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PORTLAND, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1902.

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CAUGHT IN A SQUALL.

Score of Pleasure-Seekers May Have Perished in Boston Harbor.
BOSTON, June 9.—The Harbor-Master's office and the police stations along the water front were besieged today by anxious men and women, making inquiries for friends who went out in small boats yesterday and had not returned when a heavy squall swept over the harbor between 7 and 8 o'clock last night. More than 20 persons are missing. The squall came up very quickly and was unusually strong, and it is feared that small boats heavily laden, could not have survived. Tugs sent out to scour the harbor reported no trace of the missing boats or their occupants.

In a Long Island Sound Gale.
NEW YORK, June 9.—Twenty persons who were caught on a yacht in Long Island Sound in Sunday's gale arrived at their homes safely early today. The yacht was owned by Charles E. Clark, a politician of the Bronx. The party had failed to return up to midnight, and a general alarm was sent out. It developed that the yacht's rudder broke shortly after noon and the party, helpless before the gale, drifted in the course of the storm until a passing steamer took them in tow late in the afternoon and landed them at Bayside, L. I.

Fire in a Steel Plant.
PITTSBURGH, June 10.—At 5 o'clock this morning fire broke out in the Oliver Iron & Steel plant situated on the south side. After an hour's hard work the firemen succeeded in getting it under control. The loss is placed at \$25,000.

WAKE OF DEATH

Convicts Slay Guards and Escape.

VICTIMS NUMBER THREE

Prisoner Intervenes and Is Shot in the Leg.

DESPERATE FORAY SUCCEEDS

Fugitives Tracy and Merrill Are Still at Large—State Penitentiary Scene of a Daring and Bloody Outbreak.

Killed.
Guard Frank B. Ferrell.
Guard S. R. T. Jones.
Convict Frank Ingham.
Fugitive Murderers,
Harry Tracy,
David Merrill.

SALEM, June 9.—Harry Tracy and David Merrill, convicts, escaped from the Penitentiary at 7 o'clock this morning and made their way to liberty, leaving murdered behind them Guards F. B. Ferrell, S. R. T. Jones and B. F. Tiffany, while Frank Ingham, a convict, who tried to bar their road, was shot in the knee, which was so badly shattered as to require amputation. He is now resting easily, and strong hopes are entertained for his recovery. Clad in their prison garb, well armed and provided with ammunition, the men are now lurking in the woods not far from town, and, although hundreds of citizens have recruited the posse that are searching for them, they have thus far eluded pursuit. As proven by their cool and cold-blooded manner of escape, both are desperate and daring men, and will not be taken without a struggle.

Weapons Probably Smuggled In.
The convicts, who are professional criminals of the most dangerous type, had secured rifles and revolvers Saturday or Sunday, probably from some confederate previously released from the Penitentiary who had smuggled the weapons in. The men working in the stove foundry, among whom were Tracy and Merrill, had just been marched in from the chapel and were about to report to work to Ferrell, when Frank Girard, another guard, heard a rifle shot, and, looking quickly in the direction from which it came, saw Ferrell dead and the two thugs, both armed with new rifles, approaching him. Girard, like all shop guards, was unarmed, and he instantly took to flight, running for his life down the center aisle of the building, while his pursuers gained on him at every step. Suddenly Frank Ingham, a life prisoner from Linn County, seeing the peril in which the guard was placed, stepped out and endeavored to stop the highwaymen. Tracy stopped long enough to fire a shot at him, which took effect in his knee, inflicting a wound which necessitated amputation. Firing shot after shot at Girard and John Stapleton, another guard who was in the foundry, the thugs continued on their way, but their intended victims had sought shelter in the prison before they reached the open and were safe.

Another Guard Killed.
Before reaching the yard Tracy and Merrill again brought their murderous rifles into play. First they riddled the extreme southwest and northwest guard posts, but fortunately did not kill a man. Then, with a single shot at a distance of 150 yards, one of them brought down Jones, who was on the wall in charge of the north post. As the guard fell dead they turned and took several shots at Tiffany and Rose, guards on the north wall, but beyond piercing Rose's hat, inflicted no damage. Then, believing that they had sufficiently cowed their keepers, they coolly proceeded to take a ladder from one of the shop buildings, place it against the east wall and mount it, while bullets from guards on more remote parts of the wall flew thick about their heads. Tiffany, who had not lost his nerve at any time during the fusillade, sent shots repeatedly after them, but none of them hit his mark, and the escaping men in another instant had jumped from the wall and disappeared.

Third Guard Slain.
Running along to the spot where the men had crossed, Tiffany and Rose leaped after them and followed them around an angle in the wall, where they met them face to face. Instantly the guards were covered and commanded to give up their rifles and cartridges. With the memory of the murder that had already been done fresh in their minds, the guards complied and threw their guns and ammunition on the ground. They were then ordered to stand forth and were marched ahead of the convicts for 300 yards, when a guard from one of the posts fired at the fugitives. They instantly returned the fire, and Tiffany, whom one of them had selected for a target, fell dead with a bullet through his right breast. Rose immediately dropped, and his presence of mind saved his life, for the men, believing that he, too, had been killed, paid no further attention to the shots behind them and ran for cover.

Other Prisoners Quiet.
Although the excitement was at fever heat inside the Penitentiary, and the guards were directing all their energies toward stopping the fleeing convicts, not one of the 183 other prisoners inside the

walls tried to escape. They huddled together inside the foundry building, and the spectacle of the dead guard and the wounded convict, together with the sound of the shooting going on outside, seemed to cow them into absolute quiet.

Posses in Pursuit.

The news spread rapidly. Hundreds of citizens of Salem hastily armed themselves with rifles, pistols, shotguns—in fact, any weapons that they were able to find, and hurried to the Penitentiary, and there were soon enough reinforcements to make impossible any further attempt to escape. Sheriff Durbin and Chief of Police Gibson were among the first to arrive, and assisted in the organization of several posses, which were soon on the trail of the fugitives. Dashes of blood on the ground in the direction the convicts had taken led to the belief that one of them had been wounded, but if such was the case the wound had not been severe, for the men made their way rapidly up Mill Creek to a place where the brush is thick, where they turned into it and disappeared from view.

Men Seen by a Farmer.

They were last seen about noon by John Baumann, a farmer living two miles

CITY OF ATLANTA

General Sherman Made It a Modern City.

ITS GEOGRAPHICAL ADVANTAGES

The North's Outpost in Dixie—A Little Fair Which Advertised Atlanta to the World and Revolutionized Cotton Industry.

(By a Staff Writer.)

Atlanta, after a week at Charleston, is as refreshing and as stimulating as a morning dip in Bull Run water. It is

North with the South or the greater productive districts of the South with each other must in the very necessities of things pass through the region of which Atlanta is the capital. At Atlanta one is in the heart of the productive South, and still in close touch with the North. Under any condition this general fact might have made the fortunes of the city, but it was certain to do it under the conditions which have ruled in Atlanta since the war.

When Sherman moved on, Atlanta had much to be bitter about but she had no monuments for the nurture of an outworn pride. Sherman's torches had fixed all that; there was nothing to do but to make a new beginning, to turn from the past and look to the future. And when people get to working for the future the spirit of the future takes hold of them. There had been a common disaster, there was a common necessity and a common purpose. And in these motives the old and stupid pride of caste was lost. The people pulled together, and men soon came to be valued not on account of their grandfathers, but for what they could do and what they did. Trade flourished,

FIRE IN A HOSPITAL

Ten Persons Killed and Thirty Injured in Chicago Blaze.

VICTIMS OF THE DRINK HABIT

Thrilling Escape of Patients Mad With Delirium and Fright—Blind Alderman Burned to Death.

CHICAGO, June 9.—Nine men and one woman were killed and about 30 persons injured in a fire which this afternoon destroyed the sanitarium connected with St. Luke's Society, at Wabash avenue and Twenty-first street. The society occupied the building, which was long known as the Hotel Woodruff, and for a brief period as the Hotel Lancaster. The greater portion of the patients received in the institution were those seeking cure from the drink habit and those who were addicted to the use of drugs.

When the fire broke out there was on the fifth floor a number of patients suffering from delirium tremens and some who were drugged by drugs. Some of these were strapped to their beds and it was impossible to save them, so rapidly did the fire spread through the building. The list, so far as known, although it is possible that the list of dead will be increased later, follows:

The Dead.

S. J. NEWELL.
WILLIAM KENT, Alderman of the Fourth Ward, Chicago.
CARL A. CARLSON.
JOSEPH HARRINGTON.
SAMUEL DALZIELL.
DR. J. T. STANTON.
GEORGE A. RIBBEBECK, Hillsdale, Mich.
JOHN B. KNAPPAN.
MR. H. M. BAUMANN.
R. H. BODD, 38 years old, a member of the medical staff of the institution.

Seriously Injured.

A. W. WATLIES, badly burned on the head and back and internal injuries; will die.
MRS. AMELIA WILSON, burned about the body and internal flames; will probably die.
MICHAEL LUBY, seriously burned.
G. S. GOTT, Laverie, Ill., serious.
J. B. BISHOP, St. Louis, serious.
MRS. M. N. HENRI, badly burned about the body.

Escaped Cat Out.

The fire originated in the basement of the building and spread rapidly to the upper stories through the elevator shaft. Before the occupants of the building could be warned, the flames had been carried to the roof, had eaten through it and were leaping high in the air. As the fire ran through the building patients sprang from their beds and before they could be prevented several had jumped from the windows and fallen through them and were killed or badly injured. The fire department was on the scene in a few minutes and as the windows were filled with people shrieking for help, the firemen devoted their first efforts to save lives and allowed the flames to burn. While this was the means of saving a large number of people, who were carried down ladders by the firemen, it gave the fire such headway that there was almost no chance for those on the upper floors of the building to escape.

An Alderman Perished.

Alderman Kent was in a room on the fifth floor with his attendant, A. W. Watlies. The Alderman, who has been totally blind for many years, was in a straitjacket and his hands were manacled to a belt that passed around his waist. When the alarm of fire was sounded, Watlies ran to investigate. He found the elevator shaft a mass of flames and ran back to help the Alderman, who, blind and unable to do anything with his hands, was almost mad with fear and was shouting like an insane person. He had groped his way to the door and by the time his attendant seized him and tried to drag him down the hall to a place of safety, but Kent had become so crazed that it was almost impossible to do anything with him.

Contents of Today's Paper.

Congress.

Senator Harris spoke for the Nicaragua Canal route. Page 2.

The House passed the anti-anarchy bill. Page 2.

The bill to transfer certain forest reserves from the Interior to the Agricultural Department was up in the House. Page 2.

Foreign.

Three new cardinals were created.

The King of Saxony exhibits remarkable vitality.

A French naval balloonist was drowned.

Domestic.

Seven persons were killed and many injured in a Chicago fire. Page 1.

The centennial exercises at West Point began yesterday. Page 2.

Commissioner of Labor Wright is gathering facts about the miners' strike. Page 3.

Pacific Coast.

Two convicts slay three guards at Oregon Penitentiary and make their escape. Page 1.

Shriners' Imperial Council opens in San Francisco today. Page 4.

Heroic feat of Washington girl to save her mother. Page 1.

Chamberlain's lead for Governor cut down 47 votes. Page 2.

Stocks and Marine.

Stocks pick up a little. Page 13.

Fine weather causes drop in wheat in the East. Page 13.

Big force of stevedores and longshoremen employed on water front. Page 12.

Schneider Fred J. Wood claims from Hakodati with sulphur for Portland. Page 12.

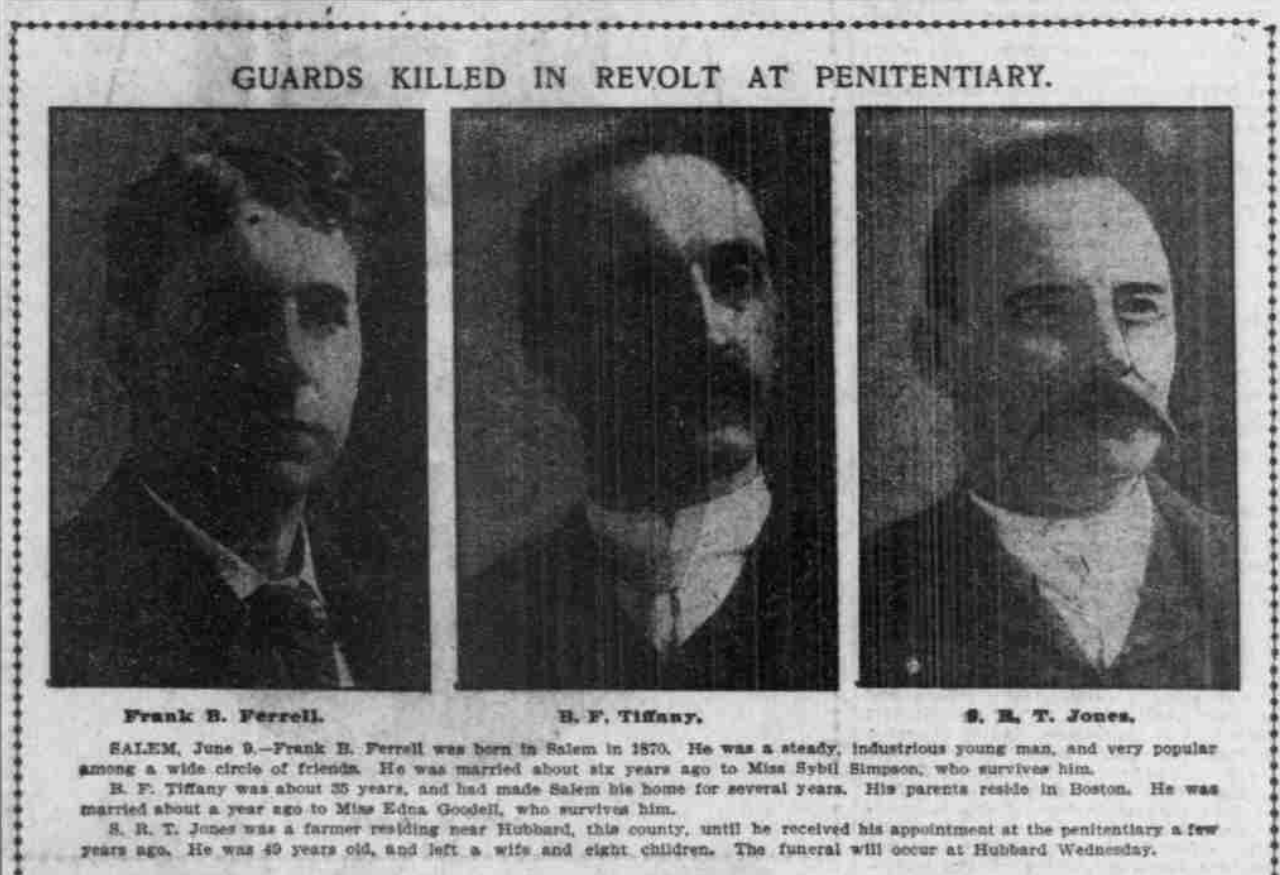
Japan's merchant marine and its subsidies. Page 12.

Portland and Vicinity.

Delegates to the Workmen convention arrive. Page 1.

Late Candidate Laman writes letter to Maxey-elect Williams. Page 14.

Masons gather in Portland for annual meeting. Page 11.



Frank B. Ferrell. S. R. T. Jones. B. F. Tiffany.

SALEM, June 9.—Frank B. Ferrell was born in Salem in 1870. He was a steady, industrious young man, and very popular among a wide circle of friends. He was married about six years ago to Miss Sybil Simpson, who survives him.

B. F. Tiffany was about 35 years, and had made Salem his home for several years. His parents reside in Boston. He was married about a year ago to Miss Edna Goodell, who survives him.

S. R. T. Jones was a farmer residing near Hubbard, this county, until he received his appointment at the penitentiary a few years ago. He was 40 years old, and left a wife and eight children. The funeral will occur at Hubbard Wednesday.

southeast of Salem. They were wearing their convict's clothes, and in addition to their other and those they had captured from the guards, were carrying small sacks, which presumably contained their stock of ammunition. None of the searching parties, however, was able to locate them, although the usual reports that they had been discovered came in from time to time and lent strength to the hope that they would soon be captured. Small posses of searchers will be out all night to head them off, and as they must apply to farmers for food or leave a trail by theft of it along the way, there seems to be little doubt that they will be recaptured. Bloodhounds have been sent for from Walla Walla, and will reach here at 11 o'clock in the morning. If the trail is not too cold by that time, it will be a question of little more than a day before the murderers are either brought back to answer for their crime or are stretched out cold in the spot where they make their last stand.

A reward of \$500 for the capture of either man was announced by Superintendent J. Lee, of the Penitentiary, as soon as he had time to act, and the reward for Tracy was later increased to \$1000, as he is believed to have done the most shooting. He is known to have shot Ferrell, as a fellow-convict reported the act to the prison officials, and as he has a record as a dead shot, there is little reason to doubt that it was his rifle that killed Jones.

Some hesitancy attended the offering of a reward for the detection of the accomplices by the state officers for the reason that no appropriation is available therefor, but prominent citizens, headed by R. J. Hendricks, pledged the officials that if the reward was offered they would stand personally responsible for its payment. Indignation is at a high pitch, and if the men are located there is little doubt that the state will be spared the expense of any trial, and the cowardly murder of three respected citizens will speedily be avenged.

No Other Prisoners in Plot.

From all that can be learned it is clear that Tracy and Merrill alone of all the prisoners in the Penitentiary were in the plot to escape. Its planning and execution were plainly theirs, and the fact that not another convict took part in it and that none of them sought to profit by it is convincing evidence that they had no assistants inside the walls. That they did not have a confederate on the outside is not so certain. Harry Wright, a convict recently released from the Penitentiary, was a pal of both the men who have escaped, and it is believed that he smuggled the weapons into the Penitentiary for them, and that possibly he is now assisting them in their escape. The report that the firearms had been brought into the prison by the excursionists who passed through it Sunday is strenuously denied by the prison officials, who assert that such a thing is manifestly impossible.

Millitamen Join Search.

Company F. O. N. G., of this city, was called out at 10 o'clock this morning, and spent the day traversing the country about Salem in hopes of finding some trace of the murderers. Captain H. A. Kurtz and about 40 members of the company responded. The boys had their first experience of cross-country marching, and arrived home this evening quite fatigued.

WHAT OFFICIALS SAY.

Superintendent and Warden Talk About Delivery.

SALEM, June 9.—Superintendent J. I. Lee, of the Penitentiary, speaking of the revolt, said:

"The outbreak was entirely unexpected,

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for the Southerner is a good merchant; and very soon the advantages of being in the middle of the South rather than at one side of it, as at New Orleans and Charleston, became apparent. It was not long before the men who bought cotton for the Northern mills found that their most convenient headquarters was Atlanta, and pretty soon the great insurance companies found that one office at Atlanta was about as good as two—at New Orleans and Charleston. Then came the more enterprising leaders of the cotton fields, only to find in Atlanta a city ready-made to his hand.

By these degrees Atlanta has grown until today the very atmosphere of Chicago is in and of her. Her old element has not been wholly lost in the new; but the Northerner is chiefly in evidence and his ways make the ways of the town. Business habits and business manners prevail; dinner is after the day's business is done; a business engagement means precision to the minute, and tardiness is not justified because you happened to meet a lady as you came down the street.

In the early part of her career Atlanta had no set purpose to achieve the commercial conquest of the South. She worked along for her daily bread, because that was the only course open to her; but it was not very long before it dawned upon the more enterprising leaders of the community that the future might be a great one if the immediate chances of the transition time could be grasped; and with a fine instinct it was seen that what the city needed was not so much reputation at home as in the North—in the centers of capital and enterprise. This in itself was a great advance, for until that time no Southern city had comprehended that the future great city of the South was to be created by Northern, rather than Southern, men.

Atlanta set about the business of getting a Northern reputation, and her first move in this effort was to give an exposition—the first ever held south of Mason and Dixon's line, and one of the most effective ever held anywhere. It was nearly 20 years ago, and there was back of it a definite purpose, namely, to establish the status of Atlanta as the headquarters of the cotton interest in the United States.

Subscriptions were asked from the cotton trade of the North, and of the \$25,000 that it cost \$25,000 was given by the Cotton Exchange of New York City. The plan was to exhibit the great staple product of the South, and to interest the world, not only in the cotton industry itself, but in Atlanta. No purpose ever worked out more completely and brilliantly. The exposition lasted for three months, and during this time the city was thronged with representatives of the cotton industry in all its branches from all parts of the world. Previous to that time only one commercial variety of the cotton plant was generally grown in the South, and pretty much the whole of it was exported, either to the North or to Europe. Nobody knew or cared anything about cotton side products. There were only two mills in existence engaged in working up the oil product, cotton seed being regarded commonly as a waste product, and rather as a nuisance than as a resource. The exposition was a revelation, first to the cotton-grower because it introduced

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