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The Weather—Occasional Rain to-night and Friday; cooler tonight.

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JOURNAL CIRCULATION YESTERDAY WAS 30,262

PRICE TWO CENTS. ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS, FIVE CENTS.

# DECLARES HE KNOWS WHO MURDERED HARVEY BROWN

## COURT TAKES MAY YOHE, KING'S PET, BURROUGHS'S AFFIDAVIT

### Ranch Hand Avers He Was Near Baker County Sheriff's Cottage When Bomb Was Exploded—Investigation Ordered.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)  
Sheridan, Wyo., Oct. 15.—Some peculiar and sensational developments have taken place in the matter of the statements of A. S. Burroughs, a ranch hand, who says he knows who killed Harvey Brown, sheriff of Baker county, with dynamite last fall. Burroughs made an affidavit today before Judge Hoop and he also told his tale with much circumstantial detail. The affidavit avers that Burroughs was within eight steps of the Brown cottage at 12 Third street, Baker city, when the sheriff was mauled by dynamite. The affidavit further alleges that one Edward Mincer placed the bomb which ended Brown's life. Burroughs alleges that his mind has been affected by his experience but that this has happened because of the terrible strain he has been under since the murder. While it may be true that the man's mind is weak, the officers here are making a thorough investigation, hoping to solve the secret of Brown's death.

## TROUBLE AHEAD FOR MRS. PLATT

### War Department May Order Her to Keep Away From Colonel Tucker.

(United Press Leased Wire.)  
Chicago, Oct. 15.—It has developed here that Colonel William F. Tucker, whose wife is suing him for desertion, has been ordered by the War Department to keep away from Mrs. Myrtle L. Platt, who is accused by Mrs. Tucker of stealing her husband's affections, and that when the army officer arrives at Hot Springs today he will not be allowed to retain Mrs. Platt as a companion. It is stated from St. Louis today that Colonel Tucker left there last night for Hot Springs, attended by a nurse and several others. Dr. L. H. Behrens said when the army officer left that he would not be surprised to hear of his dying before he reached the hospital.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 15.—Colonel William F. Tucker arrived here today and was immediately placed in the Army and Navy hospital. His only attendant was an unknown woman who was called a "valet." The woman who accompanied him was not allowed in the hospital and said farewell at the depot. Though importuning for permission to see Colonel Tucker, newspaper reporters were denied access. The doctor said that he was too sick to be interviewed.

## REAR-DOOR ROBBERS LOOT ASTORIA STORE

Astoria, Oct. 15.—Early this morning the store of the Ford & Stokes company was burglarized, four rifles, six revolvers, ammunition and other goods, valued at between \$300 and \$400 being stolen. The robbers bored 53 holes in the rear door before gaining entrance. This is the third time the firm has been burglarized. Arrests are expected hourly.

## RESULTS

If you have houses to rent or property for sale you can secure desirable tenants and ready purchasers through The Journal. The Pine Tree Land company advertised a house at the corner of Thirty-first and Clinton streets for rent through The Journal and got 23 applicants in two days. The same company sold a double flat at the corner of Commercial and Stanton streets for Mrs. Busby, getting in exchange some lots at Macgilly Junction through the columns of The Journal. There is no more effective way to reach the general public than through the people's favorite newspaper. The popular evening paper with the masses and the classes reaches the privacy of the home sanctum, and is a welcome visitor entertaining the people with the news transpired during the day. The Journal is recognized in Portland as the leading newspaper, inasmuch as it has the largest city circulation, and having the largest circulation in Portland and in Oregon, it naturally gives its advertisers superior results. Portland advertisers depend on the local and state trade, and a big per cent of circulation east of the mountains does not yield them results. The Journal is a home newspaper, circulating in the state of Oregon as no other Portland paper does, and it is this fact that gives the grand results for which The Journal is famous. Advertisers who through sentiment or prejudice do not make their announcements in The Journal are simply ignoring the thousands of Journal readers who never see their advertisements in other papers. They say as much through their omission "we do not want your trade" and the masses resent their sparsity, and make their purchases in the live up-to-date stores advertised in their favorite newspaper.

## SEEKS FREEDOM HERE

### World-Famous Actress, Formerly Lady Francis Hope, Living in a Portland Cottage—Will Secure a Divorce From Captain Strong and Marry a British Columbian.



May Yohe, as She Appeared at the Height of Her Stage Glory.

In a simple little honeysuckle covered cottage out at 789 Northrup street, where the glare of the footlights and the triumphs of the stage are but memories, lives a woman who glories in the past and tries each day to forget the present and in her dreams re-live the wonderful moments of bygone days wherein she sees herself the center of a flower decked stage and a crowded theatre gone mad with applause for her—sees again herself as center of all the praise and adulation of the favorite of the London season—lives again in fancy her courtship and marriage to an earl of the realm, a member of England's boasted peerage—sees again in dreams her friendship with England's sovereign and all the light and gaiety of her years in Paris—and wakens to the four plain walls of her humble little home and the prosaic plainness of today.

It is May Yohe—the May Yohe of old, once Lady Francis Hope, then Mrs. Bradley Putman Strong, now just plain Mrs. Fallows—Mrs. Fallows of Northrup street.

**Seeks to Have Kiosk United.**  
Mrs. Fallows, as she calls herself, or more correctly, Mrs. Strong, wife of Captain Bradley Putman Strong, a son of a former mayor of New York city, whose career has been filled with romance and adventure from one end of the world to the other, is living in Portland as quietly and as unobtrusively as it is possible for one to live, to get away from the scenes of former days and nights, to establish her residence and with the hope of eventually, so it is understood, having the knots of matrimony, which have bound her so long, untied.

It is a long, long story, that of the life of May Yohe, who was at one time famed for her beauty and who was known abroad and in America as well as any of them. Her name upon the show bills was enough to fill the theatres, whether they be in Paris, in Rome or in Kansas City, Mo.

And she was fascinating—fascinating not only to the great audiences who crowded the theatres to see her, but to the nobility of Europe and among members of whom, when at the height of her glory, she was as much at home as though she had lived there all her young life.

## FOOT'S WORDS MOVE HIM TO TEARS

### State and Defense Argue Their Strong Points—Case May Go to Jury Late Today or Tomorrow Morning.

For the first time since his trial began, eight days ago, Edward H. Martin this morning shed tears. His brave and oft-times smiling demeanor melted away as Attorney Seneca Fouts pleaded for the life of his client, and the accused man bowed his head and wiped his eyes as the lawyer declared that he had told a manly lie to the detectives to keep from his wife the knowledge that his scratches were received in a place where he was ashamed to tell her he had been.

But it was only for a minute that Martin lost his composure. Meantime his wife, with downcast eyes, avoided the stare of those whose eyes had been momentarily directed to her as the attorney referred to Martin's story of his disgraced exploit in the north end. A few moments later Martin was chatting as though nothing had disturbed him and resumed the attentive, unemotional attitude he has from the first preserved.

The eighth day of the trial finds the case unfinished but with a probability that his fate will be placed in the hands of the jury by continuing the session of the court until late this evening. This is the day of argument, of minute sifting of what has gone before, and the elucidation of the opposing theories of the state and the defense as to how Nathan Wolff was killed and who committed the deed.

Attorney Fouts occupied all the morning with his address to the jury. This afternoon John A. Jeffrey began the closing argument for the defense, expecting to consume nearly two hours. After that will come the summing up of the circumstantial case that the state has woven by Deputy District Attorney Fitzgerald.

**Dreams of Hopedead.**  
Any feeling of delicacy that Martin may have as to his morphine-wrecked life was not spared by his own attorney this morning. Fouts referred to some of Martin's talk as "the dreams of a hoppedead," and he talked of the shame that led Martin to lie to the police as to where he received the wounds that the state asserts were inflicted by Nathan Wolff in a death struggle before Martin fled.

An attack on Mrs. Wolff, widow of the murdered man, was a feature of the speech of Fouts. He asserted that the appearance of the pathetic figure in black who gave such damaging evidence.

(Continued on Page Seventeen.)

## TAUNTS DRIVE HER TO TRY SUICIDE

### Mrs. Gebus, Worried by Gossip That She Could Not Have Cared Greatly for Dead Husband, Attempts to Take Life.

Driven desperate by the taunts of neighbors charging that she did not show sufficient sorrow for the death of her husband, and despondent because of lack of employment, Mrs. Mamie Gebus of Neillville, Wis., shot herself at the home of her sister, Mrs. Hugh Redmond, Monday noon.

(Continued on Page Five.)

## HERE'S WHERE WE SHINE

## HORSE SHOW

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Now for the Horse Show.

## WHIPPLE LEAPS OFF FAST TRAIN

### Escapes From Sheriff by the Feat of an Adept—The Charge Is Forgery.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)  
Vancouver, Wash., Oct. 15.—C. C. Whipple, alias Calley, alias Dr. S. G. Jarrick, who was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Waiters on a charge of forgery, jumped from the North Bank train yesterday while it was going at a speed of 40 miles an hour and made good his escape. Sheriff Eubanks of Pasco, Wash., from whom he escaped, is in hot pursuit, but Whipple is still at large.

## SCHOOLBOYS BIND AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA TOGETHER

(United Press Leased Wire.)  
Melbourne, Oct. 15.—Thousands of letters to schoolboys in the United States and England were mailed today by the lads of Australia, as a part of the comprehensive plan of fostering and intensifying race pride with a view to strengthening the friendship between the countries and drawing the younger generation close together.

## GLASSY HORSES SHOW IN RING

### Second Exhibition Open and Society Will Attend Tonight—Judges Here.

Portland's second annual horse show opened auspiciously this afternoon in the big Oriental building at the fair grounds, with an array of classy animals and costly equipment, which compares favorably with the best shows of the east. The horse set was out in full force for the opening, but society in general will tax the spacious building tonight.

## WASHINGTON KILLER GETS SECOND DEGREE

Seattle, Oct. 15.—The jury in the case of Mills Alogich, charged jointly with Nick Petrich and John Bosavich with the murder of Marshal Harry Miller of Kent, brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. The case will be appealed. Petrich was convicted of murder in the first degree.

## JAPAN RAISES A NEW ROW

### Insists on Right to Chase Alleged Bandits in China on Border, and Orders Troops to Ignore Boundary, Despite China's Protest.

(United Press Leased Wire.)  
Tokio, Oct. 15.—A new and serious complication in the relations between Japan and China was revealed here today when it was announced that the Chinese government would be called upon for an explanation of its refusal to allow Japanese detachments to pursue Chinese marauders across the Manchurian line into China.

## FOR WOMEN READERS

Next Sunday's Transfer Supplement will consist of a beautiful shirtwaist pattern—one that any lady will be proud to possess. Don't forget to secure The Sunday Journal of October 18. It's five cents.

## The Sunday Journal