ERUPTIONS WHILE USING.

He said, "You little viper, I've got it in for you."

The cattlemen clenched his teeth, turned pale in his seat and said: "If ever you place your hands on me you are a dead man."

Cully's face turned livid. He clenched his fists, and made a move toward the little man from Provo, who looked rigidly at him and never moved a muscle.

"I repeat," said Stench, "that I will never let you place your hands on me."

Seeing that there was going to be some shooting, as Stench's pistol was visible behind the folds of his coat, all but four of the witnesses, including the Portuguese, Juan, started for the companion-way and rushed to the upper deck.

A quick flash of burnished steel, a flame of fire and a loud report and James Cully fell dead at the cattlemen's feet.

A bullet had penetrated his forehead to his brain and blown the brain substance all over the mess table and bulkhead wall.

Stench rose from his seat and walked to the companion-way, then to the upper deck, and drawing his pistol through an open port-hole.

Juan uttered a yell and flew to the upper deck, quickly followed by the other witnesses.

The poor old Portuguese rushed wildly about the steamer, and from that time on was a raving and dangerous maniac, who twice during the remainder of the voyage tried to take his own life.

Stench had to fly from Mexico, as the authorities there looked upon him as a murderer.

Stench has sworn to kill George Ankers, me of Sydney, and, as he said, no reason is given for his making this threat.

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LAWYERS AT WAR.

Shall the Blythe Block Be Rebuilt?

FREESE'S PETITION OPPOSED.

Judge Coffey Indisposed to Enter Into Speculation.

WHAT VARIOUS CLAIMANTS SAY.

Propheesied That the End of the Administration Will Be the End of the World.

There is a most determined opposition on the part of all the attorneys connected with the Blythe estate litigation to the proposal of Public Administrator Freese to rebuild the Blythe block on Market street.

Captain Freese wants to erect two buildings on the site, one to cost \$48,000 and the other \$35,000, by way of improving the property and adding to the income from the estate.

All the contestants to the claims of Florence Blythe-Hinckley are opposed to this, but it was not until yesterday that any practical opposition was shown by Florence herself.

However, yesterday afternoon, a few



WELL-KNOWN LAWYERS FOR CLAIMANTS OF THE BLYTHE ESTATE.

minutes before the matter came up in court, Attorney-General Hart filed a formal answer to the petition of the Public Administrator, in which it was alleged that the court had no jurisdiction to make the order asked for.

It was evident from the first that the whole proposition could not be thrashed out then and there. Hart wanted a continuance, and so did the other attorneys engaged.

Not much in the way of a conclusion was come to by this, however, as it turned out that the estimate of Mr. Mahoney differed from that of the other attorneys employed by the insurance companies in the sum of \$2065.

Attorney Joseph Naphtaly, representing Davis Bros. of the Golden Rule Bazaar, referred to the proposition of his clients, namely, to erect a building of the value of \$75,000, and by way of interest on the rent, Mr. Naphtaly was of the opinion that in its present condition the application of the Public Administrator should not be granted.

S. W. Holladay said that as far as he could see this was not a question of repairs, but of reconstruction. In view of all the circumstances the application should not be granted.

E. R. Taylor opposed the propositions both of Naphtaly and Freese. His idea was that the property, if approved at all, should be improved as a whole.

Judge Coffey said that there was one interested party that was not represented, and that was the State of California. If Mr. Estee were only there to speak he would at once say that the Blythe block on Market street was the best site in town for a State building.

The plan was agreed to and the conference will probably be held this morning at the Public Administrator's office. Tomorrow afternoon the parties will again come before Judge Coffey.

WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB.

A Social Meeting Held at Union-Square Hall.

read a paper entitled "The Coming Century," Miss Irma Fitch sang "Open Thy Blue Eyes," accompanied by A. Sundland, and responded to an encore with "Goodnight, Beloved."

PETER GREW PALE

Was Interviewed at the Bohemian Club.

HARRISON ASKED QUESTIONS

Told Him He Would Hold Him Responsible.

SCENE IN THE CRIMSON ROOM.

Robertson Denies Writing the Screech, but the Dramatist Claims He Inspired It.

"You are the very man I'm after," quoth William Greer Harrison Monday night when he entered the rooms of the Bohemian Club and found Peter Robertson reclining himself in an easy chair.

"I want to see you, Peter, and I want to see you about that article insinuating that I plagiarized in writing 'The O'Neill'."

"Of course it didn't appear in your department, then you wouldn't have that excuse," retorted Mr. Harrison, his lips curling with scorn, "and of course you'd want to have this matter out with you. It was a mean way."

"I protest," began the "man in the back row," whose thoughts at that time were certainly worth a column.

"You needn't protest," interrupted the author of "The O'Neill," "I shall hold you responsible for it, Peter Robertson, for you cannot make me believe for a moment that you did not inspire that attack, and it's a poor excuse to say you didn't write it."

On leaving Peter to the tender care of the menials of the Bohemian household William Greer Harrison did not retire to his home. He made a descent on the office of the daily Standard.

It is pleasant to hear Mr. Harrison describe that book. It Belden Clark could hear his commentaries it would make said Clark's ears tingle.

"No similarly whatever," he added to the newspaper man, "note whatever. The whole thing was evidently suggested by the capture of William Smith O'Brien, which happened forty years ago, or about the time the so-called play was written."

"Well, they said they never recalled my letter. It was delivered at noon yesterday and addressed to the editor. No trace of it could be found, however, although Peter Robertson told me at the club last night that I did a foolish thing writing that letter."

"I wonder why Peter colored up when I asked him about that letter," said he reflectively and then added slowly: "Yes, Peter inspired that article and I told him so. But I'll see Peter at the club to-night."

The old theatrical man who dug up "Cogger na Caillie" is Manager Dalley, lately of the National Theater. Diligent inquiry among theatrical men failed to recall to any of them memories of such a play, but one manager volunteered the suggestion that Dalley had written the "O'Neill the Great or Cogger na Caillie" himself under the nom de plume of Belden Clark.

This of course explains why Dalley is the only man who has a copy of "Cogger na Caillie," and his well-known modesty is ample explanation why he does not claim it for his own.

The personal by Peter Robertson of Mr. Harrison's opinions concerning him caused him much operation of feeling and coming in latter days, as THE CALL has already stated he denied, the impeachment of the author of "The O'Neill."

Chinese Registering Rapidly.

REAL SOLDIERS.

Men Who Want to Join Coxy's Army.

Mayor Ellert Asks Them to Send Their Leaders for a Conference.

WELL-KNOWN LAWYERS FOR CLAIMANTS OF THE BLYTHE ESTATE.

Mayor Ellert was seated in his private office yesterday afternoon when he was informed that a delegation of unemployed workmen desired to see him.

None of the men gave their names, but they said they represented the Industrial Army in San Francisco and desired to march to Washington. Their object was to join Coxy's army.

"What do you desire of me?" asked the Mayor.

"We want you to provide us with barges to go as far as Sacramento," said one of the party. "All it will cost will be \$280, and we will give to Sacramento we have the promise of the Mayor of that city that he will help us."

"What is your object in going?" asked the Mayor.

"We are soldiers of the Industrial Army," they answered.

"Who are your real soldiers?" asked the Mayor.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Who are your real soldiers?" asked the Mayor.

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