

MURDER OF MRS. VAN DRAN NOT LIKELY TO BE AVENGED

(Continued from Page One.)

been followed, would almost certainly have led to a solution of the mystery. Precautions which in any other city in the country would have been taken by the police as a matter of course were entirely overlooked. Circumstances which elsewhere would have been resolved of their utmost significance were passed by as of no value.

Wait for Something to Turn Up.
Now the police and the district attorney, coming in the statement that they have no clue and no theory, and are forced to confess that unless chance should favor them with light, the murderer will go uncharged.
Any intelligent man could even now gain a better knowledge of the facts of the case by three days of careful inquiry than has been obtained by any of the detectives or by the district attorney in the three weeks that they have been at work on the case.

"I have no theory except that it was a case of murder," said District Attorney John Manning in discussing the crime. "The only thing I can see now so far as to what three or six months of a year and then we may find out."

The city detectives profess that they are still working on the case, but it is plain that they are merely fishing for clues and that they are as much in the dark as the district attorney. The trouble lies in the lack of systematic work in running down crimes.

The circumstances of Mrs. Van Dran's death were peculiarly tragic. Returning from an evening stroll with her husband and her sister, both of whom she appears to have been devotedly attached, she entered the flat on North Seventeenth street with her sister, opened a bottle of ginger ale, poured the contents into two glasses, drank from one as her sister was about to drink the other, and then, with a cry of agony and warning she staggered to the adjoining room and a moment later lay dying on the floor. Only her warning cry saved her sister from sharing her fate.

Though Poison to Kill a Regiment.
Subsequent investigation has shown that the bottle of ginger ale contained a 50 per cent solution of cyanide of potassium, one of the deadliest poisons known. In the words of the coroner, "There was enough poison in the bottle to have killed 50 people."

Van Dran is a well-known man, and was in the habit of carrying home at night two or three bottles of ginger ale, a beverage to which his wife was much addicted. He says that he took home two bottles of ginger ale at 1 o'clock Friday morning, when he left his saloon; that he and his wife drank one bottle Friday afternoon before dinner and that only one bottle remained in the flat Saturday. This bottle, or one substituted for it, was opened by Mrs. Van Dran Saturday evening and contained the poison that caused her death.

The case theory of the case and the one which the detectives have followed seasonally ever since the tragedy is that Van Dran or his sister-in-law, Miss Montelth, or both, caused Mrs. Van Dran's death. I am convinced that such a charge is a cruel injustice to a devoted husband and a loving sister. Thorough investigation has satisfied me that there was no motive for such an atrocious crime, and further that Mrs. Van Dran's death has been a heartbreaking sorrow to both. In every material point their statements agree with the known facts of the case.

Neither Suicide Nor Accident.
Plainly Mrs. Van Dran's death must have been a case of suicide, accident or murder. That it could have been suicide is disproved by every circumstance. In support of the theory of accidental poisoning, it has been argued that the poison may have been in the bottle when it came from the local factory where the ginger ale is made. Investigation fails to lend color to this supposition. Van Dran's saloon was supplied with ginger ale by a local concern, whose agent called daily and left enough bottles to fill the case kept in his place; empty bottles were taken back to the works, where they were refilled. It has been suggested that some photographer may have used a ginger-ale bottle to hold his cyanide of potassium, that the bottle may have subsequently found its way back to the factory, that there, without having been properly cleaned it may have reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Dran. This theory presupposes that enough of the poison remained in the bottle when it left the works to cause death.

But such an explanation finds little or no supporting evidence. Personal examination of the bottle which contained the ginger-ale works shows that the utmost care is used in cleaning bottles returned for refilling. Every bottle is

placed in a tank of hot water, rinsed and drained, and if any impurity is detected adhering to the inside, it is "shot"—in other words steel pellets are placed on the inside and shaken about until every trace of the foreign substance is removed.

Poison Would Have Dissolved.
The bottle is next placed in a tank of clear water, rinsed and again turned up to drain. Crystals of cyanide of potassium dissolve quickly in water, so that it is practically impossible that any trace of the poison would remain in a bottle which had held it and which had been passed through this cleansing process.

Furthermore, cyanide of potassium works a change in the color of ginger ale, giving it a dark, muddy tinge utterly unlike its natural appearance. The change may not take place for some hours if the bottle is not exposed to the light, but even if a bottle in which poison has accidentally been left had been taken on the day it was refilled from the works to Van Dran's saloon, it would have changed color by 1 o'clock at night, when he left for home.

"I am sure that neither of the bottles I took home that Thursday night could have been discolored," said Van Dran to me. "If I took them out of their cases and wrapped them up myself, it is second nature with me to look at anything of that kind, for if it had I want to return it to the factory." Admitting that Van Dran tells the truth, it is certainly improbable that his trained eye would have failed to note a difference in the appearance of the contents of the two bottles. The ginger ale of which Mrs. Van Dran drank a part is certainly not the same as the attention and doubtless would have excited her suspicion but for the fact that she and her sister were in a dimly lighted pantry, 20 feet from a gas jet.

Lethal Poison Was in Bottle.
Ginger ale bottles supplied by the concern from which Van Dran was accustomed to buy are fitted with a rubber stopper with a staple projecting above the neck. It is easy to open a bottle by pressing down the staple, pour in some foreign substance and then recork by pulling the staple into its place. This may have been the method in the present case. Certainly if the theories of suicide and of accident are to be rejected, the only possible explanation is that some person with murderous intent placed the poison in the bottle from which Mrs. Van Dran drank.

In view of the almost inevitable conclusion that it is a case of murder, there were certain obvious things which should have been done by the police. The first step, and one invariably taken by trained detectives was to examine the person who might in any way be connected with the tragedy, to reduce his or her testimony to writing. The importance of securing this record of the statements of innocent witnesses who the facts are still fresh in their recollection, is too obvious to need the importance of a statement by the murderer, before he has had time to manufacture his defense, is supreme.

Neither the district attorney's office nor the police department have a shred of written testimony from any witness in this case.

Did Not Think Statements Necessary.
"They are all respectable people," one of these functionaries naively observed to me, "and we did not think it necessary to take their written statements." The police department is the only one of a Sherlock Holmes to see the wisdom of examining closely the premises where the murder occurred. Yet this was not done. The coroner reached the flat on Friday afternoon, but Mrs. Van Dran's death, but he did not take the trouble to go into the pantry where the fatal draught was swallowed, and he is unable to say whether the window was open or closed, or whether the door was open or closed. His ignorance on this point is probably unfortunate, for it is possible that the window, if open, may have afforded to the murderer a means of access.

For days after the tragedy it was the secret theory of the detectives that Van Dran and Miss Montelth must have been the principals in the crime, yet no watch was kept on the movements of either. When they were seen they were living the detectives confessed their ignorance. One of these sleuths was asked whether it would have been possible for the ginger ale to have been poisoned in Van Dran's saloon, and he replied:

"I am sure I don't know. I was never in the place."
Possible Clue Overlooked.
If the ginger ale had been examined immediately after Mrs. Van Dran's death it might have afforded a clue which would have narrowed the field of inquiry so closely as to render detection of the criminal almost certain. Prominent physicians skilled in toxicology say that within 24 hours at most after the cyanide of potassium has been placed in the bottle the ginger ale would have changed color. If, therefore, the ginger ale still retained its natural color an hour or two after Mrs. Van Dran's death it would be well nigh conclusive evidence that the poison had been placed in the bottle some time that day. And since Mrs. Van Dran was at home all of Saturday until 8 o'clock in the evening, when she went out walking with her sister, the probability would be strong that it was in her absence that the poisoned liquid was placed in the bottle.

Yet neither the coroner nor the detectives seem to have realized the importance of ascertaining the color of the ginger ale on that Saturday night, and the only authentic information on this point dates from the Sunday evening following, 24 hours after the crime, when the ginger ale was chemically tested by Dr. Fisher and Dr. Equi.

Young Who Shot Van Dran.
Four months ago Kaspar Van Dran was shot five times in his own saloon by Joe Young, proprietor of another saloon half a block distant. It was a cold-blooded attempt at murder and Van Dran escaped death by little less than a miracle; he suffered for weeks in the hospital. When Mrs. Van Dran was poisoned suspicion instantly pointed to Young. His trial on the charge of attempting the life of Van Dran was but three weeks distant, and he might have reasoned that his chances of escaping the penitentiary would be vastly increased if Van Dran were out of the way. Young, and the detectives, may have placed the poison in the ginger ale in the hope of killing Van Dran. The supposition was not an unnatural one, especially in view of the vindictive hate which Young bore for Van Dran and the utter recklessness of consequences with which he had previously attempted his murder.

Yet the detectives know nothing of Young's movements on the day when the crime was committed. They have no information as to his actions during the two or three days previous, nor has he been shadowed since the murder. "We may find out something when

Young is placed on trial next week for shooting Van Dran," said one of the Newarkans, hopefully, and with that he was content to let it go.

A Negro Is Missing.
A negro who was employed as a "swamp" in Van Dran's saloon left his employ on the Monday evening preceding the murder, and is said to have gone to Seattle and then to Spokane. It was suggested that he might have been hired to place the poisoned bottle in the case in Van Dran's saloon, and this, though improbable, is not absolutely impossible. As he carried with him a small sum of money belonging to the bootblack in front of the saloon, it was proposed that he be brought back on the charge of theft and be examined concerning the murder. His whereabouts are known to the detectives, but they have taken no steps to bring him back.

The first person called by Miss Montelth to the side of her dying sister was a Dr. Dionysius, an expedition visitor from St. Louis, who was rooming in the adjoining flat. He said some talk to St. Louis. The commonest experience in detective work would have dictated that his written statement should have been secured before he went, but this was not done.

The chronicler of the omissions of the detective is too long to give in full. The story of their performance is told in a word—nothing.

In the course of a recent conversation with W. J. Burns of the United States secret service, a detective whose marvellous success in solving the mysteries of crime have given him a national reputation, he told me of the method he pursued.

The Process of Elimination.
"I take up a difficult case," said Burns, "on a process of elimination, following up every possible theory until it is demonstrated to be impossible. The case is usually narrow until at last the facts point unmistakably to the criminal. Not an hour must be lost, for when the case grows cold the difficulty of detection is increased a hundredfold. Not a clue must be overlooked, for you can never tell what will eventually lead you to the truth." If some such intelligent system had been pursued in the Van Dran case, instead of the hit or miss methods of the local detectives and the district attorney, the murderer Mrs. Van Dran would in all probability be behind the bars.

Van Dran's sorrow over the death of his wife is unmistakably real. Tears come to his eyes as he speaks of the crime, occupied for only a month and the first they had had in five years of married life.

"I've lost the best partner a man ever had," he said to me. "If 50 per cent of the women were like my wife the world would be a great deal better place to live in. It is horrible to think that I took home the ginger ale that killed her."

Too First, Was Her Sister.
In telling the story of the tragedy Van Dran interrupts his story from time to time to speak of his wife's care for his comfort and happiness.

"She was always trying to do something for other people," he said. "Van Dran's story is simple, straightforward and unreserved. He tells facts which might cast suspicion on himself if he readily did so anything else. Of the two bottles of ginger ale which he took home Thursday night, he and his wife drank one Friday afternoon.

"Who opened that bottle?" I asked him.
"I did," he replied quietly. "I went into the pantry and took it from the bucket where it was on ice."
"How did you happen to take the one that was not poisoned?" I took that came to my hand."
"Are you sure that it was you and not your wife who got the bottle from the pantry?"

"Oh, yes, I am sure I got it." In a multitude of details Van Dran's narration bears the strong impress of truth. Equally convincing is the story of Miss Montelth, whose affection for her sister is apparent. In her case, as in that of Van Dran, there is an utter absence of motive for the commission of so diabolical a crime. Jealousy there was none. The theory of an intrigue between Van Dran and his sister-in-law finds no support in the facts. The evidence of those who knew them is unanimous that the family relations were unusually happy and free from discord.

Every day that passes lessens the probability that the mystery of Mrs. Van Dran's death will be solved. The criminal is building up his defense, covering the traces of his crime. And his escape, if he does escape, will be due to the incapacity of those who should have run him to earth.

BIG CLEAN-UP MADE ON SHEEPSHEAD TRACK
(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal)
Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Sept. 2.—J. L. Thompson of San Francisco made a giant clean-up on his colt, Pat Bulger, in the six-furlong handicap today.

Thompson and his western friends, along with Billy Hewitt of Toronto, engineered the coup and took many thousands out of the ring. The clique waited until 10 o'clock, when they laid a good trap against Pat Bulger by Sol Lichtenstein on the books.

Despite the presence of 127 pounds on his back, Pat Bulger came in first and won all the way. Pat Bulger is a 4-year-old son of Prince Rudolph and is a \$25,000 colt.

Girl Mountain Climber.
(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal)
Baltimore, Md., Sept. 2.—The 10-year-old daughter of a prominent citizen of this city has performed the remarkable feat of climbing one of the high mountains of Italy. She reached an elevation of 8,000 feet.

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HAPPY FAMILY AT POOR FARM

Drake, Two Turkeys and Peacock Live Together in Peace and Happiness.

DRAKE IS HEAD WARMER AND CHIEF GUARDIAN

Runs the Queer Household and Gives Up Baths for His Charges' Sake—Common Fowls Are Not Admitted.

Out at the county poor farm, under the protection of Superintendent D. D. Jackson, is to be found one of the most oddly assorted families of birds known to the naturalist. It is composed of a drake, the father of the family, two turkeys and a peacock.

The history of the family and the characteristics of its different members form an interesting study. All are now about two months old and their strange relationship has existed for about half that period.

Some time ago Superintendent Jackson purchased a peacock and a peahen. Four eggs were laid by the hen, carelessly in some part of the large barnyard. Resembling closely ducks' eggs, they were gathered as such and placed under a hen, with three turkey eggs and a genuine duck egg. In due season all were hatched and for a few days the hen mothered her brood as carefully as if they were bona fide members of her species.

In a short time, however, the fledglings grew to a size where the old hen perceived that she was not mother of a motley brood. The scrawny little turkeys and the peacock, of nondescript appearance, especially excited her disgust and one day she mingled with the other fowls and left her brood to take care of itself.

Three of the peacocks were killed and eaten by rats and one of the turkeys died, leaving the family composed of the drake, the peacock and two turkeys. Having to shift for themselves, the strange family became very old-fashioned. For a while the drake seemed to excite the antipathy of the turkeys, who amused themselves by pecking the drake on the top of his head.

One night when the drake squatted down on the ground the turkeys squatted alongside him and thrust their heads under his breast, evidently appreciating the warmth. The peacock soon followed suit, and from that day to this nothing has been heard of a peacock being pecked by a turkey.

Finding the drake the most useful member of the family, the turkeys and peacock usually follow him. The four cling together at all times, day and night. The drake seems to appreciate the responsibility of his parental position and keeps a careful watch on his charges. If they fly up on the fence he gets up and never quacks until his wings until they come down; if one wanders away he soon recalls the wanderer to the fold.

The strange family eats together, sleeps together, and wanders around the barnyard together, never associating for even a short time with the other fowls. Its members form the greatest objects of curiosity to visitors at the poor farm and are always exhibited by Mr. Jackson on the farm which he has reason to expect will amuse and mystify his guests.

"The most peculiar thing," said Mr. Jackson, "is that the drake never goes near the water. There is a pond in one corner of the farm and a fountain in another. But the drake stays closely with his family and has never been known to take a swim in either pond or fountain. Now and then he will climb into a man's water and splash the fluid over himself, but when given a chance after the turkeys and peacock if they show a disposition to wander away."

TWO UMATILLA PIONEERS DIE AT PENDLETON

James R. Means and Thomas J. Million Expire of Heart Disease.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal)
Pendleton, Or., Sept. 2.—Two pioneers of Umatilla county died this morning of the same cause, heart trouble.

James R. Means, one of the oldest settlers, died at the residence of his son at 4 o'clock a. m. He was born in Kentucky 79 years ago, and came to Oregon across the plains by ox team in 1852. His wife died four years ago. He leaves four children, one daughter and three sons. The funeral will be held Sunday at 1 o'clock.

Thomas Jefferson Million died at 5:30 o'clock a. m. at the family home in Pendleton. He was born in Howard county, Missouri, 55 years ago, and came here 25 years ago. He had been the employ of the city since the fire department was organized, and he was chosen engineer. For the last six years he was in charge of the pumping station of the water works, but resigned this position several months ago on account of ill health. He was a member of the Masonic lodge and G. A. R. The former is to conduct the funeral Sunday at 3 o'clock and the latter to assist. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

DASHED TO DEATH FROM HIGH TRESTLE

(Special Dispatch to The Journal)
Butte, Mont., Sept. 2.—E. J. King of Rossville, New Mexico, was almost instantly killed this morning while engaged in helping to build a new trestle on the Northern Pacific trestle near Homestead station, a short distance east of Butte. King was struck by a piece of falling timber and knocked from the structure, being dashed to death on the rocks in the gorge many feet below, the heavy piece of timber falling upon him. The body was badly crushed.

Big Wager on Brit.
(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal)
Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 2.—The first big wager to be made in connection with the lightweight championship battle between Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson, at Colma, California, next Saturday, was made here today when Joseph Ullmas, proprietor of the famous Bridge Whist club at San Francisco, wagered \$1,000 against \$500 on Britt to win.

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WELCOME BATTLE IN SUBMARINE

Roosevelt Says He Would Feel Safe in Fighting a Fleet if in the Plunger.

ALONE IN CONNING TOWER WHEN VESSEL MANEUVERED

He is Greatly Impressed With Efficiency of Vessel in War—Boat Returns to Brooklyn Navy Yard After Presidential Cruise.

(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal)
New York, Sept. 2.—The submarine boat Plunger, in which President Roosevelt explored the depths of Oyster Bay, is back at the Brooklyn Navy yard and is the one great object of interest to visitors. Many stories that will some day be related as anecdotes have been told by the members of the Plunger's crew about this famous voyage of the president made. But probably the most important phase of the whole affair was the manner in which the president was impressed with the efficiency of the

submarine boat as an instrument of marine war.
"I would feel safe down here in making an attack upon a whole fleet of warships," he said to Lieutenant Evans when the steel craft was 40 feet below the surface.

It became known yesterday that President Roosevelt was alone in the conning tower when he maneuvered the Plunger, and that Lieutenant Nelson at that time was sitting in the battery deck with Lieutenant Evans instead of being constantly at the president's side. Room in the submarine is at a premium and in the conning tower there is just space enough for one man.

The president asked to stand in the conning tower with the boat in motion. Lieutenant Nelson explained the signals to him and the nation's executive returned to the lookout and gave the bell to start. Immediately the boat shot forward, taking a straight course under the water. The president remained at the post for 15 minutes, when Lieutenant Nelson again entered the tower.

Then came the maneuvers of "porpoise diving," which gives the boat a rocking motion as it comes to the surface and dives again. The president was much impressed with this maneuver. He again ascended to the conning tower. The boat was again at the surface, where the wind was lashing the waves into a heavy fury.

The signal was given, the machinery started, the craft turned its nose downward and the turtle-like thing went under the water, rising a little later to the surface. For another 15 minutes the president guided the Plunger in these maneuvers.

A Hood river valley orchard of 7-year-old trees will net \$10 per tree.

EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE CLOSES GOOD SESSION

The Lewis and Clark educational conference, which has been in session at the exposition for one week, came to a close yesterday afternoon with a session devoted entirely to the discussion of the broad subject of "Colleges and Universities," in which the advantages and disadvantages of college education came in for both commendation and condemnation.

The meeting opened with an address by President F. L. Campbell of the University of Oregon on "Education and the State." The discussion was led by President Penrose of Whitman college at Walla Walla.

Professor Samuel McCune Lindsay of the University of Pennsylvania spoke on "Education for Efficiency and the Demands of Modern Business." The discussion was led by President W. I. Wheelwright of the Portland chapter of commerce and proved of exceptional interest.

A vote of thanks to all who had participated brought to a close one of the most notable conventions in the history of the exposition.

Storm in Summer.
See heralds of departing drought. Phalanx on cloudy phalanx form. While flash along the sultry south. The pyrotechnics of the storm!

Aerial and ethereal fire, Bright mantling crest and slope and plain. Bringing to earth her long restraint—The fever soothing of the rain! —Clinton Scollard in New York Sun

Fair Bulletin No. 72
HAWAIIAN BAND—Trail Attractions.
FOURTH—Letter-Carriers' Association—Photographers' Convention—Organ Recital—Labor Day.

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