

READ ALL ABOUT IT!
THE NEWSPAPER GAME
INSTRUCTIONS, GAME MATERIALS AND A GUIDE FOR INSTRUCTORS:
A COMPLETE ACTIVITY PACKET

Contents of this packet

1. A description: the pitch we made for the game to local high school students when they gathered for a day-long summit on news literacy
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4. A guide for disbursing the fun money used for gameplay
5. Preparatory reading for the students: “The New Journalism,” an excerpt by Michael Schudson on the two models of newspapers that emerged by the end of the nineteenth century: the Information Model versus the Story Model
6. Materials for the historical presentation of the game
 - a. Information Model news stories
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1. Game description: The pitch we made to high school students

I typically incorporate this game into my 100-level undergraduate class on news literacy, but developed the following pitch/description for the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council's Global Vision Summit on Media Literacy in November 2019. About 40 students participated in this session.

Over the years, I've played with groups ranging from 25 to 70 students. It can likely work successfully with as few as 18 students.

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

WHO'S GOT THE HOTTEST SCOOPS? WHAT SELLS IN THE NEWS BUSINESS? IS IT THE HARD-HITTING, MOST IMPORTANT STORIES OF OUR TIME ABOUT RUNAWAY GREED AND CORRUPTION AND DIRE THREATS TO THE HEALTH AND SAFETY OF ALL LIFE ON THE PLANET? OR IS IT THE CLICKBAIT, THE MOST SHOCKING, SENSATIONAL TALES AND GOSSIP FROM THE FEVERED MINDS OF OUR TABLOID WRITERS?

YOU'LL START OFF BY HITTING THE STREETCORNERS AS NEWSBOYS AND NEWSGIRLS, COMPETING FOR COLD HARD CASH IN THE GRITTY, HURLY BURLY MARKETPLACE OF THE NEWSPAPER GAME. WHO CAN BE THE FIRST TO STRIKE IT RICH? WHO CAN BECOME THE TOP FAT CAT, THE MEDIA MOGUL, THE KING OF THE NEWSPAPER GAME? YOU'LL NEED TO PICK YOUR BEST ANGLES, SWAPPING STORIES FOR CASH HAND-OVER-FIST, VYING AGAINST THE SMOOTHEST OPERATORS IN TOWN FOR THE MONEY PILE. HUSTLE HUSTLE HUSTLE! SELL SELL SELL! ...

READ ALL ABOUT IT!!!!

The Newspaper Game: Instructions and Team Assignments

THE PRIZE:

The winning players will be paid in good food, probably pie or cookies. Winners will also earn an A+ (100 percent) for the exercise.

HOW TO WIN:

In this game, you'll either be assigned as a Seller or a Buyer.

- If you're a Seller, your team objective is to make more money than any other team.
- If you're a buyer, your objective is to turn our classroom into a realistic newspaper marketplace, circa 1900, by acting out a convincing role as a typical New York City resident alive at that time.

HOW TO PLAY:

The Sellers have been divided into eight two-person teams.

- Four of the teams will be selling "serious" news stories. (See "the Information Model" in the reading that will be assigned this week.)
- The other four teams will be selling "sensational" stories. (See "the Story Model" in the reading that will be assigned this week.)

As a Seller, you and your partner will have to familiarize yourself with your merchandise--your stories--and develop "pitches" for each story and a strategy for selling them.

The Buyers will be given cash in denominations of \$1, \$5, \$10 and \$20. Sellers will have to unload their product for as much money as they can get, and make more money than any other team. If you rate high for your acting, and pass a quiz about your chosen stories after class, you win.

HOMEWORK TO PREPARE:

If you're a Seller, your homework is to become familiar with the newspaper stories you will be selling.

- The "serious" news Sellers should look up the Wikipedia articles on the topics listed at the bottom of this document. **NOTE: Only the headlines will be easily readable on these article reproductions, but Sellers must learn about the stories and be able to explain them.**
- The "sensational" news Sellers should take cell phone photos of their stories at the end of class, and read the stories over.

If you're a Buyer, your homework is to invent a character that you will portray and choose the following identifiable traits. In doing so, PLEASE BE CAREFUL TO BE CULTURALLY SENSITIVE. We don't want to offend anyone in our class with negative stereotypes.

- Place of origin, whether from a foreign country or somewhere outside NYC in the United States. Try to choose somewhere abroad. Remember: NYC in 1900 was teeming with immigrants, who comprised a huge proportion of the newspaper-reading audience.
- Accent and physical characteristics, like a limp from a war injury, bad eyesight, etc. Do what you can convincingly, but remember: be culturally sensitive here.
- Age
- Education
- Profession
- Your tastes for news and entertainment

COSTUMES AND PROPS ARE ENCOURAGED (and will make you more competitive!)

TEAM ASSIGNMENTS

SELLERS

Serious News ("Information Model") teams:

IM1:

IM2:

IM3:

IM4:

Sensational News ("Story Model") teams:

SM1:

SM2:

SM3:

SM4

BUYERS

TOPICS FOR SERIOUS NEWS:

- Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*, and the The Food and Drugs Act of 1906
- The Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire
- The sinking of *The Lusitania*
- The San Francisco Earthquake and Fire

3. A Guide for Instructors

Instructors should be aware that the deck is stacked here: I've played this time in about a dozen classes over the years, and every time, one of the "Sensational News" teams wins.

The main point that the exercise itself drives home is about what kind of news Americans have consumed, both in the past and today, and why. The content and experience of the game teaches students about character of the news in the early twentieth century: about the style of headlines, layout and reporting, and the interests and concerns of both the press and the public.

The gameplay tends to be rather freewheeling and frenetic as the students get caught up in the action. It is important that they are clear on the rules of the game and that the news sellers have a strong understanding of the stories they are selling. You may want to consider creating a quiz to ensure all students come to class prepared to play. During the prep time in the classroom, I also try to make sure the sellers develop strategies for how to sell their wares, and the buyers have clear ideas of their characters. **Note: Only the headlines are clearly readable on the Information Model article reproductions, but the "Sellers" should learn about these major news events and be able to explain them to the rest of the class.**

Usually, the game itself goes for three rounds of fun money, if the money is distributed wisely. That generally adds up to about 30 minutes of gameplay. **Note: The instructions here specify eight two-person teams of "Sellers," but the number of sellers, size of the teams, and number of buyers can be adjusted to the class size.**

Once we've played the game, we tally the earnings of each group to determine who won. Then we talk about the nature, function and value of both kinds of news.

The serious news does indeed show us the "watchdog" role in the press, and I point out that its role in this regard wasn't always so obvious. Thomas Jefferson and the rest of the Framers, for example, didn't really have the notion of the press as watchdog. But as our society and its problems grew more complex, particularly during the Industrial Revolution and era of the muckrakers, we learned to appreciate that reporters could warn of us threats to health and safety, problems of abuse and corruption, and the need for regulations and other solutions.

As for the "sensational" news, I push back against the conventional wisdom that it's all worthless trash. If we all think it's worthless, why is there so much desire for it? What do we get from it? What do these stories tell us, and why are they "important" themselves?

Questions for discussion

Here are some questions drawn from the Schudson excerpt:

- Schudson argues the Information Model stories appealed to the wealthier and more educated readers, whereas the Sensation Model appealed to working class readers. Do you agree? Why would that be? Is that just as true today as it was then, and if not, why not?
- What roles did the two journalisms serve a century ago? How about today, and if there are new forms of journalism, what are they?
- Is it right to associate the Information Model with the notion of objectivity?
- Should we regard the Information Model as a "higher" form of journalism than the Story Model?

4. A guide to disbursing the fun money

Determining the correct amount of funny money to distribute for maximum gameplay is an art, not a science. We found this basic guide to setting the teams and disbursing the money worked excellently:

Student numbers and roles:

- **30 student scenario**
sellers: 6 teams of 2 = 12 students
18 buyers
- **35 student scenario**
sellers: 8 teams of 2 = 16 students
19 buyers
- **40 student scenario**
sellers: 6 teams of 3 = 18 students
22 buyers

Money to be distributed

When I did some research on pricing for fake money it was easier and cheaper to buy \$5s and \$10s in bulk. It may work best to just use \$5s and \$10s? The distribution to each buyer would be:

- \$75 per person for round 1 (5 in \$5, 5 in \$10)
- \$45 for round 2 (5 in \$5, 2 in \$10)
- \$30 for round 3 (4 in \$5, 1 in \$10)

However, you will typically want to keep distributing money until all the merchandise is sold. That's when gameplay ends.

Here's another way we used to calculate the disbursements:

With eight teams that have three copies of five stories, there's a total of 120 pieces of merchandise.

If there are denominations of between 5- and 20-dollar bills, the median is \$12: If a seller demanded the maximum bill, \$20, for a story and the buyer offered the minimum, \$5, and they met halfway, that would be \$12.

So a rational market might mean a total of \$1,440.

If this was to go three rounds, and each round got more competitive, we could start with \$600 for round #1.

With a maximum of eight buyers, rounding off:

Round #1

Total per buyer: \$75

One \$20

Three \$10

Five \$5

Maximum purchases: 126

Minimum purchases: 48

Median purchases: 87

Round #2

Total per buyer \$45

One \$20

One \$10

Three \$5

Maximum purchases: 32

Median purchases: 40

Round #3

Total per buyer: \$30

One \$10

Four \$5

Maximum purchases: 45

Median purchases: 27

5. Preparatory reading

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THE NEW JOURNALISM

Michael Schudson

*Michael Schudson is a professor of communications and a historian of the development of the institutions of mass communication in the United States. In this excerpt from his book *Discovering the News*, he demonstrates how the familiar models of news as information and news as entertainment grew significantly out of the organizational struggles of the New York press for readership in the late nineteenth century.*

Reporting was an invention of the end of the nineteenth century, but it was a two-part invention: the emergence of the new occupation played off against the industrialization of the newspaper. And while there was much that united the ideology of reporters, there was much that divided the identities of the newspapers for which they worked. In New York, most of the major papers were direct descendants of the penny press: the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*. Of papers that antedated the penny press, only the *Evening Post* still had an important following. The two largest papers were the *World*, begun in 1859 and revived by Joseph Pulitzer in 1883, and the *Journal*, begun in 1882 by Pulitzer's brother but escorted to

the stage of history when William Randolph Hearst bought it in 1895. Both of these papers were sharply distinguished from the others; they represented what contemporaries generally referred to as "the new journalism." The established papers found their competition and their manners deeply disturbing and wrote of them with the same moral horror that had greeted their own arrival in New York journalism fifty years before.

While reporters subscribed concurrently to the ideals of factuality and of entertainment in writing the news, some of the papers they worked for chose identities that strongly emphasized one ideal or the other. The *World* and the *Journal* chose to be entertaining; the old penny press, especially the *Times*

after Adolph Ochs rejuvenated it in 1896, took the path of factuality. I shall refer to these two models of journalism as the ideal of the "story" and the ideal of "information." ... George Herbert Mead ... wrote that some parts of the news—the election results or stock market reports—emphasize exclusively "the truth value of news;" but for most of the news in a paper, the "enjoyability" or "consummatory value" is more important. The news serves primarily to create, for readers, satisfying aesthetic experiences which help them to interpret their own lives and to relate them to the nation, town, or class to which they belong. Mead took this to be the actual, and the proper, function of a newspaper and observed that it is manifest in the fact that "the reporter is generally sent out to get a story, not the facts."¹

An alternative model of the newspaper's role proposes that the newspaper is uniquely defined as a genre of literature precisely to the extent that the facts it provides are unframed, that it purveys pure "information." Walter Benjamin suggested that "information" is a novel form of communication, a product of fully developed capitalism, whose distinguishing characteristic is that it "lays claim to prompt verifiability." ... While it may actually be no more exact than varieties of "intelligence" of the past, unlike earlier intelligence, which might be justified by reference to the miraculous, "it is indispensable for information to sound plausible." For this reason, in Benjamin's analysis, information "proves incompatible with the spirit of storytelling."²

Rightly or wrongly, the informational ideal in journalism is associated with fairness, objectivity, scrupulous dispassion. Newspapers

which stress information tend to be seen as more reliable than "story" papers. But who makes this judgment and on what grounds? Who regards the information model as more trustworthy than the story ideal, and what is meant, after all, by "reliable" or "trustworthy"? If journalists on the whole give credit to both ideas at once, how is it that different newspaper institutions come to stand for one or the other? And how is it that those which stand for the information model come to be regarded as the more responsible?

It is the unexceptional theme of this chapter that, in the most general terms, there is a connection between the educated middle class and information and a connection between the middle and working classes and the story ideal. The puzzle here, as in most other discussions of popular culture, is why this should be the case. What is it about information that seems to appeal to the educated middle class? What is it about the story that seems to attract the working-class reader? Is it right to associate the information model with the notion of objectivity? Should we regard it as a "higher" form of journalism than the story model? In the critical decades from 1883 to the first years of this century, when at the same moment yellow journalism was at its height and the New York Times established itself as the most reliable and respected newspaper in the country, why did wealthier people in New York read the Times and less wealthy people read the World? What is the meaning of the two journalisms of the 1890s?

NOTES

1. George Herbert Mead, "The Nature of Aesthetic Experience," *International Journal of Ethics* 36 (July 1926): 390. John Dewey made a similar point: "... the newspaper is the only genuinely popular form of literature we have achieved. The newspaper hasn't been ashamed of localism, it has revelled in it, perhaps wallowed is the word. I am not arguing that it is high-class literature, or for the most part good literature, even from its own standpoint. But it is permanently successful romance and drama; and that much can hardly be said for anything else in our literary lines" ("Americanism and Localism," *The Dial* 68 [June 1920]: 686).

2. Walter Benjamin, *Illuminations* (New York: Schocken Books, 1969), pp. 88-89.

GAME MATERIALS

I. INFORMATION MODEL

141 MEN AND GIRLS DIE IN WAIST FACTORY FIRE; TRAPPED HIGH UP IN WASHINGTON PLACE BUILDING; STREET STREWN WITH BODIES; PILES OF DEAD INSIDE

The Flames Spread with Deadly Rapidity Through Flimsy Material Used in the Factory.

600 GIRLS ARE HEMMED IN

When Elevators Stop Many Jump to Certain Death and Others Perish in Fire-Filled Lofts.

STUDENTS RESCUE SOME

Help Them to Roof of New York University Building, Keeping the Panic-Stricken in Check.

ONE MAN TAKEN OUT ALIVE

Plunged to Bottom of Elevator Shaft and Lived There Amid Flames for Four Hours.

ONLY ONE FIRE ESCAPE

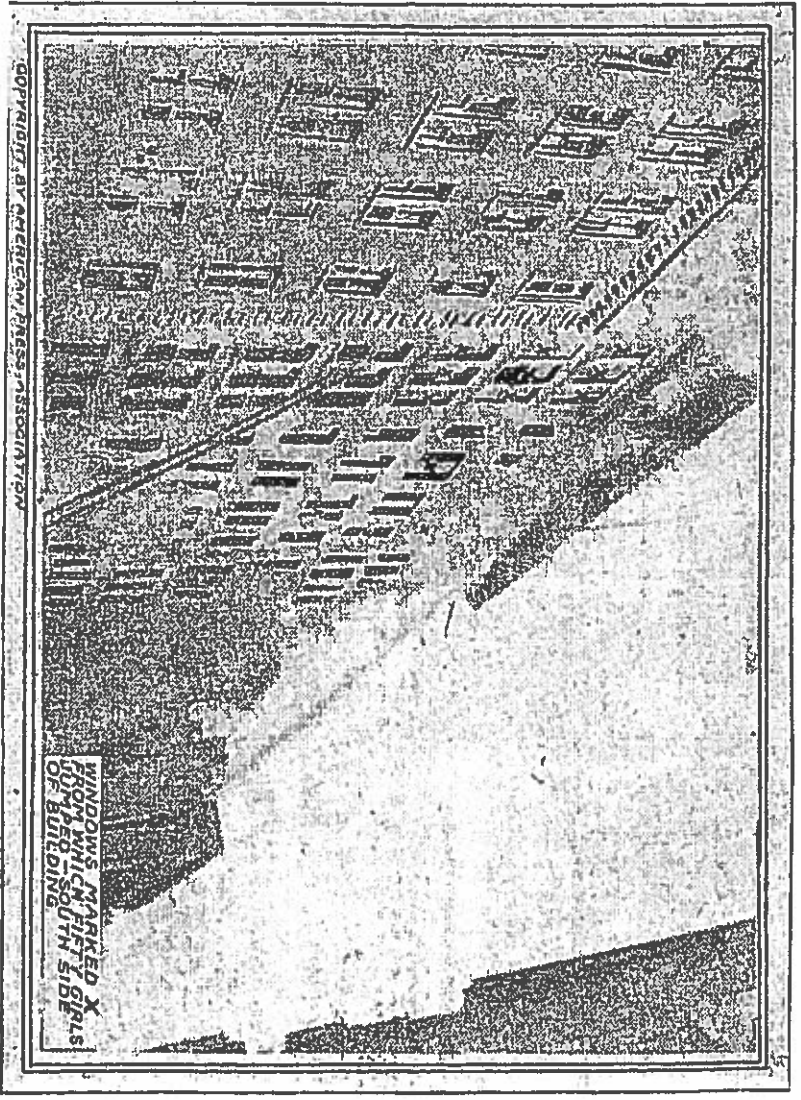
Coroner Declares Building Laws Were Not Enforced—Building Modern—Classed Fireproof.

JUST READY TO GO HOME

Victims Would Have Ended Day's Work in a Few Minutes—Pay Envelopes Identify Many.

MOB STORMS THE MORGUE

Seeking to Learn Fate of Relatives



The Burning Building at 23 Washington Place.

beyond their aid. When the excitement had subsided to such an extent that some of the firemen and policemen could pay attention to this mass of the supposedly dead they found, about half way down in the pack, a girl who was still breathing. She died two minutes after she was found. The Triangle Waist Company was the only sufferer by the disaster. There are other concerns in the building, but it was Saturday and the other companies had let their people go home. Messrs. Harris and Blanck, however, were busy and their fire—and some men—stayed.

sixth Street was impassable. But in the Morgue they received the charred remains with no more emotion than they ever display over anything. Back in Greene Street there was another crowd. At midnight it had not decreased in the least. The police were holding it back to the fire line, and discussing the tragedy in a tone which those seasoned "strangers" of death seldom use. "It's the worse thing I ever saw," said one old policeman.

Chief Croker said it was an outrage. He spoke bitterly of the way in which the Manufacturers' Association had called a meeting in Wall Street to take machines placed so closely together that there was hardly a safe room for the fire between them, and shirtwaist trimmings and cuttings which littered the floors above the eighth and ninth stories. Girls had begun leaping from the eighth story windows before the firemen's arrival. The firemen had trouble bringing their apparatus into position because of the bodies which strewn the pavement and sidewalks. While more bodies crashed down among them, they worked with desperation to run their ladders into position and to spread fire-nets.

One fireman, running ahead of a fire wagon, which halted to avoid running over a body, spread a firenet, and two more seized hold of it. A girl's body

FIRE TRAP VICTIMS BURIED

DRAFT NEW LAW TO SAVE SHOP WORK.

THE WEATHER

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

6TH EDITION
EXTRA

No. 5791 P. M.

•Friday

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1911

PRICE 10 CENTS

and 1317

SHEEHAN LOSES IN CAUCUS

Who Is Responsible?



WOMAN TELLS OF FIGHT FOR LIFE AT BARRED DOORS!

The latest developments to-day in the Asch building fire, where 143 were captured, the majority of them girls, and their lives, are shown.

Mrs. Susie Silver, who escaped from the burning building, recounted in a thrilling story of the fire the charge made by Chief Croker and others that the doors were locked, cutting off all escape by the girls. Mrs. Silver will tell her story to-day in the United Attorney and the police.

Fire Marshal William L. Swan to-day will continue his inquiry into the fire. He will examine those spectators and night workers.

Twenty-nine more bodies were identified, making a total of 173 out of the 143 victims. In this total are

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

VOLUME LKV.—NO. 149.

PURE FOOD SHOW SETS HOUSE AGAPE

Representative Mann Gives Novel Exhibition of Tinned and Bottled Delu- sions.

FEVER CLOUD; NOSNEEZE

Chicago Champion of National Law Plays Grocer and Drug- gist by Turns to Un- mask Frauds.

BY RAYMOND.

Washington, D. C., June 21.—(Special.)—The morning comprised a portion of the remarkable exhibit made to the house of representatives today on the opening of the bills on the pure food bill:

Apple berries made out of tapers colored like any flesh.

Impure cherries first bleached with an acid and colored with poisonous carmine dye.

Raw sugar manufactured from ethyl alcohol and chemical filler.

Spice coffee from Brazil.

Spice olive oil from Mississippi.

Manufactured glucose honey with bees in it, packaged inside which weigh less than their original covers.

Representative Mann was the showman and had an interested audience. Amusement and disgust were plainly marked on the faces of statesmen as they eagerly leaned over their desks and watched the Chicago representative demonstrate the downright absurdity of a national pure food law by means of samples of packages, cans, and bottles, the peculiarities of which were elaborated with extraordinary skill and in a way to leave passage of a pure food bill in some doubt within the next two or three days.

Desk Like a Grocer's Counter.

From 10 to 11 in the afternoon before the pure food bill was taken up at all, and Mr. Mann, chairman of the subcommittee, had two hours in which to open the general debate. He seized the opportunity with marked effect. A pair of tables, just in front of the speaker's chair and below the range of the desks, were covered with a strange assortment of food and drink and drugs which had been gathered in painstaking, lawyer-like fashion for months. The samples were used to illustrate in a general sort of way the necessity for a pure food law.

When the debate began many of the members placed the explanatory tags on the

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CANCER CAN BE CURED

I WANT TO SEND TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM CANCER, THESE TWO BIG BOOKS ABSOLUTELY FREE

Ten years of successful practice--In the Exclusive Treatment of Cancer--backed by the scores of testimonials I am able to furnish--from those who have used my Mild Combination Treatment--and are now well--should give me the right to say--Cancer Can Be Cured!



and these statements prove it

Read the PROOF

Back of Every Statement I make is the Word of Living Hundreds Who Have Used My Mild Combination Treatment.

I have no stronger evidence to offer than the actual living proof of those who have suffered and are now well. Read their statements and if you want more proof write for the two large books

PROOF FROM MISSOURI

PROOF FROM KANSAS

PROOF FROM OKLAHOMA

Have Hope... I have no stronger evidence to offer than the actual living proof of those who have suffered and are now well.

Cures Effected... I have no stronger evidence to offer than the actual living proof of those who have suffered and are now well.

My Professional Advice free... I have no stronger evidence to offer than the actual living proof of those who have suffered and are now well.

at Home... I have no stronger evidence to offer than the actual living proof of those who have suffered and are now well.

DR. JOHNSON REMEDY CO. Dr. O. A. Johnson, President, Kansas City, Mo.

WRITE TODAY FOR MY TWO FREE BOOKS CANCER AND ITS CURE AND MY 125-PAGE TESTIMONIAL BOOK

"All the News That's
Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

THE WEATHER.

Unsettled Tuesday. Wednesday, fair, with showers and gusty winds, becoming variable after the middle of the day.

REG. PAT. NO. 2,583

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1912—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

ONE CENT

TITANIC SINKS FOUR HOURS AFTER HITTING ICEBERG; 866 RESCUED BY CARPATHIA, PROBABLY 1250 PERISH; ISMAY SAFE, MRS. ASTOR MAYBE, NOTED NAMES MISSING

Col. Astor and Bride,
Isidor Straus and Wife,
and Maj. Butt Aboard.

"RULE OF SEA" FOLLOWED

Women and Children Put Over
to Lifeboats and Are Supposed
to Be Safe on Carpathia.

PICKED UP AFTER 8 HOURS

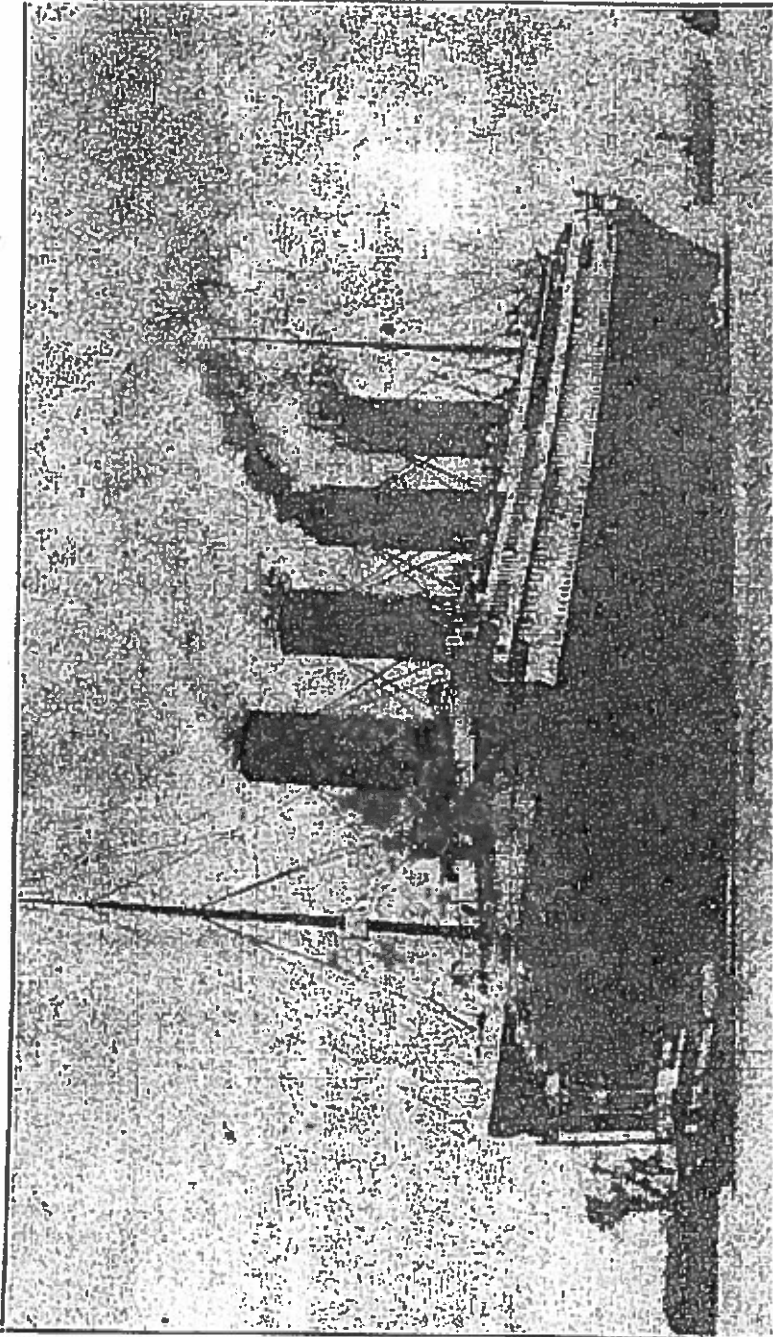
Vincent Astor Calls at White Star
Office for News of His Father
and Leaves Weeping.

FRANKLIN HOPEFUL ALL DAY

Manager of the Line Increased
Threats Was Unthinkable Even
After Son Had Gone Down.

HEAD OF THE LINE ABOARD

J. Bruce Ismay Making Final Trip on
Atlantic Ship That Was to
Rescue All Others.



Biggest Liner Plunges
to the Bottom
at 2:20 A. M.

RESCUERS THERE TOO LATE

Except to Pick Up the Few Hon-
dreds Who Took to the
Lifeboats.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

Commander Carpathia Rushed to
New York with the
Survivors.

SEA SEARCH FOR OTHERS

The Carpathia Stands By an
Chance of Picking Up Other
Boats or Rafts.

OLYMPIC SENDS THE NEWS

Only Ship to Reach Wireless Mes-
sages to Stock Exchange
Monday.

—1296

This illustration shows the Titanic, the
liner, as she lay in the water, and

"All the News That's Fit to Print!"

The New York Times.

TODAY'S EXTRA, NO. 25,921

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1918.—TWENTY FOUR PAGES.

ONE CENT In Large Type, 2c. Small. Printed and Published by The New York Times Company, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y.

THE WEATHER
 Fair today and Sunday; fresh to strong easterlies in west; with showers and rain in the north and west.

LUSTANIA SUNK BY A SUBMARINE, PROBABLY 1,000 DEAD; TWICE TORPEDOED OFF IRISH COAST; SINKS IN 15 MINUTES; AMERICANS ABOARD INCLUDED VANDERBILT AND FROHMAN; WASHINGTON BELIEVES THAT A GRAVE CRISIS IS AT HAND

SHOCKS THE PRESIDENT

Washington Deeply Satisfied by Disaster and Feels a Crisis.

BULLETINS AT WHITE HOUSE
 Wilson Reads Them Closely; He Is Said to Have Muttered's Emotions

FLAVOR OF GUNSHOTS CALLED

Later of Lusitania Reveals Importance of Our First Warning in Germany
CAPITAL FULL OF RUMORS
 Rumor That the Ship Was to Be Sunk Over Ireland Before Arrival

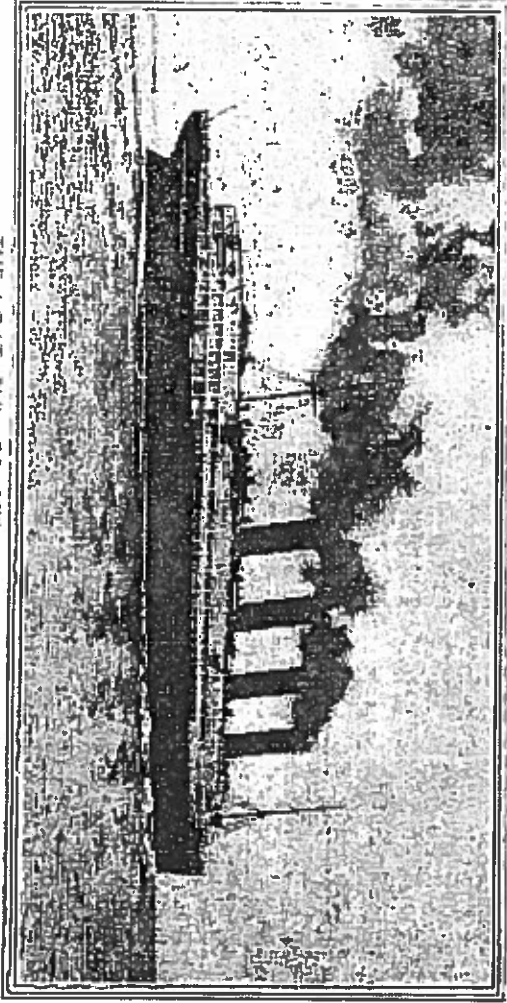
Washington, May 11.—The news of the sinking of the Lusitania, which was received here today, has caused a great commotion in the city. The president and his cabinet are deeply shocked, and the people are in a state of great excitement. The news is believed to be true, and it is expected that a grave crisis is at hand.

President Calls It in Aid of Peace

ST. LOUIS, May 11.—The president today called the sinking of the Lusitania a tragedy of the first magnitude.

I do not know whether it will make any further impression on the mind of the president, but I believe it will be a great blow to the peace movement.

The president's statement that the sinking of the Lusitania was a tragedy of the first magnitude, is believed to be a warning to the world.



THE LOST CUNARD STEAMSHIP LUSTANIA

Cunard Office Here Besieged for News; Fate of 1,918 on Lusitania Long in Doubt

Washington, May 11.—The Cunard office here today was besieged by a throng of people who were anxious to know the fate of the Lusitania. The office was closed for several hours, and the news was spread by word of mouth.

Loss of the Lusitania Fills London With Horror and Utter Amazement

London, May 11.—The news of the sinking of the Lusitania has caused a great commotion in London. The people are in a state of great excitement, and the news is believed to be true.

Admiralty Puts Embargo On News Dispatches

LONDON, May 11.—It is stated that the British Admiralty is not allowing any verified facts reaching the Lusitania, but the news is believed to be true.

DEATH OF FROHMAN IS FEARED IN LONDON

What Is America Going to Do About It?—Asks British College of Managers.

London, May 11.—The news of the sinking of the Lusitania has caused a great commotion in London. The people are in a state of great excitement, and the news is believed to be true.

SOME DEAD TAKEN ASHORE

Several Hundred Survivors at Queensstown and Kinsale.

STEWARD TELLS OF DISASTERS

Line Torpedoed Outside Inlets; Doomed Liner's Crew Another Into the Engine Room.

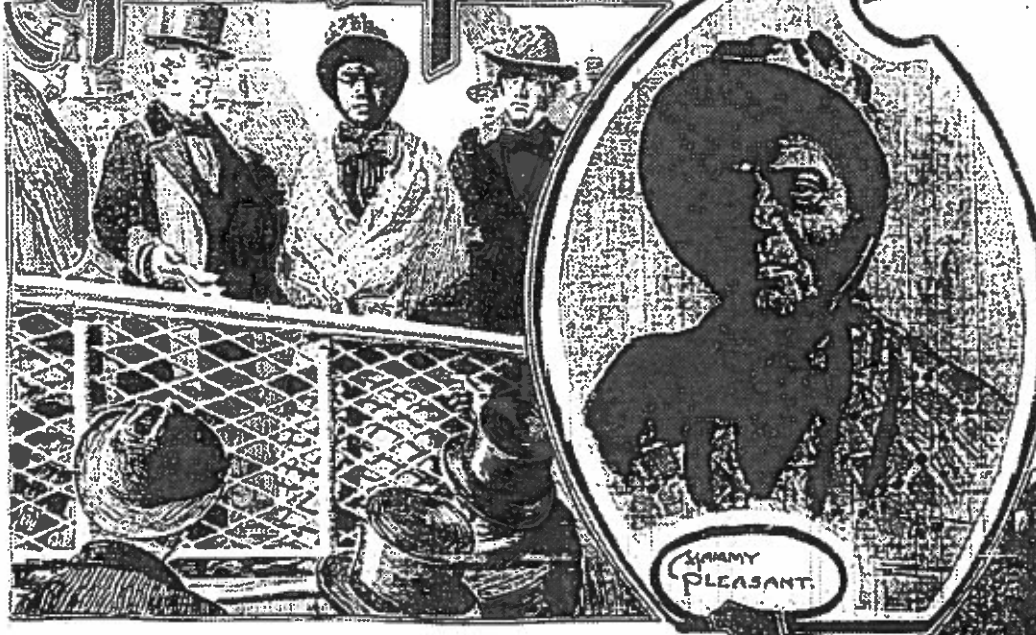
Boats Promptly Lowered; Ship Crew Down Sea Gulls; Many Men Taken On Board; No Griefers Reported Seen.

ATKACKED IN BROAD BAY
 Passengers of Lusitania—Were They Taken On Board?
 LONDON, Saturday, May 11.—The Cunard liner Lusitania which sailed out of New York last Saturday with 1,918 passengers, has been reported to have been torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Ireland.

GAME MATERIALS

II. STORY MODEL

MAMMY PLEASANT: ANGEL OR ARCH FIEND IN THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY?



goods they are equally responsible for the debts. But they refuse to assume either of these titles, nor does Mrs. Bell accuse Mammy of being both purchaser and receiver. They disclaim any responsibility in the matter. And their denial smacks more of being genuine when they are supposed to be strangers and

The "house of mystery" has lost its most mysterious character. "Mammy" Pleasant and Mrs. Bell have separated.

For the first time in twenty years greedy ears and prying eyes have been rewarded. Curious neighbors have at last had a peek behind the shroud of mystery that has settled like a pall over the Bell home, on the corner of Pine and Octavia streets.

Mammy Pleasant's exit was in keeping with her role of the most mysterious mystery in the house of mysteries... She did not announce her departure to the neighbors in the approved "blue book" manner. Instead, they heard a voice which rang harsh on the night air despite the soft southern accent. "Let me out! Let me out! Mrs. Bell has locked me in her room! Let me out!"

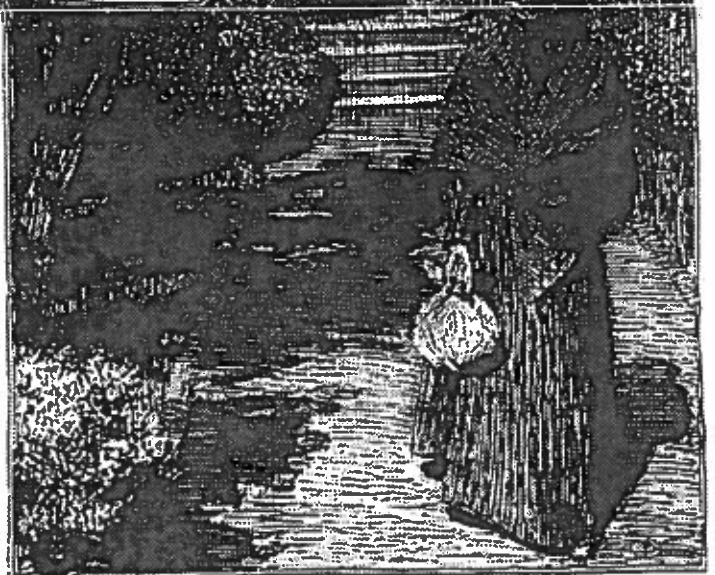
Silhouetted against the topmost window of the "house of mystery" was the figure of Mammy Pleasant.

A few moments and the big doors swung open and Mammy Pleasant walked down the stairs, escorted on either side by a policeman. In the selfsame bonnet and plaid shawl which she wears in fair weather and in foul, to millionaire's palace and to pauper's hovel, with head erect and gliding step she left the house where for twenty years she has been the director.

The officers of the law, having performed their duty in removing her from the house, allowed Mammy Pleasant to take her way unescorted.

Long before she reached the house of her friend, Mrs. Ferry, on Webster street, the lights had been put out, the shutters drawn, and the "house of mystery" had relapsed into its usual impenetrable aspect.

...Perhaps Mrs. Bell and "Mammy" have really quarreled. But more likely they have seemingly separated at Mammy's instigation and for a purpose. As one of the wiser ones explained it: "You see creditors are anxiously and eagerly eyeing the estate with a view to the payment of their bills. Mammy Pleasant denies that she ever ordered the goods charged. Mrs. Bell declares that she never received any of them. As purchaser and receiver of the



The Last Scene in the House of Mystery.

Mammy Pleasant ordered all of her books from the red notebook office for the street scene. During this period in time there was no improvement in the quality of the story.

enemies and no longer warm allies."

So there are those who thus interpret Mammy's last move. They will not believe that her influence over Mrs. Bell has waned. They ascribe her forcible ejection as a clever guise to give the affair a realistic air and to satisfy Mammy's love for the spectacular...

Mammy Pleasant's last experience, real or studied, is a fitting climax to a life that would seem impossible even between the covers of a book. She came to California in '50. There was a price on her head in the South and she wanted to get as far away from home as possible. Her connection to the "underground railway" was an established fact and planters whose slaves she had helped cross the border to the free North demanded her life in recompense.

In the early fifties "a ship coming through the Golden Gate" was

a far rarer and more welcome sight in San Francisco than a gold nugget. So when the vessel on which Mrs. Pleasant was a passenger around Cape Horn put into the harbor all of tent-covered San Francisco was there to welcome it.

When the rich merchants, richer miner and good livers in town heard that there was a colored girl on the vessel and that she was "one of the greatest cooks ever to come out of the South" there was an excited and tumultuous scramble to engage her services. Tom Bell, Bill Sharon and a lot of other wealthy men held out well-filled wallets as a bonus. But shrewd Mammy Pleasant held back; so many gentlemen wanted her she thought it only fair that they should bid for her services and she would work for the highest bidder.

So the bidding began while Mammy stood on the deck with folded arms and placidly looked on while the figures ran up into the hundreds. Finally the sum reached \$500 and everybody seemed to think that was about fair pay for a cook, even if she was the best one that ever came out of the South.

But Mammy had her own ideas of the value of her services, just as she had on so many occasions afterward.

"There's to be no washing," she stipulated.

The delighted purchaser of her services nodded.

"Not even dish washing," she added.

Another nod of acquiescence.

But when the lucky bidder offered at once to escort her with becoming pomp to his bachelor's quarters and install her as goddess of the cook stove Mammy suddenly folded her arms and calmly announced that she had changed her mind. She declared all bids off and said she'd take time, think the matter over and would let them know what she proposed doing...

Mammy took a room in town. Next day the plutocracy of the town were informed by notes that the new cook had determined to open up a boarding-house so that not any one particular man could monopolize her table dishes, but all good men could enjoy them.

Twice in the years that followed Mammy Pleasant moved her house. Some of her clientele had lost their money, others had doubled and trebled their fortunes. They had become prominent in business or in the affairs of state. Whether they had married or remained single they came to Mammy Pleasant for advice. Black or white no other woman in this state has ever had the confidence of so many of its prominent men--and no other woman has ever helped in the exposing and concealing of so many family skeletons...

In those days Mammy's chief delight was matchmaking. Thomas Bell was interested in a protégé of Mrs. Pleasant's. That that protégé was already provided with a husband did not disconcert Mammy. The first incumbent was given his walking papers and Mr. Bell, with a marriage license, undertook his duties. Half a dozen others were likewise mated or mismated by Mammy.

Then Cupid growing shy Mammy gave up her place and moved her household gods to another quarter. All sorts of idle and ugly rumors floated around. It was said she dug pitfalls into which unheeding girls could stumble...

After a year or two Mrs. Pleasant went to act as housekeeper in the home of Thomas Bell. She took absolute charge of all the domestic arrangements. All money matters between Mr. and Mrs. Bell were arranged by Mammy. Every day, in the long period when things ran smoothly, Bell handed her \$100 for the usual household expenses. Outside of this Mammy frequently visited

his office to get a check for two or three thousand dollars for special things needed by Mrs. Bell. That is, Mammy always explained them that way, and millionaire Bell was a generous provider for his family. All the household money passed through her hands, even the pocket money for the children...

In the height of his financial power Bell was reputed to be worth \$10,000,000; when he died his estate was appraised at \$2,500,000, and now there is a struggle among the heirs and creditors to get the pickings of what is left...

Until Mr. Bell's sudden and mysterious death about seven years ago Mammy's position in the Bell household was never questioned.

Fred Bell, the eldest son, first took the bit between his teeth and chafed under the high hand with which "Mammy" held the household reins. The other children and Mrs. Bell sided with Mammy.

The Bells became financially embarrassed. Where was the money going? People said that "Mammy" was giving it with lavish hand to her innumerable protégés and retainers. It was even whispered that she could tell something of a hand that had helped Thomas Bell in his fall over the banisters which resulted in his death.

When several years later Fred Bell was found in a crippled heap at the foot of the stairs in a house of one of Mrs. Pleasant's retainers, the accusing finger was again uplifted. Fred Bell himself was too much under the influence of liquor to remember how the accident happened...

If Mrs. Pleasant has property or money she has safely concealed it under other people's names. Her's is not the greed of accumulation, it is the greed for power of distribution and expenditure. If she has ducats hidden away they are down so deep that not even the lawyers can find them. The general belief is that she has dissipated into thin air not only all her own money, but almost all the money entrusted to her by other people.

"Mammy Pleasant has the evil eye," said a man who has known her long and well. "Everyone who has ever come under it has met with unhappiness and misfortune. For Sarah Althea, the bars of a madhouse, and for Mrs. Bell, utter and absolute loneliness and the faculties still left to realize it. The other women--and their name is legion--whose life lines have been closely entwined with Mammy's have likewise gathered up the fruit of the dead sea.

"Mammy is an incomprehensible mixture--a generous giver and taker, not only of her own but of other people's possessions. She has not a spark of affection, nor an atom of conscience. She is the smoothest talker and the shrewdest woman in San Francisco. She is childish in her vanities, diabolical in her schemings. A woman to whom the feeling of power is the breath of life, and one who realizes that it is money that gives her power. An intellectual giant, but a moral idiot."

"Mammy Pleasant is the dearest old thing," said the girl who is Marie Bell's intimate friend. "If you knew her and talked to her you'd never believe all the lies people tell... She's white inside even if her skin is black. Nobody knows what Mammy Pleasant has done for the Bell family."

Which is only too true. Nobody does know what she has done for the Bells. Has she been the fiend or the archangel in "the house of mystery?"

S.F. MOONSHINE POISONS AGENTS

The mystery of why California had a "wet" Christmas was explained yesterday when it became known that the prohibition agents sent out to gather evidence were all poisoned by what they drank and spent their time at home and in hospitals on Christmas Day instead of carrying out the orders of the prohibition office to "make the State dry."

With three of the agents still dangerously ill from the effects of the jackass "evidence" which they drank preceeding Christmas. Tom Brown, assistant prohibition director, yesterday assembled the recovered members of his staff and gave them instructions for New Year's eve.

Brown's instructions are that New Years eve is to be made "bone dry" on the street and "very decently dry" within doors.

With every available agent on the job next Saturday night, Brown declared yesterday that he will see to it that the purveyors of moonshine are made to keep under cover New Year's eve.

"The fact that three of our agents are still dangerously ill from the effects of drinking jackass and moonshine in making 'buys' on which to lay raids, ought to be a warning to the general public. If it isn't, I'll see that both sellers and buyers are arrested if they traffic in the stuff next Saturday night." Brown said.

"Traffickers in other liquors will also be arrested." Brown declared.

William J. Jordan, one of the poisoned agents, was taken to a San Francisco hospital yesterday suffering from the effects of drinking in a number of San Francisco places which he investigated the day before Christmas.

Another agent, Jack Shrol, who was investigating San Joaquin county resorts, is ill in a Napa hospital from the effects of moonshine and jackass which he drank.

John O'Toole, an agent who was in the Sacramento valley, is sick at his home in San Francisco.

Nine belated raids scheduled for Christmas Day, were made yesterday. Twelve men were arrested, among them M. Carroni, P. Molenaria and F. Geaniui of 710 Montgomery street, arrested for the third time in one month.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOILS!

I was recently annoyed much with boils. A lady friend who had been relieved by it when similarly afflicted recommended Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I soon felt its influence. My system became more regular and the boils rapidly disappeared, confirming her experience and satisfying me of its virtues. Hereafter I will know how to get rid of boils painlessly, pleasantly and effectively. You can publish this statement.

ROBT. H. WALSH,
With Wells, Fargo & Co.

San Francisco, August 20, 1890.

Boils, according to Dr. King, an eminent authority, "are generally connected with some derangement of the liver and stomach." Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is peculiarly a stomach and bowel corrective, and the only one that is so. Its regulating influences cause boils to disappear almost immediately. The above is a case in point.

Joy's

Vegetable

Sarsaparilla

Comet Gazer, Stripped Naked, Startles Los Angeles Folk

Los Angeles, May 12.—Standing in the middle of East Second street without a stitch of clothing on, and calmly announcing he was "looking for the comet," an unknown man caused considerable commotion last night. For a time the Central avenue streetcar service was blocked. The district is quite dark, and the man was not noticed until the headlight of the car threw him into relief. He was standing in the center of the track, and the motor-man was compelled to stop the car.

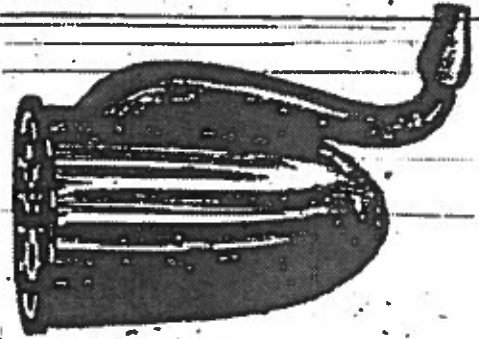
"Hey, what are ye doin' here? Where's your pants?" indignantly asked the motorman.

"I'm looking for the comet. Haven't seen it, have you?" quietly asked the man.

The man refused to move, and it looked as if the car was stalled, when Officer Craig happened along. Craig took off his coat.

"Here, put this on while I ring for the wagon," said the officer to the man. As the officer stepped away the man broke through the crowd, and with the officer's coat disappeared up an alley.

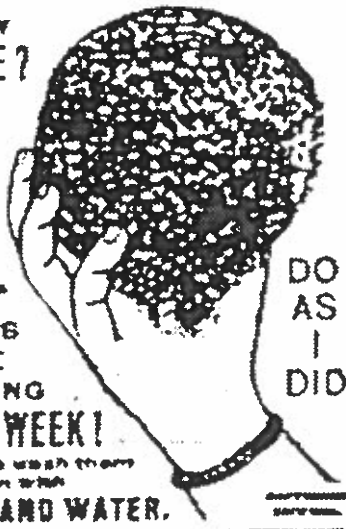
A BOON—TO THE DEAF!



London Hearing Horn.

This is the only instrument that will help the deaf. Being manufactured from the best hard metal it will last for years. It can be conveniently carried in the pocket and used at the theatre or church without attracting attention. Price \$3, sent C. O. D. If unsatisfactory after two weeks' trial return to us by express, C. O. D. 1150007 BROS. Detroit, Mich. Corner Seventh st. and Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SEE MY SPONGE?



SHINE your shoes with WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING ONCE A WEEK! Other days wash them down with SPONGE AND WATER.

DO AS I DID

HIRSCH, KAHN & CO.

MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS,
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Call the attention of our public to their absolutely correct method of adjusting spectacles to suit the various conditions of the sight. Illustrated catalogue and eye tests free. Microscopes, Telescopes, Field and Opera Glasses, Magic Lanterns and Views, Barometers, Thermometers, Compasses, Electric Batteries, Artificial Eyes, Drawing, Mining, Surveying and other scientific instruments, Photographic Apparatus and Supplies

VILE OPIUM DENS

Houses Where White Men and Women Are Ruined by the Deadly Drug

Sallow Victims, Limp and drowsy, Lie on Their Couches and Leer Through Clouds of Smoke

feel comparatively secure in all they do.

One of the most notorious opium dens of the city, the perfect type of a dozen others, is at the old Baltimore lodging house at the northwest corner of Bush and Grant avenue. This place was visited by a Call reporter and an artist last night, and the revelations were sufficient to prove beyond question that the drug which De Quincey described as one that steals away one's life has expanded its sway over wide areas of the population.

Half a dozen rooms in this house were visited. There were from two to ten habitués in each room, while the smoke of the insidious drug filled the air to suffocation. A blear-eyed and demoralized group surrounded each "lay out" of opium. There were hardened users of the drug, as well as young men and women just falling into the vortex that leads to physical and mental downfall.

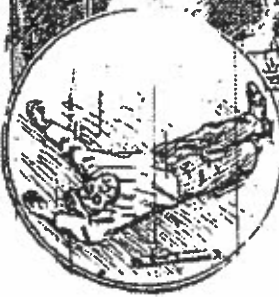
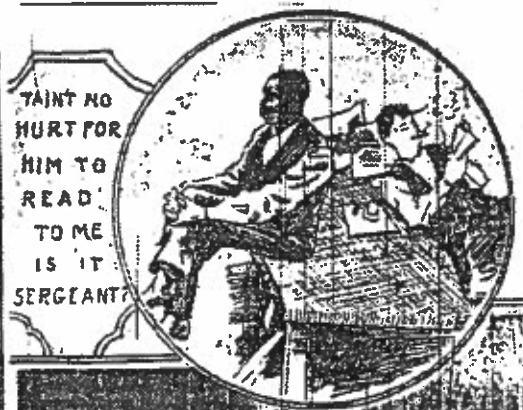
The victims of the drug, in various stages of intoxication from its sickening fumes, lay limp as rags on the old-fashioned beds. Usually there were two on each bed, the lamp and pipes, as well as the opium in the glass receivers, being placed between them. One wretch on each side of the "lay out" looked up through clouds of the nauseating smoke as he puffed, indiffer-

Recent investigations of the police of this city show that opium smoking is a habit firmly rooted among the whites as well as among the Chinese. Men and women are its victims and the young are blighted by its touch.

"There is no question that hundreds are addicted to the habit and that they congregate in various joints for the purpose of enjoying the fumes of the drug," said Sergeant Martin yesterday. The Call has verified the Sergeant's statement.

The pitiable feature about the entire matter is the fact that the law gives the vice every opportunity to grow, for there are so many difficulties in the way of securing a conviction that the ordinances and statutes of the State are practically dead letters.

According to the best information of the police, there are probably a dozen notorious dens where young men and women congregate to smoke opium night after night. As they have watched the proceedings of the Courts and are familiar with the loop holes of the law, they



INTERIOR OF DEN WHERE WHITES DRINK AWAY THEIR LIVES.

Victims of the Drug, in Various Stages of Intoxication, Lay Limp as Rags. The Pictures Do Not Exaggerate the Facts.

Team Blue

ent to the intrusion of the visitors. The sallow faces of young men and women thus dreaming under fumes that made them practically dead to the world, formed a picture never to be forgotten, as they peeped over the pipes, staring dreamily through the opium smoke that curled up from the lamps and came in clouds from the mouths of the victims.

From half a dozen hiding places startled young women stole, groping their way with contracted pupils, through the dismal hallways, seeking to evade the gaze of visitors. Though dazed by the drug and robbed of moral responsibility by its powerful action, they yet sought to hide their shame from those who passed through the building.

Shortly after the arrival of the reporter and artist, word was sent from room to room that something unusual was going on. Within five minutes there was an exodus of opium smokers from the building. They rushed down the stairway pell mell, as if they had beheld the spirit of evil.

Inquiry at the place and in the vicinity revealed the fact that it is no uncommon occurrence for from ten to twenty women to "hit the pipe" in the Baltimore House each night. There is little danger, for the police are powerless to stamp out the evil. Indeed policemen have access to the rooms, and are treated with fearless courtesy by the victims of the drug...

Thus, night after night and day after day, in the very heart of this great city of churches and humane societies young men and women are lured into the dens where opium is smoked. Going to the places, first out of some evil curiosity, perhaps with no thought of becoming chronic users of the drug, they are soon on their way to the ranks of the outcast and abandoned. It is well known that hundreds of the worst "fiends" ever handled by the police got their start with the drug in such places, where they perhaps first went "just for a lark," soon to discover themselves in the vortex of the habit that is peculiar to the Pacific Coast and to this of all American cities.

AN ODD DEATH TRAP

Patrick Hare, a Southern Pacific engine foreman, awoke in his home at 1132 Lake street at 7 o'clock yesterday morning to find his young wife strangled to death within 10 feet of the bed, her throat caught tightly between a doorjamb and the back of a chair, the victim of a most peculiar accident.

The body of the woman, which fully dressed, was stiff and cold and showed evidences of having been dead for many hours. So tightly was the chair back wedged against her neck that Deputy Coroner Tom Gavin, who was sent for by the distressed husband, had to move it before he could release the corpse. After a close investigation Gavin and the police arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Hare met her death in one of the most remarkable accidents that ever came to their attention.

Mrs. Hare, whose maiden name was Catherine Dalton, went with her mother to visit a friend at Twelfth avenue and California street. At 9:30 o'clock Mrs. Hare started home, while her mother accepted an invitation from the hostess to stay all night.

The detectives learned that Mrs. Hare had a weak heart and was subject to fainting spells. They believe that after reaching home she let herself in with a night key, her husband having gone to bed some time before. Just as she started to enter her bedroom, the police believe, she was seized with dizziness and fainted.

In her fall her throat struck the back of a low backed chair standing two feet from the door frame. The force of the fall tilted the chair on its back legs until her neck was caught squarely between it and the doorjamb. The weight of her body pressed her tighter in the trap and the unconscious woman was slowly strangled to death.

Through it all her husband slept soundly. His first information that his wife had returned was when he awoke and saw her dead figure just a few feet away. Mrs. Hare was 24 years of age.

SUFFOCATED IN BARLEY MASH

SAN RAFAEL, Oct. 19.—Louis Saporetti, 30, a rancher at San Anselmo, near here, was suffocated in a tank of barley mash intended for home consumption this afternoon. Saporetti was tramping in the mash to quicken fermentation when he was overcome by the fumes.

CHRONICLE April 13, 1929

HURT IN REVOLVING DOOR, WOMAN DIES

Injuries received by Mrs. B. Bruckmann, 60, widow of a Louisiana Judge, who lived at 534 Twelfth street, when she was thrown from a revolving door at the Washington street entrance of the Oakland City Hall Monday resulted in her death yesterday at the Highland Hospital.

Mrs. Bruckmann suffered a fracture of the leg. Pneumonia and other complications set in. The accident occurred when an unidentified man hurried through the opposite side of the door, causing the panel to strike Mrs. Bruckmann in the back. Records of the Oakland hotel, where Mrs. Bruckmann lived for the last six weeks, gave her home address as San Francisco. Employees knew nothing of her family.

CAUTION!

J. & F. Martell Cognac.

We desire to caution the trade and consumers against bold imitations of J&F Martell, BRANDY, which are offered in this market for the purpose of being palmed off for the genuine article. We have enjoined by virtue of power of attorney several lawyers, using them for legal damages, and we hereby warn all persons against imitating the trade-mark of J and F Martell, or using their original labels on bottles filled with the contents to deceive. Unless this serious practice is stopped, criminal proceedings will be instituted at once.

W. M. GILBERT & CO.,
227 1/2 Market St.
Sole Pacific Coast Agents.

Bottles containing the genuine J&F Martell BRANDY bear our firm name on every bottle.



INSANE GIRL'S WILD FLIGHT FROM OFFICERS

STOCKTON, April 7.—Miss Etta Lockjoy, who has been in Clark's private hospital for the insane for two weeks, escaped from the institution last night by cutting the lock out of a window casing with a pair of shears. She then slid down a rain spout. Search was made for her last night by the officers, but no trace of her could be found. It was learned this morning that she had obtained a horse and buggy from a local liveryman, and to-day she gave the officers quite a chase. She drove the foaming horse through the streets at breakneck speed, whipping the animal with maniacal vigor. She was caught about four miles from town by a man on horseback and was taken back to the asylum.

Miss Lockjoy is 17 years of age. She hails from Madera, where her parents own a farm.

BULLETIN, November 23, 1855

INSANE.—A gentleman writing from Coloma, states that Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in California is hopelessly insane, a calamity brought on by inebriation. Although poor and forsaken, he imagines himself possessed of countless millions of wealth.

VISIT TO THE INSANE ASYLUM

The editor of the Stockton Republican paid a visit to the Insane Asylum, located in that neighborhood, a few days since. He speaks in terms of high commendation of the Resident Physician and Superintendent, Dr. Aylette, and the management of the asylum generally. All the patients, he says, appeared comfortable and even happy. In confirmation of this statement, he relates the particulars of his interview with a number of the patients, and from his account we condense the following:

Mr. Kempsey is a poor imbecile, who will be remembered as having made love to Miss Kate Hayes, when on her visit here in '52 and '53, more violently than agreeable. He is in robust health, a hearty eater, and as jolly a personality as could be found in a day's walk. He is as polite as my Lord Chesterfield, and entertains the opinion he is a man of immense consequence in the world, and indites long and rather wild letters to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Palmerston and other distinguished personages. He is an Irishman and was formerly wealthy.

Another singular fellow is a Mr. Kelly who imagines he owns the whole of California, together with the Sandwich Islands. His mind is filled with splendid operations which he intends making in stocks and real estate.

Another is a young man dressed as a miner, who labors under the hallucination that he is hourly in conversation with St. Paul, and becomes irritated and excited if his stories are questioned. In fact, he came within an inch of throttling an unlucky keeper who insinuated that the Saint aforesaid had been dead a thousand years. He gave it as his opinion, that if he had on a fine black coat, he could preach the clergyman who had officiated at the Asylum on the Sunday previous, "out of his boots."

In a small room, though provided with every comfort, lay the poor wreck of one, who, only a few years ago, filled a considerable space in social and political circles, having served two or three terms in the legislature from this country and figured extensively as a politician. He inquired after his friends and the news, but his mind painfully wandered, and indeed he said that "he had been so troubled with terrible virus of rattlesnakes," that he really believed his mind wandered at times. He was sorry, he said, that Frank Whitney was having trouble in the Fire Department, for Frank was a good man, but he always thought hard of him for not signing that act he took so much trouble to get passed through the Legislature. He had been in that place but a day or two (he had been there for many a weary week) and would go to town, but they had stolen his clothes.

There are some forty females in the Asylum, a large portion of whom have become insane through religious excitement. Everything is done to render the situation of these unfortunates as comfortable and happy as possible.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, soothes the membrane of the nasal passages, from additional colds, minutely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50-cents. at Drugists, or by mail, registered, 50 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

WOMAN OF KISS OF DEATH DIES A WRINKLED HAG

LAST OF FIENDISH BENDER FAMILY, WHOSE WHOLESAL MURDER STARTLED WORLD, EXPIRES IN CABIN AT RIO VISTA

The last of the Benders, the story of whose fearful crimes made one of the bloodiest chapters in the early history of the West, is dead. In a squalid roadhouse on the outskirts of Rio Vista, in this State, there was found Tuesday the decaying remains of an aged woman, who had been known for years as Mrs. Gavin and Mrs. Peters. In fact, according to General Collins, who was at one time her confidant, and to whom she told the story of her tempestuous life, she was none other than Kate Bender, a member of that family of fiends who murdered and robbed so many travelers on the old Santa Fe trail through Kansas.

In the human wreck that now lies at the Morgue at Rio Vista there is left not one vestige of that beauty which was used to lure men to dark and bloody death. Instead, the corpse is repulsive to the extreme. Age and time have stamped their marks on the face and form, shriveled and clammy, a rag and a bone and a hank of hair, the remains of a vampire that fattened on the blood of many men.

ESCAPES TO SAN FRANCISCO

Thirty years ago the woman took up her residence in Rio Vista with John Gavin, a whaler, to whom she had been married in San Francisco. Ten years later she divorced him and took up with a man named W. Peters, whose name she bore from that time till her death. It was not long after she became Mrs. Peters that she opened the roadhouse in which she was found dead, and which was always a house of ill repute. About ten years ago, according to the story told by Collins, Mrs. Peters was taken very sick, and believing herself about to die, confided in him that she was the notorious Kate Bender and that, contrary to general belief, she did not die a victim of the mob that wreaked bloody vengeance on the Benders after the whole country became inflamed by the discovery of their bloody crimes.

STORY OF THEIR CRIMES

It was never known how many luckless travelers along the old Santa Fe trail fell victim to the beauty of Kate Bender in the lonely inn kept by the family on the main highway, between Independence, Kansas, and the Osage Mission. It was ostensibly a place of entertainment for man and beast and was conducted by William Bender, 60 years old, and his wife, aged 55 years. Living with them were John, 23, and their daughter Kate, aged 25, children of Bender by his first wife. No other human habitation existed for miles in any direction and the roadhouse of the Benders was the only place of refuge for wayfarers overtaken by storm or the night. If the travelers were in groups, the Benders did not molest them, but woe to the man who happened along when the inn had no other guests. His doom was sealed. It was true, he

was given his meal and that the Benders were as jovial as could be, especially Kate, who soon created the impression on the mind of the traveler that he had made a conquest of her heart. The rest is history.

The selected victim was allowed to be alone with Kate, and in a brief time he was seated with her on a sofa back of which was draped a curtain. The girl became profuse in her demonstrations of affection, going so far as to throw her arms about his neck and kiss him.

THE KISS OF DEATH

It was the kiss of death, the signal to the brother or father concealed in an alcove behind the curtain, to strike while the arms of the siren were around the victim. The curtains parted, the bludgeon descended, the skull of one more traveler was broken. To strip the body of money and all other valuables was the work of a short time for such experienced hands. To make certain the death of the victim, his throat was cut and he was thrown into a trap door in the cellar to be buried at leisure, or interred in the prairie in the rear of the inn.

Fate at last overtook the murderers. In June 1878, a Dr. William York of Independence led to the undoing of the murderers. He was last seen traveling the trail in the direction of the Bender tavern before his disappearance. He was a man of some consequence in the State on account of his profession, and his brother, A.M. York of Fort Scott, instituted a search for him. Unfortunately for the Benders, the searchers began to recall that numerous other men who had been seen traveling in their neighborhood had never again been heard of. On a day when the inn-keeper and his family were absent a search was made of the premises. In the cellar a corpse was dug up, then another and another, each stripped to the skin, each with his skull crushed in, until nine victims were ranged side by side and a dozen murders cried aloud for justice on the murderers. Among them was the body of Dr. York.

LYNCHING OF THE BENDERS

The Benders, with the exception of Kate, were captured and lynched the same day at the scene of their crimes, the story of which startled the whole civilized world. Kate Bender, who had not returned to the inn with her father, mother and brother, got wind of the discovery of the crimes, and, according to the story told by Mrs. Gavin or Mrs. Peters, she managed to reach Chicago, afterward going to New York and sailing from there around the Horn for San Francisco.

Although there have been some who have said that Kate Bender was lynched with the other members of the fiendish family, the story told Collins that she escaped is borne out by the fact that the State of Kansas offered a reward of \$500 for her capture.

While acting as a nurse in San Francisco, she met and married John Gavin, and went with him to Rio Vista, burying her identity under the cloak of his name, but unable to put away the love of crime, which finally sapped her strength and left her helpless and alone in the squalid hovel, a wrinkled hag that had been a beautiful fiend.

AN ODD DEATH TRAP

Patrick Hare, a Southern Pacific engine foreman, awoke in his home at 1132 Lake street at 7 o'clock yesterday morning to find his young wife strangled to death within 10 feet of the bed, her throat caught tightly between a doorjamb and the back of a chair, the victim of a most peculiar accident.

The body of the woman, which fully dressed, was stiff and cold and showed evidences of having been dead for many hours. So tightly was the chair back wedged against her neck that Deputy Coroner Tom Gavin, who was sent for by the distressed husband, had to move it before he could release the corpse. After a close investigation Gavin and the police arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Hare met her death in one of the most remarkable accidents that ever came to their attention.

Mrs. Hare, whose maiden name was Catherine Dalton, went with her mother to visit a friend at Twelfth avenue and California street. At 9:30 o'clock Mrs. Hare started home, while her mother accepted an invitation from the hostess to stay all night.

The detectives learned that Mrs. Hare had a weak heart and was subject to fainting spells. They believe that after reaching home she let herself in with a night key, her husband having gone to bed some time before. Just as she started to enter her bedroom, the police believe, she was seized with dizziness and fainted.

In her fall her throat struck the back of a low backed chair standing two feet from the door frame. The force of the fall tilted the chair on its back legs until her neck was caught squarely between it and the doorjamb. The weight of her body pressed her tighter in the trap and the unconscious woman was slowly strangled to death.

Through it all her husband slept soundly. His first information that his wife had returned was when he awoke and saw her dead figure just a few feet away. Mrs. Hare was 24 years of age.

SUFFOCATED IN BARLEY MASH

SAN RAFAEL, Oct. 19.—Louis Saporetti, 30, a rancher at San Anselmo, near here, was suffocated in a tank of barley mash intended for home consumption this afternoon. Saporetti was tramping in the mash to quicken fermentation when he was overcome by the fumes.

CHRONICLE April 13, 1929

HURT IN REVOLVING DOOR, WOMAN DIES

Injuries received by Mrs. B. Bruckmann, 60, widow of a Louisiana Judge, who lived at 534 Twelfth street, when she was thrown from a revolving door at the Washington street entrance of the Oakland City Hall Monday resulted in her death yesterday at the Highland Hospital.

Mrs. Bruckmann suffered a fracture of the leg. Pneumonia and other complications set in. The accident occurred when an unidentified man hurried through the opposite side of the door, causing the panel to strike Mrs. Bruckmann in the back. Records of the Oakland hotel, where Mrs. Bruckmann lived for the last six weeks, gave her home address as San Francisco. Employees knew nothing of her family.

CAUTION!

J. & F. Martell Cognac.

We desire to caution the trade and consumers against bold imitations of J. & F. Martell Cognac, which are offered in this market for the purpose of being palmed off for the genuine article. We have enjoyed by virtue of power of attorney our real infringers, being them for heavy damages, and we hereby warn all persons against imitating the trade-mark of J. & F. Martell, or using their original labels on bottles refilled, with the intention to deceive. Unless this notorious practice is stopped, criminal proceedings will be instituted at once.

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Comet Gazer, Stripped Naked, Startles Los Angeles Folk

Los Angeles, May 12.—Standing in the middle of East Second street without a stitch of clothing on, and calmly announcing he was "looking for the comet," an unknown man caused considerable commotion last night. For a time the Central avenue streetcar service was blocked. The district is quite dark, and the man was not noticed until the headlight of the car threw him into relief. He was standing in the center of the track, and the motorman was compelled to stop the car.

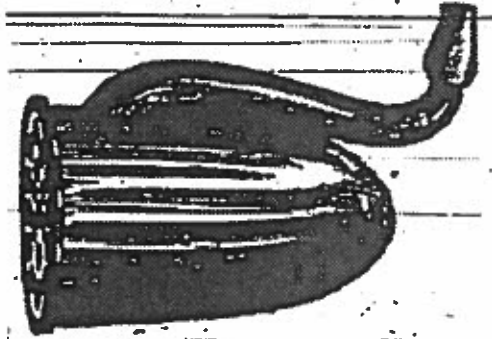
"Hey, what are ye doin' here? Where's your pants?" indignantly asked the motorman.

"I'm looking for the comet. Haven't seen it, have you?" quietly asked the man.

The man refused to move, and it looked as if the car was stalled, when Officer Craig happened along. Craig took off his coat.

"Here, put this on while I ring for the wagon," said the officer to the man. As the officer stepped away the man broke through the crowd, and with the officer's coat disappeared up an alley.

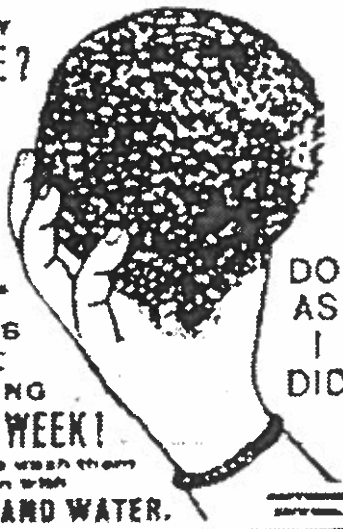
A BOON TO THE DEAF!



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This is the only instrument that will help the deaf. Being manufactured from the best metal it will last for years. It can be conveniently carried in the pocket and used at the theatre or church without attracting attention. Price \$5, sent C. O. D. If not satisfactory after two weeks' trial return to us by express, C. O. D. 150000 PROS. DRUGGISTS, N.E. Corner Seventh St. and Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SEE MY SPONGE?

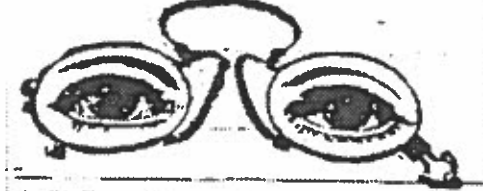


SHINE your shoes with WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING ONCE A WEEK! Other days wash them clean with SPONGE AND WATER.

DO AS I DID

HIRSCH, KAHN & CO.

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'Monkey on Stick' Bares Teeth in Pulpit as Pastor Scores Evolution

Simian Turns Flip-Flops and Chatters Angrily During Sermon; Congregation in Uproar

BUTTE (Mont.) Aug. 24 --With a small monkey tied to a broomstick held by the 12-year-old daughter of the preacher, as she sat beside the pulpit, Reverend Z. Colin O'Farrell, one of Butte's most prominent divines, tonight preached to a big congregation at the First Baptist Church, while the monkey chattered and chirped about the pulpit and several times made dashes at the preacher with bared teeth.

At times Reverend O'Farrell was forced to shout to be heard above the din made by the monkey and after having turned off all the lights in the church and having a spotlight directed on the monkey, was compelled to lead the simian from the pulpit to an adjoining room, stating that at a future time he would again use a monkey but one that was more quiet.

THREATENS SPEAKER.

Hardly had the little girl taken her seat near the pulpit, when the monkey made a dash for the preacher, the short string on the broom handle saving Rev. O'Farrell from being bitten.

During his sermon Rev. O'Farrell said that one of the reasons for bringing the monkey to the pulpit was because his daughter returned from school recently and asked him if she came from a monkey. When asked what prompted the question she informed him that her teacher so informed her while at school that day.

With the lights turned off and the church in

darkness except for a spotlight directed on the preacher and the monkey from a balcony, Rev. O'Farrell pointed at the frightened monkey and imitating the antics of the tree climber, recited a verse as follows:

"Turn backward, Time in Your flight, and make me a Monkey again, just tonight."

TURNS FLIP-FLOPS.

Suddenly the monkey made a wild jump that caused it to turn several flip-flops and nearly pulled the broomstick from the hands of little Miss O'Farrell.

The preacher ordered the church lights turned on and after the edifice was again lighted the monkey chattered as though greatly pleased to get away from the glare of the strong spotlight.

When the Rev. O'Farrell ended his sermon, his voice was hoarse and he was perspiring from his gestures and other physical movements.



THE *San Francisco* Edition CALL

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1894

HAVE SWORN TO DESTROY THE RULERS OF CHINA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A
CALL REPRESENTATIVE IN A
POWERFUL MONGO-
LIAN SECRET
SOCIETY.

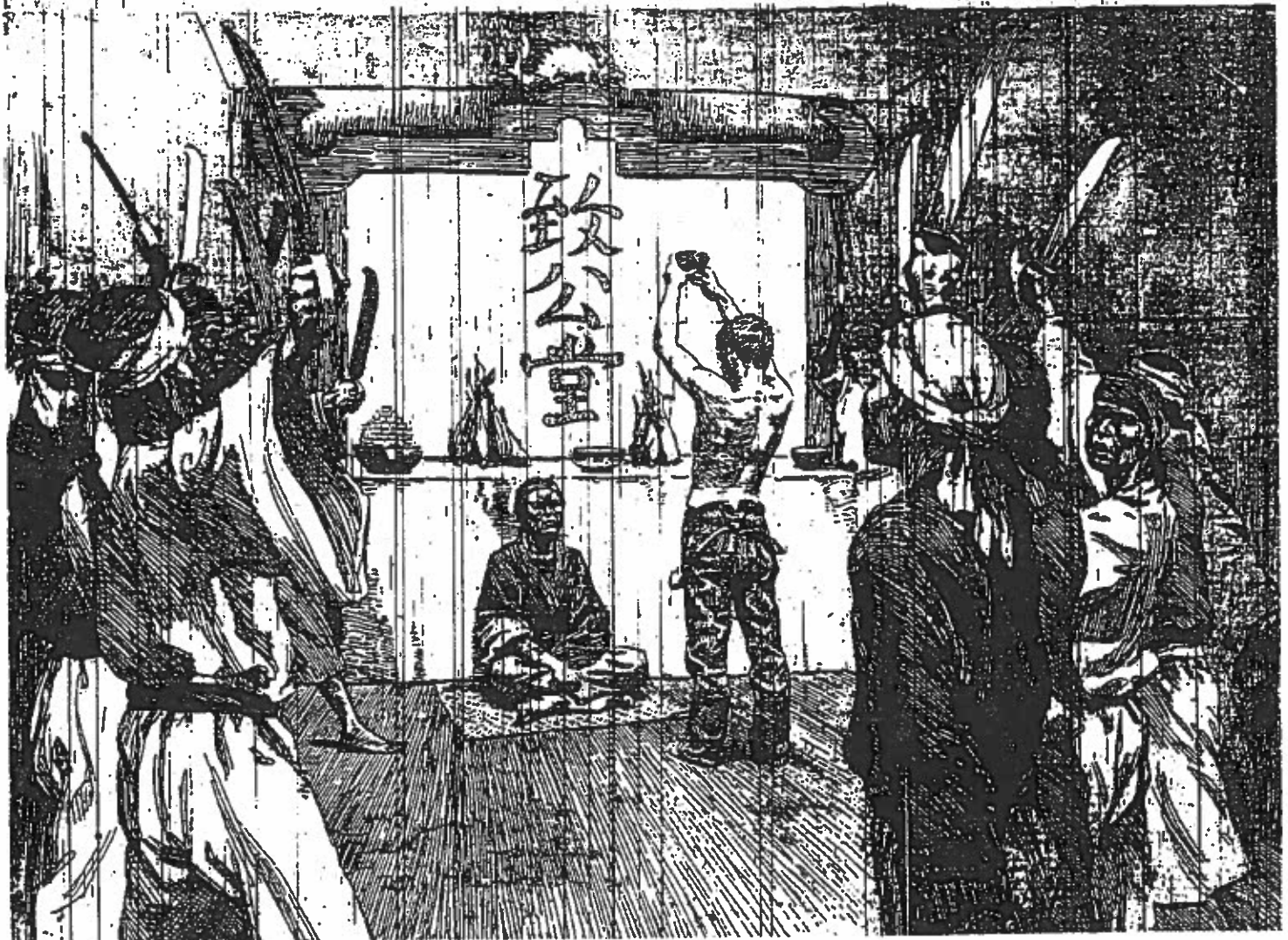


TONG KUNG GEE
INSIGMA OF THE MOST POWERFUL CHINESE SOCIETY IN THE WORLD.

REASON WHY THE GEE KUNG
TONG IS AIDING FOREIGNERS
TO DESTROY THE GOV-
ERNMENT OF ITS OWN
COUNTRY.

The Chinese authorities promptly put to death any mem-
ber of this order that they catch. The imperial family lives in
constant dread of them.

Li Hung Chang on his trip around the world did not dare
pass through this city. He was warned that if he did the
Gee Kung Tong would surely assassinate him.



THE CALL REPRESENTATIVE TAKING THE OATH BEFORE THE MEMBERS AND
THE GRAND MASTER OF THE LOCAL LODGE OF THE CHINESE SECRET SOCI-
ETY, WHOSE WATCHWORD IS 'DEATH TO ALL TARTAR RULERS.'