

GOOD EVENING. The Weather: Tonight, occasional rain; Sunday, showers; winds shifting to westerly and increasing to high.

THE DAILY OREGON JOURNAL SHEPHERD'S OWN WINGS

The Circulation of The Journal Yesterday Was 14,570

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PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MAY HAVE CLASHED

Private Dispatches Report Big Battle on the Yalu River.

BEAR CLAIMS VICTORY

Japs Said to Have Lost Eighteen Hundred Men—London Officials Await Confirmation—St. Petersburg Pleased with Japs' Delay.

(Journal Special Service.) London, March 19.—A dispatch to Reuters from Chefoo states that a private dispatch reports fighting between the Russians and Japanese on the banks of the Yalu. The Russians claim to have captured 1,800 prisoners.

As Chefoo is the most probable place at this time to which reports of a near-by Yalu engagement would be sent, the story is given some credence. It will not be accepted, however, in officialdom until further advice is received.

RUSSIANS ARE ENCOURAGED.

Regard Japanese Delays in Manchuria as Favorable to the Bear. (Journal Special Service.) St. Petersburg, March 19.—Members of Russian military circles are greatly encouraged by the Japanese delay in land attack in Manchuria. They fully expected one to be made by this time, possibly necessitating a Russian evacuation of all territory south of Mukden, except Port Arthur.

MILLIONS THREATENED BY A WEAK DAM

(Journal Special Service.) Reno, Nev., March 19.—From Tahoe to Pyramid the banks of the Truckee river were lined last night with men dredging the silt. They may come announcing the breaking of the big lake Tahoe dam, now being strained in retaining a body of water 10 feet in depth and covering an area of 185 square miles.

CAN'T GAMBLE AND REMAIN UNSULLIED

(Journal Special Service.) New York, March 19.—Andrew Carnegie sailed this morning on the steamer St. Paul for his Scotch castle. Asked about the Sully failure the great iron master said: "No gambler can remain unsullied."

FOURTEEN HUNDRED CAN MAKERS STRIKE

(Journal Special Service.) San Francisco, March 19.—Fourteen hundred members of the Can Makers' union, employed by the American Can Co., struck this morning.

HERBERT YIELDS BAYON

(Journal Special Service.) Pittsburgh, Pa., March 19.—Victor Herbert's contract with the Pittsburgh orchestra expired today.

POPULAR PLAYS FOR THE PEOPLE

"PINAFLORE"

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)



"Some years ago I served a term as a trust attorney in a big law firm. I did my work so faithfully that I'm now attorney-general at Washington, D. C."

CHOKED AND ROBBED BY MASKED MEN

Mrs. D. E. Flanders, Bound, Gagged and Beaten, Watches the Theft of \$215 She Had Hidden—Chalk Crosses Guide the Thieves.

A lone woman choked in the front room of her own home by two desperadoes, gagged, stretched, then thrown into a corner, where she watched the theft of \$215 in gold which she had hidden under the mattress of her bed.

Mrs. D. E. Flanders, who resides at 722 Thurman street, at 10:30 o'clock Thursday night was called to her door in answer to a loud knock. She had moved into her new home the afternoon of that day, and until half an hour before had been engaged in putting down carpets, assisted by W. M. Plumb and F. Domingo, two young men who had boarded with her when she lived at 734 Roosevelt street.

The carpet-laying had been completed and the men left the house. Hearing a knock at the door soon after they had left, Mrs. Flanders, who had retired, believed they had returned and hastened to the door to admit them.

What followed is best told in Mrs. Flanders' own words. "I was not accustomed to the doorlock and had some difficulty in turning the key, but I believe now that my trouble was caused by the robbers pressing from the outside. When the door did open it flew wide back, and there on the threshold stood two men with white masks over their faces, with holes cut for the eyes.

"I was almost frightened to death as they pushed me into the room and shut the door. One of them, who was taller than the other, said, 'Give us your money.' I replied that I had none, but he grabbed me roughly and tore my wrapper open where I am accustomed to carry my pocketbook.

"The smaller of the men held a dark lantern in his hand, which he kept flashing in my face. This was the only light in the house. This fellow never uttered a word while the robbery was in progress.

"The desperado who had searched me was very profane, and after saying, 'D—n you, we want that money, gold, silver, what you have,' he turned and pulled me into the bedroom, where he said I must point out the coin.

"The man with the lantern followed and stood at the door. I then recovered from my first fright and screamed a cry, for which I received a violent blow on the mouth. The brute took a dark-colored rag from his pocket and jammed it into my mouth. Then he threw me roughly into the corner by the bed.

"I am not a young woman, and the terrible treatment put me in an awful state. I saw the thief searching my bed. He tore all the clothing from it and shook each piece before throwing it upon the floor and partly over me. At last he came to the mattress and as he lifted it to better pursue his hunt, my pocket-book fell on the floor. He picked it up leisurely and turning to the other fellow said, 'you see the — has lied.'"

policeman were here yesterday investigating and detectives are also working on the case. Officer Hemsworth brought a man here for me to identify last night, but he is neither of the fellows who robbed me. The thug who did the talking had long thin hands and very white ones; the fellow who held the lantern had a small hand. The man brought here by the officer had thick fat hands and hard looking."

It is the opinion of an officer who is working on the case that in all probability the crime was committed or instigated by some person who became acquainted with the fact that Mrs. Flanders had drawn \$500 from the bank Thursday morning for the purpose of making furniture purchases which she did.

In concluding her account of the affair this morning, Mrs. Flanders said: "The person who did the deed marked the house, for at dusk when the last of the furniture came I was at the gate, there were no marks upon it, but yesterday morning there were several crosses made on the woodwork in chalk. The police believe the robbery had been planned and that my new

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BIG BULL ASSIGNS

(Journal Special Service.) New York, March 19.—Despite the declaration that their suspension was no more than temporary and due to slow collections from Europe, D. J. Sully & Co. were compelled to make an assignment this morning for the benefit of their creditors.

Before the market was opened a personal letter from the great bull cotton leader was received at the cotton exchange in which he said that he would meet all his obligations. The effect of the letter was pleasing to those who were on the wrong side of the market. The street was kept in this state of speculation and wonderment but a short time.

With the opening quotations Sully appeared and expressed himself as highly satisfied with the market, but to the amazement of many it was but a few minutes after this when the announcement came that an assignment had been made for the benefit of the firm's creditors, Joseph H. Hadley being announced as assignee.

The feature of the cotton dealing both here and in Liverpool was the equality which characterized trading. It will not be known immediately how many firms are involved in the big failure, but it is presumed they are few.

Garrison Firm Falls.

As the day advanced and trading became stronger another check on the market came in the announcement at the cotton exchange that J. H. Garrison & Co. had suspended. The announcement of suspension carried no statement as to liabilities.

SULLIVAN GULCH BRIDGE WRECKED

Two Disasters in Less Than 24 Hours—Car Barn Falls In the Sewer Flood—Loss of Many Thousand Dollars.

The bridge over Sullivan's gulch, on Grand avenue, directly over the O. R. & N. Co.'s tracks, suddenly collapsed at 12:15 today. No one was on the bridge at the moment, though two women had just stepped off the bridge when it went down.

The damage was confined mostly to the bridge itself, and the six-inch gas mains which ran directly beneath the flooring of the structure. These were broken off at each end, and the vicinity was filled with the escaping gas.

The O. R. & N. company was notified and sent an engine and a force of men clear away the debris from the tracks. The gas company also sent men quickly to the scene to repair the breaks in the mains.

The bridge is a very old one, and was officially condemned about two weeks ago, though up to that time was used to a great deal for heavy travel. Even the fire department made runs over it lately. As a result of the Tanner creek flood the car barns of the Portland Railway company at Eighteenth and Washington streets have collapsed, 10 of the company's cars and the wreckage lie in the overflow from the sewer, and the Ninemonth street bridge is rendered so unsafe that it cannot be crossed by cars or teams. The Alder street bridge is a

wreck, Multnomah field is again covered with water to a depth of several feet, the grandstand is in danger, people have been obliged to move from their houses and the exposition building is in danger of sinking into the flood with the remainder of the debris.

Car Barns Collapsed. The collapse of the car barns occurred at 6 o'clock last evening. Six workmen, who were making an attempt to remove the cars and cut the wires leading to the barns had a narrow escape from death. Shortly before the barn collapsed City Engineer Elliott discovered the building to be settling and gave out word that it was unsafe.

The railway company was immediately notified and sent six men to take the cars from the barn. While these men were at work the barn fell with a crash that could be heard for blocks, taking the Alder street bridge with it. The workmen barely escaped with their lives. The building fell a distance of 20 feet, timbers were snapped off at the base like match-wood, beams were wrenched into an unshapely mass, and almost the entire building was wrecked beyond repair.

Other buildings in the vicinity and on Morrison street were discovered to be sinking and word was given the inhabitants that they were unsafe. Then began an exodus that lasted far into the night. The row of houses and small shops on Morrison street, the rear of which is supported by piling that is in the flood, settled at least six inches. Inmates of the rooms above the stores moved last night as soon as the state of the buildings was discovered. Unless heavy rains prevail there is no immediate danger of these collapsing.

Story of the Crash. Mr. McCommon, who operates a pharmacy at 594 Washington street, was standing near the corner at the time the barns fell. "I was watching the workmen removing the cars," said McCommon this

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The Sunday Journal Will Add to the Pleasures of Sunday

The first issue of The Sunday Journal appears tomorrow. It will be found strictly up-to-date in matter and mechanical effects. It will embrace a complete telegraphic report sent to us over The Journal's own leased wire.

It will contain illustrated letters from the most noted correspondents in many parts of the globe, including William Elroy Curtis, Miss Scidmore and Frederick J. Haskin.

It will contain a brilliant discussion of the Japanese situation by Jules Huret, Edward Hamilton and Mary Logan Tucker.

President Eliot of Harvard discusses the question of city schools and school board organizations and brings out some facts from his wealth of experience which will prove of great interest to Portland.

The second of a series of six articles on "Mormonism" are written by a Salt Lake correspondent who is fully conversant with the facts and who has been instructed to give them precisely as they are without prejudice.

The features that appeal to women are many and varied. They include contributions from such well known writers as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Beatrice Fairfax and others, besides a full page illustrating the fashion article of Mrs. Osborn, concededly the best fashion writer in the country.

thrilling journey of Lewis and Clark from St. Louis to the Pacific coast and back again. It is precisely what everybody will want who has not read the journal of the journey and it will stimulate the memory of those who have.

We have instituted a people's forum in which may be discussed every Sunday such questions as are attracting public attention. This we feel sure will fill a long felt want in this state where public discussions have heretofore been repressed.

The woman's club features, the book reviews, society news and all the other features which have made the Saturday evening issue so popular will be continued and amplified in the Sunday issue. The children will be introduced to some new favorites in the comic pages and will doubtless find them of quite as much interest as the old.

This list does not include everything of interest that the paper will contain. The aim is to make it an all around, representative Sunday newspaper that will challenge comparison with the best Sunday newspapers of the country and it is felt that the public will share the pardonable pride in having measurably attained that purpose.

Ask for The Sunday Journal tomorrow and kick if you don't get it, for it will be worth while.

BATTLING FOR PLACE

Bitter Contests in Republican County Convention.

RUMELIN FOR MAYOR

Curious Story Circulated That G. H. Williams Is to Be State Supreme Judge—Matthews' Hand in Many Combinations.

The Republican county convention which assembled this morning at the Empire theatre is engaged in the task of nominating a county and a legislative ticket, and electing delegates to the state convention and members of the county central committee. A bitter fight is on over some of the county nominations. There are many evidences of the manipulations of the party machine and the assertion that the convention is to be an open one now finds few believers. The hand of Jack Matthews is plainly seen in some of the combinations which have been formed, and there will be a strong effort to program the county nominations, though this will be entirely successful in a matter of much doubt. The legislative ticket will be framed strictly in accordance with the views of Judge Carey and his advisory committee.

A. A. Courteney, who presided over the Republican county convention two years ago, was unanimously elected chairman. The olive branch was extended to the handful of Simon delegates, who received recognition upon the standing committee. The morning session was occupied by the work of organization and it was not until after the delegates reconvened at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon that the battle over the county nominations began.

Rumelin for Mayor.

Interest centers in the nomination of sheriff, and in the fight for this office are W. A. Storey, Charles E. McDonnell, James Stott and H. C. Simons. Councilman Rumelin was at one time a candidate for this nomination, but has withdrawn from the fight and the explanation given is a sensational one. According to those who profess to be on the inside, Mayor George H. Williams is to be elected upon the bench and Rumelin is to succeed him as the city's chief executive. Mayor Williams is said to cherish the ambition of closing his public career as a judge of the state supreme court, and according to the story he is expected to "take program" and put Rumelin in the vacant office. A feature of the scheme is said to be the enactment of a law by the next legislature extending the term of the city officials to 1908, and making future municipal elections come at the same time as the state elections. A variation on this story is that Mayor Williams and Judge A. H. Tanner are to be nominated for circuit judges in this county, and that the incumbents, Ireland and Fraser, are to be turned down. None of the judicial nominations will be made until the state convention meets next month. This story has found credence among many of the politicians and would explain Rumelin's sudden withdrawal from the contest for the shrievalty.

The Fight for Sheriff.

Of the four candidates still in the field, Storey is supposed to have the greatest number of votes, though probably not enough to elect. It seems apparent that there will be no nomination on the first ballot, and if the report is true that Judge Carey is opposed to Storey's nomination as the latter's showing is likely to be disappointing.

"Storey is a dead one. The machine doesn't want him," said one delegate this morning, and the statement voiced the views of many others.

McDonnell is making a hard fight, and his friends are doing loyal work in his behalf, but are less confident than they have been hitherto. Simon men are bitter against McDonnell, who was formerly allied with their faction, and it is

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OUTING FOR SUNDAY JOURNAL BOYS

Did you see them? If you didn't, consult an oculist. Did you hear them? If you didn't, buy an ear trumpet. They are all Journal boys—Sunday Journal boys—and they let all Portland know it. At 10 o'clock this morning one of the longest cars on the Portland street railway halted before the office of The Journal, at Fifth and Yamhill streets. There were 75 boys waiting for it—75 boys with tin horns and lustrous, brim full of happiness and enthusiasm for The Journal's big enterprise. Helter skelter they piled aboard. There was hardly room for all of them, but they clung to the brass rods, climbed up on seats and wedged themselves in somehow. Every boy had a tin horn in his hand, a bag of peanuts in one pocket and a bag of candy in the other. Between peanuts, candy and tin horns they were a busy crew.

Along the sides of the car were banners bearing this inscription: "Don't fail to get The Sunday Journal tomorrow—Portland's popular paper." Then the car moved off. Rows of eager little faces peered out of the open sides of the car and read the words on the banner upside down. From one end to the other of the town, over every line of the Portland street railway system, rode the shouting, cheering, horn-blowing crowd. From 10 o'clock until 1:30 their bright faces provided many a smile in every part of the city, and their cheers, three times three for The Journal, were echoed by passers-by, who knew that for the first time an independent Sunday newspaper had come to town to tell them all the news, to give everybody a fair hearing and to fill a gap that has been unfilled since Portland first was founded.