

SOLE HEART SECRETS OF KING OF PINKERTONS

Callow Youth Who Fooled McParland Is a Haywood Witness.

FILCHED LETTERS HE PRINTED IN A BOOK

As McParland's Stenographer He Learned Things the Defense Is Glad to Know—What O'Neill Thinks of Him and Orchard.

By Hugh O'Neill. (Special Correspondent of the Denver Post and Oregon Journal.)

Boise, Ida., June 29.—It was Haywood's day in the trial today—Haywood's day from the opening of the court at 9:30 until it closed at 3 p. m. And with Haywood's triumph there came into the case somehow a touch of the genuine. The trial all along has never been very solemn nor very formal. Even the episode of the redoubtable Orchard was full of melodrama rather than tragedy.

But today the atmosphere opened out into one of broad, grinning humor. It will perhaps have no effect whatever on the final issue of the case, but it swung sentiment around to Haywood and brought him once more into focus as a large human personage, who was not the eternal companion of sinister people, plotting battle, murder and sudden death.

Willisby Fooled Great Pinkerton.

It was legally, perhaps, a useless day; it had substantially nothing to do with the charge upon which Haywood is being tried; but then a great deal has been admitted into evidence for both the state and the defense that has substantially nothing to do with the case, either.

And today Clarence Darrow called to the stand a young gentleman by the name of Morris Friedman, who proved that even a great Pinkerton detective, like Jovs, "sometimes nods."

Friedman walked gravely up to the witness chair and set down, looking a young man of an unusual Jewish type. His face in profile was very small and almost flat. His nose was small and his eyes were not so blue and transparent that the sun filtered through them. As he talked those nostrils trembled and dilated and rose and fell with his moving lips like pink beads dancing in the sunlight. His hair was soft and black and high standing and very fluffy. Friedman looked somehow somehow very soft and fluffy, too.

Hands Made to Sneak Letters.

There was a certain soft tremor in his voice as he talked and a touch of winning sweetness to his manner that seemed to make the success of his labors as a spy upon the Pinkerton agency in Denver all the more ludicrous. There was that quality in his mildness that would have thrown even Sherlock Holmes himself off his guard; for the excellent Friedman looked indeed the "mild-mannered rogue that ever cut a throat" or spied upon a Pinkerton—and stole his letters.

Every Champ Has Its Spy.

Darrow, whose sense of humor is often fatal to his gravity, stood smiling broadly at Friedman, when he first took his seat, until you thought he was going to break into actual laughter. And all the time he was questioning Friedman there was the suppressed quiver of a laugh in his throat and voice that set the people grinning behind their hands. Friedman looked indeed the infernal being to grin at the thought of Orchard, too. For the defense, it soon appeared from Friedman, had also its "informers," its accessories before the fact; its sordid worker turned humanitarian; its sinner turned saint.

A Study in Human Motive.

Orchard, from killing and slaying vagrants and a large, had been turned to see the error of his ways through the cloistered seclusion of the Idaho penitentiary and the sweet ministrations of Dean Hinks and a Pinkerton field marshal.

Morris Friedman, living just for the day and working just for the money, had seen by his work as Pinkerton stenographer the wicked machinations of base capital and the devious depravity of its tool and slave, the Pinkerton Detective Agency. And so, filled with the burning zeal of this splendid new ideal, this regenerated Friedman did dissemble daintily and speak him

softly to the great Pinkerton and file the copies of a hundred Pinkerton letters that were later to be embalmied in the pages of the Friedman book.

Stole for the Sake of Man.

And from this book again, you get the parallel between Orchard, the assassin, turned suddenly such a saint, and Friedman, the thief, turned such a socialist. Harry Orchard has not confessed to have his hand in the saloons rope; he told me so himself. And Friedman did not steal his employer's letters to put them into a book for the sake of man; he put them in a book for the sake of man. He went on the witness-stand today for the sake of man, and he will do it for that cause again on Monday.

His Plea Akin to Orchard's.

There is nothing in it for Friedman. You might think that he went into the Denver office of the Pinkertons to act as McParland's stenographer at the time when the "labor wars" of Colorado were a-fighting, and, seeing the letters from Pinkerton operatives who were spying on the Western Federation, scented that there was good copy for the making of a book that palpitating pink nose of his would sniffle any trial quite quickly. But he would tell you that he stole the letters and printed them for the Uplift of Man, just as Harry Orchard told me that he had turned informers for the sake of his obligation to humankind.

Testimony, But Not Evidence.

And in the end you or I or this jury now sitting in the Haywood trial, would hang or hang a man or a mouse on the word of neither of them. Orchard may be telling all the truth or half the truth about Haywood—and the truth about the best of us is hard enough, God knows—but Orchard has admitted himself to be a liar and a spy and informer and a bigamist and an assassin, and Orchard's evidence is not in this case, and would not be in any other, a creditable document. Haywood may be convicted but it will be on the words of Orchard.

The Pinkertons may be very dark and wicked men; but no one will ever think the worse of them because this thief Friedman worked for them and took their pay and stole their documents. They are birds of a feather, these Orchard and Friedman; and if it happens that the feathers of one are blood red and the feathers of the other craven white—why, they are creature carrion all the same. And may God have pity on them both. For nobody else ever will.

JUDGE LOVING

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as their legitimate prey. But women were beginning to engage in industrial work in the south also, and south erners were to beware lest they fall under similar temptation. And what was the proximate cause of woman's ruin?

It was drink, exclaimed the speaker, and any man who would offer liquor to a woman offered it with an ulterior motive. The inference was, of course, that Estes had an ulterior motive in offering whiskey to Loving. But (as possibly the jury may be aware) Estes always carried whiskey with him on his rounds, and it is reported upon good authority to have been addicted to whiskey-drinking for years before.

Mr. Lee, however, was armed against this rejoinder, for he went on to point out that Loving's personal experience of the effects of the liquor would lead him to regard with much greater apprehension the drinking of his daughter than if he had not been aware that the taint might be in her blood.

In conclusion Mr. Lee wanted the jury to tell him whether they knew of any remedy for the ruin of a daughter that that provided by the "unwritten law."

Life Is Blasted.

The verdict was returned at 5. Judge Loving was almost apathetic during the wait for the verdict.

"Even if I am acquitted, my life is blasted," he said despondently. Yet he smiled at the jury when the verdict was announced. His friends did not wait so calmly. They whispered anxiously together and his wife often murmured encouragingly to him.

When the foreman had spoken the words "not guilty," Loving's friends made a rush for him, cheering in delight. Judge Loving and his wife were both in tears as they acknowledged the congratulations showered on them.

Miss Elizabeth Loving, to whose testimony the acquittal of her father is due, was not in the courtroom when the verdict was rendered.

Purchasers of Islands.

From the London Daily News. To buy an island, of course, one need not be a power. Some of the Pacific islands are in private hands. A Mr. Greig last year purchased Fanning Island over the head of a German syndicate. A group of which Hill and Flint islands are the largest, has been acquired by an English firm famous in the soap trade. Another trading concern was so fortunate as to obtain from the last government a long lease of Paopao Island at the remarkable annual rental of \$60. This island is rich in guano phosphates, a coincidence which enables the company to make a profit of something like \$50,000 a year.

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across the bridge, they evidently mistook him for Mr. Alvord and murdered him out of revenge because they failed to find money in his clothes. Broberg made the remark several times that he came to Portland to meet two expert bank robbers, but fell in with Anderson and others of the post-office gang entering upon careers of dissipation in the north end resorts that finally left him short of money. He then engaged in the same line with his new pals and was arrested when the outfit was captured in a Front street lodging house.

Another strong link in the circumstantial evidence in Mr. Moser's case against Wayne and Anderson, is the fact that the one who had taken the Manhattan saloon, next door to the First National bank, of which Mr. Alvord is cashier. The men had daily opportunities to watch the movements of the banker and it is believed they spotted him for a holdup victim. When they had become sufficiently acquainted with his personal appearance so as to obviate all danger of mistaking some other man for him, they repaired to his residence, where they lay in wait for him.

Watched All Afternoon.

As unexpected to Mr. Alvord as to the robbers was the short call of Dr. Johnson at the Alvord residence on the night of the murder. They had watched the house all afternoon, noted the arrival of Alvord and were awaiting the time for him to leave the house, or until the household was quiet, when they could commence a robbery.

While hiding behind the trees across the street from the house, Dr. Johnson called unexpectedly and the robbers probably failed to see him entering. When he came out a few moments later, Wayne and Anderson followed him thinking he was Mr. Alvord.

When the robbers came to the bridge, they are supposed to have rushed their victim. Finding him a powerful adversary they struck him over the head with some instrument other than the usual black jack used by holdup men, which fact accounts for the two sharp cuts found on the murdered man's head which could not be accounted for in his fall from the bridge.

After stunning Dr. Johnson the men rifled his clothes and finding them empty of money, grew into a rage and threw him over the railing down to the road 120 feet below, for taking a silver watch from his person.

The story of the missing watch has alone formed one of the most vexing problems ever put up to the local police for solution. At one time it was believed to have been traced to a timber cruiser by the name of Bidwell. Before the authorities could see Bidwell he had thrown a watch which he had obtained from General, the proprietor of the Manhattan saloon, into the Willamette river. Eager in the belief that this was the long missing watch detectives visited Bidwell and secured a description of the watch he had thrown away only to find that it was not the one taken from Dr. Johnson. Bidwell was not arrested.

Unpublished Watch Story.

Another story of the watch which has never been published is to the effect that Callaghan, the watchmaker, in a session of the watch shortly after the murder had been committed. This man traveled under the name of Johnson and was arrested with a woman at the Richelle, Sixth and Couch streets. The two were taken to the police station and released on furnishing bail in the sum of \$25.

The police who worked on the suicide theory of the case, that this man had possession of the watch in his possession at that time. He left the next day for California, but his movements have been traced since leaving Portland and it is believed that the watch is still in his possession. The man intended to start a pawnshop in a southern California city but secured a detour upon being investigated by the police at that place. So far he has been living without engaging in business.

To return to the scene of the murder, Wayne and Anderson are believed to have returned on Ford street, left the bridge at the west side, crossed the bushes at the west side of the structure, then hurried past their victim as he was lying helpless in the road to a saloon on Goose Hollow.

As soon as possible, without exciting suspicion, the men wended their way back to the city. Once down town, Wayne followed his usual habit of going to Vancouver for a day or two until he felt assured that he would not be apprehended for the murder. Anderson, who is nothing but a brute, probably spent the rest of the night in dissipation in the north end.

Whereabouts Unexplained.

As a further matter in the case against the men, neither has been able to explain his whereabouts on the night of the murder. So strong is the circumstantial proof that it is believed that it is not considered likely they know anything about it.

For a time their statements were believed, because of the fact that the other members of the gang are believed to know nothing of the crime. This Wayne and Anderson worked alone on the murder case in the belief of Mr. Moser. Moser, who was released on parole Friday for complicity in the Gresham bank robbery, was offered strong inducements by the state authorities to tell what he knew of the murder, but could tell nothing. Kelley said that he knew absolutely nothing about the crime, but did not say that Wayne and Anderson did not do it.

Such a crime could easily be attributed to Anderson. His face depicts by its brutality a joyous desire to revel in a fiendish, brutal murder, his look was one of intense relief at the news of the arrest of Wayne. Wayne's case is different, but his past record shows that he would not hesitate at any crime were he in need of money. He is not the type of man who would wantonly kill Anderson would.

Wayne was serving time in the Colorado state prison for a robbery when he was paroled for performing a skillful engineering feat in the construction of a sewage system for the penitentiary. He violated his parole and came to Portland. Wayne has also out other prisons throughout the country.

Anderson served time in the federal penitentiary in South Dakota for robbing a postoffice in North Dakota. He was given a railroad ticket to Seattle when released last September, and lost no time in coming to Portland, where he met Wayne, Kelley, Rankins, Carter and another robber whose name is withheld because he has not been arrested. The gang commenced operations a few days after combining, and engaged in many of the holdups that marked one of the greatest carnivals of crime in the history of the city.

The honor of detecting the criminals belongs to Willisby, assistant secretary to U. B. Neuhausen, special inspector of the inspector department. Mitchell learned of the operations of the gang and was introduced to Archie Turnbull, the fire department captain who acted as a fence for the stolen booty of the robbers, as a thief who had come down from Alaska with a lot of stolen property, which he wanted Turnbull to dispose of for him.

Turnbull swallowed the bait whole and told Mitchell everything he knew. Finally after following the trail of the men for three weeks, Mitchell feared they were about to leave town and closed up the case. In the evidence he had gathered, complaints were filed against the men and their arrests followed. Turnbull, who had been picked the men up in the Front street lodging house, but had no evidence on which to hold them.

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DAZZLED BY GOLDFIELD

(Continued from Page One.)

Lindholm, could perhaps be persuaded to part with some, so the story is said to have run—his a philanthropist by nature and, therefore, could not help being good and kind. Broberg, too, was arrested with a woman at the Richelle, Sixth and Couch streets. The two were taken to the police station and released on furnishing bail in the sum of \$25.

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