

GAS CALLS TWO MORE VICTIMS

Frederick Dasmann, a Boy of Seventeen, Is Supposed to Have Committed Suicide

FOUND DEAD IN BED

James Early, a Painter, Believed to Have Accidentally Turned on the Fluid

Frederick Dasmann, 17 years of age, a clerk in the grocery of his father, William Dasmann, 138 1/2 Thirteenth street, committed suicide early yesterday morning by turning on the gas. He usually slept in a room in the rear of the grocery, where there is no gas, but his dead body was found in a partly furnished bedroom on the second floor above the grocery.

Adolph Kowalsky, a roomer in the house, detected the odor of gas on the second floor early yesterday morning and notified William Dasmann and John Lux, Dasmann's father-in-law. They traced the odor to the partly furnished bedroom, and on opening the door found the boy lying on the bed, fully dressed, while gas was escaping from a wide-open jet. A physician was summoned, and he said the boy had been dead for about two hours.

What led to the theory of suicide was the fact that the keyhole was stuffed with cotton, and there was no gas in the room in the rear of the store where the boy usually slept. The boy's father told Deputy Coroner Fennell that he could not account for his son committing suicide, but Fennell was informed that the boy's mother became insane prior to his birth, and that might have accounted for the rash act. The boy had been attending a night school and returned home shortly after 10 o'clock. The body was taken to the morgue.

James Early is another victim of carbon monoxide. He lived at a lodging-house at 122 Sixth street, and yesterday his landlady detected the odor of gas coming from his room. She opened the door with a pass key and found the room full of gas, which was escaping from an open jet. Early was lying on top of his bed, partly undressed, and she discovered that he was dead. She told Deputy Coroner Fennell that Early had been drinking heavily and had probably turned on the gas accidentally. He was 50 years of age and had lived in her house for the last fourteen years. He was a member of the Painters and Decorators' Union.

You'll never be ashamed to look a job in the face if we print it. Edward Knowles Co., superior printers, 24 Second street.

In the Divorce Court.

Decrees of divorce were granted yesterday to Elizabeth F. from Joseph F. Schullian for cruelty; Mary from John Guinasso for neglect; Lucinda from Robert T. Herlihy for cruelty; Philip from Catherine Novak for cruelty; and Martha A. from John H. Rother for desertion.

Suits for divorce were filed by Ramon against Mary Nardo for desertion; Emma against Francis R. McClellan for cruelty; Anna L. against William H. Norris for failure to provide; Mary E. against Andrew G. Phillips for failure to provide.

COURT DECORUM UPSET BY WOODEN CUCKOO

Twenty-Three Rapid-Fire Greetings Prove Its Habitation to Be Badly Deranged.

POLICE EFFORT FAILS TO SILENCE IT



BY JAMES C. CRAWFORD.

On behalf of John Gibbons, accused of having stolen a cuckoo clock from 1425 Vermont street, it was eloquently pleaded by counsel that the complaint erred by designating the offense grand larceny, inasmuch as the plunder was not more than 50 per cent of what it originally cost its owner.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Police Judge Mogan, eying an antique-looking timepiece held up for his inspection by the complaining patrolman. "Externally it appears to be all right."

"Internally," replied the attorney, "it is deranged. Will the officer please wind it up and start it going?"

The officer obeyed the acquiescent nod from the bench, and no sooner was the winding-up completed than a small door in the upper facade of the clock suddenly opened, an ornithological effigy abruptly shot out of the hole thus made and quickly and loudly croaked "Cuckoo" twenty-three consecutive times, as tallied by Clerk "Pat" Gray. Then it backed into the hole and the little door closed with a sharp snap, while the clock continued to tick spasmodically.

"The clock has seen and heard," began the attorney for the defense. "The bird call twenty-three times, which is almost double the number of hours indicated on the dial. Now if the court will listen to the irregular ticking I think the court will be satisfied that—"

Open flew the little door, out shot the little wooden bird, again the clock resounded with twenty-three rapid-fire "Cuckoos" and the vanishing act was repeated.

"As I was about to inform the court, the pleader resumed, "the ticking—"

"Cuckoo—cuc-koo—cuc-koo—cuc-koo—"

"Stop it!" yelled the Judge, with hands pressed to ears. But the policeman could

not stop it. When the little peace disturber had completed its twenty-three greetings it disappeared, and while the officer was nervously trying to find some means of suspending its motive power the twenty-three were repeated.

"Take it away!" thundered his Honor. The bluecoat, with clock tucked under arm, hastened corridorward, but twenty-three more "Cuc-koo's" were delivered ere he reached the door.

"May it please the court," said the triumphant attorney, "my client is willing to plead guilty to petty larceny."

"The court accepts his proposal and will sentence him next Friday," was the response.

Twenty-three muffled calls of "Cuckoo!" wafted in from the lobby.

If all the broken glass had been extracted from her head, Mrs. Eva Fry informed Judge Fritz, she might be able to indulge in a little alcoholic stimulation without losing her senses. But from the day her first husband, Mr. King, since deceased, broke a beer bottle by striking her skull with it, she has been unable to take more than one drink of beer and retain her mental equilibrium. Mr. King departed this earth four months ago, and a similar number of weeks ago she was led to the altar by Mr. Fry, a glazier and father of two children. Unfortunately for her, Mr. Fry tripped in moderation, and in his kindness of heart insisted that she should also dampen the honeymoon with strong waters. Therefore, although no for worlds would she have him chide for her disturbance of the peace.

Mr. Fry promised the court that he would have her brought to the court to have her head examined by a physician, and then he was permitted to restore her to the guardianship of his children at 252 Campbell street, which is near to the Six-Mile House.

Edward Lee, arrested at 3 o'clock a. m. on Powell street and booked for on grand larceny, had a large horseshoe in one of his pockets when the policeman raked him over, and when Judge Conlan asked what he intended to do with the equine footgear he replied that he carried it as a possible medium of bringing good luck to him.

"I hate to fly in the face of a time-honored superstition," quoth the Judge, "but it is my duty to give you six months imprisonment and you might as well begin serving that term to-day. To be candid, I believe that any good luck conveyed to you by that horseshoe would have been at the expense of some belated wayfarer, whose head was battered with it as a preliminary to robbery of his person."

Victor Falkenberg, accused by his wife Louise, of having failed to provide for their minor child, swore, and so did his 16-year-old son, that the woman not only drank to excess and otherwise misbehaved herself, but encouraged her 17-year-old daughter to do likewise. Judge Cabaniss told Mrs. Falkenberg he believed all that had been said against her, but that she was not to be punished.

So distinct was Ernest Thude's external ensemble from that of any other prisoner in the case of Judge Conlan's court that he was the observed of all observers, or, as a cultivated ballist put it, "the sinecure of all eyes." His figure,

of youth's graceful slenderness, was snugly garbed in broadcloth, the coat a satincollared tuxedo and the vest a two-button low-cut. In his expansive and snowy shirt bosom glared a gold-rimmed stone (pronounced "phony" by the afore-mentioned ballist), and his smooth and rather good-looking face was surmounted by blonde, wavy hair, festooned low on his forehead and divided above his nose. His shoes were of patent leather.

"Where did you get him?" the Judge asked Park Patrolman J. H. Kavanagh.

"On the main drive at 3 o'clock p. m.," was the answer.

"Was he then attired as he now is?" his Honor pursued, glancing curiously at the subject of discussion.

"Same rig," replied the officer, "and that's what attracted my attention to him. He couldn't give anything like a satisfactory account of himself, so I took him in. Since then I have learned that he was 'mashing' just before I overhauled him."

Nor was it a very luminous account of himself that young Mr. Thude gave to the court. He blushed and giggled like a school girl when the Judge asked him what he meant by wearing evening dress before nightfall, and especially in such a public place as Golden Gate Park.

"Maybe you're a waiter," ventured his Honor.

"Tee-hee! Indeed I am not," was the giggling response. "I'm a cement-worker's helper."

"And you won't tell me what you meant by parading the park in that apparel?"

"Tee-hee! I'd rather not."

"Then you'll remain in jail until I find out."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mr. Thude, as he reigned the dingy crew in the corral.

Ignatio Passantino offered for sale in his fruit and poultry store, 120 Ninth street, certain wild ducks which had been captured in a net instead of having been shot to death, and he will be sentenced



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Ignatio Passantino offered for sale in his fruit and poultry store, 120 Ninth street, certain wild ducks which had been captured in a net instead of having been shot to death, and he will be sentenced

to-morrow by Judge Mogan.

"Ah, datta da good!" he exclaimed when it was explained to him that his population in court would not be required again until Friday. "Datta da good! Givva da time ta sell da turk."

Nineteen-year-old Ruby Osborn asserted that she was not a vagrant, because she was the wife of a soldier stationed at Alcatraz and earned her livelihood by dancing in a Kearny-street dive. Patrolmen Brown and Evert, however, told Judge Mogan that she was consorting with a worthless fellow named John McGovern at 1020 Powell street, and then she brazenly admitted that they told the truth.

"But it's all over now," she added, "for I'm going back to Sac, where I came from."

"Going back to where?" inquired the Judge.

"Sac-Sacramento, you know," she replied.

"Well, I'll continue your case till next Thursday," said his Honor.

"For goodness sake, you don't want me to come all the way back from Sac, do you?" she asked.

"Stop making us laugh," was the bench's mirthless response.

Charles J. Jones advertised in a morning newspaper that he needed several bright young men of irreproachable character to work as detectives at a salary of \$75 a month, and among the many who responded by visiting Mr. Jones at 1125 Market street was Frank W. Siemon, aged 20 years and living at 635 Golden Gate avenue. The upshot of the interview was that Master Siemon paid to Mr. Jones \$10, and in return therefor was given a letter to a Mr. Gleason at Sacramento, in which the addressee was instructed to deliver to Mr. Siemon one revolver, one official badge and railway passes to all parts of the State. Of course, Mr. Siemon could not find Mr. Gleason at Sacramento, so he reported his case to the police, who arrested Mr. Jones.

After increasing Mr. Jones' bail from \$50 to \$100, Judge Conlan set the hearing for next Saturday.

Harry Crouch (fawn-colored) cast his coat lapels aside and dazzled Judge Mogan by displaying a vest that almost spoke its loudness of color and design. Its pattern was "check," but such check! No two of the squares were of similar hue, the tints ranging all the way from violet crimson to the most delicate of baby blue. At request of the court the "Vagrant" was covered up again.

Harry Crouch was the charge against Mr. Crouch, but he proved that he was a "plummy fightah" and was prevented working steadily by the allurements of several Afro-American ladies, who were contesting to capture his exclusive attention.

"Dey am cons'ntly a-pestahing me," he plaintively pleaded.

Case dismissed.

Wants Rent for Building.

Suit was filed yesterday by Alicia Minifie against Daniel Miller and the Aetna Indemnity Company to recover \$2025 rental on the brick building at the corner of Powell and O'Farrell streets. The plaintiff alleges that on January 26 Miller, representing the indemnity company, entered into an agreement with her under which he was to pay \$550 a month for seven floors and portion of the basement of the building. She asserts that the defendants are now in arrears to the extent of the sum sued for.

HUSBAND WINS JUSTICE—Justice of the Peace Daniel yesterday gave judgment in favor of Fred Brown, who was sued for the support of his two children by D. E. Hedrick. Judge Daniel ruled that Brown was responsible for the bill in view of the fact that he was paying a divorced wife \$50 monthly, which included provision for the care of the children.

Murine Eye Remedy—An Eye Food. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.

DARING SCHEME IS FRUSTRATED

L. H. Tremayne Arrested on a Charge of Forgery and Does Not Deny His Guilt

REAL ESTATE INVOLVED

M. Schymeinsky Discovers Contract Recorded Authorizing the Sale of Property

L. H. Tremayne was booked at the City Prison yesterday afternoon by Detective Whitaker and Policeman W. J. Maloney on a warrant charging him with forgery. The complaint was sworn to before Police Judge Conlan yesterday morning by M. Schymeinsky, a shoemaker at 3506 Sixteenth street. Back of the charge of forgery is an alleged attempt to swindle Schymeinsky out of his property at Sixteenth and Sanchez streets, which is valued at \$22,500.

A few days ago Schymeinsky had a probable purchaser for the property, and when an examination of the title was made at the City Hall it was discovered that on November 11 a contract purporting to have been signed by Schymeinsky, dated May 11 and authorizing Mark Lane, a real estate agent at 624 Market street, to sell the property and agreeing to give Lane 22 per cent commission on the sale, had been recorded. On November 17 another contract signed by Lane as agent for Schymeinsky to sell the property to Alexander Bond, a printer, whose place of business is above Lane's office, for \$22,500, was recorded.

Schymeinsky was notified of these contracts, and he went to the City Hall and declared that his signature to the contract authorizing Lane to sell his property was a forgery. The contract was signed by Tremayne as witness, and there was a notarial certificate attached that Tremayne had appeared before the notary and made the affidavit that he had seen Schymeinsky sign the paper.

The police were notified and Detective Whitaker was detailed on the case. He saw Lane, who explained that the contract came into his hands from Tremayne, who had worked for him as a solicitor in the ordinary course of business. Indorsed on the back of the contract was an assignment by Lane to George S. Evans, his brother-in-law. Mr. Dockweiler testified that he had personally inspected the Spring Valley properties and that he had had the books and accounts of that corporation examined by an accountant, from the beginning of the company's life up to January 1, 1905, but that the accountant had been hampered because several cash books were missing, which prevented an analysis of the items, and allowed only of journalized entries covering such periods of omission. Mr. Dockweiler continued:

The accountant's report to me shows that the Spring Valley Water Works at one time was operating by means of an auxiliary company known as the Suburban Water Company. Large sums of money for land and structures were paid to this company by the Spring Valley Water Works, but the sums charged were not available, as the officers of the company did not seem to permit an examination of those books by the auditor of the city. I have asked for details from the office of the company's engineer relative to it, but he has informed me that it was impossible to determine the cost. I know that the company has funds sufficient to enable it to supply the exact cost of each and every structure that now comprises its works. From my status I coincide with the views expressed by the officers of the company, president of the National Public Ownership League in the report of the Industrial Commission of 1901.

Engineer Dockweiler then said that it would be unfair to judge a water rate on a bare statement of per capita where only a certain proportion of the population is supplied. In an extreme case, where only one-half the population is supplied, the consumers' rate would be double the per capita.

In reply to a question by Mr. Partidge the witness said that the present capacity of the Spring Valley Water Works was 35,000,000 gallons per diem, and the consumption very nearly the same. In making a comparison of rates, added the witness, the number of persons served per mile of main pipe must be taken into consideration.

The examination of Mr. Dockweiler will be resumed on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

ASSERTS THAT SISTER WAS HELD A PRISONER

Rudolph Herman Sues to Set Aside Deeds, Alleging Fraud on Part of Other Heirs.

Charging that while of unsound mind and practically a prisoner, fearful that bodily harm would be done her, his sister, the late Emilie Welsenborn, was compelled to deed away all of Western Addition block 563, a lot at Lyon and Greenwich streets and a lot at Folsom and Eighth streets, Rudolph Herman filed suit yesterday against Bertha, Agnes, Charles and Lillie Herman and Edward, William and Lillie, Albert and Gretchen Stichtenth to cancel the conveyances in question.

All of the defendants are heirs at law of the deceased and the plaintiff asserts that they secured the conveyance in order to defraud him of his rights. Charles and Agnes Herman are accused of having controlled Mrs. Welsenborn and secured the deeds for the benefit of all of the defendants. He asserts that they held her practically a prisoner and threatened oftentimes to do her bodily harm unless she consented to deliver over to them the property to which she held title. Finally, the plaintiff asserts, she yielded and, naming "love and affection" as the consideration, turned over her property.

Rudolph Herman asserts that through the action of the defendants he was deprived of the share of the property his sister intended leaving to him and hence he asks that the deeds be canceled. He is represented by Francis J. Heney.

CAPTAIN HARTS PAYS FINE TO COLLECTOR STRATTON

Skipper Is More Than \$1200 Out of Pocket for Having Violated the Revenue Laws.

Captain W. W. Harts of the United States Engineer Corps paid to Customs Collector Stratton yesterday a fine of \$657 imposed upon him by the Secretary of the Treasury for failing to declare certain dutiable goods in his baggage upon his arrival from the Orient more than a year ago. The fine paid represents the appraised value of the goods, with the addition of the duty. Captain Harts had been fined twice the value of the goods and the goods had been ordered confiscated by Collector Stratton in accordance with law. The United States District Court affirmed the action of the Collector and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the action of the District Court. Friends at Washington, D. C., however, interceded for the penitent captain and the Secretary of the Treasury remitted all but \$657 of the fine and ordered the goods restored to him. The incident in attorney's fees, court costs, etc., cost Captain Harts more than \$1200.

Portuguese Bank Formed.

Articles of incorporation of the Portuguese-American Bank of San Francisco were filed yesterday. The capital stock is \$200,000, all of which has been subscribed. The directors are M. C. Freitas, William J. Crocker, J. S. Bello, J. Rafael, M. G. Lewis, J. Bap-

Home Made

Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the housewife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

CASH ACCOUNTS ARE MISSING

John Henry Dockweiler, civil engineer, employed by the city and county of San Francisco as an expert in the suit of the Spring Valley Water Company against the City to enforce the enforcement of the water rate schedule of 1903-04, was placed on the witness stand yesterday by John S. Partidge, Mr. Dockweiler testified that he had personally inspected the Spring Valley properties and that he had had the books and accounts of that corporation examined by an accountant, from the beginning of the company's life up to January 1, 1905, but that the accountant had been hampered because several cash books were missing, which prevented an analysis of the items, and allowed only of journalized entries covering such periods of omission. Mr. Dockweiler continued:

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The Newest of Magnificences.

That's what Town Talk evidently aims to be, for that is what it is not at long intervals but in every issue. If you do not read it you are in ignorance of important happenings in all spheres of activity. This week there is some interesting gossip about a San Francisco millionaire who keeps a yacht under full steam awaiting his pleasure and who has made two fortunes. The Saunterer tells why Cliff society in Sausalito is motivated. He tells of the honing of Richard Mansfield in the Bohemian Club and what the noted actor had to say about critics. The superb impudence of a local attorney is the theme of an amusing paragraph. One of Herman Schoffauer's brilliantly written letters from abroad appears in this number. There is an abundance of sprightly comment in characteristic vein, and a great deal of exclusive theatrical news.

French Taken to Sacramento. Deputy Sheriff Ed Reese of Sacramento left with Senator Frank French yesterday morning for the capital. French spent the night in the County Jail, having been surrendered by Ed Short, one of his bondsmen, who was afraid French intended to leave the State. French is waiting his trial for being implicated in the hooding operations during the last session of the Legislature.

Vigorets. A tiny, chocolate coated tonic laxative tablet that gives VIGOR and health to the STOMACH, LIVER and BOWELS, thereby curing—

Headaches, Biliousness, Sallow complexion, Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Indigestion, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Impiles, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Nausea, Foul Breath.

Take only one "VIGORET" at bed time and they will move the bowels gently, yet thoroughly, each day and permanently cure—

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

They cool, cleanse and purify the blood and are sold by all druggists in 25c packages (50 tablets) and 10c trial size (15 tablets).

Never sold in bulk.

L. NEWMAN, President and Manager.

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New Crop Tea, per lb. 25c

Reg. 40c. Solid English Breakfast, family mixed, Japan basket blend, Cocom, Ghirardelli's and Lowrey's, per lb. 25c.

Reg. 35c.

Creamery Butter, 3-lb. square. 55c

Reg. 60c. 40c.

Reg. 60c. 40c.

Carolina Rice, large package. 40c

Reg. 45c. 40c.

Small package. 35c

Reg. 40c. 35c.