

THE WEATHER.
Forecast made at San Francisco for thirty hours ending midnight, April 29:
San Francisco and vicinity—Fair Friday; fresh westerly winds.
A. G. McADIE,
District Forecaster.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

THE THEATERS.
Alhambra—"The New Clown."
Special Matinee To-Day.
California—"A Girl From Dixie."
Central—"The Still Alarm."
Curtis—"Vandeville."
Columbia—"Running for Office."
Fischer—"Chow-Chow."
Grand—"Whirl-I-Gig."
Majestic—"The Crisis."
Orpheum—"Vandeville."
Tivoli—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

VOLUME XCV—NO. 151. SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1904. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LATEST ADDITION TO THE GREATER NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES GLIDES SMOOTHLY FROM WAYS AND IS CHRISTENED CALIFORNIA

HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE ON TRANSPORT Hundreds Go Down With the Kinshiu Maru.

Japanese Refuse to Surrender After Their Officers Yield.

Mikado's Army Repulses the Enemy in Two Days' Fighting at the Yalu.

Special Dispatch to The Call.
SHANGHAI, April 29. It is reported here that the Russians have suffered a disastrous repulse after two days' fighting on the Yalu River. The Japanese forces crossed the river and the Russians retreated.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 29.—According to the official report of Admiral Yezzen, who commanded the Vladivostok warships which sank the Japanese transport Kinshiu Maru, only 200 men went down with the vessel. Other reports give much larger figures, one asserting that 3600 Japanese perished. The Kinshiu Maru was a large vessel, and as she was en route to Korea with troops it seems improbable that only 200 men remained on board after the few that surrendered were taken off.

The Russian Admiralty is disposed to minimize the Japanese loss because of adverse comment, both at home and abroad, upon the action of Admiral Yezzen. It is admitted, however, by members of the diplomatic corps that no other course was open to Yezzen when the foolhardy Japanese persisted in offering armed resistance to the Russian warships after having been given every opportunity to surrender. Yesterday's bombardment of Port Arthur was insignificant and probably was intended simply to let the commander of the Russian fleet know that it would be dangerous for him to attempt to leave the harbor to interfere with the movement of Japanese troops.

YEZZEN'S OFFICIAL REPORT.
The official report of Rear Admiral Yezzen to the Emperor is in part as follows:
"During the night of April 26 two Russian torpedo-boats met at sea the Japanese military transport Kinshiu Maru, of 4000 tons, laden with rice and other military stores, and about 1500 tons of coal. The transport was armed with four Hotchkiss guns. The Russians captured on board seventeen officers, twenty soldiers, eighty-five military carriers or coolies and sixty-five of the crew, who surrendered. The remainder of the men, who were to form a landing party and who were left without officers, obstinately refused to surrender or go on board a Russian cruiser. Furthermore they offered armed resistance to the Russians. In the end they were sent to the bottom with the transport."
Admiral Yezzen also reports that, besides the sinking of the Japanese steamer Goyo Maru at Gansan on April 25, the Russians sank the same evening the steamship Nakamura Maru of 220 tons, whose crew was saved.

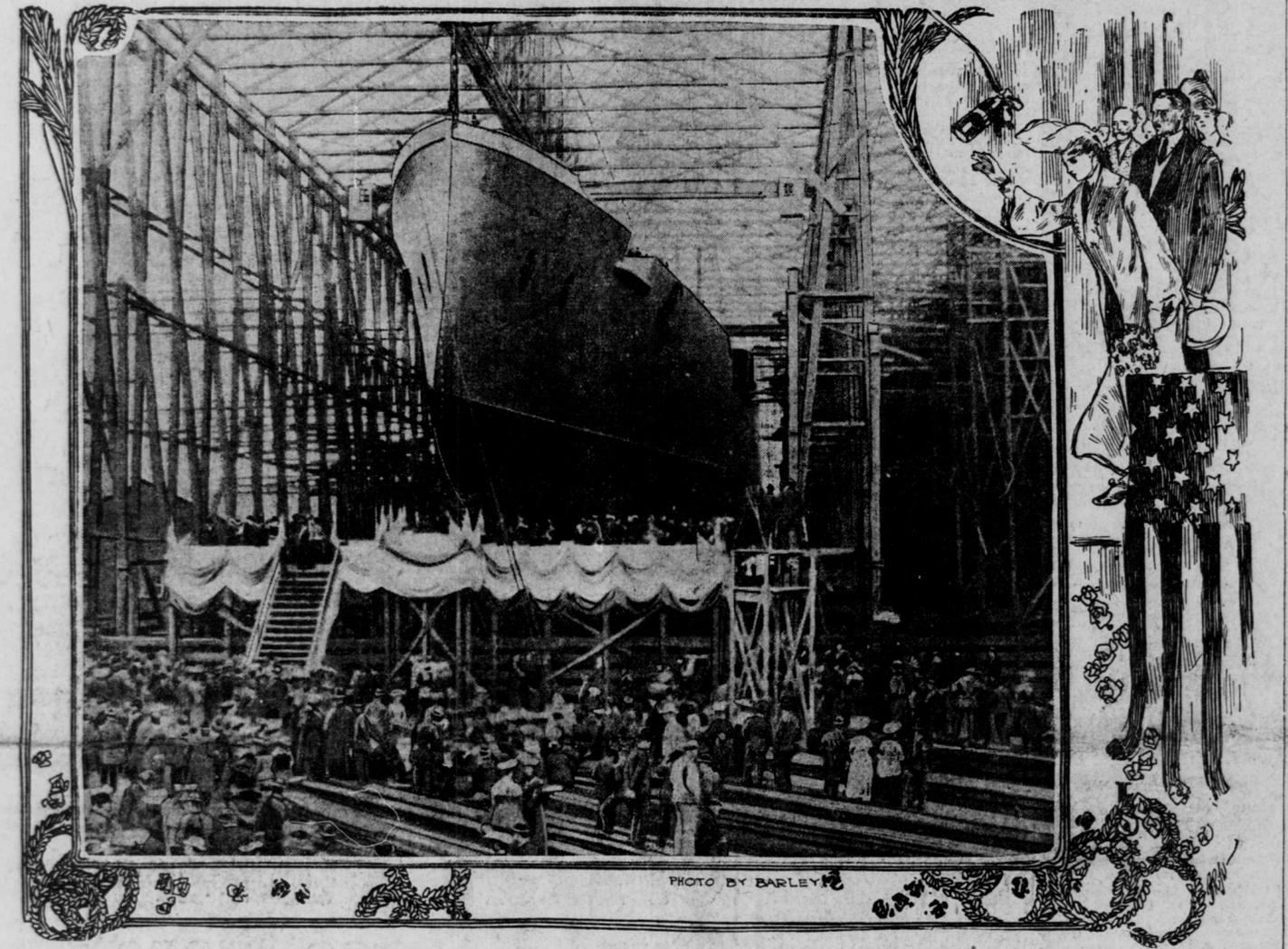
REVIVE RUSSIAN SPIRITS.
The operations of the Vladivostok squadron have revived the spirits of the people of St. Petersburg, who have been downcast since the destruction of the Petropavlovsk and the consequent confinement of the remnant of the Port Arthur fleet to the harbor.

The fact that the navy is doing something of an offensive character appeals to the popular mind, which has been inactive of the fine ships of the Vladivostok squadron.
It is generally recognized that Rear Admiral Yezzen cannot do more than fight the Japanese and compel them to exercise greater caution in their military movements, as the sinking of a few transports or even cruisers can have no permanent effect on the result of the war. Moreover, he is bound by his instructions not to risk his ships unduly, the intention being to keep them safe for an attack with the Baltic fleet when it arrives in the Pacific.

The possibility of a Japanese attempt to mine the entrances to Vladivostok, as was done at Port Arthur, is considered, but the conditions are different, and besides Rear Admiral Yezzen, with the lessons of the Petropavlovsk disaster fresh in his mind, will observe the utmost caution.

EMPEROR IS INDIGNANT.
It is said that the Emperor is highly indignant over the Kinshiu Maru affair, and that he will relieve Yezzen and order him to be court-martialed.

UNDER the most auspicious conditions that have ever attended a launching of any United States fighting craft, the cruiser California glided into the bay of San Francisco yesterday morning. Over her bow Miss Florence Mary Pardee, daughter of the Governor of the commonwealth of California, broke a beribboned bottle of champagne, voicing the words, "I christen thee California." Both the maiden and the wine are products of the State after which the new cruiser is named. The launching was held under the auspices of the Native Sons of the Golden West and was attended by prominent persons in all walks of life.



SPLENDID NEW ARMORED CRUISER CALIFORNIA JUST BEFORE SHE SLIPPED FROM THE WAYS AT THE UNION IRON WORKS.

Cheering Multitude Witnesses Big Vessel's Initial Dip and Battleship Ohio Welcomes Her Graceful Sister With Booming Gun.

As willingly as a newly born babe nestles on the bosom of its mother the United States cruiser California glided yesterday into the waters of the bay. Fully 50,000 people watched her wed the arms of countless ages, her bow foaming with California champagne. A pretty girl, gowned in white and evidently embarrassed by the prominence that the occasion had forced upon her, told the ship in a clear voice, "I christen thee, California." Close to her breast she held a magnificent bunch of American Beauty roses. She was Miss Florence Mary Pardee, daughter of the Governor of California, and the fittest and sweetest little girl that ever sent a warship on its mission to destroy or be destroyed.

Never into the salt sea has gone a vessel freighted with the responsibilities of the maintenance of a great republic and the hope of humanity so gladly as did the California. Only a whimper could be heard from the stout timbers that have held her so long from contact with the element she was born to; no steel plate on her vast sides failed to welcome their mission; not a rivet squirmed under the test. Compactly, unswervingly and without complaint she answered the prayers of her makers and went into the sea, voiced by every articulate note of encouragement that a representative American citizenship could devise.

NO SPEECHES ARE MADE.
When she went down to the sea there were no useless words of speech in set language that is said to be the means of disguising one's thoughts. Prominent people in all walks of life thronged the launching platform, but they had no other expression than a throaty cheer and a proud swelling at their hearts that another stout ship had tasted the means of proving that the United States is impregnable superior to any power, on land or in the vast reaches of the ocean.

For most people of the city the occasion was a holiday. In addition to the vast throng that wandered at will in the capacious yards of the Union Iron Works, every wharf on the south side of the water front, every eminence in the Potrero district and every building in the entire city that commanded a view of the ways were crowded by spectators. Although the United Railroad diverted many cars from their accustomed routes, the service was entirely unable to handle the traffic it was compelled to bear in the direction of the Union Iron Works.
Men, women and even children were compelled to hang to hand rails with insecure footing on the sideboards, in order to reach their destination. Miraculously, there were no serious accidents reported in transportation circles. More secure and satisfactory were the police arrangements for preventing the vast crowd from meeting with injuries after it had arrived at its destination. Captain John Spillane and Lieutenant Michael Joseph Conboy were specially detailed from headquarters to care for the situation. With them went fifty-four officers and, despite the rush, the crowd and the many imminent dangers, they returned to their station with the proud record that not a single accident had occurred to visitors during the launching.

LAUNCHED BEFORE TIME.
When the California left the ways and glided into the rippling waters of the bay most of the throng in the christening stand were taken by surprise. It had been officially given out that the exact moment of the bridal between the salt waves and the steel maiden of Mars would be at 10:40 o'clock in the morning. This was forecasted as being the time of highest tide. Expectant observers, tense on the momentous occasion, consulted their watches and settled back for a wait of two or three minutes.
Without warning, at 10:38 the shapely form of metal was released by Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who pressed a button and at the same moment Miss Pardee, apprised of the imminence of the event, waved her beribboned bottle of champagne high in air and smashed it on the prow of the slowly gliding ship, at the same time uttering the irrevocable name of the cruiser.
Slowly, but with constantly increasing momentum, the great mass of navigable steel started down the ways. These had been tallowed so that the descent was easy for the newest cruiser of the United States. Behind her trailed a chain cable of vast proportions and two traveling cranes overhead paid this out without checking the speed of the vessel. The cable was intended as a precautionary measure, in case any accident should happen as the cruiser was gliding into the bay. Happily no call was made upon it. Sailors would say that this was a good augury for the account that the California will give of herself when it becomes her unhappy duty to impress upon a national enemy the power of the United States and the strength of the State, the name of which the latest addition to the national navy bears.

CRUISER RUSHES SEAWARD.
Inch by inch at first, then foot by foot and finally with a rush, the great mass started to the waiting waters of the bay. Behind it trailed the levitating steel chain, never taut and never restraining. When the water was reached the immense cable was released automatically and the newest wedlock of the seas had been consummated.
When the ship struck the water there was a gigantic splash fore and aft. All the gathered craft in the bay in front rocked roughly and the thousands of spectators clung to handrails momentarily. On the pier upon which the ways were set an immense throng had gathered. Upon these for a distance of two hundred feet from the beach a shower of water fell, ruining many a spring hat and dainty gown. Despite this discomfort, not a single person sought shelter until the vessel had glided into its resting place in a mud bank more than 100 yards from shore. With it went all the debris of its supports. Huge timbers, shattered to bits in the pressure put upon them, littered the space of water between the wharf and the new cruiser.

ONE TOUCH OF PATHOS.
Welcoming the new arrival of the seas was the battleship Ohio, built by the Union Iron Works and launched three years ago in the presence of the well-beloved and lamented William McKinley, then President of the United States and subsequently the victim of an assassin's bullet. A gun from the Ohio boomed out as the California struck the water, and all in the grand stand turned their eyes thitherward. Memories of the launching of the nearly equipped battleship and the tragedy of a President's taking off occurred to many, and some women cried at the memory of the kindly man who was killed at Buffalo as he tried to grasp in friendship the hand of the man who shot him. This was the one touch of pathos that shadowed the launching of the California.
Shortly after 10 o'clock the tug Slocum arrived at the outer pier of the Union Iron Works, bearing most of the parts in the christening of the new cruiser. They were met by Captain of Police Sillane and Lieutenant M. J. Conboy with a squad of policemen, who made smooth their way through the steel-sheeted stacks of material in the yard of the works and kept outsiders from interfering with the progress of the party.

CHRISTENER ARRIVES.
In the lead walked Miss Pardee, evidently burdened by being placed as exposurer of so many eyes, but becomingly sweet and attractive even in her unusual position. In her hands she carried a splendid bunch of pink roses, that gave a touch of color to her white gown. Beside her walked Henry T. Scott, head of the Union Iron Works. Just behind was Governor Pardee, chatting laughingly with George Scott,

another representative of the works where the new cruiser was constructed. Mayor Schmitz and his wife were in the procession, and many prominent county and city officials. Far in the rear came Major General MacArthur and Major West of the United States army. Between the extremes were many officers of the army, navy and transport service. Among these the well-known faces of Commander C. E. T. Moore from Mare Island and Major Devoil, head of the transport service, were generally recognized.
The procession was piloted to the platform, where standing space had been reserved for them. Mrs. Martin had arrived previously with her husband and all the arrangements for the launching were ready and awaiting only a high tide signal. Below could be heard the sledge of the workmen knocking out the main supports that held the cruiser on the ways. Guarded as carefully as the jeweled collar of the Nabob of Irawadi was a white button set in a rough timber on the platform. The inopportune pressing of this would have cost the lives of twenty men who were laboriously knocking out the supports that held the hull in place.

WORKMEN WATCH SLIDE.
Perhaps of all the spectators of the famous voyage down the ways there was not a more tense-eyed throng than the men who have built the cruiser. They had welded her sides together, and every white-hot rivet they hammered to connect the steel plate vowed a wish that the product of their hands and brains would prove an impregnable barrier to aggression from any alien people. Some of the engineers who helped build the massive structure that will undoubtedly prove a powerful engine of war gained admission to the christening stand. Others sought the water front and with the actual constructors watched the result of their labors. The public was barred from the edge of the launching wharf, but a crowd of splendid-looking men, in overalls and jumpers, stood close to where the muddy waters of the pier lapped the piling of the pier and every heart beat high in hopes that no untoward occurrence might happen that would destroy or delay the product of their labors.

Henry T. Scott was visibly nervous as the fateful moment approached. Perspiration wetted his cheeks and forehead from under the somewhat antiquated high hat he wore. The strain of the great endeavor was plainly telling upon him. Almost without any warning to the spectators on the platform he gave the word to Mrs. Martin, his daughter, to press the button. The slow starting of the ship was the signal to Miss Pardee to

smash the bottle of champagne on the pink bow of the sliding steel structure, and before it had gone three inches she had made her christening in a voice audible to everybody within a reasonable distance.
RUSHES TO THE WAVES.
Slowly the timbers under the bow crushed, with the noise of trees recovering from frost. Slowly started the great ship to the ocean, relieved of the supports to its vast weight. As it went down the ways there was a crunching sound from the battered supports. A woman looking over the railing said the timbers were the victims of a new power and that they cried out in agony.
Nothing could have been devised in mechanics to surpass the methods used in launching the great cruiser. Every pound of her was calculated to a nicety. Each support that was knocked from under the hull by the workmen held a certain weight, which was figured almost to a fraction of a pound. Before the launching the supports were mechanically reduced to a minimum. When Mrs. Martin pressed the button every pound of resistance was removed and the cruiser sought the water as a diver takes a dip.

The device for the actual launching protected only the blocks at the bow end of the ship. Most of the others were knocked out. When the button was pressed a quarter inch rope was cut automatically by an ax, which released a car on either side, of the ship which acted as a buffer against the remaining supports. As these came down the incline and tore away the remaining supports the cruiser settled steadily on the tallowed ways and started its voyage seaward. Under her keel she carried the last supports and churned them to splintered edges in her anxiety to reach the rim for which she was intended.

PUBLIC SEEKS DANGER.
When the launching was over the police were kept busy in saving curious people from danger. The most persistent of these were women. Sergeant Wall and a detail of men tried to drive back the throng from the pier to allow the employees of the Union Iron Works to secure the floating timbers by means of a four-inch hawser and a traveling crane. Reluctantly the crowd moved back under the orders of the police, but the foreman decided finally that he would not attempt to recover the timbers until the holiday crowd had withdrawn. With such a curious crowd, he stated, there might be danger of some inexperienced person being hurt.

Continued on Page 4, Column 2.

ACCUSED SECRETARY ARRESTED

Business Man of Los Angeles Goes to Jail.

Former Associates Have Warrant Issued for Embezzlement.

Ten Thousand Dollars Said to Be the Sum Taken From a Southern California Company.

Special Dispatch to The Call.
LOS ANGELES, April 28.—J. H. Melvill, well known in business circles, a prominent Democratic politician and regarded as a man of means, was arrested to-day on a charge of felony embezzlement, consisting of the alleged appropriation of \$600 which had been entrusted to him.
Additional embezzlement charges and others of passing fictitious checks and forgery probably will be preferred against him by reason of his alleged acts while acting as secretary of the Fidelity Abstract Company. After his arrest it developed that his pecuniary will amount to more than \$10,000 and that his transactions cover a period of more than a year.
Associated with him in the abstract company were such prominent men as W. T. Craig, attorney for the Board of Trade; William Mead, president of the Central Bank; George H. Peck, a San Pedro banker, and others, but they permitted Melvill to run the business without their supervision.
Several weeks ago a shortage of \$5500 was found in his accounts. This the associates made good and gave him an opportunity to repay them. Other shortages being discovered, he was ousted from the position of secretary and started an opposition concern. Further investigation of his accounts revealed other shortages, and his former associates caused his arrest. Melvill declares that he cannot be convicted and started his accusers. He refuses to make any statement about financial affairs.

CONVICTS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE

Desperate Battle Is Fought Between a Crowd of Felons and Officers in the Arizona Penitentiary in Yuma

Special Dispatch to The Call.
YUMA, Ariz., April 28.—An attempted prison break of about fifteen desperate convicts in the Territorial Penitentiary occurred at 8 o'clock this morning and came near resulting in the death of William S. Griffith, the superintendent, and U. G. Wilder, assistant superintendent.
The officials were in the yard making their usual morning rounds, when they were attacked. Wilder was knocked senseless. Griffith was overpowered and would doubtless have been led to the gate and an attempt made to force him to open it had not fire been opened by Guard Stevens, whose position upon the wall enabled him to witness the assault. Six convicts were wounded by him.
William Buck, a lifetime convict from Glova, who is acting as cook, grabbed a butcher's knife and attacked his fellow convicts, saving the life of the superintendent. Wilder was badly beaten, shot in the thigh and, it is thought, fatally stabbed.
The leader of the revolt was William M. Lauztannau, known as "Three Fingers Jack." He is one of the severest men sent here for shooting the best at Morenci last July, when the miners of that camp were on strike. Those riots occasioned the calling out of the National Guard and a force of Federal troops.

PISTOL SHOTS ARE FIRED INTO HOME OF CANDIDATE
Attempt Is Made to Assassinate Nominnee for Mayor on an Independent Labor Ticket.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., April 28. An attempt was made last night to assassinate D. M. Robins, candidate for Mayor on the Independent Labor ticket.
Robins was seated in his home when two bullets crashed through the window, one splintering the chair on which he was sitting and the other demolishing a lamp. The shots had been fired from an alley, in which a revolver was found later. No arrests have been made.