

# The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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R. F. IRVINE  
Editor and Proprietor.

## Have You Seen Our New Arrivals



Dress Goods,  
Novelty Trimmings,  
Silks, Embroideries,  
Lace Belts,  
Collars, White  
Goods and Shoes.

### FOR GENTS

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Neckware, Shoes,  
Shirts, Underware.  
Call and See

**J. H. HARRIS.**

## SHOT TO DEATH

**FRANK GUGLIELMO SLAYS  
HIS LOVE, FREDA GUARASCIA.**

Because She Rejected His Love by Her Father's Wish—Captured by Postmaster Alcorn at Linnton—Flees on a Bicycle.

Portland, June 15.—Portland Oregonian: Driven to desperation by the thought that he could never possess the object of his affections, Frank Guglielmo, a handsome young Italian saloon keeper of 22 years, shot to death pretty 16-year-old Freda Guarascia, about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, while she was busy about the humble little home of her parents, at 324 Harrison street. After committing the crime, the murderer immediately fled to his saloon, at First and Market streets, where he grabbed what money he had, and, jumping on a bicycle, rode to Linnton, where he was captured by Postmaster J. Z. Alcorn, soon after his arrival, and while attempting to avoid apprehension by fleeing into the mountains.

Police headquarters was notified of the murder a few minutes after its occurrence by Police Officer J. P. Fones, who was passing near the scene of the shooting on a South Portland car, and telegraph and telephone messages were sent to all the surrounding towns, with the result that a reply was soon received from Linnton to the effect that the murderer had been seen at that place. Detectives Vaughn, Hartman and Weiner were soon speeding to Linnton in a big automobile touring car, and, although the nine-mile run was made in the remarkable time of fifteen minutes, the murderer was arrested by Mr. Alcorn before the detectives arrived, and 55 minutes after the party of officers left Portland they were back at the police station with the prisoner. He was safely locked up and put under the careful surveillance of a watchman.

Guglielmo is the only witness of his terrible deed. When the police officer and several neighbors rushed into the house shortly after the shooting, the murdered girl was lying on the kitchen floor, gasping for breath, an ugly bullet hole in the back part of her head, and the blood freely flowing from her breast, where she had been shot through the heart, telling only too plainly that she was beyond all hope of assistance. As the horror-struck neighbors rushed to the side of the prostrate form of the girl, she looked pitifully up at them, and moved her lips as though she wished to speak, but to do this she was powerless, and died a few seconds later.

According to the story of several children playing about the house, the two fatal shots were fired almost immediately after Guglielmo entered the house. Concetta Guarascia, the little 10-year-old cousin of the murdered girl, was standing on the kitchen porch when Guglielmo mounted the steps. She says that Guglielmo stepped up to her and asked who was in the house, and that she answered: "Only my big cousin, Freda."

"Run out in the yard and play," the child says was Guglielmo's only response as he stepped into the kitchen. The next instant, Concetta says, she heard two shots fired in quick succession, immediately after which Guglielmo rushed out of the house and ran down Harrison street. Police Officer Fones also saw the murderer as he fled down the street, but knowing nothing of the murder at that time, paid no attention to him.

At 5:45 o'clock, while Mr. Alcorn was drawing a bucket of water at the spring behind his house, at Linnton, he saw Guglielmo come scorching down the road to Linnton on his bicycle. When he returned to the house, Mrs. Alcorn told him that the police had telephoned her that Guglielmo was wanted for murder, and to look out for him.

"Why! He just rode into town on a bicycle and went into Refrino's saloon," answered the surprised postmaster, and the news was immediately telephoned to Captain

John T. Moore, at the Portland police station.

"We don't know just how to go about it," said Mrs. Alcorn. "There is no one here who will try to arrest him except my husband. How will we get him?"

"Take him dead or alive," replied Captain Moore. "Order him to surrender and, if he offers to resist, shoot him. He is wanted for murder and don't let him get away."

Mr. Alcorn, armed with a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, immediately started to arrest the murderer and, knowing that Guglielmo owned a ranch back in the hills from Linnton and would probably soon strike out in that direction, mounted a little hill overlooking the town and the surrounding hills. Guglielmo left the saloon in company with another man and struck off into the brush soon after I reached the top of the hill," said Mr. Alcorn, "and I ran up the old smelter track and through the brush to head him off. He saw me and ran further back into the brush. I shouted to him to come out or I would kill him, but he made no reply. I slipped quietly along and doubled back on my track through the brush and suddenly came upon him, much to the surprise of both of us. He was only a few feet away and I threw my gun on him and cried:

"You might as well give up. You can't get away and, if you move, I'll kill you." He stepped toward me and pulled his gun from his pocket, but we were so close together that I instantly had my gun in his face, and with my left hand I seized the hand in which he held the gun and he made no further fight.

"At the muzzle of my revolver I marched him back to the postoffice, where with my revolver in my hand I sat and guarded him in front of the building until the officers arrived from Portland and took him back to the city.

"I asked him how he got into the trouble, but he made no reply. He would not speak to me, but to another Italian he talked a little in his native tongue. He appeared nervous, especially when he asked if the girl was dead and was told that she was. He asked for a drink of water and I had it brought to him. In response to my offer to give him his supper, he said he was not hungry and lit a cigar and assumed a composed appearance as though nothing unusual had happened.

When the officers arrived he gave some instructions about expressing his bicycle back to Portland in a cool-headed manner and climbed into the automobile between the detectives, and puffing at another cigar, was soon out of sight on his way to Portland.

"He kill my daughter because I not let him come to my house," said Guiseppino Guarascia, the girl's father. "I go into his saloon one day," he continued in his broken English, "and say to him to no come to my house, I say my little girl only 16 years. She too young to have husband. You get other lady." He says, "All right, I no take. I know he no good man and I no want my girl to talk to him," and the old man gulped back a lump in his throat and brushed the tears out of his eyes.

Chicago, June 15.—Admiral Togo's squadron captured a number of rice-laden Chinese junks which were attempting to run the blockade into Port Arthur last night. They were confiscated and prize crews placed aboard to take them to Sasebo.

St. Petersburg, June 14.—Emperor Nicholas has received the following dispatch from Kurapatkin, dated June 13:

"This morning the advance of two Japanese divisions was discovered northward from Pulantien. The advancing forces at 2 p. m. were observed to extend from the village of Vandchou along the valley of the Tassa, one division advancing by the Tassa Valley. The enemy halted at 4:30 p. m., occupying the villages of Taotsiatung, Changtsiatung and Luitsiatung and the heights southward of Vandchou.

"I have not received detailed information of our losses today, but Lieutenant Tcherephkin and several soldiers were wounded. According to our intelligence no advance from the Japanese from Siuyen toward Taling Pass was observed today.

## SIX HUNDRED LOST

**EXCURSION STEAMER BURNS  
TO THE WATER'S EDGE.**

Caught from an Overturned Pot of Grease—Women and Children Are Trampled Under Foot While Others Leap to Escape Heat—Other News.

One of the most appalling disasters in the history of New York, tragic in its immensity, dramatic in its episodes, and deeply pathetic in the tender age of most of its victims, took place today in the East River, at the entrance to Long Island Sound within a short distance of the New York shore, and within sight of thousands of persons, the majority of whom were powerless to minimize the extent of the catastrophe.

By the burning of the water's edge of the Slocum, a three-decked excursion steamer, more than 600 persons, the majority of whom were women and children, were burned to death or drowned by jumping overboard or by being thrown into the whirlpools by the lurching of the vessel and the frantic rush of the panic-stricken passengers. Four hundred and eighty-five bodies have been recovered, and are now being tagged at the morgues of Bellevue Hospital and Harlem.

Divers were still busy at a late hour, taking bodies from the hold of the vessel, which they say, is choked with the remains of human bodies, while the bodies of scores who leaped, or were thrown, into the river have not been recovered. It is variously estimated that there were between 1500 and 2500 persons on board the General Slocum, when she left the pier at Third street.

The fire is said to have broken out in a lunch-room on the forward deck, through the overturning of a pot of grease. The wind was high, and all efforts to subdue the fire were futile.

The life preservers were too securely fastened to their holdings to be available, and stories are told of frantic efforts made to cut them loose, but even if they could have been torn down they were too high up for the children to reach. It is also alleged that no attempt was made to get out the fire apparatus at the first cry of "fire," though Captain Vanshaick says he immediately rang the bells for getting out the apparatus. According to several statements, no attempt was made to lower boats or life-rafts.

North Brothers Island, where the vessel was beached, contains a scarlet fever ward. The patients who witnessed the disaster were ordered in doors, and the doctors hastened to the rescue of those who had been washed ashore, but some scores of persons died while they were being attended to.

Captain Vanshaick and his two pilots, Edward Vanwart and Edward M. Weaver, have been arrested.

The General Slocum left Third street, East River, at 9:30 o'clock this morning, having on board the Sunday school excursion of St. Mark's German Lutheran Church, located on Sixth street. Her destination was Locust Grove, one of the many resorts on Long Island sound.

The excursion was in charge of Rev. George C. Haas, pastor of the church. Captain William Vanshaick, the commander of the boat, was one of the best excursion-boat captains in New York harbor. He has commanded the General Slocum for almost the entire time since she was built in 1891.

The steamer after leaving her dock, proceeded up the East River, all three of her decks being crowded with merry-makers. Bands played, and the great side-wheeler was decorated with flags from stem to stern.

The steamer's whistle was blowing for assistance and tugs and other nearby craft answered to the call. Before any of the boats could reach the burning steamer, the frantic women and children began to jump overboard. As the fire increased, the struggle to gain a point of vantage at the stern became frightful. Women and children crowded against the aft rail until it gave way and hundreds were pushed off into

the river. After this there was a steady stream of persons who jumped or were thrown into the water.

London, June 16.—The Tokio correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle cables that the Japanese have defeated a force of 8000 Russians near Fouchon, 70 miles north of Port Arthur. The Russians are declared to have 1000 killed and wounded, and fled toward Tashchias and Kaiping, retreating in great disorder and leaving all their guns on the field.

The Daily Chronicle's correspondent at Tokio cables the same news, adding that the Russians, to the number of 7000 men, are now in flight.

Tangier, June 15.—French occupation is the only remedy for the serious internal condition of Morocco. A revolution is practically certain within a couple of months, and it will be supported by the entire educated class. The Sultan's authority is virtually non-existent, and until the country is occupied Europeans are on the edge of a volcano. Should France avoid her responsibility, America or Great Britain may be forced into energetic action, thus creating a situation similar to that existing in Egypt.

New London, Conn., June 9.—The "Lilly and the Rose" were married in reality today by Justice Reuben Lord.

"We want to get married," hummed Mr. Rose, blithely, as he and Miss Lily Blossom walked into the justice's office. The bride? Oh, her name now is Lily Blossom, and mine? Well, I'm Jack Rose.

"How truly fitting, and in the merry month of June," murmured Justice Lord. "And where does the bride come from?"

"From Kansas. New Rapide, Kan., sir," she said.

"From Kansas, and with such a pretty name," whispered the justice almost inaudibly to himself.

"Sir," Miss Lily Blossom said, "we came to be married, not to discuss geography. I'm thirty, a spinster by occupation," she added, "for I understand your law requires all this information."

"And, I—I'm a business man of St. Paul," said Jack Rose proudly.

"'Tis really the wedding of the 'lilly and the rose,' about which we have heard so much in song," quoth the justice deftly tying the knot which transmuted the lily into a rose.

"'Tis a great pity the sun should not shine upon such a union of the flowers," gallantly said Justice Lord, crumpling a handful of new bills and stuffing them in his pocket.

"We're satisfied to have our ceremony performed by you, Mr. Lord," declared Mr. Rose; "the sun will come later."

Together the two roses left for New York, going thence to St. Paul.

Chefoo, June 8.—Chinese arriving from Port Arthur say large vessels cannot pass in or out of the harbor. The Russian torpedo boats leave the harbor occasionally for half an hour, but the larger ships cannot get through the entrance. Three hundred and fifty mines have been laid in the roadstead.

The Japanese fleet is bombarding Port Arthur daily from a considerable distance off shore, fearing to come close, because of the Russian mines. Only five of the nine largest Russian ships at Port Arthur are capable of going to sea, and steam is kept up only on three of the five sound vessels. All the guns from the damaged ships have been removed to the forts and the sailors from these ships have gone to the front with the troops. The Russian warships, which formerly were painted black, are now painted gray, as are the vessels of the Japanese fleet.

Tokio, June 9.—Admiral Togo reports that on Tuesday night, June 7, he sent eight small torpedo boats from the battle ships of his squadron to make a reconnaissance of Port Arthur harbor. The boats went far inside the heads and were exposed to the Russian fire. One sailor and one petty officer were killed in the operation, but the boats escaped undamaged.

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