

SUBURBAN PHONE RATES UPHELD BY COMPANY EXPERT

Salem, Or., Aug. 22.—The large majority of the telephone subscribers in Oswego, Oak Grove and Milwaukie pay less for telephone service under the present rate schedule, including their toll charges, than they would pay should these districts be included in the Portland rate area and subjected to the Portland rate schedule.

This brief summarized the showing made in an exhibit introduced in the telephone rate rehearing this morning by E. E. Boyles of Portland, assistant rate engineer for the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company.

MAKES ADMISSION.

Only 30 per cent of the telephone users in these three communities, Boyles exhibit shows, use the toll lines to such an extent as to bring their monthly bill, including the regular exchange charge, up to a point greater than the minimum rate in effect in the Portland rate area.

Ten per cent of the subscribers in these communities do not use the service to any extent at all and are therefore not subject to any toll charges.

Boyles admitted on cross-examination that the toll charges might act as a certain restriction on calls to Portland, but insisted that the service between these points and Portland was much better now than it had been.

USED IN COMPETITION.

The heavy development of the two-party service in Portland is due to the fact that the Pacific company used this service in competing with the Home company when it first entered the Portland field, according to Boyles, who insisted that this development had made for a better class of service in Portland than would have been the case with a larger development of the four-party service.

The rehearing this morning swung into its sixth week with prospects indicating a full week's work ahead. Presentation of testimony by the telephone company is expected to occupy all of Monday and Tuesday, after which Attorney Tomlinson, representing the city of Portland, and E. M. Cousin, representing the Oregon Telephone Federation, will probably call several rebuttal witnesses.

BRUMFIELD'S WIFE RETAINS HER FAITH

(Continued From Page One)

happiness which has been so rudely broken.

HE COULD EXPLAIN.

She does not challenge the array of incriminating facts by declaring herself convinced that Brumfield knows nothing of Russell's murder. She believes the dentist could explain it all satisfactorily if he could regain his memory.

Less readily she brushed away the woman in the case. She knows there was a woman somewhere, an unidentified woman who purchased a pink silk skirt in Burchard's store on the day of the murder. She knows, too, the way in an hour after it was purchased, her husband placed that skirt in a box with some silk lingerie and shipped it to Seattle. But that, too, she decides, after a moment's hesitation, her husband could explain.

WOULD KNOW OTHER WOMAN.

"I don't believe," was her statement, "that I could fail to know it if there was another woman."

Mrs. Brumfield told her story on the porch of the friend's home where she is waiting until the enigma of her husband's weaving shall have been unraveled by the law. The friend, incidentally, is Mrs. George Burchard of the Burchard store where the pink silk skirt was sold and the box packed. It is characteristic of the local intricacies surrounding the case that the wife of the defendant should be stopping with one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution.

OVERLOOKS SCENE OF CRIME.

The bungalow is on a hill which overlooks the city of Roseburg as Portland Heights overlooks the west side. From it one can see the Perkins building, where Brumfield had his office; one can see the Melrose road, where the bullet-torn body of Russell was found beneath the wreck of the dentist's roadster; one can see the First Presbyterian church, the News-Review office, and the Ump-

qua hotel; one can also see the Douglas county courthouse, with the little gray brick building which serves as the county jail lying in its shadow.

Ever and anon, one's eyes stray to the gray brick building. That is why one is talking to convince the world that it is utterly impossible that the black-haired, somber-eyed man inside that building should be morally guilty of the peculiarly atrocious murder which is charged against him. So one talks on, sending the three children on invented errands that they may not hear, fighting back the tears which will rise, and striving desperately to convey one's faith to the listening representative of that questioning world which must—must by all means—be convinced.

JUST BACK FROM JAIL.

Not so long before Mrs. Brumfield had paid her daily visit to the gray walled building, varying the somber-eyed man a change of linen, book and some other comforts, which are permitted him in fewer numbers now since the public has protested against the exorbitant charges which he was receiving, she placed the basket containing some of those banned luxuries, beside her as she sat down.

Mrs. Brumfield is a tall woman of middle age. Although hardly slight in build, she conveys the impression of being neither stately nor fat—a rare thing in her type. There is something in her face, a certain smile, which is as the sort of woman who achieves wifehood and motherhood without ever completely losing her youth. Her complexion and features are blue. Wearing a big, soft brimmed straw hat and a sumptuous, figured dress of light material, evidently she had gone to some care to select a costume which would bring pleasure to the object of her recent visit.

The first inquiry was as to Dr. Brumfield's health.

SAYS HE WORRIES TOO MUCH.

"Pretty well," was the answer. "He is himself, though, by any means. I'll be glad when Dr. Sether, the Brumfield family physician, gets back. The doctor—like most wives of physicians and dentists, she refers to Brumfield by his professional title—is very thin. He should weigh about 180 pounds, and he is down to 160. He worries so much."

"Have you talked to him about the case?" "Oh, yes, but there isn't much to talk about. He simply does not remember anything that happened to him until he was on his way back here."

"How do you account for all the facts which seem to connect him with Russell's death?"

"Why," was the answer, as though one had asked her how she accounted for breathing, "I don't try to account for things. I just try to remember them for things that a man can't remember. If the doctor could remember what happened he would tell all about it. But his mind is a blank, a complete blank, from the Sunday before all this happened until he started home."

ANSWER LIKE HIS OWN.

The remark was almost a literal repetition of the answer which the dentist himself made the other day to the same question.

"Do you think he is mentally normal now?"

Mrs. Brumfield shook her head sadly. "Not altogether. There are some things he can't remember—things that happened months ago. He isn't well, he isn't himself, if you know what I mean."

She paused for words.

"You see, people don't seem to understand that the doctor is not well—that he is still a sick man. He can't eat anything. He is under weight and he doesn't sleep well. Just think of what he has gone through."

"Mrs. Brumfield, you know the facts in this case. Is it your opinion that Dr. Brumfield knows nothing whatever about the death of Dennis Russell?"

"I don't know," said the wife slowly. Then "But there isn't any way of drawing conclusions about it. If he could remember, it would be different. Only, I'm sure of this, the doctor could explain the whole thing—however it happened. And it wouldn't be along the lines that everyone has been imagining. It wouldn't be in the least like that, I'm certain."

She had not said she believed Brumfield entirely out of it. In view of the many connecting facts she hardly could. Another phase of the case—the most bewildering one from the standpoint of the authorities—was taken up.

"Is there any way," Mrs. Brumfield, in which you can account for your husband's shipping a box of women's clothing to Seattle just before he left?"

LIKE OTHER ACTIONS.

"None," except the way in which I account for everything else he did," came the reply. "It seems to me that she shows better than anything else that he wasn't in his right mind. No one but an insane man would ever have thought of doing such a foolish thing."

"Have you any idea," she asked, "of the woman who bought the pink skirt which was found in the box?"

"No," said Mrs. Brumfield. "I haven't. Mrs. Burchard had never seen her before and no one has been able to find anyone who answers her description."

"And then again, it might not have been the same skirt. There are lots of pink skirts just like it," she added reflectively.

"You know of no other woman in Dr. Brumfield's life?"

"No, indeed. I'm sure I would have known, too, if there had been any. No, there never was anything like that."

"Do you know of any reason why Dr. Brumfield should have lost his mind at this particular time? Was there anything worrying him?"

WORKED TOO HARD.

"No," came the slow answer, "there was nothing in particular. He had been working much harder than was good for him, and I had told him so. That's the only way I can account for it. He would get up in the morning at 3:30 and run the tractor in the orchard. Then he would go down to the office and work hard all day. After that he'd come home and start it all over again. It was too much for one man. It's no wonder he went to pieces under the strain."

"Did he ever show signs of insanity before?"

"I'd rather not say anything on that point," said the wife. "I'd really rather not."

PREFERS NOT TO ANSWER.

It was the first time she had declined to answer a question. The point was important because Brumfield has stated he once before suffered a similar lapse of memory. Further inquiries along the lines of his mental condition, but firm, opposition.

The conversation turned upon Dr. Brumfield's life before the present trouble appeared. Mrs. Brumfield told of how they had come to Roseburg 12 years ago, and of how her husband had built up a good practice and a large circle of friends. His musical inclinations were mentioned.

EYES HINT OF TEARS.

"Yes," said his wife. "We used to sing together a great deal."

Her glance wandered over the roofs to the gray brick building beside the courthouse. A hint of moisture appeared in her eyes, but she restrained a hint.

"He loves music."

It was suggested that, perhaps, Roseburg had not permitted Brumfield full scope for his talents, and that many repressions had culminated in his breakdown. This is one of the theories which have been advanced for the dentist's elaborate efforts to convey the impression that he was dead.

"Oh no," not at all," said Mrs. Brumfield, with a quiet smile. "We never let ourselves go entirely to sleep. Whenever life seemed to be growing a little humdrum we would run up to Portland for a week or two. We took a five weeks' automobile trip only last summer. No, I'm sure that didn't have anything to do with it."

There was a call from inside the house and she arose.

EVERYBODY SEEKS MOTIVE.

"That is the trouble," she said. "Everyone is looking for a motive. It is so simple, too, if you don't look for any motive—if you just take the doctor's word for it that he doesn't remember. Of course, everyone who knew him is doing that. But there are many who didn't know him—who might think he would be capable of all the terrible things they say about him."

Her eyes swept northward again, and this time they seemed to linger for a moment on the courthouse where her husband will be tried within a few weeks.

"But I'm sure it will all come out all right. It couldn't come out any other way."

GAZE STILL FASCINATED.

She was still looking over the rooftops at the little gray brick building as The Journal man left. The idea occurred that she probably spends a good deal of her time that way. The calm of the pose and the memory of the quiet, confident voice which had just asserted such sublime faith in the ultimate rightness of things—even the murder juries—evoked another idea. It was that, so far as the intricate mystery of life is concerned, Mrs. Brumfield need look for no motive. She found hers long ago in the opaque, unresolvable eyes of the music-loving dentist who "will explain everything" as soon as he has the chance.

BRUMFIELD JURY PANEL IS DRAWN ON COURT'S ORDER.

Roseburg, Aug. 22.—Thirty-one names, from among which an effort will be made a week from today to draw a jury to try Dr. Richard M. Brumfield on a charge of murdering Dennis Russell, were drawn this morning by Sheriff Sam Starnier under court order. No women's names were on the list.

The grand jury has been called to meet Saturday to indict Dr. Brumfield and the trial will begin the following Monday morning.

Placing of Dr. Brumfield in a cell on the lower floor of the jail Sunday halted well matured plans of prominent Roseburg citizens to call upon Sheriff Starnier and District Attorney George Neuner Jr. last night to demand that the special privileges which the officials were showing Dr. Brumfield be withdrawn.

The change was made just after Mrs. Brumfield had paid the "Doc" her usual daily visit.

"Doc," said Sam, "I'll have to move you downstairs."

PRIVILEGES CUT.

Doc looked regretfully at the roomy apartment he had occupied since he was brought back last week from Canada to stand trial for the murder of Dennis Russell.

"Well, Sam," he said, "I guess you're running this hotel; go to it."

The friendly "Doc" and "Sam" and "George" attitude of the prisoner, the sheriff and District Attorney George Neuner was still in evidence yesterday, but it is beginning to crack under the strain of public opinion.

Mrs. Brumfield's visiting period, which was formerly unlimited, is now cut to 30 minutes. In addition, the sessions are no longer private, but are superintended by a deputy.

MERELY FREE RENT.

Local people have been expecting to read of Brumfield's escape all the time he was held in the "state suite." In this connection they recalled the case of two Roseburg youths who were lodged in an adjoining room two years ago. Both were charged with bootlegging. They got tired of staying in jail, filed through the half-inch bars on the windows, made a rope out of a blanket, and dropped to the ground.

However, they did not run away. Their quarters were too comfortable. Instead, they proceeded to resume their bootlegging activities. Every night they would carefully escape and early every morning they would climb back into jail. By the time they were discovered, they had made enough money bootlegging to pay their fine. Incidentally, the filed bars have not yet been replaced with new ones.

Brumfield was not feeling so well yesterday as he has been. He attributed it to his change of quarters but to some extent he had been Saturday. He was obviously unnerved following a three-hour conference with his attorneys Saturday afternoon.

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"Withdrawal—An applicant who withdraws from the examination after filling out the required identification sheet is considered as having failed."

"Passing Grade—An applicant whose general average is less than 75 per cent is considered as having failed."

"Physical Defects—The board reserves the right to waive such physical defects as would not interfere with the duties for which examinations are held, but applicants below the required physical standard are considered as having failed."

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"Patrolmen—An applicant for patrolman who does not attain 40 per cent in the use of firearms at the time of examination, is considered as having failed, provided that if within six months thereafter he attain 60 per cent in firearms his failure in this subject is waived."

The former percentage for use of firearms for patrolmen was 60 per cent at examination or 90 per cent within six months.

Under residence provisions the rule is changed so as to permit entrance for examination by persons who have resided in Portland for at least six months instead of the time required to become legal voters.

NEW CLAUSE ADDED.

One important change is the dropping of the rule that provided that if an eligible is three times certified at the head of a list and three times fails of appointment his name shall be removed automatically from the list, and if any eligible is four times certified and four times fails of appointment his name also shall be dropped. This, it is said, removes an opportunity to "play politics" in making appointments.

Under the clauses regarding physical examinations, men returning from leaves of absence are required to report to the

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LAWRENCE M'INTYRE DISAPPEARS.

Lawrence McIntyre, aged 75 years, disappeared from his home at 514 Everett street Saturday noon and efforts of his family and the police to find him have been unsuccessful. McIntyre was described as five feet nine inches in height and weighing 180 pounds. He was feeble minded and had attempted to leave home on several previous occasions. Mrs. A. McIntyre, a daughter of the lost man, requests that information as to his whereabouts be phoned to Broadway 3207.

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