

The Sunday Journal
5 Sections—54 Pages
The Weather—Sunday, fair and warmer; westerly winds.

Oregon SUNDAY Journal
SHE FLIES WITH HER OWN WINGS

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PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1907.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GIGANTIC GRAFT OF PORTLAND'S PLUMBING TRUST

SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY
YIELDS BIG DIVIDENDS
FROM RICH AND POOR

Public Muled by Monopoly Which Demands Tribute From Every Person. Competition Stifled—Wholesalers in League With Retailers—Inner Circle That Fixes Rates and Levies Tribute

Outstripping in graft all other monopolies of its kind, each month dividing heavy dividends mulcted from the rich and poor alike, demanding and forcing three profits where the furniture trust and others ask but one, the plumbers' combine in Portland thrives through systematic methods of double-dealing which is the foundation of its secret structure.

Portland's plumbers' trust demands tribute from every person who spends a dollar for plumbing. The private citizen, caught from the time that he asks for an estimate on work, innocently pays his share into the plumbers' graft fund just as surely as if it were a tax levied by the city. On top of the first graft he is forced to pay, a second is added, and a third is piled on top of this.

COMPETITION COMPLETELY STIFLED.
With competition completely stifled, wholesalers standing in league with the plumbing firms, demanding 25 per cent more or thereabouts for material sold to a plumber not in the secret circle of the trust, and from 25 to 100 per cent more when the material is bought by an outsider, the citizen has no loophole through which he can escape the graft levied upon him.

In the neighborhood of 75 plumbing firms in Portland have access to the secret chambers of this organized combine which systematically robs the public. A few months ago, emboldened by the ease with which it extracted money from the people's pockets, the plumbers' trust poured into the banks the sum of \$58,000 which it had sapped from the public in a series of tributes inside of a few weeks' time.

A threatened exposure of the blood-sucking methods and the exorbitant levy then demanded from every person having plumbing installed caused a slight reduction of the tribute exacted from the public. The sum forced from every individual unfortunate enough to require plumbing work was reduced. Since that time this particular graft of the combine has been carried on in modified form until at the present time the monthly blood-money fund seldom exceeds \$10,000.

TRUST COMPLETE IN ALL DETAILS.
The organization of the plumbers' trust in Portland is complete in all details, thorough in its workings and particularly effective in the graft-money which it lifts day after day out of the pocketbooks of the people who are building homes. Above all other features it is as secret as the work of the lodges. Leaky places are soldered. Envelopes and letter-heads upon which the business of the trust is transacted go through the mails without mark or sign of their identity or the place from whence they come. Few of the letters and communications are signed.

The trust begins with membership in the Master Plumbers' association. It finds its culmination in the Plumbers' Protective association, the secret organization in which are generated and carried out the systematic methods of robbery.

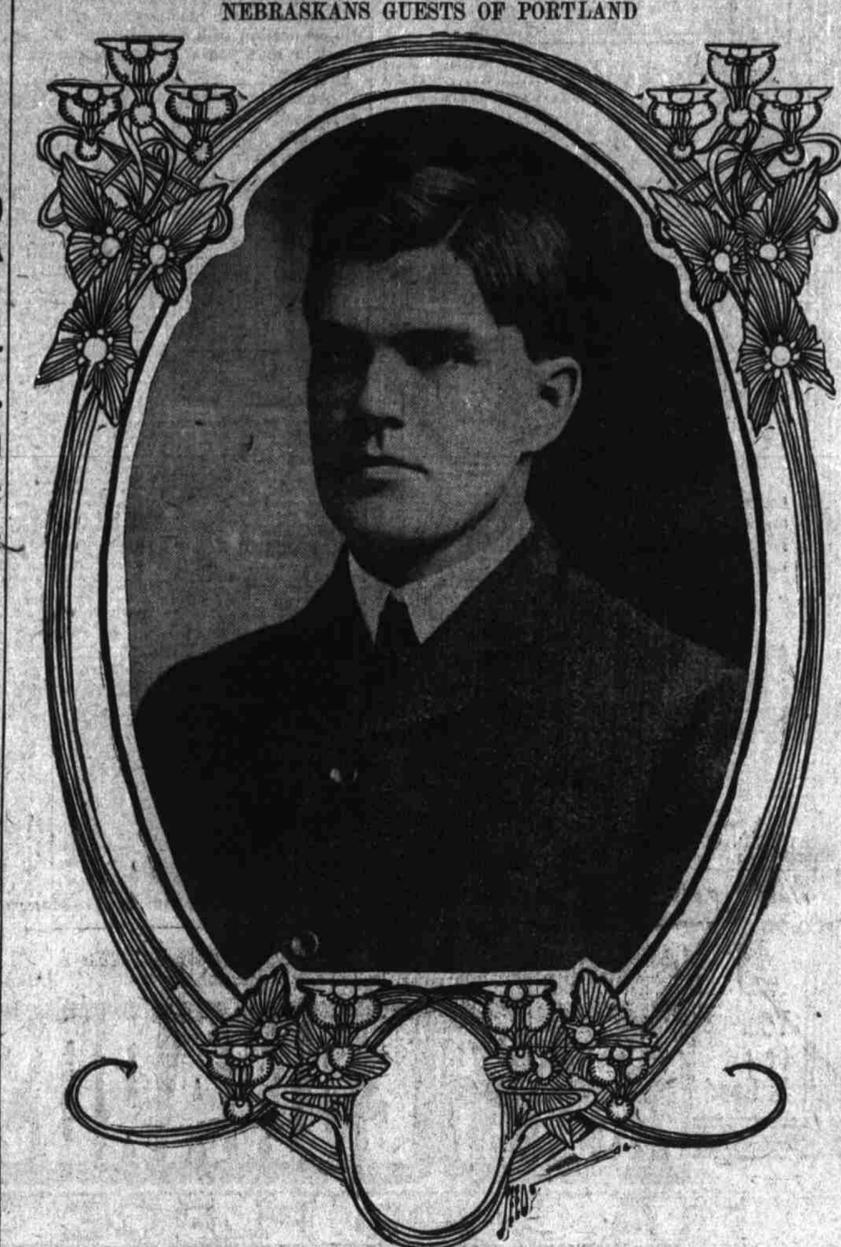
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CYCLONE CLAIMS 100 LIVES

Torrential Storm and Cloudbursts in Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana, Demolishing Many Towns and Causing Heavy Property Damage—Rivers High.

(Publishers Press by Special Leased Wires.)
St. Louis, Mo., June 8.—At least 100 lives have been lost and several hundred persons seriously injured, according to the indications of the latest reports from the regions in southern Kentucky and southwestern Kentucky via Illinois, and northwestern Indiana also suffered but no loss of life is reported. Property loss will be large.

Among the injured are:
Mrs. Johnson,
Ernest Scott Miller.
The list of seriously injured will total at least a dozen and probably more. Between 50 and 60 dwellings were demolished, including the two churches of the village.



GOVERNOR GEORGE L. SHELDON OF NEBRASKA

SECRETLY BRING ADAMS TO BOISE

Prisoner Is Spirited Away From Wallace on Order of Judge Wood.

Boise, Idaho, June 8.—It leaked out tonight that Judge Wood has signed an order for the removal of Steve Adams to this city, the intent being for the prosecution to call him as a witness then to have him confirm a part of Orchard's story. At least regarding the blowing up of the Independence depot.

GALLANT RESCUE OF LAUNCH PARTY

Prominent Citizens Wade Up to Necks in Carrying Women Ashore.

T. N. Stoppenbach and Hugh McGuire of the Pacific Paper company and Walter A. Holt, assistant cashier of the United States National bank, proved themselves heroes Friday night by rescuing 14 women and children, members of a launching party, from death in the waters of the Willamette. Submerged at times to their necks, the three men carried the fair members of the party to a place of safety on shore from the launch, which had come to grief on a jagged reef several fathoms from the mainland.

OMAHA PARTY ARRIVES EARLY

Governor Sheldon of Nebraska and Business Men Due This Morning.

Eighty-eight representative citizens and business men of Nebraska, halting chiefly from Omaha, are scheduled to reach the union depot early this morning before the darkness of night has passed. They will be in Portland to visit the people and see the sights for two days when they will leave to look at the apples and strawberries of Hood river before returning to the land from which they have come.

LONDON CALLS TEDDY'S BLUFF

(Best News by Longest Leased Wire.)
Honolulu, June 8.—Jack London, the writer, declines to stay in the Roosevelt Ananias club. London is now at Pearl harbor, near Honolulu, with his Snark, resting from his recent cruise from San Francisco. He was shown the recent interview with the president in Everybody's magazine, in which the president accused London of being a "nature faker."

wolves of Colorado, for I have seen him photographed with some he had hunted, and mightily little ones they were, but I don't believe he knows enough about the wolves and huskies of Alaska to pose as an authority.

magazine article seeks to indicate. My story was about the dog wolf killing the lynx and eating the body."
The article is quoted as criticizing London's "White Fang." The president did not approve of the description of the fight between White Fang and a bulldog, and said that he did not think that London knew much about wolves and nothing about their fighting. The chief executive thought that the bulldog would have but little chance, and unless it had secured a threshold the instant the fight started it would have been cut to ribbons.

BLOW ON HEAD BY THUG BLOTS OUT ALL MEMORY OF THE PAST

Dr. F. H. Van Tassell, of Berkeley Smart Set, Waylaid, Beaten and Robbed, Finds Himself in Strange City With No Recollection of Family or Former Life—Reads Papers to Find Himself

Like a freak of the wildest imagination is the story of Dr. F. H. Van Tassell, a prominent young physician of the fashionable set of Berkeley, California, who is at St. Vincent's hospital ignorant of all events of his life previous to a week ago, yet rational and fully possessed of the knowledge that he is lost. Dr. Van Tassell, who calls himself J. M. Smith, is believed to have lost memory of his past life by a blow on the forehead administered by a thug in Berkeley a week ago last Thursday.

Dr. Van Tassell has no recollection of ever having practiced medicine, has forgotten his name, and furnishes one of the most startling and perfect cases of amnesia ever brought to the attention of the local medical fraternity.

KISSES WIFE GOODBYE.
The story of Dr. Van Tassell's life for the past 10 days is in effect that he left his home at Berkeley after kissing his wife goodbye and saying that he would be gone for several hours. He failed to return, was held up, it is believed, because of a bruise on the forehead and the loss of a stick pin and ring, went to Oakland, crossed over to San Francisco, then took the steamer Roanoke for Portland, arriving in this city as near as can be figured, Tuesday morning.

Then followed several days wandering in which Dr. Van Tassell lived at cheap lodging houses afraid to tell his strange story for fear of being locked up as crazy.

At last, unable to longer bear the strain he was daily undergoing, he looked in the directory to find a physician whom he could tell his story. He hit upon Dr. Kenneth A. J. McKenna and went to his office in the Dekum building.

After arriving there and waiting a while, he went away for fear that if he told his story he would be thrown out as an impostor. He went back and told Dr. McKenna that he remembered of his past, which was limited to his visit in San Francisco. The doctor, however, explained to him as follows:

"I do not know my own name. I do not even remember my previous occupation. If I have relatives I do not know who they are or where they live. I am here; that is all I know. Why I call myself J. M. Smith I do not know, but it was the first name that came to my mind when wandering hopelessly about in San Francisco."

"My first recollection of my past dates to last week when I found myself in Oakland. I knew that I did not belong there, but I did not know why. Some irresistible force impelled me to cross the bay and go to San Francisco. Then my mind really became active. I heard persons talking about leaving for Portland. The same impulse that caused me to leave Oakland turned my footsteps to the steamship office, where some influence compelled me to purchase a steamer ticket for Portland."

"When asked to sign my name to the ticket by the clerk, I hesitated and for a moment was lost. Then quick as a flash my mind drew a picture and I signed J. M. Smith. Why I chose that name I cannot explain. To the best of my recollection I did not know at that time what a name was or its significance. All my actions were incited by words and acts of others. Mental suggestion perhaps explains the reason for my presence in Portland."

Lost in Strange City.
"Now here am I in Portland—lost. Since my arrival I have purchased many California newspapers to see if I could find accounts of persons reported missing from home in the hope of finding myself. I ran across the story of the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Van Tassell, but that is not my name. I never practiced surgery or attended college. Of this I am certain."

Then continued the wonderful story of a man highly educated, refined and sensitive in nature, averse to notoriety or publicity, who wonders at the abrupt ending of one life and the birth of a new one in a human being that has already reached maturity.

"Now," continued Dr. Van Tassell, "I want you to aid me in finding myself. If I have relatives, I hope they must be looking for me. But where they live or who they are I cannot aid you in determining. I have no reason for believing that I ever lived in California, save that I remember coming to Portland from San Francisco. I do not believe I ever lived in Berkeley."

For nearly four hours, Dr. McKenna sat and talked with Dr. Van Tassell in endeavoring to determine the truth about the man. So strange and weird was his tale that Dr. McKenna was first astounded and then amazed. To sit confronting a person with a mind so perfectly rational yet revealing such a strange story, was past all his previous experiences. He took personal interest in the case and conveyed Dr. Van Tassell to St. Vincent's hospital.

Upon his return downtown, Dr. McKenna conferred with Chief of Police Gritnamacher. The two entered into telegraphic communication with Mrs. Van Tassell. A description of the missing man was furnished and talked in detail with the man whom Dr. McKenna sent to the hospital. Finally a picture of Dr. Van Tassell was secured from a San Francisco newspaper and Dr. McKenna at once recognized his man.

Relatives arised their way to Portland and will convey the missing husband and father to Berkeley, where the wife is nearly crazed by her husband's disappearance.
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WIFE DANCES; PLACE ROBBED

George Safford Reports Mysterious Theft of \$600 at Oswego Last Night—No Clue to Thieves Who Make Getaway With Stolen Cash.

George Safford, a saloonkeeper of Oswego, reported to the police that he had been robbed of \$600 in gold. He stated to the police that he had the money hidden in a canvas sack in the flour bin. No one so far as he knows, knew of the existence of his savings, except his wife and himself. Mrs. Safford was away from home last night attending a dance and when Safford locked up his bar and repaired to his cache to drop in several more gold pieces, the profits of the week, he discovered that his entire savings had vanished.

Search in Oswego availing nothing, Safford at once took the last car for Portland, where he arrived at midnight and reported his loss to the police. Behind the whole affair is a mystery. Safford evidently has some clue to the robber and started out on a stiff hunt with a velvet hint that he would have his money within 24 hours or damage would be done to a certain person whose identity for some reason unknown he withheld.

UNLUCKY NUMBER OF PEOPLE POISONED

(Best News by Longest Leased Wire.)
Pasadena, Cal., June 8.—It has just come to light that 13 persons were poisoned at a dinner party given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wood on North Mentor avenue last Wednesday evening, and the condition of six of them is still regarded as seriously serious as to require the attention of physicians. Ice cream served at the end of the meal is suspected of having been the cause of the poisoning.