

INFATUATED MAYBELLE DOUGLAS ELOPES WITH COLORED WAITER

Terrible Fall of Very Popular Young Woman, Queen of the Elks' Carnival in This City in 1902.

Steals Away From Home to Marry Negro Whom She Learned to Love at The Portland—Parents Are Heartbroken.

From finishing a three-year course in the Portland high school, followed two years ago by being elected queen of the big Elks' carnival in this city to marrying a colored man in Spokane, in the story of Maybelle Douglas, the beautiful white girl who for two years has charmed the hundreds of patrons of the grill room of the Hotel Portland, where she served as cashier.

This was the story in a nutshell which went the rounds of the Portland last night, which young tears of pity from those who had liked the girl, with wrong contempt for Edward S. Jones, the mulatto waiter in the grill room who was discharged April 25 last by the head waiter because of the infatuation which he had inspired and which he would not break.

No girl in Portland was better beloved than Maybelle Douglas or had more friends from within the ranks of her own race than she. As a little girl she came to this city from Washington, D. C., completed the course in the Portland graded schools with honor to the wife and who in her year in the high school had won the admiration of her teachers and the love of her fellow pupils. These were the conditions which made of her an ideal daughter to her father, who, for many years has been in charge of the delivery of freight at the local depot of the Northern Pacific railroad.

No One Suspects.

To her father and to none of her most intimate friends did the shadow of a suspicion ever cross their minds that when she resigned her position as cashier at the grill on June 19, she was going to follow the colored man to Spokane, was going to shower her affection on him and was going to marry him. They implicitly believed the story she told that she was badly in need of a long rest, was going to visit her aged father in Washington city and, serene in this belief, these friends wished her godspeed, and were glad that her vacation day had come.

These were the conditions that led Manager H. C. Bowers of the Portland hotel to wonder last night if the story could be true; to send personal telegrams of inquiry for further information to Spokane—to start the investigation which brought to his ears for the first time the word that the head waiter had discharged Jones on April 25 because a few patrons at the hotel had complained that Jones had put in too much time loitering about the cashier's desk; and because Jones would not cease his attentions. By the information he gathered last night Mr. Bowers was almost completely cast down—and repeated over and over again, "It seems impossible. It seems impossible, and yet some of the employees of the grill knew of the clandestine affection that was being carried on. It seems impossible."

Only One Last Confidant.

But there was one person in all the

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city, it was learned, to whom Maybelle Douglas had confided the state of her heart. This person was her girl chum. This young girl pleaded with her, begged her, implored her night and day to break off the attachment. Her entreaties were but words that fell on the ears of one who seemed to have lost her senses. She talked against a mind that had become a wall of adamant, which had become impregnable to the wishes of the one person in all the world to whom Miss Douglas told her innermost feelings.

Edward Jones came into the life of this girl six months ago, when he arrived at the hotel from New York and obtained employment. He was what would be aptly described by his race, as a slick colored man. In the parlour he was most fertile, and his talk and description of life in the great eastern city was to the ears of a girl but little more than out of her teens entrancing. In manners he was the Beau Brummel of the waiters of the hotel. To the Journal office and at various times—and to the girl he proved a mesmerist. It was a power that attracted the attention of other dining room employees within two months, although concealed with wonderful skill by the victim. It was the power that led to the murmuring on the part of some of the more observant patrons of the grill—that finally led to their quiet complaint and ended with the discharge of Jones, and the abandonment of position, friends and family by the girl but a little more than 10 days ago.

As for the impression that Jones made on members of his own race in the hotel, it is not worth mentioning, as one of them said last night. This man continued:

"Jones was a man who was remarkable in no special way. He was about medium height, and was slender. In complexion, he was more like a white man than a colored man. His manners were smooth, and he might have impressed a woman, but as for me I never distinguished in any manner. He dressed no better than the other fellows, and beyond keeping much to himself, drew little to distinguish himself. His white complexion seemed to please him, and as far as his complexion went, I would not have known him from a swarthy complexioned white man."

Father Broken Hearted.

The saddest spectacle of all was the over-wrought and almost grief-stricken father of Miss Douglas as he came to The Journal office and, nervously, some in every word, but dry-eyed, hoping that some intelligence would come to deny the story which even he admitted he was forced to believe.

"I got a hint from an attache of the Hotel Portland some days ago that something was wrong about my daughter had not gone to visit her grandfather at all—that she was in Spokane and that she had been drawn to this negro. I found that my daughter had been writing to him, that she had cards of his, and that he was in Spokane at the same time with my daughter."

"At once I employed the Pinkerton detectives and they told me that she was living at the Umatilla lodging-house in Spokane—that Jones called to see her in the evening."

"My God! My wife and I had been watching every mail for a letter from our daughter. She was a faithful daughter, and was to have written from San Francisco. Why no letter came we could not understand. To us the days were becoming agonies. She was our only daughter. We have two boys, but she was our daughter."

"And this afternoon we got further and positive proof that she was in Spokane, and that she applied for a position in the long distance telephone office in that city. It was this word that led my wife to rush to the depot and catch the first train for Spokane this afternoon to bring our child back."

"Oh, the agony of this day. Never did I endure such suffering—never did I dream of such suffering."

"Our child comes from a good family, carries a good name, and has already become liked by the best people in Portland, in the state of Oregon for that matter. She was to visit her grandfather, Hal Douglas, 82 years of age, who is an honored veteran of the Mexican war and of the civil war, who almost continuously since the close of the civil war has been attached to the war department. He is now chief of the bureau of rolls and records in the war department, is the oldest bureau chief in all the departments in Washington. For years this grandfather whom we believed she was going to see has known every general attached to the war department, had been honored and respected by them. Our daughter comes from an honored race. I pray that she has done nothing wrong. I hope, oh how I hope that you will get a statement from Spokane saying that it was not my daughter, that it was another woman—that my daughter is not married to a negro."

Strange Love for Coon Songs.

"There is only one way to explain this matter—if the marriage is true—and that is by acknowledging that a strange trait in human nature discovered by her when she was a child has grown until it has overmastered her. That trait was her inborn love for negro songs. She never tired of hearing negro jingles. We reproved her for it, but she could not correct the love for the music of the other race. The spirit and love of negro music must have been born within her."

"Our first knowledge that there was such a negro as this Jones came from her. She told us of the new waiter who had come to the hotel who wrote a beautiful hand, and who told her he was a graduate of Howard university, Nashville, Tenn. She talked about him on coming home from work, and finally

brought home some visiting-cards that he had written. She was elected queen of the Elks' carnival on August 18, 1902. Manager H. C. Bowers of the Portland hotel arranged a banquet in her honor and all of her friends were invited. She was given the Elks' prize of \$50 for winning the contest. On the day preceding her election the vote between her and her nearest competitor, the Grace Walton referred to above, showed that Grace Walton was nearly 900 votes in the lead, but on the night she was elected the vote stood: Maybelle Douglas, 15,338 and Grace Walton, 4,998. Following the election Leo Hirsch of the Meier & Frank company ordered the magnificent coronation robes which she was to wear from New York by telegraph.

Miss Douglas was crowned queen of the carnival on the night of September 1, 1902. The festivities in the temple of the Elks were the most elaborate of the kind ever beheld in Portland. The biggest men in Elksdom and in the business life of the city were present, and the friends of the successful young girl, who was then but 22 years of age, were out in force. To her it was a night which should have left an impression on her mind to live through life.

A tribute paid to the young girl by a writer of that time who but a few days later was in the temple of the Elks were the most elaborate of the kind ever beheld in Portland. The biggest men in Elksdom and in the business life of the city were present, and the friends of the successful young girl, who was then but 22 years of age, were out in force. To her it was a night which should have left an impression on her mind to live through life.

OUR QUEEN MAYBELLE.

I saw 'twas many years ago
A pretty sylvan scene—
A score or more of dainty girls
At play upon the green;
Sweet little human butterflies,
For whom life was all play,
And they had come like flowers of spring
To crown the queen of May.

They hung her neck with dainty chains
And spring flowers, sweet and fair,
And tangled apple blossoms in
The gold threads of her hair.
And fitting emblem of the day
And of youth's happiest hours,
They crowned her with a crown of all the May,
And made her crown of flowers.

Last night I saw another scene
That blotted out the years,
That intervened since boyhood days,
With all their cares and tears,
I caught the breath of apple bloom
And saw the daisies and
I dreamed, alas, how flies the time,
'Twas thirty years ago.

Last night, upon a brow so fair
A diadem was placed,
And never yet a royal throne
By fairer queen was graced,
And never subjects bent the knee
Nor served their queen so well,
As those who owe their homage to
Our gracious queen, Maybelle.

Portland, Sept. 2, 1902. —J. H. C.

MAY HAVE MAN WHO KILLED CONN

POLICE ARREST LOUIS VIDETTA ON SUSPICION OF HAVING MURDERED LAKE COUNTY STORE-KEEPER LAST SPRING—MUST GO BACK.

Louis Videtta was arrested yesterday afternoon at the corner of Front and Washington streets by Detectives Snow, Kerrigan, Day and Wier, and it is said that he is wanted in connection with one of the most sensational murders in the history of the state.

On the 4th day of last March, J. C. Conn of Lake county disappeared under circumstances that aroused the grave fears of foul play. His dead body was found, a mile and a quarter west of Silver Lake, on the 21st day of April, and the indications pointed almost unmistakably to murder. Spurred by the offer of a large reward, detectives and sheriffs all over the state have been doing their utmost to run down the murderers. The crime was the outgrowth of the sheep range war which has raged in Lake county for many months, which has caused the destruction of thousands of sheep and which has set at defiance the efforts of the local authorities to enforce the law.

Lake county was terrorized by a band upon the sheepmen and threatened instant death to any who opposed their will. Prominent citizens were warned by the desperadoes to make no comment, under penalty of death, upon the killing of sheep, and a similar threat was made against the editor of a local paper who had been outspoken in denouncing the crimes.

J. C. Conn had incurred the enmity of the outlaws, and he was believed to have in his possession evidence which might lead to their arrest and conviction. On the morning of March 4 he left his store to drive across the prairie, and he was never again seen alive. His disappearance aroused the fears of his friends and search was made, but without result, until April 21, when his dead body was found only a short distance from the high road and a mile and a quarter west of Silver Lake. Beside him lay a revolver with one chamber discharged. At first glance it might have been supposed that he had committed suicide, but careful investigation established the belief that he had been murdered and that the assassins then disposed of his body in such a way as to give the impression of suicide.

There were evidences that his body had been searched and papers were missing from his pocket, including a private memorandum book in which he was supposed to have noted the evidence against the outlaws.

The coroner's jury failed to fix the guilt of the crime and immediately the outlaws resumed their work of killing sheep and threatening the lives of those who opposed them. It was a reign of terror and so menacing was the situation that the governor seriously considered the advisability of calling out troops to restore order. A heavy reward was offered for the arrest and conviction of Conn's murderers.

Louis Videtta, who was arrested yesterday, is about 28 years of age, and is said to have come recently from Lake county. He will be taken back there this morning by an officer.

The Great Drawback.

"The Bible says we should take a little wine for the stomach's sake."
"Yes, but the trouble is that when we do that we always feel as if our hearts and livers and legs and other things belonging to us would get jealous, and we didn't take some for their sake, too."

Very Popular.
An evidence of the great popularity of

Maybelle Douglas in this city is shown that when she was elected queen of the Elks' carnival on August 18, 1902, Manager H. C. Bowers of the Portland hotel arranged a banquet in her honor and all of her friends were invited. She was given the Elks' prize of \$50 for winning the contest. On the day preceding her election the vote between her and her nearest competitor, the Grace Walton referred to above, showed that Grace Walton was nearly 900 votes in the lead, but on the night she was elected the vote stood: Maybelle Douglas, 15,338 and Grace Walton, 4,998. Following the election Leo Hirsch of the Meier & Frank company ordered the magnificent coronation robes which she was to wear from New York by telegraph.

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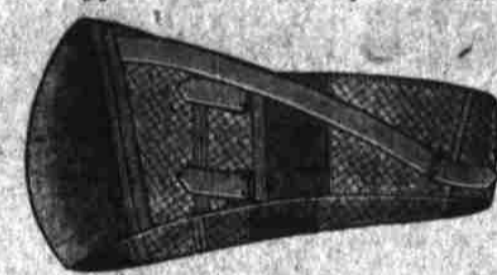


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