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FIGHT WITH ESCAPED CONVICTS

Man Hunt Ends in Polk Co. Near Monmouth

TWO CONVICTS DEAD AND TWO WOUNDED

Polk County Men Prominent In the Exciting Chase and Fight

Stirring events have taken place in this section of the state within the last week. On Friday five convicts who were kept employed at the home for the feeble minded, near Salem, at a signal from their leader, as they were being conducted from the rock crusher to the bunk house, seized their two guards, disarmed them, took their arms, a Luger automatic and their supply of ammunition, and about \$29 cash from one of them and with aid of a horse and buggy that was near by made a break for liberty.

There were ten other trusties in the gang who took no part in the plot nor tried to get away. Those who escaped were George Carter, George Duncan, Albert Ferris, Albert Murray, Mike Nicholich. All were serving light terms for minor offenses. They drove about a mile and a half at a furious rate when they abandoned the rig and took to the brush.

News of the break was telephoned to the superintendent of the penitentiary and posses of men were sent out immediately and the hunt was on.

The escapes were located at Buena Vista on Saturday and the scene of action shifted there. Deputy Sheriff Walter Johnson and Ross from Salem were first to collide with the escapes which took place at Buena Vista Saturday evening. As soon as the convicts were hailed they opened fire on Johnson who was in front of Ross. About twenty shots were fired with the result that Deputy Johnson was wounded severely in one leg between the knee and ankle; subsequent events proved that one of the convicts was also badly wounded before they got away. The rest of the posse were at supper when the battle took place.

The second battle took place Sunday morning the convicts being discovered on Prather Island, by Sheriff Grant of Polk county, Constable Ira Hamilton and Deputy Emery James of Salem, and Marshal James Feagles of Independence. The bunch was found in the thick brush and opened fire upon their pursuers as soon as found.

The first shot struck Deputy James in the leg, inflicting a slight flesh wound. At that James opened fire with his Winchester, and from that time on the firing did not cease until the convict's guns were silenced.

One of James' shots struck Albert Ferris, a halfbreed Indian, in the right shoulder and another passed through his left arm and lodged in the left breast in the region of the heart.

Sheriff Grant's men were drawn up in a single line, with Sheriff

at one end, Marshall Feagles at the other, and Deputy James and Constable Hamilton in the center. Carter, the leader of the convict gang, was almost directly in front of Sheriff Grant. This desperate criminal assuming a crouching attitude leveled his Luger automatic revolver on the Sheriff, and drew a careful bead on him. He never shot, Sheriff Grant shot first. The ball from the Sheriff's Winchester passed through Carter's gun hand, tore the handle off the revolver and plunged through his brain, killing him instantly. Murray and Nicholich dashed into the brush and disappeared. The officers then took charge of the wounded Ferris and his companion Duncan, who had been shot in the breast in the fight at Buena Vista, and had been carried by his companions on a hastily improvised stretcher in their wanderings.

Sheriff Minto with his force was a short distance away and made for the battle. The sheriff nearly lost his life as he appeared where the escaping men fled and Sheriff Grant, who was after the fleeing convicts mistook the sheriff for one of them and fired. Sheriff Minto had just time to shield himself behind a small tree, the ball striking it in the center. However no harm resulted.

The other two were captured Monday afternoon near here, they having been hidden in a strawstack a short distance south of town, which a farmer set on fire to burn. The fire had just well started when his little son who was helping discovered the men hidden in the stack. The pair sprang from their hiding place and took flight across the field. Hastening to the house, the farmer called up Independence and informed the officers of the discovery.

Marshal Feagles, Floyd Williams and a young man named Fitchard sprang into Fitchard's automobile and made a quick run to the farmer's home. Arriving at the forks of the road near the farm, the officers came upon the fleeing convicts. The officers opened fire and one of the convicts, Murray, being unarmed, quickly surrendered and upon being taken in charge was found to be uninjured. Marshal Feagles took Murray into Independence and telephoned to the officers at the penitentiary to come at once.

Meanwhile Williams and Fitchard were giving chase to the fleeing Nicholich. Arriving within shooting distance, Williams opened fire and succeeded in putting a bullet into the convict's hip. Instead of disabling the man, as he intended to do, Williams was surprised to see him run faster than ever; so fast, in fact, that Williams, who is one of the best sprinters in the state, was unable to keep up with him. A second shot from Fitchard's rifle struck Nicholich in the wrist, whereupon the fellow surrendered.

Placing the wounded convict in the automobile, Williams and Fitchard took him into Independence, where Doctor Hewitt

dressed the wounds. Soon afterward Warder Curtis arrived from Salem and took the two prisoners back to the Penitentiary, and the three day's chase, which had been full of thrilling surprises, excitement and bloodshed, was over.

Persian Cities.

Teheran, Persia's capital, is one of the least interesting cities of that ancient land. The houses are mean, the streets narrow and dirty, and even the palace of the shah is far from being a thing of beauty. It has no history worth mentioning and is only redeemed by the birth of Haroun-al-Raschid in a neighboring village. Its importance comes from the presence of the court, but it undergoes a sad decadence in summer, when the unhealthy climate drives the greater part of the population to more sanitary places.

Isfahan, the former capital of Persia, is far different. That city was once girdled by a wall of twenty-four miles, and Shah Abbas in the sixteenth century loaded it with magnificence. It contains splendid mosques and ancient palaces which appeal to the imagination. But Isfahan, too, has fallen upon evil days.

"Houses, bazaars, mosques, palaces, whole streets," writes a traveler of a few years ago, "are to be seen in total abandonment, and one may ride for miles without meeting with a single living creature except perhaps a solitary jackal looking over a wall or a fox running to his hole."

The Smithy Settled It.

One of the candidates at an English election was announced to address a meeting in a Yorkshire village well known to horse dealers and breeders as the center of a district noted for its hackneys and roadsters. The candidate was an eloquent speaker, but for some reason or other he failed to make any great impression on the horse loving farmers. However, the local blacksmith came to the rescue by summing up the respective merits of the rival candidates in the following laconic little speech:

"Friends, this feller"—the candidate—"rides a 'oss. 'E fother feller rides a mortycar. You breeds 'osses, an' I shoes 'em, so wot is therer to argy about?"

In such a district and before such an audience the brief, businesslike speech of the blacksmith was not without effect, for it touched the pockets as well as the hearts of those present.—London Mail.

Poison in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages so little was known of toxicology that all sudden and mysterious deaths were attributed to poison, but in the light of modern knowledge many of these, says the British Medical Journal, are now easily explained by such diseases as appendicitis and gastric ulcer. Even the Borgias can be absolved from many of the poisonings laid to their charge. Nevertheless from early times in Italy poison was a favorite means of "removing" an enemy. In England, France and Germany cruder methods of vengeance prevailed, and it was not until the sixteenth century that the Medici introduced poisoning into France. The fashion spread with terrible rapidity, and poison was employed in every rank of society to get rid of inconvenient persons. The art introduced into France by Catherine de' Medici and her followers took root so deeply as to blossom later into the black magic of Louis XIV's reign.

Monuments to Wellington.

Has any British national here more monuments to his fame in London than Wellington? There is the Achilles statue by Westmacott in Hyde park, cast from cannons taken at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, at a cost of £10,000, defrayed by "the women of England." The equestrian statue by Boehm at Hyde park corner is the second equestrian statue erected in that locality. The former one, by Wyatt, costing some £30,000, was removed to Aldershot when the arch which it crowned was moved. Then there is the colossal equestrian statue by Chantrey at the west front of the Royal Exchange, the monument by Bell in the Guildhall, the monument by Stevens in St. Paul's, which was over twenty years in hand, and a stone statue by Milnes, erected in the Tower of London near the Waterloo barracks.—London Chronicle.

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A Night Hawk Baby.

"Don't you ever put the baby to bed?" an astonished visitor at last exclaimed after the better part of the evening had worn away and the child of six months was still sitting up, gazing cheerfully. The young mother laughed. "Oh, yes," she explained with serene wisdom. "We put baby to bed at 12 p. m., and he sleeps until 12 m. Then he has his bath and goes out in the gocart and sleeps most of the afternoon. Haven't you known many mothers who simply sacrifice all their time to the babies while they are little? I made up my mind before baby came that he would have to conform to our ways, not we conform to his. He has just as much sleep as babies who go to bed at 6 and sleep until 6, and he doesn't interfere with our evenings. We can take him with us when we go out or we can go feeling that he will be perfectly happy while we are away, because he won't cry for mother until midnight. We're regular night hawks, and so is baby."

The visitor was speechless.

"Don't you think it's a good system?" the mother continued. "We think it is splendid."

"I think," the visitor answered in noncommittal tone, "that it would take a New York mother to invent the system."—New York Press.

No Wonder She Swooned.

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton's mother instinct divined last evening that her son, Chauncey Devere Appleton, was in trouble, so she took him to her room and said, "My son, tell your mother what troubles you."

It turned out that the young man was having a hard time. The girl he has been "going with" had refused him. Mrs. Appleton was indignant. She thinks it would be an honor for any girl in the west to marry an Appleton. "Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn.

"Well," the boy replied between his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Dayse Mayne because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at 3 o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.—Arlington Globe.

Applied Christianity.

Mother had baked several varieties of cakes, among them being some small, decorated ones for the children. All had received their share and were busy disposing of them upon the back veranda—that is, all except Isabel, who for some misdeed had been refused a share of the feast. Now, Isabel was four years old and had been attending a Sunday school for several weeks past, and in the school she learned a number of texts. She stood by the window watching the others make merry until her longing was too much for childish patience. So she walked over to the table, reached out her hand and solemnly repeated, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Then a little fist closed firmly upon the largest, finest cake.—Woman's Home Companion.

Funeral Stories.

The great French artist Ingres when in Rome had a violent cold, and Mottez asked him how he managed to catch it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of M. X. "What—X, the art critic?" said Mottez. "I thought you hated him."

"That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres.

Several years ago, at the funeral of a well known fire insurance official in Liverpool, much detested by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended.

On one of them being asked for an explanation he said: "We wouldn't have missed it on any account. We want to be sure that he is buried."

The great artist, like the obscure clerk, has his littlenesses.

All For the Men.

A parson was sent for by a dying parishioner, who had always sternly refused to have anything to do with him before. He hurried to her bedside, found her in a most contrite mood and made the best of his opportunities in a long extempore prayer, ending with a sonorous "Amen!"

The last word made her sit up with sudden energy. "Aye," she exclaimed, "that's it! It's a' for men and nowt for us poor women in this world!"

INDEPENDENCE NEWS BUDGET

From Our Regular Correspondent.

DAILY HAPPENINGS IN OUR SISTER CITY.

Scan This Column For News of Importance From the Riverside.

Mrs. O. A. Kramer gave Salem a business call this week.

Mrs. Quarsdorf and daughter Carrie spent a day shopping in Salem last week.

Mrs. Shenefield went to Corvallis Monday to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. P. M. Kirkland and son Frank visited with friends in Salem Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wilcox left last week for a month's vacation. They expect to visit Seattle, Wash., Los Angeles and other California points before returning. This is the first vacation Mr. W. has had in five years.

Claud Hubbard and wife are up from Portland for a visit.

Mr. Moseman is improving and is able to deliver milk again.

Joe Hubbard, Will Patten and George Hooper attended the sale near Wells last Wednesday.

Walter Maxwell and W. A. Ray of Arlie were in town Tuesday with E. P. Weir who was moving to Marion County.

Mrs. Burse Estis of Talmage spent a few days of last week visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Coquette of Falls City.

Miss Ruth Wood was compelled to close her school at Sunny Slope for a few days on account of being poisoned with poison oak.

Lige Casteel of Springfield, Oregon, accompanied by his two youngest children passed through here Wednesday on his way to visit his sister who lives at Arlie.

Mr. Sanford of Forest Grove but formally of Independence who has been spending the summer in the East looking for a location, returned to Oregon a few weeks ago and has purchased a furniture store at Forest Grove as he likes it much better here and his health is better.

News from the oil well informs us that the machinery for sinking the hole is all there, and is being rapidly placed in proper shape, and that actual operation will commence about the first of next week. Scientific men who have made a study of nature, its resources and causes have rendered judgment that this locality is rich in promise of oil deposits.

In our Independence items, last week was one in which mention was made of some parties running an automobile into Mr. Moseman's milk wagon, near Talmage, in which our correspondent associated the name of Mr. Frank Kirkland with those of L. W. Stapleton and Billy Woods. Mr. Kirkland wrote us asking a correction as he was not one of the party at the time and never was in an automobile with them at any time. We are sorry for the mistake but cheerfully make the correction.