

FIRES FATAL SHOT IN JEALOUS RAGE

David Conelli Kills Mrs. Dolly Sharp.

THEN TURNS GUN ON RIVAL

Delmar Peterkin at Hospital With Mortal Wounds.

SLAYER TAKES OWN LIFE

Crowd Chases Italian to His Own Room, Where He Fires Bullet Into Brain—Tragedy on Third Street.

David Conelli, an Italian, 37 years of age, last night shot and fatally wounded Mrs. Dolly Sharp and Delmar Peterkin, her companion, at the Awannee apartment house, 307 1/2 Third street. The woman died later, and Peterkin cannot recover.

Fleeing from the place of his crime, Conelli was pursued for four blocks by a crowd of a thousand or more men, women and children, who shouted and jeered at him, trying vainly to stop him. He finally sought to elude his pursuers by running into the residence of Clifford Leonard, 328 Salmon street, where he was rooming.

Murderer Kills Himself.

Boiling into his room, Conelli locked the door, hastily scribbled two notes, then sent a bullet through his own brain, expiring immediately.

The man and woman whom Conelli shot were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where the woman died an hour later. The man lingered, but surgeons express no hope for his recovery.

There are no living witnesses to the tragedy. Many heard the shots, but the only ones who saw the frenzied young Italian fire the shots were his victims, and he was alone in his room when he ended his own life. The woman was shot four times and Peterkin five times.

Conelli had living apartments at the home of C. M. Leonard, 328 Salmon street, and the woman occupied a suite at the Awannee apartment-house on Third street. Those who know them say they have been on familiar terms for months, and that he was intensely jealous of her. Last week they visited Seaside, returning Friday.

Tragedy Follows Quarrel.

Evidently they quarreled on their return, for they did not see each other until yesterday, when the shooting occurred. Conelli could not resist his desire to see his sweetheart again and called at her apartments early in the afternoon. She was out and his failure to see her maddened him. He called again, and still there was no answer to his knock.

At 6 o'clock Conelli called for the third time, and by that time his anger had reached the danger point. There was still no answer to his call, and he wrote a short, angry note and placed it under her door.

Leaves Note for Victim.

"Dolly," it said, "I have come again and again, and still you are away. Stay at home, D. C."

He must have suspected the woman and must have thoroughly made up his mind what he would do. He walked the streets for a time, and at 8 o'clock called again. He started down the hallway leading to her room and there he saw her. And with her was a man, the two in close and earnest conversation.

Eleven Shots Are Fired.

Mrs. Sharp started when she saw Conelli, and, likely fearing him, tried to enter her door. But he did not wait. As soon as he saw her he opened fire. He emptied one revolver and drew another from his pocket. The woman screamed at the first shot and fell upon the floor. Her companion, Peterkin, also fell, and the rain of leaden

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NOTED FINANCIER LOSES HIS GRIP

LESLIE CARTER UNABLE TO CARE FOR HIS OWN ESTATE.

Members of Chicago Man's Family Ask Court to Appoint Conservator for Property.

CHICAGO, July 19.—(Special.)—A conservator for the estate of Leslie Carter, ex-president of the Alley "L" Railroad and one of the most prominent financiers of Chicago, has been applied for in the court of Judge Cutting, Probate Judge of Cook County. The application was made necessary, according to members of the family, because of Mr. Carter's long illness, which has incapacitated him for the task of properly caring for his vast in-



General Warren Kiefer, Who Brings Figures to Show That Nothing Short of Revolution Can Defeat Taft.

terests. For the past eight months he has been in a serious condition.

A great deal of mystery has been preserved relative to the cause of Mr. Carter's illness. It was announced at first that it was caused by gas poisoning, but just how the poisoning occurred was never explained. Dr. H. B. Favill, one of the attending physicians, declared it was a case of accidental gas poisoning, but neither the family nor the physician ever divulged details of the accident.

Leslie Carter's estate is estimated to be worth at least \$3,000,000. It is mostly in securities, but among his possessions are several pieces of valuable Chicago real estate.

CRUISER REACHES COLON

American Warship Des Moines Anchors in Venezuelan Waters.

COLON, July 19.—The United States cruiser Des Moines arrives there today from Guantanamo.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cole, commander of the American marines on the Isthmus of Panama, recently received orders from Washington to have 150 marines ready for immediate field service. It was believed the intention was to dispatch these marines to Honduras on the cruiser Des Moines.

BIG PARADE IN QUEBEC

Formal Opening of Tri-Centennial Exercises in Canadian City.

QUEBEC, July 19.—The formal opening of the week's exercises began today with a monster parade of the Young French Canadians who assembled at the foot of Champlain's monument.

Earlier in the day Lord Roberts, accompanied by Earl Grey, the Governor-General, attended the Anglican Cathedral, while a special service was given at the Catholic Basilica in honor of the Duke of Norfolk, head of the English Catholics, and the officers of the French warships.

Quiet Day at Oyster Bay.

OYSTER BAY, July 19.—President Roosevelt spent today quietly at his home here. In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, and their son Archie attended church in the village, coming into Oyster Bay from Sagamore Hill in an automobile. A company of boys in uniform, part of a New York church organization, now in camp in Lloyd's Neck, formed in back of the driveway to the church and stood at attention as the President approached. Mr. Roosevelt saluted, stopped his machine and greeted the boys pleasantly.

MIRACLE NEEDED TO ELECT BRYAN

How General Kiefer Figures Results.

ONLY SURE OF SOLID SOUTH

Strong Republican Sentiment Even in Border States.

TAFT CAN LOSE NEW YORK

Could Win Without Empire State. Old-Time Politician Estimates That Democratic Candidate Can't Get Over 196 Electoral Votes.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 19.—(Special.)—"Nothing short of a tremendous political revolution can defeat William H. Taft for the Presidency," says General J. Warren Kiefer, who has a Nation-wide reputation for his figures and estimates.

The veteran Congressman, who has studied politics at first hand for the last 59 years, says it would take a miracle to land William J. Bryan in the White House. He concedes Bryan 16 states at the outset as follows: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, controlling 122 electoral votes. Of these, 121 will be chosen from 11 southern states with practically no contest.

Contest in Border States.

General Kiefer looks for vigorous contests in Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Nevada and Oklahoma, and says the Republicans have a reasonable chance in all of these states.

In the doubtful list, with 23 electoral votes he places Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota and Utah. He says there is no certainty that any one of these will choose Bryan electors. Cutting out Montana and Utah, the doubtful ones lean strongly to the Republican column. General Kiefer expects Nebraska to go Republican, but it is put in the doubtful column to make the case stronger.

Taft Could Let New York Go.

On the other hand, General Kiefer shows that Taft could lose all the so-called doubtful states and 23 votes of the 38 classes as certain for him and still be elected. New York and Wyoming could be dropped out and Taft still win. If only 14 of the doubtful 23 should go to Taft, he could still lose New York, Indiana and Wyoming, or states with a like number of electors (57) and win.

General Kiefer says there is every prospect that the 122 votes credited to Bryan will be reduced, rather than that any will fall from the 235 credited to Taft. So the General says it will require a political revolution to give Bryan 196 electoral votes and a miracle to elect him.

MACHINES TO PICK HOPS

Horst Company at Bohemia, Cal., Adopts New Invention.

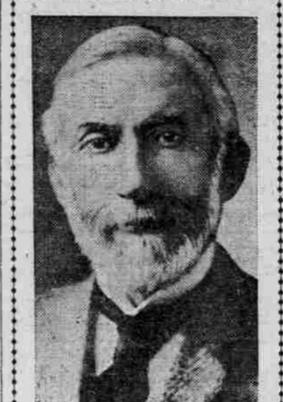
REDDING, Cal., July 19.—Machines will take the place of hop pickers in the Horst Company's yards at Bohemia, Tehama County. Last year between 250 and 300 pickers were employed during the harvest. This year equally large crops will be harvested by five hop picking machines and a few men.

NO PROSPECT OF WAR, SAYS O'BRIEN

AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN RIDICULES HOBSON'S SPEECHES.

American Diplomat, Who Has Studied Conditions Carefully, Calls Such Talk Nonsense.

CHICAGO, July 19.—(Special.)—"Sheer nonsense." Those were the two words in which Thomas J. O'Brien, American Ambassador to Japan, today summarized his opinion of the talk of war between this country and that. He reiterated the same words in giving his opinion of the speech of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson before the resolutions committee of the Democratic National Convention at Denver, in



Thomas J. O'Brien, Ambassador to Japan, Who Says War Talk is Sheer Nonsense.

which the hero of the Merrimac forecasted a dire and deadly conflict between Americans and the little brown men before many years.

Mr. O'Brien, who has been Ambassador for the past year, but who has given close and detailed study to Japanese conditions and to Japanese feeling, differs radically from Captain Hobson. He also differs from the rank and file of theorists who declare that "War must come sooner or later between America and Japan—and probably sooner."

INDEX OF TODAY'S NEWS

The Weather.

YESTERDAY'S—Maximum temperature, 92 degrees; minimum, 66.
TODAY'S—Fair; probably not quite so warm; winds mostly northerly.

Domestic.

Ambassador O'Brien says talk of war with Japan is nonsense. Page 1.

President calls conference of Navy Department Bureau Chief; storm brewing over battleship armament. Page 1.

Leslie Carter, Chicago financier, loses grip on business affairs. Page 1.

Bartender kills Mexican; Deputy Sheriff, countrymen thirst for vengeance. Page 2.

Democrats have no hope of carrying New York. Page 1.

Hitchcock aims to unite Western States for Taft and Sherman. Page 2.

General Kiefer figures that it will require miracle to elect Bryan. Page 1.

Tennis players plan tourney at North Beach. Page 9.

American team, despite many handicaps, determined to win Olympic games. Page 2.

Oakland and San Francisco break even. Page 9.

Pacific Coast.

Maude Mallot, Portland girl, accidentally killed at Ilwaco. Page 1.

Nurses roughly handle masculine invader of hospital dormitory. Page 2.

Abscorder Walker, broken in health, goes on his way home to stand trial. Page 2.

Portland and Vicinity.

Jealous man murders woman, mount rail and kills himself. Page 1.

Multnomah Club holds annual jinks on Lewis River. Page 1.

Weather yesterday equalled two former hottest days of year. Page 5.

John Bauer drowns in Columbia Slough in sight of friends powerless to rescue him. Page 13.

Whitney Botis declines to make statement in own behalf until he examines charges against him. Page 7.

Taft-Sherman rally will be held at the Baker Theater tonight. Page 2.

Catholic Institute will begin session today. Page 8.

Country Club must house many people on grounds. Page 7.

Real estate and building active. Page 13.

STORM BREWING IN NAVY DEPARTMENT

Ancient Methods May Feel Big Stick.

NEW BATTLESHIP ASSAILED

Roosevelt Demands Truth Concerning North Dakota.

CALLS FOR CONFERENCE

Bureau Chiefs and Leading Naval Authorities Meet at Newport Wednesday—Fossils in High Positions May Lose Jobs.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—(Special.)—Prospects are bright for a row in the Navy Department soon that will make the Reuter-dahl-Capps-Converse upheaval of last Spring look exceedingly tame by comparison. The disturbance is expected Wednesday, when the President and the distinguished gathering of naval officers will meet at the Navy war college at Newport. Criticisms of the new battleship North Dakota will be taken up. The President is determined to go to the bottom of the matter. If ships are being constructed along wrong lines, he intends to call a halt on further work along these lines and the clash of bureaus that will ensue in that event will be augmented by the crashing of big stick on ancient customs.

Elaborate precautions are being taken to keep the public in ignorance of the discussion. Armed sentries will surround the war college during the conference and no outsiders will be permitted to enter. In this way it is hoped to avoid the publicity that was given the criticism of Henry Reuter-dahl, the marine artist, that the armor plate on the present battleships is badly placed. Practically all chiefs of naval bureaus and several officers on the retired list have been summoned to attend the meeting.

Real Cause of Conference.

The first topic to be taken up, and the real cause for the calling of the conference, is the report of Commander Key to the President in which he makes sweeping criticisms of the armored cruiser North Dakota, a sister ship of the Delaware. These criticisms have been kept a profound secret, even from naval officers. Plans for the North Dakota and Delaware were drawn some time ago and submitted to the Fifty-ninth Congress for approval. It was on these plans in a general way that the session just adjourned appropriated funds for the construction of two new all-big-gun battleships, to be called the Florida and Utah.

As It is the President's Intention to

have the two ships that Congress authorized as powerful and efficient as they can be made, he will insist that if they are to be built along the same general lines as the North Dakota and Delaware, he must be shown that they are recognized as first class. If there is any difference of opinion among the bureau chiefs, he wants to know it before work progresses too far.

While, as has been said, the contents of Commander Key's disturbing report have not been made public by the President, it is accepted as true that one of the chief criticisms made relates to armament. The manner in which the ten 12-inch guns were mounted was a matter of discussion at the time the plans were drawn. The bureau of ordnance at that time declined to permit any interference with its plans.

It would surprise few people who know the facts, if the President, in view of all the circumstances, were to abolish the present naval board of construction and substitute for it a board of design with wholly different membership. There is no doubt that this plan would meet with most violent opposition from influential quarters, both within and without the service. Armed with his constitutional authority as Commander in Chief of the Navy,

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PORTLAND GIRL KILLED ON BEACH

MISS MAUDE MALLOT CRUSHED UNDER A ROLLING LOG.

Meets Tragic Death at Ilwaco While Playing in Sand With Party of Children.

ILWACO, Wash., July 19.—(Special.)—While playing on the sand at Long Beach this afternoon, Maude Mallot, the 15-year-old daughter of C. T. Mallot, of 361 Williams avenue, Portland, was crushed to death by a log which rolled down upon her from a caving sand bank.

Several smaller children were with the girl at the time. A little daughter of Mrs. Crandall, of Long Beach, was



Maude May Mallot, Child Crushed to Death Under Log at Beach.

the first to give the alarm. Mrs. Crandall, at whose home Miss Mallot was visiting, hurried to the scene, and finding no help at hand summoned Dr. Paul from Ilwaco.

The weight of the log had crushed out the girl's life, and she was dead when the physician arrived.

Miss Mallot and the Crandall children had dressed to go bathing in the surf, and were playing in the sand dunes near the water shortly after 3 o'clock. Several of the children were collected about a large log, which during some storm the tide had thrown up high on the beach. In some manner the log was dislodged from its bed in the loose sand, and Miss Mallot was caught beneath it.

It is believed she was stunned and fatally crushed the moment the log struck her, as there was no evidence of a struggle.

When the distracted mother received the news of her daughter's fate by long distance telephone she swooned into the arms of a neighbor, who happened to be calling. When later seen by a reporter, Mrs. Mallot said:

"Maude left home Saturday afternoon in the care of Jefferson Crandall, a friend of ours, to take the steamer Potter to Long Beach. She had not been feeling well, and we thought the sea air would do her good. She was to be gone about 10 days. It seems almost impossible that I shall never see my little child in life again. I know everything happens for the best, but it is terrible to think that in so short a time such a dreadful thing could happen. My husband started for Long Beach as soon as we got the news, and when he had been gone a short time, word came that the body would arrive here on the Potter Monday morning."

Mr. Mallot was overtaken by telegram and returned home Sunday night. No definite arrangements for the child's funeral have been made as yet. It is expected that her school-girl friends will attend in a body, as a token of their love for the dead girl.

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SPORTS REIGN AT MULTNOMAH JINKS

Club Has Great Outing on Lewis River.

DAY WITHOUT DULL MOMENT

Games and Practical Jokes in Endless Variety.

TRIP ON STEAMER TEAL

Decollete Garb Order of Day That Is Spent in Football, Baseball, Boxing and Eating—Many Members Attend.

Ducking, sousing, swimming, stunts, racing, boxing, wrestling, shirt-pulling, dancing, eating and drinking, football and baseball were some of the 57 varieties of jinks indulged in by 229 members of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club, who yesterday set out at 9 A. M. for their annual water excursion and got back at 6:30 o'clock as full of satisfaction as any brigade of pleasure-seekers possibly could be.

The jinks did not take place exclusively at the landing place on Lewis River, as advertised; they began about four minutes after the J. N. Teal left the Oak street dock, got well under way going down the Willamette, were in full blast descending the Columbia and got ready for the climax during the five-mile climb up from the mouth of the Lewis. In the secluded spot in western Clarke County, where the Teal tied up five hours, they continued unabated, and as for the coming home—well, there was no anti-climax anywhere yesterday.

Wear Hot Weather Garb.

Costumes began to grow deshabille before the clubmen were well out of the city limits. Sundry palls of water that came gently swishing from the upper deck onto the heads of those below served as gentle reminders early in the game that decollete garb was the proper thing. This was not an amateur firemen's hose contest, but it kept up till the lack of fire protection on the J. N. Teal would have staggered a fire insurance company.

When the bucket brigade had finished its fell work, impromptu stunts were called for on the lower deck. Contingents, whose methods savored dreadfully of the strong-arm system, went in search of unwilling performers—the more unwilling the better. Busted into the center of the human Coliseum, vigorous inducements were applied to extract fancy dances. Such was the effective character of these inducements that everything from a Highland fling to a plain and unassuming clog dance was elicited, and the informal variety show down beside the engines had half the shipboard standing in the parquet space before it ended.

No Spectators to Bother.

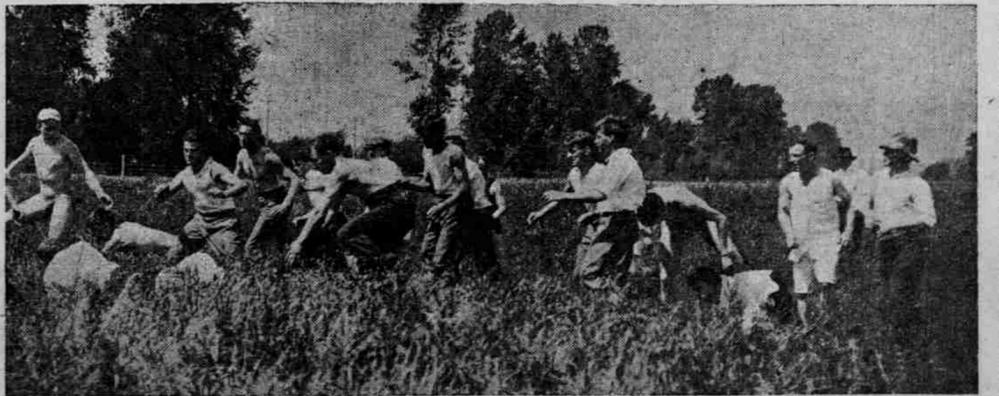
The scene of the gladiatorial contests, the annual kinsip attraction of the low jinks, is a most appropriate one. There was no house within a quarter of a mile. There were passersby, gratification of whose curiosity might be followed by a shock. Occasional hardened farmhands from the fields of western Clarke sauntered along, but they were initiated instantly and kept.

One of them drifted over from Woodland, two miles distant. He was detected at the ring-side and was thrust forward into instant prominence. He didn't want to wrestle, he said; he averred he couldn't. In fact, he was assured he could and would and must. He pulled back like a calf within smell of the baneful branding iron. Willing hands pushed and pulled him into the very forefront of the battle. Finally, one McKenzie lowered his head and ran for him. The Woodland youth went up, feet first. Out of the capacious pocket of his overalls dropped a gun, blue-barreled, well-filled, of evil omen. A momentary hush fell over the enthusiasts. No, the gun didn't go off, but no native was twisted any

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AMERICAN FOOTBALL GAME IN PROGRESS DURING MULTNOMAH CLUB'S ANNUAL LOW JINKS



MULTNOMAH CLUB MEMBERS SWIMMING IN LEWIS RIVER, NEAR LANDING, AT ANNUAL LOW JINKS.