

# BURNING STEAMSHIP IS BEACHED AFTER BIG RUN

## Passengers and Crew of Steamer St. Croix Landed in Safety at Point Duma After Three Hours of Peril on Blazing Boat.

San Francisco, Nov. 20.—With fire leaping into her masts and water pouring into her hold the steamship St. Croix was beached tonight beneath the rocky bluff of Point Duma, 14 miles north of Santa Monica and her 82 passengers and the 44 members of her crew were landed in safety. It was only after a three hours' battle against the elements that Captain Frederick Warner was able to shove the nose of the vessel into the sand and convey the passengers to the shore.

The fire broke out shortly after the St. Croix left here this afternoon, but it was well toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon before it was observed. Frantic efforts were then made to extinguish it, but it spread with such rapidity that it soon became a race for life to the beach.

**Panic on Board.**  
During the time the ship was churning the water for the shore the passengers were in a state of the greatest alarm. Suddenly when the tongue of flame shot through the deck and high into the masts panic spread among those on board. Frantic efforts were made to launch the life boats, but the flames were eating their way so relentlessly that one failure followed another. Rafts were cast into the sea, but Captain Warner held by his plan to beach the boat, women and men were restrained by force from casting themselves into the sea. All the extra woodwork on the vessel that offered fresh fuel for the blaze was chopped away and cast overboard.

The flames ate their way into the lower compartments, spread to the decks and threatened to envelope the entire steamer in a mass of fire. The crew, assisted by volunteers among the passengers, fought with a desperation that comes only when death looms large to the fore.

It soon developed into a race. The fire ate deeper and deeper into the heart of the St. Croix. It burst and shot high torchlike flames from its tilted side. Water poured in below. The rockbound coast loomed dim, very dim, through the thick fog. With all steam that the vessel could command it was urged forward. It would require but a few minutes for the fire to transform the vessel into charred remnant where no soul could survive. The rush of the water mingled with the roar of the blaze. Then with a pitch the St. Croix struck, dipped and rose. Ahead were the steep cliffs of the shore.

**Passengers Saved.**  
The flames shot higher. The vessel crunched and settled. In an instant all hands were being taken rapidly ashore. There they turned to witness the last of the St. Croix. A muffled roar told of an explosion. A burst of fire en-

veloped its whole frame. It cut through the fog with a glare that reflected in the mist overhead. Then the fire leaped and soon a black and charged mass told where the St. Croix had been. Point Duma, where the passengers and crew landed, is on the rockbound coast, where the steep mountains drop precipitously into the ocean. First Officer Mills, scaled the cliff, crossed the beach and crawled from the Milling ranch house, telephoned to this city, reporting that all had been saved.

**Prompt Aid Sent.**  
Until last time it had been believed that all on board had been lost. The first news was brought by the City of Topeka, which reported that it had seen the St. Croix a mass of flames from mainland to stern. It was described as a fire from which there could be

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# FREED FROM FIERY TOMB AFTER WEEK'S SUFFERING

## Miraculous Escape of Imprisoned Miners at Cherry, Ill., Amounts to Great Grave Delivery—Stricken Town Is Delirious With Joy at Men's Rescue.

(Publisher's Press Lensed Wire.)  
Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20.—Twenty-one men alive and rescued from their graves.

Before another 12 hours have elapsed at least 100, possibly, will have followed them in arising from the fiery sepulchre of the St. Paul mine, in which they have been entombed here for six days.

In these six days the rescued men have passed through a horror, the like of which never has been described, even in fiction.

Without food, heat, or even air, the men gnawed at bark from the logs used as supports in the mines, erected an earth wall to protect themselves from the deadly white damp of the mine, successfully fought off the deaths that appeared so imminent, until they were finally rescued shortly after noon today.

**Cherry Inebriately Happy.**

Cherry tonight presents the most remarkable contrast to the stricken village of six days ago that the mind can picture. From the very depths of despair, the women and children of the town—until a few hours ago almost the entire population of the village—then had become almost insanely happy. Women, who a few hours ago were hysterical or dumb with grief, tonight are marching the streets singing, shouting, or quietly holding the hands of the men who have been snatched from the grave.

Lined up in the morgue are scores of black coffins that will be thrown out to be burned. The men who were to have been buried in them tomorrow or Monday are seated at their own firesides with their families.

The miracle of the returning miners could not have been greater, at least to the minds of Cherry, if they actually had been placed in coffins, then had been resurrected to life. Mine experts from nearly every state in the union this morning ridiculed the ones who were bold enough to suggest that life still existed in the depths of the mine. These experts are tonight leading the reconnoitering expeditions into the faraway drifts of the mine, where they are convinced men are still alive.

**Save Own Lives.**  
But the men who have returned to life can think only of their own and the safety of one of their own. They are thankful for the fact that they are alive.

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# BIG SHAKE UP IN POLICE CIRCLES

## Captain Baty, Head of Detectives Gives Place to Captain Moore and Captain Slover Is Given Day Shift—Baty on Night Shift.

Following close on the heels of the exposure of an organized gang of bunco men operating in the city, and indications of protection to the crook element, a big shake-up has been made in the police department which revolves around the head of the detective bureau.

Captain Baty, head of the police detectives, has been reduced to captain of the night police, and Captain John Moore, who has been in charge of the first night police relief, has been placed at the head of the detectives.

Captain George Bailey, who has been day captain of police, has been placed in charge of the second police relief, and Captain A. E. Slover, who has had the second night shift, will be promoted to day captain.

These changes are all said by Chief of Police Cox to be for the good of the department, and were brought to a climax by The Journal bringing to light the bunco gang, and indications that protection was afforded and of something being wrong with the detective bureau.

**For Good of Department.**  
"It is all for the good of the department," said Chief Cox. "By this change I believe the department is made stronger, and especially the de-

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# RESCUE WORK GOES ON AT CHERRY

(Hearst News Service.)  
Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20.—Mayor Connell of Cherry tonight sent the following telegram to President Taft: "I am glad to inform you that 21 living men have been rescued from the Cherry mine. One hundred and fifty more are believed to be alive."

At midnight 120 rescuers were at work endeavoring to take these men out and it was expected that they would be brought to the surface before morning. Other rescuers are digging to reach another party of 11. Meanwhile, respirators have been provided and will be passed to the imprisoned men.

Later tonight 16 of the 21 men brought out were taken in carriages to their homes. A nurse was sent with each one to see that he did not eat anything but what the doctors prescribed. Inspector Crawford of the state board of health, who is in charge of the medical corps, expressed the belief that some of the men might collapse tomorrow when the excitement was worn off.

**Miner's Hair Turns Gray.**  
Despite their affected jauntness when they were rescued, the faces of most of their sufferers plainly tell the story of their sufferings. A young man, William Clelland, a hair was a dark brown tonight it is a silver gray. He almost was too weak to walk until a childish voice called his name through the window of the sleeping car, when he was strong enough to reach out and gather his two children into his arms. His 6-year-old son, Will, and his 5-year-old daughter, Frances, perched on his knees and the first thing Willie said was: "Dada, did you get your dinner?"

Rescuers were sent down into the mine at once, but came up in great oxygen helmets, saying they could hear men calling to them, but could not stand the gases or the stenches of the holes of dead mules in the second level.

With the rescuers on the return trip went Father Henry of Mendota, a Catholic priest. He had donned the clothes of a miner and went down to give absolution to all of those Catholics who might be dying.

**Find Buried Men Living.**  
The work of reaching these men was taken in charge by D. H. Powell, superintendent of the Brassfield mine, and B. C. Maxwell, chief engineer of the St. Paul Mine company. For six hours without relief of any sort, Maxwell stood in one spot and directed the efforts of the rescuers, despite the black damp which threatened all of the rescuers.

The rescuers found two parties of entombed men still living. All were on the second level of the mine, and near the spot where the 21 men had been taken out earlier. The rescuers were attracted by rappings on the walls of the tunnels, and following them, came upon the parties. Their signals were answered immediately and they started to dig.

At a late hour tonight they were able to talk to the members of one party of 11 men, who declared they were all in good physical condition. The rescuers proceeded cautiously, as that portion of the mine reeked with black damp and it was feared that if the men were brought in contact with it suddenly they might die. It is realized that the living men are largely borne up by statements and that they probably are not as strong as they think themselves.

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# FRANTIC SEARCH MADE OF WEST INDIAN SEAS FOR JOHN JACOB ASTOR AND HIS YACHT

## LAND AND SEA CALLING BY WIRELESS

(Hearst News Service.)

New York, Nov. 20.—With a score or more of vessels flashing wireless messages into every part of the West Indies in the most thorough search in the sea's history, and each failing to find a trace of the Nourmahal, the friends of John Jacob Astor and his son are beginning to lose hope.

All tonight lights gleamed in the offices of the Astor estate at 25 West



The John Jacob Astor family which was disrupted by the divorce proceedings begun by Mrs. Astor, whose picture is shown at the top, from her late husband, whose photograph is given at the left, opposite that of his son William Vincent. The picture at the bottom is that of John Jacob Astor, the greatest sufferer of all, since she is but seven. The reported disaster to the yacht Nourmahal brings vividly to public attention this group.

Twenty-sixth street in a 24 hours' vigil. William A. Dobbey, Colonel Astor's secretary, was there until nearly midnight answering anxious inquiries, and when he went home, wearied another took his place. Throughout the evening quiet circles gathered in the luxurious living rooms of the Union, Metropolitan and Knickerbocker clubs and awaited some favorable message from their club fellow.

Even more pathetic was a family vigil in the home of Charles Basset, the young electrician of the Nourmahal, where, gathered with the father, mother and brother, was the missing boy's sweetheart, Ethel Middlemas. Every hour they telephoned to the Astor of-

fices, only to meet with more and more despair.

**Quest Becomes International.**  
Many of the crew of 45 lived in South Brooklyn, and members of their families formed sad and silent groups in various homes. Douglas Robinson, a brother-in-law of ex-President Roosevelt, and a trustee of the Astor estate, has persuaded every steamship company in the country that sends vessels to the West Indies to instruct them to wire with the utmost speed any news of the missing yacht and to send their messages through the air to the remotest parts of the Caribbean archipelago. There is barely a square mile in this vast space of waters and the myriad

of islands that has not been drawn into this wireless net. Through Mr. Robinson's influence the treasury department at Washington has sent out the two revenue cutters Algonquin and Yamacraw to scout along the reefs and shores in the expectation that they may find the vessel stranded by the terrific hurricane.

Even England, through some mysterious influence, is also equally energetic in the search for the Astors. The English cruiser Scylla has been dispatched to cover every port until some clue to the Nourmahal is found. The English speaking vessels and even the

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# YALE TAKES GAME FROM HARVARD

## Desperately Fought Contest Well Earned—Harvard Does Better Team Work, but Old Stars Are Invincible—Score 8 to 0.

(United Press Lensed Wire.)  
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 20.—Yale's husky gladiators upheld the tradition of the past and justified the confidence of their supporters of the hour, when, in the annual game with Harvard here today, they walked away with the winning end of an 8 to 0 score. Few more desperately fought or deservedly won contests have been fought by the old time rivals.

In today's game the Crimson had the team and the team work. The Blue had the individual stars and the old dogged persistence that has become a traditional factor of Yale eleven. The stars and fighting spirit won. That the score was not larger was due solely to the fact that Coy, Yale's mainstay, was not up to his best form. Time and again Yale worked the oval into striking distance, only to have Coy's kicks go wide of the mark.

Minot, the Crimson fullback and the hope of Harvard in the scoring line, did his punting job well, but all of his good work was offset by the ragged work of the Harvard backs, notably that of O'Flaherty and Wigglesworth, who, when they did not fumble the ball or misjudge the punt, were generally nailed almost before they could move from their tracks by the Ell flying ends, Kipatrak, Savage and Logan.

**Coy's Punting a Feature.**  
Coy's punting, together with the splendid work of the Yale ends and the work of the Crimson backs under kicks, was due entirely to the fact that Yale's goal was never once threatened.

Yale's defense was at all times equal to the situation and although at various stages of the contest the Blue tactics were hammered hard by Leslie Minot and Frothingham, the oval was never once within the danger zone of the Yale goal and Harvard never succeeded in getting close enough to the Blue goal to enable Minot to even attempt a goal from the field.

Throughout the contest Yale suffered little from penalties. The Crimson, on the other hand, fared badly and time and again Harvard was penalized.

Five of Yale's points were scored in the first half, the first two being the result of a safety. Andrus blocked one of Minot's kicks on Harvard's 30 yard line and the ball bounded back, behind the Harvard goal, where it was recovered by Captain Fish, who was downed before he could get the ball back on the gridiron. To the two points netted Yale by the safety, Coy added three more before the end of the half, when, on his fourth attempt, the most difficult of the lot, he dropped a kick across the bar. The other three points scored by the Blue were also added by Coy, who placed another kick across the bar in the second half.

Few more stirring scenes have resulted from college athletics than were produced in this contest.

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# MRS. STETSON IS STILL A MEMBER

## New York Scientists Will Retain Her, Says Friend—No Charges to Be Filed.

(Hearst News Service.)

Boston, Nov. 20.—That Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, former leader of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of New York, who was excommunicated by the directors of the mother church in Boston, is still a member of the New York church, and that no charges are expected to be filed with the directors here against her strongest adherents, were two of the important statements made by one of the best known Christian Scientists of Boston today.

Official notifications of her excommunication had been sent to Mrs. Stetson in New York, and she today received this notice from the mother church. Mrs. Stetson has given no acknowledgments that she has received this vital communication.

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# SEAMEN FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH BIG SWORDFISH

## Quest Becomes International

(Hearst News Service.)  
San Francisco, Nov. 20.—Half the time on the verge of death, with barrels of water filling their boat, but both so oblivious to their impending fate that they did not feel the strain on their nerves until afterward, Sidney Perry, steward of the steamer Yosemite, and A. Johnson, assistant engineer of the same vessel, fought and struggled for more than two hours last Wednesday night with giant sword fish, while trolling near Catalina, finally conquering the monster. It was brought to the city today in the Kosmiski, and was sold to a museum. The great marine fighter is 10 feet long, weighs 510 pounds, and is in perfect condition. Men who saw it, said it was the finest specimen ever brought to San Francisco. It is rare that such a huge sword fish is taken. The fishermen were amazed to discover they had hooked a gigantic sword fish. The fish rushed from one side to the other, actually threatening to capsize the heavy launch before it was finally subdued.

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# MILLER & LUX OPTION TO ARMOURS

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)  
San Francisco, Nov. 20.—After more than a year of speculation relative to the sale of the Armour & Lux properties, it was stated today that Henry Miller had given the Armour packing interests an option on the Oregon and California holdings of the company, which include hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable lands, water and power rights and livestock. According to unquestioned information, Miller & Lux have been negotiating with the Armours for some time. A representative of the big packing interests, G. H. Hutchings of Chicago, has been in frequent conference with Miller and J. Leroy Nickel in the company's offices in the Merchants Exchange building.

The report of the gigantic deal was the subject of much gossip in banking and financial circles today. It being freely stated that Miller had tendered to the Armours an option on the Miller & Lux properties in Oregon and California.

**Oil Lands in the Deal.**  
Inquiry elicited the information that Miller, Louis F. Montague and Gustav Guttsch, the latter two being directors of Miller & Lux, were all in the San Joaquin valley, together with Hutchings, who is making a critical examination of the extensive properties on the west side of the river.

If the deal is consummated it will involve the transfer of many millions of dollars. The California holdings of Miller & Lux consist mainly of hundreds of thousands of acres of land in the San Joaquin valley and elsewhere, by the side of the lands owned by the oil wells. The company was besides thousands of horses and cattle and valuable water and power rights, as well as a substantial and well equipped plant.

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