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A Splendid Advertising Record
DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST "THE EXAMINER" published 38,770 inches of advertising, a gain of 5,294 inches or 265 columns over the same month of last year.

The San Francisco Examiner
AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE WEATHER
Forecast made at San Francisco for thirty hours ending midnight September 2, 1905:
San Francisco and vicinity: Fair on Sunday, with fog in the morning.
A. G. McADIE,
District Forecaster.

VOL. LXXXIII. SUNDAY SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1905. SUNDAY NO. 65.

HARRY BUNKERS MAKES A FULL CONFESSION

PUBLIC TEST SHOWS ITS WORTH

Messages Are Transmitted for More Than a Mile, Although on Previous Occasions Apparatus Has Carried Seven Miles

YOUTH IS LABORING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

FRANCIS M'CARTHY, SAN FRANCISCO BOY ONLY 17 YEARS OLD INVENTS SUCCESSFUL WIRELESS TELEPHONE

"Hello, hello, 'Examiner!'"

A boy inventor spoke these words into a telephone transmitter yesterday in the Cliff House and they were distinctly heard by "The Examiner's" representative stationed at the Cyclers' Resort, a mile away, and there were no wires to convey the sounds. Francis Joseph McCarthy, a lad of seventeen years, had triumphantly demonstrated the success of the wireless telephone system of which he is the proud and happy inventor. It is to be doubted whether Edison, Marconi, Tesla, ever experienced a profounder thrill of emotion than yesterday surged through young McCarthy when he had publicly proven the worth of the work which, unaided and alone, struggling through poverty and many bitter rebuffs of fortune to achieve, he had finally brought to a highly successful issue.

The Signal of Success.

Yet his boyishness broke through the restraints of his manly self-reserve at the moment of his assured victory. When he had cried almost feverishly, with an evident tremor in his voice, into his crude transmitter, "Hello, 'Examiner,'" and the words were instantly and clearly heard a mile away, a boy friend darted out of the Cyclers' Resort and frantically waved a flag to and fro.

This was the signal agreed upon. McCarthy saw the wig-wagging, and at once his boy's high spirits broke loose, and he sang gleefully into the transmitter, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Song after song he vibrantly sang, and they were heard by the smiling listeners in the Cyclers' Resort, who wished that the return apparatus were working, so that through his own marvelous machine the boy inventor might be congratulated.

Everything Is Self-Made.

McCarthy has applied for letters patent to cover his invention. Although at present his instruments, all his appliances, in fact, are crude, this is so only because the boy has been severely handicapped by the lack of money. Everything is self-made about him—from his education, his mechanical aptitude, to his apparatus. Only the spark of undoubted genius within him comes from a source beyond himself. He picked up his electrical training whilst working for bread and butter with a telephone company. At the age of fourteen he was a contracting electrical engineer on his own account, with a small business, indeed, but with an ample fund of self-reliance.

At present his experimental work is suffering because of the fact that his line of wireless communication works but one way. He has not money enough to install another transmitter and receiver. And he does not want to borrow money with which to carry on the work.

He is tremendously sure of himself. He says that he will earn what money he needs by himself and for himself, so that all the rewards of his work also shall be his. To the victor belongs the spoils! McCarthy has been the architect of his own fortunes, and asks nothing better than this should be so. Only from friends of about his own age, boy admirers, has he received help.

Has Greater Scope.

McCarthy's system is said to be far superior to any other known system in that it is not so restricted in its scope. The inventor claims that when it is perfected there will be practically no limit to its reach through space. Already he has succeeded in transmitting over a distance of seven miles, whereas the best distance made by the use of other systems is said to be only a few hundred feet.

McCarthy says that rough weather will not interfere with his wireless telephone, and he is looking forward to having an opportunity to demonstrate before Government officials, with a view to having his appliance adopted for Government use—a fact which implies patriotism in the lad as well as the mechanical and inventive emotions.

Installing the Plant.

The proprietor of the Cliff House conceived an interest in the lad some time ago and permitted him to set up his experimental apparatus there. The same helpful courtesy was extended to him by the people at the Cyclers' Resort. Transmitting and receiving apparatus resembling, to a non-professional observer, the same apparatus as used for these purposes at Marconi wireless stations were set up on the dome of the Cliff House and the roof of the Cyclers' Resort. The transmitter itself, the instrument spoken into, was set up in the basement at the Cliff House, while the receiving instrument was in the Cyclers' Resort.

A peculiar feature of the afternoon's demonstration was the assertion made

(Continued on Page 19, Column 4.)

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF FRANCIS JOSEPH McCARTHY, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR OLD INVENTOR, AND A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE WAS TESTED.

MAKES REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM PRISON

Eddie Guerin, Chicago Crook, Confined on Devil's Island, Off French Guiana, Tells How He Evaded the Guards.

[Special by leased wire, the longest in the world.]

CHICAGO, September 2.—A special cablegram to the "Chicago American" from Paris to-night discloses one of the strangest narratives of modern crime and adventure—the story of the escape of Eddie Guerin, Chicago crook, from the horrors of Devil's Island, the penal settlement off French Guinea, South America, where Captain Dreyfus spent several years of his martyrdom. Chicago American reporters to-night found Guerin in a West Side flat, where he has lived for two months, though the records of the French penal administration showed him to be dead. Guerin's narrative—the tale of the only human being that ever escaped from Devil's Island, is perhaps the most remarkable story ever told by a reformed criminal.

The aid of consular agents and the instrumentality of a $50,000 fund used to bribe officials figured in the marvelous escape, which was finally effected through a romance with the wife of one of the wardens and Guerin.

The escape occurred March 2d, and after a series of melodramatic adventures, which included a four days' tramp over waste land by Guerin and his final capture by Indians who treated him kindly, he reached the office of a Consul at Paramribo, who smuggled him on board a New York-bound steamer under the name of "Dr. James Harrison of Pittsburg."

A stormy trip ended when Guerin stepped on Manhattan Island on May 9th. He stayed in New York for several days, recuperating from the debility that came of his harrowing imprisonment and then returned to Chicago, but not to his old haunts.

For two months he has visited the theatres and restaurants in Chicago. Many of his old friends and former associates have met him, but almost none have recognized him. He declares he has reformed for all time and that he will try to live a respectable life in the home of his sister, Mrs. Kaller, a charming widow who was his playmate in their childhood.

SHAH OF PERSIA GUEST OF RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, September 2—The Shah of Persia arrived at Peterhoff to-day. He was met at the station by Emperor Nicholas, several of the grand dukes and Count Lamsdorff.

DR. WILLIAM HARPER SECRETLY TAKEN TO HOSPITAL

President of Chicago University Removed to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and It's Not Known How Long He Will Stay.

[Special by leased wire, the longest in the world.]

CHICAGO, September 2.—Dr. William Harper, President of the University of Chicago, arrived at the Battle Creek Sanitarium this afternoon. He is accompanied by his wife, and it is said his stay will be for an indefinite period.

It was declared at the sanitarium and in Chicago that it is believed he has returned to the sanitarium for an operation, which he intended should be done in absolute secrecy.

His collapse at the convocation exercises at the university is believed to have caused him to determine upon an immediate return to Battle Creek.

DODGES THE PRISON TO GET KILLED BY A TRUCK

Tragic End of a Shasta County Man Awaiting the Supreme Court's Decision on His Conviction for Stealing a Calf.

[Special Dispatch to "The Examiner."]

REDDING, September 2.—Clarence Turner of Shingleton, under sentence to the penitentiary for five years for stealing a calf, but out on $5,000 bonds pending an appeal of his case to the Supreme Court, was fatally injured this morning at Osborn's sawmill, near Shingleton, where he was employed.

Turner stumbled and fell beneath the wheels of a heavy logging truck, the wheels passing over both feet, crushing them to a pulp. He died five hours after the accident. His parents reside at Santa Rosa.

CORNERED BY POSSE BANDIT SHOOTS HIMSELF

Peter Pitts, Who Terrorized Section of Ohio and Ran Amuck of Miles for 3 Days, Prefers Death to Capture.

LORAIN (O.), September 2.—On the point of capture by a sheriff's posse, Peter Pitts, the man who terrorized the countryside from Avon Beach to Lorain for three days, is dead by his own hands. He shot himself in the head to-day in full view of the band of armed farmers who were pursuing him and sank dead upon the ground.

The three days in which he ran amuck through a territory of miles in extent, firing upon men and women, burning farm houses and driving the population from their homes to places of safety in the city, marked one of the strangest and most sensational episodes in the history of the county.

IMPLICATES LEADING MEN IN STATE

District Attorney Seymour Gets Former Senator to Talk Freely.

PARDON PROMISED FROM GOVERNOR

Negro Coatroom Clerk of Senate Arrested as First Movement.

BUNKERS CLAIMS HE IS DESERTED

(Special Dispatch to "The Examiner.")

SACRAMENTO, September 2.—Senator Harry Bunkers of San Francisco, the convicted boodler, has confessed to District Attorney Arthur Seymour.

He threatens to drag down with him some of the foremost men of the State. He has a mind to tell all of the boodling operations with which he was connected during his two sessions in the Senate.

District Attorney Seymour has promised Bunkers to secure for him a pardon from Governor George C. Pardee as a price for his confession, which is expected to make one of the most startling chapters in the criminal history of California, unless Seymour should conclude that he has caught a lion in his fox trap and fear to pursue the game further.

The first result of the exposures in the confession of Bunkers was the arrest to-day in San Francisco of Arthur Lee, a negro who was coatroom clerk in the Senate last winter. But he is one of the little fish. He is wanted as a link in a chain. If Bunkers shall carry out his threat to expose all he knows there will be an illustrious lot of bribe-takers and bribe-givers before the Sacramento courts before long.

WAS IN THICK OF CROOKED WORK.

Bunkers was in the thick of the crooked work long before he was trapped, with Senator Frank French of San Francisco, Senator E. J. Emmons of Bakersfield and Senator Eli Wright of San Jose in accepting the Loan Association's bribe money at the hands of Joseph Jordan. He could tell as much as anybody of where bribe money came from and who passed it. And he is mad clear through. He is just in the mood to make a clean breast of everything. He says the mighty men who bribed and the others who accepted bribes with him have left him to his fate. He wants to get even by bringing them to jail with him.

It will be remembered that Bunkers was the first of the quartette of boodling Senators to be brought to trial. He was convicted and sentenced to serve five years in the State prison. He took an appeal to the Appellate Court, and has since been languishing in the Sacramento County jail, the men who had "done business" with him having failed to furnish the bail necessary to give him his liberty. This is why Bunkers is so angry, and why he is on the point of telling a tale that will implicate men of far more importance and of far greater influence than the three Senators implicated with him in the present scrape.

BEEN AFTER BUNKERS A LONG TIME.

District Attorney Seymour has been at Bunkers for a confession for a long time. For the past three or four weeks the prisoner and the District Attorney have had a number of quiet talks, Bunkers offering a confession for a pardon and Seymour trying to get the prisoner to peach without the pardon. But the trial of Senator Emmons is to come up on the 11th inst. Joseph Jordan, the principal witness for the prosecution, is over in Tonopah, and there are whisperings that he will not return to testify. So Seymour wanted that confession worse than ever, and at last he was in a position to promise the pardon.

Then Bunkers made his confession, and the first move under it was the arrest of the negro Lee. Some three weeks ago Seymour, Bunkers and a shorthand reporter spent five hours together. It is believed that at that time Bunkers at least began his confession, but how much he disclosed neither he nor Seymour will tell. Seen in his cell to-night, Bunkers was asked:

"How much have you told Seymour?"

"I will neither deny nor affirm that I confessed," was his reply.

"Is it not a fact that you were with the District Attorney in his office for five hours at one time?"

"That is true, but that does not follow that I told him anything."

"Are you going to take the stand on the trial of former Senator Emmons on the 11th?"

"I may and I may not. It depends on circumstances."

"What are the circumstances?"

"That I cannot disclose."

"Will you be governed by your attorney, H. V. Morehouse, as to whether you will take the stand?"

"To some extent. I expected to see him to-night, but my wife communicated with me that he would not be up. Mrs. Bunkers will be here to-morrow."

"Did Attorney Jacobs of San Jose, the counsel for Senator Wright, call on you?"

"He did, yesterday. He said that he had heard rumors that I had made a confession, and he wanted to know if it was a fact. I answered that I did not know anything about the matter."

"Have you not been complaining that the men indicted with you have deserted you?"

"They have all gone back on me, as well as others whom I counted on as

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