IT'S A BIG THING.

Rozenholz's Idea of a Life-Saving Boat.

A DOUBLE-JOINTED HULL.

If It Works Like the Model It Will Make Life Saving an Easy Pastime.

One of those quiet, serious, tireless Swedes has come to town with a patent life-saving boat under his arm.

It is guaranteed to save more human lives in a given time with less inconvenience to those who do the saving than any other contrivance at present on the market.

All you have to do is to get inside, batten down the hatch and sail away to the wreck. No sails, no oars, no engine blowing black smoke in your face and soiling your white linen. No electric motors or volts to bother with. No wires or steam-engines or contraptions of any kind heretofore employed to propel ocean vessels, large or small.

The hull is in two pieces. These are held near together by movable iron bars. The movement of the waves will, in the nature of things, says the inventor, cause the forward part of the hull to bob up and down considerably more than the stern part.

It is this bobbing of the forward hull that revolves a wheel in the stern or main hull, and to this revolving wheel is attached the shaft that gives action to the propeller.

The more bobbing the faster the wheel revolves and the swifter the craft plows its way through the foamy breakers.

Alfred Rozenholz is the name of the inventor. He comes directly from Wardner,

Rozenholz's Great Idea.

Idaho, where for the past year or more he has been drawing on the gray matter in his brain to concoct schemes to utilize the power of an angry surf.

He saw that when old ocean gets its back up and begins to lash out itself in dead earnest there was a deal of motor power exhausted.

That same power, he meditated, put to a more utilitarian purpose than that of wrecking ships and drowning men, might be made of some service in human economy.

So he contrived this boat that is guaranteed to be propelled by the action of the waves alone. The angrier the sea the more power generated. There are no fears of the boat upsetting and drowning the crew, for it is a water-tight concern throughout and so weighted at the bottom that if it should be overturned it must of necessity right itself immediately, like a cork with a nail in the end.

At least the boat that Rozenholz carries under his arm appears to have all these attributes and if it is half what its inventor says it is it is certainly all of this.

Of course, the boat that Mr. Rozenholz carries under his arm is not quite large enough to do much real practical human-life saving in, but he says a larger boat built on the same plan will make the noble profession of life saving a pastime and a pleasure compared with what it is now.

At the present time life-savers are not classed as A1 risks by the actuaries. Should this new-fangled boat come into service all this would be changed, and writing policies on life-savers would be a profitable branch of the business. So the insurance men are interested, or ought to be, in the success of this double-hull invention.

Mr. Rozenholz's model works like a charm on dry land. If you move the forward hull in the manner you think the waves ought to move it, the propeller moves admirably, and the faster you move the false bow the faster the wheel turns.

Manifestly the boat would be of but little service in a dead calm, but as life-saving boats are usually needed when the waves are running the usual "mountains high" Mr. Rozenholz says this point is nothing to its discredit.

Like a good many other enthusiastic inventors, Mr. Rozenholz is not troubled with the possession of more of the world's goods than is sufficient to pay his washbill and rent as they come due. And this is why it is that he has not already built one or two big boats like his model, and demonstrated to a doubting world that the mad sea waves may be employed to propel a boat to rescue the lives they try to drown.

In a thirty-foot boat, eleven horse-power is generated by the action of an ordinary surf in an ordinary heavy sea, the inventor has calculated. And he has the figures to prove it.

For days and weeks he has been wandering along the seashore with a long plank and some instruments. With these he has been calculating the force of waves until he has compiled a whole mass of tables and figures and got it all down so fine that he says he can convince the most skeptical, if allowed to talk to him long enough.

Mr. Rosenholz also has a plan—and a patent on the plan—for utilizing the wave powers around the coast of San Francisco in mechanical pursuits. He is confident he can produce all the power needed to turn every cogwheel in the city and supply every dynamo run for the bare cost of building a huge scow in movable sections and anchoring it off the beach near Seal Rock.

Of course, a hundred thousand dollars or so would be needed to build the right kind of a scow, but when built and in running order there would be no charge for fuel.

Just at present Mr. Rosenholz is engaged in waiting for the appearance of available cash capital wherewith to launch his patents. Should some man with a long purse and a firm belief in the Rosenholz idea of a life-saving boat come along at the opportune moment, the life-saving officers of this port will have the desired opportunity to test the new boat, for Mr. Rosenholz will build upon the slightest provocation possible. He swears it.

HE WANTED HIS FEES.

An Architect's Suit Against the Lick Baths' Trustees.

Superior Judge Murphy yesterday heard a suit in which Harold D. Mitchell sought to recover $1000 from Ira P. Rankin and others, representing the Lick Baths trust.

Mitchell is an architect on Kearny street. He claimed that he was in July, 1884, instructed to prepare certain plans and specifications for the erection of a public bath building in accordance with the provisions of the will of the late James Lick.

At the time it was intended to purchase or otherwise acquire a piece of land on the water front at Harbor View. Negotiations had been entered into for a piece of land containing a frontage of 200 feet, and both Mitchell and M. G. Bugbee had several interviews with the trustees. It was claimed that Mitchell had submitted plans for a building that would cost $50,000, but at the request of the trustees he had modified those plans in order to reduce the cost of the proposed building to $40,000 and that those plans were finally accepted. Mitchell claimed $1000 as his fee at 2½ per cent on the estimated cost of erection.

For the defense it was shown that the negotiations of land purchase at Harbor View had fallen through, as only 170 feet frontage could be got. That amount, it was understood, had been offered gratis by the owner of the property, but it was not considered large enough, and another building was erected, according to other plans, on Tenth street.

Questioned about their agreement with Mitchell, both Rankin and Earl, the sole surviving trustees, swore that they had given Mitchell to understand that the trustees would put themselves under no obligation, but agreed that should they erect the proposed building on the proposed site at Harbor View his plans would receive the preference. That was all.

On the other hand both Mitchell and Bugbee testified very strongly to their several interviews with the trustees, and to actual orders being given to Mr. Mitchell to alter his plans, and submit others to their approval, and that plans, specifications and sketches were drawn out at the special request of the trustees. Mitchell had received no compensation whatever for his time and trouble.

The case as it stood was submitted to Judge Murphy, who promised to take it under advisement. The Judge commented very strongly upon the conflicting testimony, and said he would have much preferred its being tried before a jury.

PAYNE MUST PAY.

Generosity to Bohemians Was Expensive.

Rapscallions Were Around When the Owl's Nest Was Dedicated and Free Wine Flowed.

Joe Redding smiled a happy smile yesterday afternoon in Justice Willett's court and plucked at his Van Dyke beard with evident satisfaction.

The Justice had just rendered in his favor the famous Owl's Nest suit.

Bohemia was not there—at least that crowd of convivial imbibers of other men's wine described by Mr. Redding as "bum Bohemians" were conspicuous by their absence. Even the attorney of Theodore Payne, who in an evil moment, though in mellow mood, agreed to pay for the wine drunk, was absent. Otherwise they might have blushed a shade somewhat deeper than that caused by the spirits of Bacchus.

"It is an outrage," said Justice Willett, "that Donald de V. Graham was not paid for his goods. They were furnished with the express understanding that they were to be paid for. But in going all over the testimony I cannot see how I can render any decision making the defendant responsible for all the wine consumed. There was considerable cloudiness in some of the testimony, but this probably arose from the mellow state of the minds and feelings of some of those present on the memorable evening.

"However, it is plain to me that Payne made a promise to pay for whatever wine was purchased of which he partook. It is certain that he said: 'Let the boys have wine.' His promise, however, did not make him an original debtor. He was to pay for the wine, if the other boys did not. They did not, of course."

Bohemia's owl must have blinked at this.

"The total defect in your case, Mr. Redding, is that there is no original debtor. So I can only give you judgment for that which is known to have been ordered under Mr. Payne's authority. For all the other miscellaneous bottles, the whisky, gin cocktails and pousse cafes, not knowing who ordered them or who partook, no judgment can be given."

Joe Redding acknowledged the correctness of the Justice's reasoning.

"I am aware of that fact," he said, "but you must remember there were a great number of rapscallions around. We could not possibly make any showing on this head, and will be satisfied to get judgment for the cases of wine ordered. Willis Polk made the order and said he had the authority of Payne. Payne promised to pay for the goods. This suit has not been for the money involved, but to establish the principle of the thing.

"The idea," continued Mr. Redding, "of such a number of reputable men and men of means, too, drinking all this stuff and not wanting to pay for it!"

Justice Willett then rendered judgment in favor of Redding's client for three cases of champagne, valued at $100, and costs of suit.

BOGUS LOTTERY TICKETS.

Their Printer Arrested and a Complete Outfit Seized.

Since the arrest of George Upson for having lottery tickets some weeks ago by Detective Hanley the police have been on the alert to find out where the counterfeit lottery tickets were being printed. It was suspected that Upson was one of a gang, and that they had a printer involved with them.

It will be remembered that when Upson was arrested in his room, on Howard street, he threw a parcel out of the window which contained these counterfeit lottery tickets. He was found guilty by Judge Joachimsen of keeping a lottery place, and the case has been appealed on the ground chiefly that as the lottery tickets were bogus they could not be termed lottery tickets.

Detective Dawes set his wits to work after this decision was given, and yesterday afternoon raided room 7½, 622 Clay street, which house runs through to Merchant street, being 625 on that street.

In the room he found Frank McClungan, a printer, busily at work on counterfeit lottery tickets, thousands of which were all around the room in various stages of preparation. Many of them were for past drawings of all the lottery companies, and others were for future drawings. The counterfeits are so finely executed that any one not an expert would readily accept them as genuine. The whole outfit, including plates, dies, tickets, etc., was seized and McClungan was locked up in the City Prison. Two charges were placed against him, one of keeping a lottery place and the other of printing lottery tickets.

The arrest is an important one, as the gang has been victimizing people who buy lottery tickets and flooding the country districts with them.

The vigilance of the detectives will not be relaxed until the whole gang of counterfeiters are behind the bars.

A FALSE RUMOR.

Miller & Lux Will Not Withdraw From the Baden Plant.

It has been rumored that the firm of Miller & Lux, wholesale butchers, was about to withdraw from the Baden slaughter-houses. Yesterday the rumor took the form of a positive assertion that this firm had withdrawn.

The rumors were absolutely false, and Mr. Miller says originated and were circulated for the purpose of depressing stocks. Said Mr. Miller to a CALL reporter yesterday:

"You may say authoritatively that the firm of Miller & Lux has not withdrawn from Baden. Not only that, you may also say that our firm will not withdraw from Baden. We went into that scheme to stay. We are going to remain."

Charged With Swindling.

John Sterrit, a baker formerly in business in Santa Clara, makes serious charges in his suit against J. D. Campbell, A. M. Bailey and James Bailey, to recover $650 which he claims to have been swindled out of.

Sterrit claims to have entered into negotiations with defendants to purchase a half interest in a butcher business at 122 Taylor street for $650. F. S. Ebey, represented as a loan negotiator, who is included with the other defendants, is said to have effected the trade by false representations as to the quality of the business. Sterrit was induced to believe that his share would yield a net profit of $100 per month, whereas the whole affair turned out a failure.

WHY HE DOES IT.

Captain Jack Cannot Help Saving Lives.

AN AQUATIC PHENOMENON.

When a Mere Boy He Saved His Aged Grandfather From Drowning.

"'Man overboard! Man overboard!' they cried.

"Then an irresistible impulse came over me to jump into the water after them. I was well dressed and had a gold watch in my pocket. I hardly knew just where the accident occurred, but I jumped. I could not help it. Something in me and yet not of me seemed to force me into the water.

"When I reached the man he was sinking. I caught him by the arm, and as I did so my other arm was grabbed by a woman. The man reached out and caught my head, holding my face in the water. I thought I would drown, surely, but in the last extremity I managed to wriggle myself loose from the grasp of the man, yet still holding him by the arm.

"By that time the ferry-boat crew had lowered a boat, and we landed both the man and the woman safely. That was at

Captain Jack Williams, the Life-Saver.

Havana in 1869. I was a young man then, but it was not the first time I had felt that involuntary instinct to help drowning persons."

A CALL reporter was drawing out of Captain Jack Williams, by a series of judiciously planned interrogatories, the story of his remarkable career as a life-saver.

"Yes; the watch was ruined by the water, but I would not have cared for that if the fellow had not tried to drown me. Of course, he didn't know what he was doing, but for a moment or two the thing was just as serious as though he did it with malice aforethought."

Not a large man is the captain, nor one you would set down unawares as being an expert swimmer. He is, however, the champion of the world in that line and only a South Sea islander can equal him in aquatic feats.

"You saved other lives, Captain?" asked THE CALL man.

"Yes; the next year in Boston harbor. Two ladies, a gentleman friend and myself were out sailing. An unexpected squall capsized the boat. My friend could not swim, so I had to keep him afloat, as well as save the two ladies. I got them all to cling to the gunwale of the boat and then towed the boat to shore. One of those ladies is now my wife, but she can swim now, you may be sure of that."

The captain's flow of English is not as pure as the words may sound when read from print, for the captain was born in Portugal, and though that event occurred as long ago as the spring of the year when gold was first found in California, he has forgotten neither his native land nor tongue.

When a boy not yet in his teens the captain began saving lives. His father and his grandfather were fishermen of the town of Oporto. Their boat capsized and the grandfather would have drowned but for the assistance of young Jack.

The boy was on the shore at the time of the accident. He did not see the boat capsize, he says, for he was looking another way. But something stronger than himself made him leap into the water and swim out in time to catch his grandfather and hold him up till the father came with an oar.

Then, only a few months later, Jack rescued a companion who fell from a rock that ran out into deep water.

His fame spread over Portugal for these brave deeds and soon the boy was a hero.

In 1865 he shipped before the mast and before the year was out had rescued a young man who fell overboard in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

"It was that same queer feeling came over me again," he told THE CALL man. "I had never seen this young man before; did not know but what he could swim as well as I could. He fell from the deck of a steamship. He had not touched the water before I had leaped from the ship near by.

"It was so in nearly every case. I have been fortunate enough to have saved the lives of a good many people, but the operation has been rather automatic than voluntary. I do not claim any special merit for these rescues. I cannot, truthfully. I could no more help saving a drowning man than I could keep from eating when hungry and the victuals were before me.

"In Calcutta I saved the life of the captain of the ship King Arthur. A year later in Liverpool I was on hand when a longshoreman fell into the water from the Princes dock.

"Up in Montreal, where I held the position of swimming instructor, I saved twelve lives in five years.

"About the most exciting time I ever had was down in New Orleans in the spring of 1885. Out on the Government wharf a crowd of darkies and white folks had gathered to witness the baptizing ceremonies.

"The wharf broke and half a hundred people were thrown into deep water. I fished up seventeen of them and some fishermen who were near there got the rest. That was hot work, I can tell you.

"The next year I was up on the Mississippi River and saved a man, his wife, and daughter. We were all on a steamer, the John White. She caught afire and a good many of the passengers became panic-stricken. Those that I pulled out of the water had jumped in through sheer fright. Not one of them could swim and they would have been much worse off in the water—so it proved—than on the boat, if some one had not been there to pull them out. The flames were finally extinguished. Before we had made port the passengers had done the usual thing in such cases, you know, made up a purse for me.

"Now, while I don't claim to be actuated by any extraordinary desire to save human life I don't want it to be thought that I am am after the purse when I jump overboard after a poor fellow. The man who banks on that is quite likely to get left, I can tell you, for as like as not there is no purse coming.

"In New York harbor once I saved a rich man's life in the water. When I had landed him safely, he said 'Thanks' and walked off.

"No; I don't believe any man ever does a thing like that for the possible reward there may be. It's more than likely that he just follows an uncontrollable impulse to save the drowning. It's that way with me, at any rate, though of course I can't pretend to speak for other people."

Captain Jack goes to Sacramento to-day. When he concludes his professional engagements there he means to give a free exhibition in this city of swimming and diving.

Most San Franciscans will remember the captain from his previous aquatic exploits here. Once he swam across the bay in something like two hours, and once he swam out to Seal Rock and paddled around in the foaming breakers, every bit as much at home as a landsman on the greensward.

He has a notable record. To tell the half of his rescues and his swimming exploits would take a good-sized book. He is no longer a young man, but he still swims like a duck and still has that irrepressible impulse to rescue the drowning. He ought to be hired to stroll around about the docks or ride on the ferry-boats.

THE NAVY-YARD.

The Thetis Comes Out of the Drydock.

Work to Be in the Near Future—The Pensacola and the Naval Reserve.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

VALLEJO, May 28.—The Thetis came out of the drydock Wednesday, and is now lying alongside of the coal wharf. A number of her men were transferred to the Monterey to enable the monitor to have a full complement of men.

The old gasometer has been removed from the smithery court, and the adjacent ground is being leveled off preparatory to laying the foundation for the buildings to be erected for holding the large bending rolls now at the yard.

After July considerable new work will be commenced. It is expected that the visit of the chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks will be productive of much good. Commodore Farquhar, the chief, is expected to arrive in a day or two. From here he will visit the new dock under construction at Port Orchard for the purpose of inspecting the work as far as it has progressed.

The concrete wall north of the drydock is well under way, as is also the piece of new wharf in front of the sectional dock basin. When finished it will be found of great utility.

The new railroad track and turntables are progressing nicely. Before long the locomotive will commence duty.

The various shops have considerable work of one kind and another in hand. The Monadnock requires the greater portion of the work in the construction and steam engineering departments. The latter will have a change in chiefs on the 30th, Chief Engineer Moore going to the Union Iron Works to relieve Chief Engineer Kutz, who comes in his stead.

Jonathan Bond, for many years in the former department, was buried Thursday afternoon. The most of the workmen in the construction department attended the funeral. They sent a floral representation of the Monadnock as their offering. The deceased was among the most valuable and trusted employes at the yard.

Ensign Houston Eldridge came down from the Mohican a few days ago ill, and was transferred to the naval hospital for treatment.

During the absence of Captain Howison, the acting commandant of the station, Commander Henry Glass will assume charge of the yard.

It is announced that Captain Mathews, who was at the island a short time since, will be made chief of the bureau of equipment, vice Commodore George Dewer, U. S. N., who will probably be assigned to the lighthouse board in place of Commodore J. H. Gillis, who was placed on the retired list the 14th inst.

Tuesday being Decoration Day no work will be performed at the island. Owing to the depletion of the numbers of the guard at the island the presence of the marines will be missed at the parade and exercises to take place in this city Tuesday.

It is expected that the Pensacola will be fitted up and sent down to San Francisco for use by the naval reserve. No better or more comfortable ship could be had for the purpose.

The Thetis being the only remaining ship at the yard the quay wall presents an almost deserted appearance. It is expected the ship will remain here some time as the weather at this season of the year on the lower coast is such that survey work cannot be accomplished with that degree of accuracy as if it were otherwise.

SAN FRANCISCO'S HILLS.

An Exact Topographical Map of the Peninsula at Berkeley.

Over at Berkeley they have been working for the last five months on a contour map of the San Francisco peninsula. The map is to graphically depict the mineralogical and geological peculiarities of the country.

The molding of San Francisco's hills has just been completed. The map in its entirety will embrace all the Bay ranges. It will extend south into San Mateo County and will include the county back of Berkeley nearly to Mount Diablo. A prominent feature of the map will be Tamalpais.

The work is made on a scale of two inches to the mile horizontally. Vertically the scale will be slightly exaggerated and a mile will be represented by four inches. The work is most exact. Every variation in the surface of a major part of a hundred feet will be produced. Then the surface will be so painted that the observer can tell the geological and mineralogical peculiarities of any part of the peninsula.

Professor Davidson of the Geodetic Survey supplies the data for constructing the contours properly. The geological data is being gathered now by Willard D. Johnson and his assistant, Mr. Palache. The work of making the map has been in the hands of Professor A. C. Lawson of the State University, John J. Williams and Richard P. Bigelow. The method of making the map requires infinite care. The Geodetic Survey furnishes maps on which different altitudes are designated by differently shaped lines.

In the beginning a map is pasted on the foundation. This makes the water-line.

Then another map is pasted on wood about one-thirteenth of an inch thick, and that country which the lines show has an altitude of 100 feet or over is cut out with a jig saw. The pieces thus cut out are fastened on the map. Another piece on top of this adds another 100 feet. In this way the map is built up.

The different altitudes rise abruptly by the hundred feet. Mr. Bigelow, the modeler, then clothes with putty the skeleton made by his associates. This last work requires great nicety, and the worker must exercise constant vigilance to see that he does not cover up as complete a hill that should be a fraction of an inch taller.

The finished map is then used as a model from which a plaster of paris mold is taken. It will then be reproduced many times and copies distributed among different universities and colleges.

The finished contour maps will be painted in different colors to show the formation. The sandhills will have one hue, the slaty formation another, the granitic another, and so on. The map will be the most exact of any yet made.

The Giant's Organ is a magnificent pile of basaltic pillars, bearing a striking resemblance to the instrument after which it is named, in the Giant's Causway, Ireland.

MURPHYS SHUT UP.

Spicy and Snobby Notes Kept Secret.

THEIR CREST HAS A REST.

A Compromise Between Attorneys Draws a Veil Over the Family's Crisp Correspondence.

Ecre de Tramite Rects.

That is the motto of the American Murphys. It glows in blue embossed letters on the fashionable linen paper notes, or stands in plain relief on the morning billets introduced in the Murphy will contest at Oakland.

It had a scroll all to itself flowing around a lion rampant supporting a sheaf of grain. Higher up like a halo is a crown, denoting possibly the far-away royalty of the Murphy family.

But it was not seen yesterday in court, for the letters were hidden jealously from sight. There was too much spice and snap, not to speak of snobbery and a rueful display of family weakness, for the litigants to bear up against it all. So the attorneys took the life out of the Murphy squabble by compromising. They read every letter, compared notes and admitted such portions as were deemed relevant to the case.

There was nothing left in consequence for yesterday's proceedings but to read the dry extracts and look pleased because the press was shut out at the eleventh hour.

Miss Mary Murphy and her sister Issy were present as usual, while Dan sat with his attorneys and appeared dreadfully bored.

A gleam of satisfaction was noticeable on their countenances, despite the unpleasant circumstances; but it seems so long as outsiders know nothing of the family ructions, the litigants are happy enough.

Attorney Martin of Alameda, who had been doing the heavy sitting during the proceedings, explained that he represented the absent heirs. As Attorney Moore was going to Chicago, his place would be taken by Martin.

Mr. Metcalf was called to the stand.

"Do you know any case in which Miss Mary Helen acted as trustee for her mother?" asked Mr. Wheeler.

"Yes," replied the witness, after Mr. Foote had objected.

"Do you know of any instance in which Miss Mary Helen or Miss Frances Murphy held property in trust for their mother?"

"I know of a piece of property on Point Lobos avenue in San Francisco which Mrs. Murphy owned when she was here and Miss Frances afterward claimed as heirs; but I always felt Mrs. Murphy had an interest in it."

"What has become of the property?"

"It is still in San Francisco."

"Why did you not include that property in your inventory of Mrs. Murphy's estate?"

"Oh, there was always a doubt about it, as its ownership was an open question in my mind."

The following letter from Metcalf to Mrs. Murphy was read for reasons best known to the attorneys:

January 4, 1889.

I intend to dispense with Mr. Oliver on the 1st of February. I have talked the matter over thoroughly with Dan, and he leaves the matter, as far as he is concerned, entirely in my hands. Eugene is now in America. I have received one or two letters from him since his arrival in Philadelphia, and expect to see him in San Francisco before long. I will do all that I can to have him remain here. If he could secure the controlling interest in some bank and become the president thereof, it would give him a dignified position and, at the same time, lucrative employment. In my opinion, it would be the very best thing that could happen to him. If he could only make up his mind to remain here, I will do all that I can assisting him in securing such a position.

With his own hands and the assistance of friends, he could readily obtain the control of a bank and elect himself president thereof.

Attorney Wheeler introduced several short selections from Mr. Metcalf's letters to Mrs. Murphy that the court might understand the business relations between the contestants and their mother.

One letter assured her that Dan was attending strictly to business and considerable might be expected from him. Another stated that £60 a month for a house in London was reasonable and within Mrs. Murphy's means provided her family would contribute to pay the rent. Dan was elected a director of the gas company on the regular ticket in March, 1888, through Metcalf's energy and influence. The attorney and confidential agent also advised Mrs. Murphy and her three daughters, then living with her in London, to make wills.

The case was continued until Wednesday morning, and meanwhile the Murphy crest is safe in the Pandora box of letters, though the scandals escaped by the score.

There is in Japan no kissing, not even in the nursery.