

WOMAN KILLED BY ROBBERS IN AUTO

Wife of Chicago Commission Man Is Shot in Front of Own Home.

JEWELS THOUGHT OBJECT

Murderers, With Chauffeur as Captive, Make Their Escape After Knocking Husband to Side-walk—Man Killed Later.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Edith Kaufman was shot and killed here tonight by robbers, who, dismounting from an automobile, attempted to hold up the woman and her husband. The husband resisted and one of the robbers opened fire on him.

The bullet struck Mrs. Kaufman, however, and she was instantly killed. The assailants then escaped in their automobile.

Mrs. Kaufman and her husband, Edmund Kaufman, were returning after attending the opera and were directly in front of their home at 651 Roscoe street, on the North Side, when the automobile came up behind them and stopped at the curb.

Three men got in the machine and two of them got out. One commanded the Kaufmans to hold up their hands. Mrs. Kaufman, frightened, stepped back, and her husband moved toward the robbers to protect her. Fearing an armed resistance because Kaufman moved his hand toward his pocket, the robber fired twice.

Mrs. Kaufman fell to the walk, and the two men jumped back into the automobile and escaped.

Kaufman is a commission merchant. His wife wore valuable jewelry, and it is believed the robbers sought this. Mrs. Kaufman, who was 31 years old, was shot in the right temple.

Police learned that the three men had with them a chauffeur. The victim said when his wife stepped back and screamed, he stepped toward the men and offered them his money if they would not frighten his wife. She ran to him and it was then the robbers shot. It developed from stories of pedestrians that one of the robbers knocked Kaufman down but the merchant was so wounded he said he couldn't recall that incident.

Three armed men, two hours later, shot and killed John Jab Jabubaski, 20 years old, when he and a companion resisted an attempt at robbery. The shooting occurred near the stockyards on the South Side.

Three suspects were taken into custody later. The police say the prisoners had nothing to do with the North Side affair.

WOLGAST IMPROVES FAST

Fighter's Muscles So Strong They Weren't Cut in Operation.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 2.—At the Clara Barton Hospital tonight it was said Ad Wolgast was doing finely except for the pains which he suffered occasionally.

"In Wolgast's case," said one of the surgeons, "these pains are considerably less than in the ordinary run of cases. He is doing as well as anyone could possibly expect and there are no indications of a setback."

Dr. Pollard said that in his opinion Wolgast would be able to fight again as good, if not better than ever.

"We found," he continued, "that the muscles of Wolgast's stomach were in such the condition that it was not necessary to cut them, as is nearly always the case in these operations. We simply separated them, and did not cut them. For this reason Wolgast will be as strong, if not stronger than ever after he recovers from the effects of the operation."

DYNAMITE SPREAD IN CITY

Children Found Playing With Explosive in Streets.

NECRO IS LYNCHED

Fatally Wounded Robber Is Taken From Jail by Mob.

DEATH OF WHITE AVENGED

Farmer Posse Surrounds Two Black Holdups in Cornfield—Two Are Killed, Two Wounded in Resulting Bloody Battle.

TULSA, Okla., Dec. 2.—"Bud" Walker, a negro who earlier in the night was fatally wounded in a battle with a number of the posse of the town of Mannford, after Walker with another negro had held up and robbed three residents of Mannford, was taken from a Deputy Sheriff at the jail door at 1:30 o'clock this morning, hanged to a tree, and his body riddled with bullets.

The corpse was then dragged through the streets to the edge of the town and left to await disposition by the coroner. A telephone message from Mannford gave these details.

One white man was killed and another negro is reported dead, as the result of the battle earlier in the evening in which the posse of farmers, between the two negroes and a posse of farmers.

CHESTER MURPHY ELECTED

Portland Hunt Club Makes Choice for President.

Chester G. Murphy was chosen president of the Portland Hunt Club to succeed Ambrose M. Cronin, who has served in that capacity for three consecutive terms, at the annual meeting of the club held in the Oregonian building last night.

Retiring President Cronin was imported to accept a fourth term, but he declined, after thanking the members for the courtesy. Mr. Murphy was then elected unanimously.

Dr. Ernest F. Tucker and Samuel Kerr were selected as directors and James Nicol was named as master of hounds for the third successive term.

Reports of the retiring officials show the club to be in excellent financial condition and to have enjoyed a most successful year in every respect. The recent horse show was a success, especially as to finances. The club master of hounds reported increased attendances at the regular paper chases held and requests were read from a number of the members.

MME. CURIE IS SHIELDED

Wife of Scientist's Affinity Willing to Settle Out of Court.

PARIS, Dec. 2.—Investigation of the report that the suit brought by Mme. Langevin against her husband, Professor Langevin, which involved the name of Mme. Curie, had been settled out of court, shows that while it is not yet an accomplished fact, negotiations are under way to that end, and it is probable the parties will reach an agreement.

Mme. Langevin's terms for consenting to withdraw the criminal charge which involves the reputation of both Mme. Curie and Professor Langevin include not only the custody of the children, but a specific understanding that a divorce shall be granted her by the court.

Mme. Langevin asserts that the first step for a settlement was taken by the representatives of the defendant.

STRYCHNINE TAKES LIFE

Man, Thought to Be A. M. Willis, Suicide Near Wasco.

GRASS VALLEY, Or., Dec. 2.—(Special.)—Coroner M. B. Taylor was called to Wasco yesterday to investigate the cause of death of an unidentified man, the cause being given as strychnine with suicidal intent. The body was found in Siseel's barn, one and one-half miles east of Wasco. The man left the following note unsigned:

"If this strychnine has the desired effect there will be one less in this beautiful world left behind, so farewell to you all."

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NOBODY KILLED, BUT IT HAD ITS GOOD POINTS

Even Absence of Injuries Couldn't Keep Addison Bennett From Enjoying Oregon-Multnomah Game and Wriggly-Fingered Bandmaster.

BY ADDISON BENNETT. WHEN Phil Tieman was the champion billiard player of the world, some 40 or more years ago, he was sitting in his billiard parlor in Cincinnati one forenoon, when a stranger entered and asked Phil if he would play a game. Phil was willing. So they strung for the lead, Phil won, and proceeded to run the game out. This was repeated three times, when the stranger put his cue in the rack and started to walk out.

Phil halted him and asked if he had not forgot something. The fellow felt of his pockets, saw he had his hat and coat, and replied, "I guess not." Whereupon Phil said, "Haven't you forgot to pay for three games of billiards?" "Billiards? Why, you durned fool, I hadn't played no billiards."

Thursday afternoon it looked for a long time as if the University of Oregon team of football players could say the same thing to the Multnomah boys, changing the billiards to football, but just as I had it all figured out how I would open my story, close it, and tell that the Eugene boys had again failed to show the necessary "stiffness," just then that chap by the name of Laitourette grabbed the ball and made for the Multnomah goal.

Helen, the tall girl with the big yellow chrysanthemum, who sat next to me, discovered the situation before I did, and rising in her seat and letting forth a scream, a yell and a hurrah and tiger all in the same breath, called my attention to the feat. Having no convenient brick to bring her back to earth, I had to listen to her hurrahs and huzzas, her college yells and declamations for a moment or two before she could get her tongue under a tame game, as tame as an old maid's pink tea, but it was not. It was quite spirited at times, but only two or three of the Multnomah boys were incapacitated and none of the Eugene chaps.

And those Multnomah fellows played a good game, what might be called a gamey game. I am not well up in the intricate plays, know but little about the rules of tackling and rushing, do not know a forward pass from a backward pass, for the life of one could tell you that fellow carried a pillow from place to place and never allowed anybody to fall on it, and never sat down on it himself; and whenever, as he frequently did, the referee said there had been an off-side play, I wondered which side and why, and why it was that no nearer the leader of the band who was a tatter all Helen knew, although she is a Eugene girl this season.

But all this has nothing to do with the leader of the band who was a tatter all Helen knew, although she is a Eugene girl this season.

When he wiggled his finger to the north, the team—I mean the band—played far away to the south, when he wiggled it to the south, there was a deuce of a time, all the instruments sending forth their loudest notes—but in time, always in time. Sometimes this leader man would also wiggle the horn under his arm, and then the music would soften up a bit, get sort of mournful, dire-like, as if they were playing at the funeral of somebody they did not like while he lived.

From that you might think I am trying to knock that band; but I am not. And if ever I am called upon to be the silent actor at a funeral, to occupy the post of honor, so to speak, in the casket, perhaps they will delight the audience with a dirge. Perhaps they will take pleasure in so doing. But if that leader wiggles both fingers at once during such ceremonies—well!

The score was 17 to 6, which was not so bad, considering there were bets offered of three to one on the Multnomah. And then it must be remembered that it was only by a display of splendid nerve that the Eugene boys played at all, being in mourning for one of their members who met a terrible death only a few days ago. When one remembers that, he will give those eleven young men credit for meeting those seasoned players of the Multnomah with the pluck and spirit that they displayed Thursday. All praise and honor to them for fulfilling the engagement rather than disappoint thousands of people.

And it was a clean game throughout. Sometimes a player would get his dander up a little, as all trained athletes will upon great provocation. But the anger cooled in a moment, and all went off harmoniously and pleasantly. No doubt the best team won, but the reversal of form of the Eugene boys was so great since the University of Washington game that they are entitled to all praise; and no doubt those who praise them most will be the boys who vanquished them.

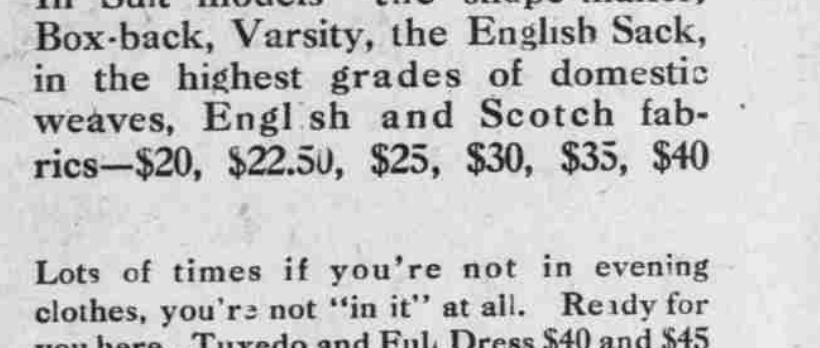
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