

PRINCIPALS IN THE MURDER CASE OF PATROLMAN GITTINGS



J. W. Gittings, the Murdered Patrolman; Elmer Bradley, 8-Year-Old Son of Melville G. Bradley, the Murderer; Who Has Disappeared.



Mrs. Kate Bradley, Wife of the Murderer.



Joseph P. Silvester, Who Narrowly Escaped Death.

MRS. BRADLEY LAUGHS OVER HUSBAND'S CRIME

Wife of Man Who Murdered Patrolman Gittings Concerned Chiefly About Her Picture in the Paper—Neighbor Woman Curses the Assassin.

"I've got one of them!" exclaimed Melville G. Bradley with a vile oath as he saw Patrolman J. W. Gittings dying in the gutter in front of the Tivoli saloon at Sellwood and Delany streets, Alameda, last evening.

Then waving his still smoking revolver at the terrified onlookers he ran back through the saloon, out the rear door, stopped at his cottage long enough to secure a hat and disappeared.

Later in the evening a shot was heard on the uninhabited hillside back of Alameda, and the police are searching the brush, believing the murderer may have committed suicide.

Jealousy, love, hate, intrigue and crime are mixed in the almost incredible tangle of the story.

As the central figure in the squalid tragedy is Mrs. Bradley, the wife of the murderer, loved by him passionately, for her sake, ran away from him and when they were arrested, suffered six months' imprisonment; and loved too, it is said, by Jack Gittings who, for her sake, went to his death.

Mrs. Bradley Little Concerned.

Nearing 40, with coal black hair, red cheeks, an attractive figure, but with an unpleasant slant to her brown eyes, Mrs. Bradley is the calmest of those affected by the shooting.

She tells the story of what happened to her, of how her husband had treated her and loved her and abused her, and of how she went away with Anderson, and of how she tried to dissuade Gittings from avenging the beating given her by Bradley without so much as a quaver.

She turned from the weeping Mrs. Zanders, this morning to say to her brother with a giggle:

"Do you know they got my picture for the paper—it's going to be in this evening. I tell you I had to laugh when I saw that one of Mel in the paper this morning with that little cap on."

When asked if she hoped they would

get her husband she merely shrugged her shoulders and said she didn't care what happened to him as long as she didn't have to see him again.

She showed no more grief over her husband's death than she did over the fact that a suspected visit from Anderson had been the primary cause of the tragedy.

But if Mrs. Bradley was nonchalant over the shooting her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Agnes Zanders, who lived next door to Gittings, showed no such restraint.

Mrs. Zanders Curses Murderer.

"Oh, if I could only get hold of that man," she shrieked as she ran into Mrs. Bradley's room this morning.

"I hope they hang him. I want to put him on the scaffold myself. I want to be the one to cut the rope. I hope to see the end of him."

"And that worthless husband of yours was the cause of it all," she said turning fiercely to Mrs. Bradley. "He shot Jack and Jack was so good. There will never be another man like him. Oh, that he had shot me in Jack's place. Oh, that I could have died for him. I would give my life this minute if he would say but one word to me."

"Well, let's go down to the morgue and see him," said Mrs. Bradley in a matter of fact tone of voice. And off they went hoping to be allowed a sight of the body of Gittings.

Mrs. Zanders said that Gittings had protected her from her own husband, who had tried to beat her as Bradley had beaten his wife.

"All I have is one room, and in that is a stove and a bed," said Mrs. Zanders, "but there they'll be hanging him. He must be under my roof before they put him away."

Home of Squalor.

The Bradley home is a tiny, dirty cottage on Mississippi avenue, with the windows and the glass in the doors broken in and ragged stuffed in the holes to keep out the cold. The morning the

house was torn upsidetown. The Bradley children were alone in the house. Lillian, the oldest girl, was washing dishes. Beside, 5 years old, Arthur 8, and Eugene 3 years old, were playing on the unheated floor, while Elmer, the eldest boy, was making the miserable bed. All were dirty and unwashed, but the two oldest children were working diligently.

In the corner room, under some tattered counterpane lay the old grandfather who is dying with paralysis and cannot move. The children's mother had left him alone with them while she went to draw her husband's pay. She returned in a few minutes, but without the money. She told the story of her troubles with Bradley from beginning to end without even the slightest show of feeling.

"I was born in Jefferson county, Missouri," she said, "and was married to Bradley 14 years ago. He was always kind to me. He would get furious if I saw me talking to another man. He beat me so that six months ago I decided to leave him and I went to banks where I opened a restaurant under the name of Mrs. W. T. Anderson. My friend, Mr. Anderson, was gathering money near there at the time I changed my name because I didn't want my husband to find me. When he did come to Banks, Anderson and I got a hack and drove away."

Tells Story of Escapes.

We registered that evening as Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Johnson, and before we had a chance to go to bed my husband came with the sheriff and arrested me. Anderson could have gotten away, but he didn't want to leave me and I stuck by him, although there was nothing wrong with me. I didn't run away with him.

"They told us if we would plead guilty that the punishment would be light. We did, and they gave him a month and me three. But I telegraphed Mr. Gittings and he came and got me and it was arranged that Anderson would stay in jail and that I would go back to Portland with Gittings. When we got back my husband had filed a suit for divorce against me, but he told me that he loved me and wanted me to come back to him. He said he couldn't get along without me, so I went and the divorce was stopped.

He has been jealous all the time, though. He wouldn't let Gittings nor any other man speak to me. Yesterday one of the children said a carter-woman had been here and told him what the fellow looked like. My husband thought it was Anderson. I swear to God it wasn't. I haven't seen him since he was in jail, but he beat and kicked me until I am black and blue."

"While he was beating me my oldest boy ran over to my sister's and told them about it. My brother and Mr. Gittings started out to help me, although Agnes Zanders did her best to keep Jack from going along. But he told her it was his duty to protect me. They stopped at the house and asked me where he was, but I told them I thought he was at the saloon. Then they went on down there."

Afraid of Husband

About half an hour later Bradley came running into the house, swore at me and asked me for his hat. I said, "I'll get it for you, dear," but he looked me aside and ran out again. When I heard what he had done I was afraid he would come back and kill me. I am afraid of him and hope I'll never have to see his face again.

James Silvester, Mrs. Bradley's brother, spent a part of the morning with her, but she left him to go to the morgue to see Gittings' body.

Silvester says that it was at him that Bradley shot, not at Gittings.

The shooting before the noon was seen by several men as well as by little Rachel Smith, the 12-year-old, step-daughter of Mrs. Bradley. Rachel had gone to the saloon after Silvester. Bradley came into the saloon at 6:40 and seeing his helper, James Holmes, in the saloon, asked him to have a drink with him. They spoke to Gottlieb Schmidt, the proprietor, had their drink and Bradley went out the door. He met Silvester as he was going out.

"I'm looking for you," said Silvester.

"And I'm looking for you," said Bradley.

Then, according to Silvester and the others who were present, Silvester struck Bradley on the hip. Bradley drew his gun and commenced firing, one shot piercing Silvester's hip and the second striking Gittings. Gittings drew his gun and commenced firing. In all seven shots were fired.

When the firing stopped Silvester was found lying in the street bleeding from the lungs. Gittings was dying, and Bradley had disappeared into the saloon.

Silvester's Story Verified.

Robert C. O'Brien, a steam shovel engineer living at 564 Harrison street, saw the entire shooting and that Bradley drew his gun and fired twice before Gittings shot. He says Silvester said, "You beat up my sister" and struck him in the face. Then the shooting commenced.

Robert Wilson, a teamster living at 1221 Alameda, was also present and said that after the shooting was over little Rachel Smith went up to her step-father and said, "If you had come home with me when I told you to father, this wouldn't have happened." Wilson says that the entire crowd is usually intoxicated.

A few weeks ago Bradley found out that Gittings was having her delivered regularly to Mrs. Bradley and he looked up the driver of the wagon and threatened him if he ever took any more beer there," declares Wilson.

The relatives of the various persons in the tragedy were badly mixed up and the story of their lives is an exceptionally sordid and squalid one. Silvester is a brother of Mrs. Bradley. Their father is dying of paralysis at the Bradley home. Their mother, Mrs. Smith, secured a divorce from the father. Her present husband, George J. Smith, foreman of the O. R. & N. shops at Alameda, and for whom Bradley worked, married Mrs. Silvester six months after the death of his wife, who died, it is said, in the insane asylum at Salem.

Bradley Lost From Sight.

The police have been unable to find anything of Bradley. He has a mother living in Chickamauga county, Mrs. Bradley believes that he has gone to Astoria. The police searched the harbor to trail him with last night but the report was that where Bradley had evidently hidden his wife.

The following description of Bradley is given by the police: American, 35 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, sandy hair, very thin, weighs about 165 pounds, is blacksmith by trade, wore old suit of clothes, black soft hat and is supposed to be wearing a white "lay down" collar, black shoes, no overcoat, and is armed with a revolver.

ALMOST DOUBLE MURDER.

Silvester's Hat Blackened by Bullet

Bradley Fired at Him.

So near did Joseph Silvester come to meeting a fate similar to that of Patrolman Gittings that a blackened streak marks the place across the front of Silvester's hat where a bullet from Bradley's gun grazed it. Two shots were fired at Silvester, then he dropped in the gutter. Evidently thinking he had shot Silvester, Bradley turned his attention to Gittings and emptied the remaining chambers of his revolver into the body of the patrolman.

"I have only been in Portland two weeks," said Silvester this morning. "I have been on a ship for six years. Since I came back I have had a hard time. My aged mother and her husband, G. Smith, live at 1023 Patton avenue and work in the O. R. & N. shops where Mr. Smith is a foreman."

Goes for Policeman.

"Last night a short time after 6 o'clock, Elmer, the eldest son of my sister, Mrs. Kate Bradley, came to the house and explained in an excited manner that his father was beating his mother. He appealed to me to go to help his mother and I did so. I told him that Bradley was a desperate man, and that he threatened often to shoot the whole family, and earnestly pleaded with me to stay at home. She hid my hat so I would not go."

Rachel Smith, my step-sister, was then sent over to Patrolman Gittings' house. He was at home and of duty, and she told him the circumstances. Bradley's As soon as I could find an old hat I followed. Not finding Bradley at home I went to the Tivoli saloon.

"When I asked the proprietor if

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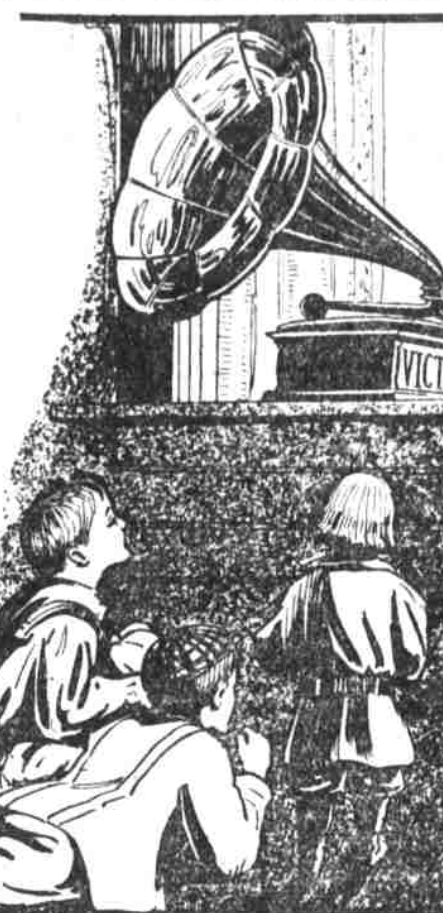
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CROWDS FLOCK INTO STORES ON EAST SIDE

Reception Planned by Merchants Great Success Despite the Weather.

Despite the cold, immense crowds turned out last night to witness the opening given by a group of East Morrison street merchants. People who had never before taken the time to look into an east side store except when passing on a car were present and were entertained and "shown" by the east side business men. All the business men along the thoroughfare were highly pleased.

Tomlinson's band furnished music until 9 o'clock and serenaded the different business houses in the vicinity. People gathered who had no idea what was for sale and could be bought on the east side and their compliments were sincere.

The affair was given as a sort of Christmas opening and festival and was carried out by six business places, including George Dillworth & Co., Marked & Co., Dorris & Geiser, Caler Bros., Ransom & Co. and H. Baumer & Co. It proved to be a very successful venture. All these stores announced that they will be open during the holidays until 9 o'clock in the evening.

STENOGRAPHER JUMPS FROM THIRD STORY

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Seattle, Dec. 19.—Miss Kittie McLeod, a public stenographer, while temporarily crazed, jumped from the third story of the New Western hotel and was fatally injured early this morning. She has been ill for several days and began acting queerly last night. The employees of the hotel heard her screaming in her room and arriving at her door found it locked. While they were trying to force the door the woman jumped from the window.

WIND, RAIN, SNOW ON ROGUE RIVER

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Medford, Or., Dec. 19.—High winds swept southern Oregon last night, prospecting telegraph, telephone and power wires. The gale was followed by a heavy rain, an inch falling between 3 and 4 o'clock. It is snowing this morning. Deep snows are reported in the interior and in the Sierras.

Tomorrow (Friday) positively the last day for discount on east side gas bills. Portland Gas company.

LIVED WITH ANDERSON.

Mrs. Bradley Arrested in Forest Grove Last Summer.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Hillsboro, Or., Dec. 19.—The killing of Patrolman John F. Gittings in Portland last night by Melville G. Bradley brings to light the arrest and conviction of Kate Bradley, who, in company with W. T. Anderson, went to Forest Grove and engaged in the restaurant business last summer.

Melville G. Bradley, who gave his name as George M. Bradley, learned of their whereabouts, had divorce papers filed in Portland and on the evening of July 15 came out from Portland to Hillsboro at the time and took her back to Portland.

On July 16 Deputy District Attorney Will filed an information against Mrs. Bradley and Anderson, to which they offered pleas of guilty. Mrs. Bradley was sentenced to six months in the county jail, but was permitted to go on parole during good behavior. Anderson was sentenced to six months in the county jail. Patrolman Gittings, a friend of Mrs. Bradley, came to Hillsboro at the time and took her back to Portland.

NORTHWEST MEN ON HOUSE COMMITTEES

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19.—In the house committee assignments northwest members have been placed as follows: Oregon—Ellis, on naval affairs, irrigation and lands; Hawley on agriculture and claims.

Washington—Jones on rivers and harbors; Cushman on interstate commerce and private land claims; Humphrey on elections, education, merchant marine and fisheries.

Idaho—French on immigration, public lands and mines.

Ready Framed Pictures.

We have the prettiest lot of ready framed pictures for Xmas presents. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 110 First street.

KNEW DEATH WAS NEAR.

Policeman Gittings Had Premonition He Would Not Live Long.

Policeman Gittings, it seems, had a premonition of death only yesterday. A few hours before he was killed. He was at the home of a neighbor and while looking out of a window at the snow-covered trees just across the street, remarked that when his time came he wanted to be buried under a tree on an eminence overlooking a river and valleys and under the shade of a tall commanding pine tree.

Mr. Gittings was talking to Mrs. Agnes Zander, a friend of the family, and several of her relatives. "I sometimes feel that I am not going to live very long," the policeman said, "and when my time comes I want you all to be under a tree on a hill somewhere. There is so much in the sight of a simple tree. Select my grave overlooking a river and valleys. If you can. Then I feel that I can rest in peace."

Policeman Gittings was 34 years old and was born in Philadelphia. He came to Portland six years ago and for several years was employed as a longshoreman. He was also in the streetcar service. Two years ago he entered the Portland police department.

Gittings leaves a wife and three children. They are Albert, age 8; Carrie,