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PORTLAND LETTER

A Bunchgrasser in the Metropolis.

The Strike Situation.

A Comparison of Portland and Prineville—The Rose Season is Now at Hand.

Portland, June 12:—A bunchgrasser in this place finds many queer things to look at and finds no end to them if he keeps his eyes open. During the past few years there has been considerable improvement made in the way of buildings and some of these are rather imposing structures. There is an air of prosperity hanging over the city that was absent when we last visited this city, but this is not as noticeable as it would otherwise be if it were not for the strike. Business men complain of a stagnation in the general markets to what it was before the strike and this would be much more noticeable were it not for the fact that the city is now full of delegations of the various fraternal associations who are here attending their annual meetings or other extra-ordinary sessions.

Everywhere the union label is conspicuous and in many places it is only put up as a sort of protection against boycotting. Advertisements are taken of the union rate in many cases, men cutting under and working for less than the union figures. Nearly all trade workers have a picnic here as to hours for they go to work at eight in the morning and quit at five in the afternoon. It is no wonder that it is difficult to get help to leave the city and go to the country. Waitresses get all the way from five to eight dollars a week and board, but they have to work longer hours than the clerks.

Just now the city is a profusion of bloom as the rose season is on and there will be a rose show in a few days. Wagons loaded with carnations and roses are passing around the streets in the evening and morning distributing their wares at reduced prices. It is enough to stagger one sometimes in passing the entrance to one of the greenhouses to get a good strong puff of the perfume of flowers that issues forth and is lost upon the breeze.

The Public baths are located across the river from the Morrison street bridge, but we have as yet not investigated them. The old Olympic baths that were running when the writer was resident of the city some years ago, have fallen into innocuous desuetude and have become overgrown with wild blackberries. This seems strange to one unaccustomed to the spirit of progress that possesses some of the energetic citizens of this little town, that on one of the main thoroughfares of the place that a corner lot should be allowed to become overgrown with brambles. But it is not more strange than that there should yet remain the old Occidental building which has remained the same for the past half century in the heart of the business part of the city and, as was remarked by a prominent business man, is the

only fire proof building in town. This remark was brought forth by the fact that this building has been on fire more than a dozen times during the past year.

In some ways Portland is away behind Prineville, in others she is some ahead. She has a larger Chinese population and consequently more dirt on Second street, she also has her wood block pavements that were put down six years ago and so full of holes that it is like crossing the lava beds to drive over them. She has automobiles and higher prices for grain than are found in our little city of Prineville. A dinner such as we have every Sunday at home for two bits will cost here not less than one dollar at any of the first class eating houses. So taken all in all our little town will compare very favorably with the great metropolis of the northwest.

A large portion of the women of this town believe that the street sweepers are made for the keeping the streets clean and not their dresses, as they wear them somewhat shorter than those of our home city. Many of the women in this town do not seem to know that winter is over as they still retain their furs and seem to take pleasure in wearing them when other people seek the shade.

Officers Elected.

The Masonic Grand Lodge in session in Portland last week elected the following officers:

Most Worshipful Grand Master—W. F. Butcher, of Baker City.

Deputy Grand Master—S. M. Yoran, of Eugene.

Grand Senior Warden—W. H. Flannagan, of Grants Pass.

Grand Secretary—J. F. Robinson, of Eugene (re-elected.)

Grand Treasurer—F. H. Allison, of Portland (re-elected.)

Grand Trustee—Jacob Mayer of Portland (re-elected.)

Dr. W. J. McDaniel, while on his way to make an early call fell in front of a City & Suburban car and was instantly killed. The accident occurred on Williams avenue, between Shave and Mason streets. Car No. 47 was on its first run of the day, going north, and had just reached the Shaver street crossing, when Dr. McDaniel turned into Williams avenue on a bicycle. Riding across the first two rails, he turned north, passing between the double tracks. Car and bicyclist, both going in the same direction, were very close together by this time, and fearing a possible accident, Motorman G. H. Kain rang a warning gong. The next minute Dr. McDaniel suddenly turned to the right and attempted to cross the track in front of the car. Then an accident occurred which is very common to bicyclists who ride streets on which car tracks are laid. Instead of hitting the rail squarely the doctor's front wheel hit it at an angle, and the inevitable tumble occurred.

A. B. Paxton, formerly an Albany photographer died recently at Newcastle Ind. He had been in poor health for several years and had spent most of his time in traveling hoping to recuperate. He was a prominent photographer and a pleasant citizen. His son Hon. O. E. Paxton resides in Portland.

TRACY AND MERRILL

Convicts Who Escaped from the Penitentiary

Now in Washington.

They Easily Brought Their Pursuers—One of the Poses Shot in the Teeth.

Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts, outwitted their 200 pursuers on Thursday and escaped from what was supposed to be their last stand, and went strolling across the country unmolested, terrorizing the inhabitants and compelling farmers to feed them at the point of their guns. They escaped from the woods where the militia and posse had them surrounded, went to Monitor, nine miles away, for breakfast, and arrived at Needy, still farther away, and in Clackamas County, for luncheon. They were last seen about 1 o'clock about three miles from Needy, and traveling in a southerly direction. From there all trace of them was lost and on Friday the chase had degenerated into a mere blind search. All efforts to pick up the trail proved futile and the search was abandoned and the whole party returned home.

No trace was discovered of the fugitives until Sunday, when they crossed the Columbia into Washington. Adding the theft of another team to their already long list of crimes, Tracy and Merrill the desperate outlaws, between Friday evening and Sunday made their way through Clackamas County, across Multnomah from the Clackamas line to a point opposite Fisher's landing, crossed the Columbia, and are in the neighborhood of Fourth Plain, Clark County, Washington, with another posse on their track, another sheriff in charge of it, and three detectives from Portland as reinforcements. As it was in the beginning, it is now; they will either be captured or killed, or make their escape. Merrill is now on ground with which he is thoroughly familiar, having been born in Clark County and brought up in Cowitz, and is thus better situated than while in Oregon. The country is much the same, formed of low-lying hills, cut by ravines, and overgrown with underbrush and scrub firs which afford the best kind of cover. As the men were armed with 30-30 rifles and having an abundance of ammunition, it does not seem likely that the desire to capture them will burn any more fiercely in the breasts of their new set of pursuers than it did in those of the posse that laid down its arms and gave up the fight at Barlow Friday afternoon.

From all the circumstances in the case it seems that Tracy and Merrill have been going pretty much their own gait and shaping what course they chose, irrespective of those who come after them. Supplied with bacon at Graves' ranch Thursday, they were able to proceed without the necessity of revealing their whereabouts, and there was plenty of cover in the brush between Graves' and the Willamette, for which it is now clear that they were headed. About midnight Saturday two

horses were taken from the barn of W. G. Randall, a mile and a half east of New Era and five miles above Oregon City, hitched to a wagon and driven away. There is no proof that Tracy and Merrill stole them, and the authorities are not likely to accumulate any, for the convicts have several things to answer for which are more serious than horse stealing. Randall traced the team to Mount Pleasant just south of Oregon City, lost the track and found it again, below the city, through which the outlaws had evidently driven without worrying much about pursuers. The track led across the unguarded Clackamas bridge at Gladstone, where it turned off on the road to Portland. Randall returned to Oregon City for Sheriff Cooke, who telegraphed to Salem for the bloodhounds and started for Portland forthwith.

That was clew No. 1. The second was not long delayed.

George Sunderly and Walter Burlingame were enjoying a quiet boat ride on the placid waters of Columbia Slough about 12:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon when two gentlemen appeared upon the bank, pointed rifles at them and asked them to come ashore. They had been on the slough about long enough, so they complied, and so grateful were they to their newfound friends for asking them ashore that when the latter called for food it was cheerfully supplied.

The men with guns ate, and requested Burlingame and Sunderly to row them across the river. It was impossible to get from the slough to the river in the boat, so the new arrivals suggested that another boat be found on the river shore, and that Burlingame and Sunderly should find it, meanwhile carrying about 30 pounds of ammunition which the visitors had with them in sacks. The suggestion seemed reasonable, and was adopted without argument. W. W. Paddock, a young man of the Sunderland-Burlingame party, was invited along by the footpads, and accepted the invitation.

Apparently undisturbed by the presence in their immediate vicinity of a new army of pursuers, Tracy and Merrill today held up another farmer for the necessities of life, took clothes and provisions, and selecting the vulnerable spot in the guard line that was thrown out to head them off, went on their way, presumably rejoicing. The features of the pursuit Monday was the shooting of a member of the posse, by another member, who shot in the belief that he was going to bring down one of the convicts. The fugitives are now in tall timber in the neighborhood of Lewis River. Guard Carson is on his way from Walla Walla with a fresh set of bloodhounds to join in the chase. The volunteer members of Company G, W. N. G., are now guarding such farmhouses as Tracy and Merrill are likely to select for food, and at 7 o'clock sheriffs, detectives, posses, citizens and dogs will again hit the trail and start in full cry on the fresh scent radiated from the clothes the game left at the ranch of Henry Tied, four miles from Vancouver, where they dined with the old and owned with the new.

In the meantime Tracy and Merrill did not put in an appar-

ance and were evidently sleeping off the effects of their morning meal somewhere in the darkest woods. Then happened the unfortunate mistake through which one of the posse, reported to be Deputy Sheriff Skipton, of Salem, shot William Morris, of Vancouver. Morris and L. D. Seal had left Vancouver together to join in the search on their own account, and took a dog with them. Both men are excellent shots, and when it became known that the convicts were heading north after leaving Tiede's place, Morris and Seal went to the woods near middle bridge on Salmon Creek and remained in the vicinity a day, waiting for Tracy and Merrill to venture from the timber. Early in the afternoon the posse, composed of Deputy Sheriff Skipton, Walter Lyon, Deputy Sheriff Wagner, Guard Ferrell and two or three Salem guards, came along the woods looking for the convicts, and weary. Suddenly someone in the Salem party saw two men, who afterward turned out to be Morris and Seal, with guns in their hands, sitting on a log in the woods about 500 yards away. An idea got into the minds of the Salem people that the two men seated so quietly under a tree were really Tracy and Merrill, and the firing began. Each of the Salem guards fired one shot, and a bullet fired by Deputy Sheriff Skipton, as alleged by the others, took effect in Morris' leg. Terrified at the volley from the Winchesters, both Morris and Seal held up their hands, Seal waving a handkerchief, and then the truth flashed on the riflemen's minds. They hurried over to Morris and found that he was bleeding and was seriously wounded. He was placed in a buggy and rapidly, but carefully, driven to St. Joseph's Hospital, Vancouver, where his wound was dressed by Dr. Ebert and Dr. Gilchrist, of the United States army. It was stated that the bone in the leg was badly shattered, and that the bullet had passed through the leg. It is feared that amputation will have to be resorted to, in the hope of saving the patient's life.

Columbia Slough Excursion—4th of July Excursion.

Local Excursion Tickets will be on sale from all stations to all local points on July 3rd, and 4th, good to return until July 6th, inclusive, at ONE and ONE-THIRD FARES for the round trip.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale from all stations to WASECO on July 4th and 5th, good to return until July 5th inclusive, at rates as follows for the round trip:

	Adults	5 and 12 years
Dufur	\$1.00	\$0.50
Clifton	.75	.35
Woodville	.50	.25
Hay Camp, in Jc.	.50	.25
McDonnell	.50	.25
De Moss	.75	.35
Alsea	.50	.25
Haskinsville	.60	.30
Stress Valley	.75	.35
Bourbon	.75	.35
Kent	.75	.35
Wilson	.75	.35
Clifton	.75	.35

On July 4th, A. STREETLY TRAFFIC WILL LEAVE WASHCO AT 8:00 P. M., arrive at Mer. at 8:45 P. M., Grass Valley at 9:15 P. M.

C. E. LITTLE, G.P.A.

LOST.—A black overcoat containing \$20 in gold, \$10 in silver, and 50 cents in copper, and a card with Mrs. Millie Grant's name on it. It was lost last Monday between W. F. Edlin's and A. Zeig's. Reward will be liberally paid to the finder who will be reported to the office.