

# EXTRA! The Seattle Star

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## SECOND EXTRA EDITION! EXTRA!

### "THE ONLY THING THAT I FEAR IS THAT M'DONALD WILL LIVE" ---George N. Beede

# WILL DIE!

## VICTIM OF BEEDE'S AIM CANNOT LIVE

### Hospital Authorities Say, Though McDonald Has a Slim Fighting Chance, They Do Not Believe He Can Escape Grim Reaper

### THE STORY OF A WRECKED HOME

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 \* Victim ..... Ray E. McDonald. \*  
 \* Assailant ..... George N. Beede. \*  
 \* The Cause ..... Mrs. Irma Beede. \*  
 \* Time ..... 11 o'clock Friday Night. \*  
 \* Place ..... Third Avenue, in front of New Western Hotel. \*  
 \* Result ..... Probable Murder. \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

"The only thing I fear is that McDonald will live!"

Thus spoke George N. Beede to a crowd of friends at police headquarters Saturday morning.

Cool, self collected, unemotional, the young husband whose steady trigger-finger will probably send Ray McDonald through the doors of death, stood in the center of his circle of friends and went over the story of the Friday night tragedy.

Scores of the popular young man's friends called to see him during the night and the day following the shooting.

Each one warmly shook the hand of the blue eyed, blond haired little chap who took the law into his own hands when he emptied two chambers of his gun into the body of Ray McDonald.

And—

While Beede held court at police headquarters, his victim was lying on a bed of pain at the Providence hospital, while doctors fought off, temporarily at least, the greedy hand of death, which beckoned the soul of the young cigar man on towards the never-never land.

"It is a very serious case," stated the hospital authorities just as this extra was going to press.

"M'DONALD WAS SHOT THROUGH THE LUNGS AND THE LIVER, and not as was first stated. Although he has a fighting chance for life, we do not believe he will recover."

With his heart sore and his brain fired over the wrecking of his home and the ruin of his beautiful young wife by Ray E. McDonald, proprietor of a cigar stand in the Lumber Exchange building, George N. Beede, bartender at the Seattle hotel, shot and probably fatally wounded the former whom he espied promiscuously with Mrs. Beede on Third Avenue, between Columbia and Marion.

The attempted murder occurred at 10 o'clock and was the dramatic culmination of Beede's vow to avenge the desecrated honor of his young wife and forever put out of the way the man he alleges spoiled her life and his.

Although Beede, who is but 27 years of age, thirsted for the lifeblood of McDonald, who is 30, the shooting was not the result of a jealous rage which blinded the eyes of the bartender to the future in which prison bars loomed up ominously, nor did drink, as is generally the case in such affairs, help to inflame his mind to the point of doing murder. Every step of the drama had been carefully planned by the outraged husband, who, even at the critical moment, when, with finger on the trigger of his 38-caliber Smith & Wesson, he stood on the sidewalk 40 feet behind the couple, did not even so much as feel the tremble of a muscle.

The surgeons discovered that one bullet had passed entirely through the body, while they excitedly and abstracted the other leaden messenger of death.

Small hopes are held for the wounded man's recovery.

Beede and his young wife were taken to police headquarters and booked without charge, pending further investigation, and the outcome of the victim's fight against death.

In an exclusive interview with the Star late Friday night, the bartender stated that his wife had told him of how she had been ruined by McDonald, who, after accomplishing his designs, forced her to meet him again by threatening to expose her to the world. Finally, in her desperation, she confessed all and threw herself on her husband's mercy.

When asked if Beede gave him any warning that he would shoot him, McDonald answered "No." He claimed that he was shot from behind, but refused to say anything further.

Before being placed on the operating table McDonald was questioned by Capt. Ward of police headquarters.

When asked if Beede gave him any warning that he would shoot him, McDonald answered "No." He claimed that he was shot from behind, but refused to say anything further.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* Ray McDonald is a son of \*  
 \* Deputy County Clerk McDon- \*  
 \* aid, a brother of Homer C. \*  
 \* McDonald, paying telling at \*  
 \* the Seattle National bank, and \*  
 \* Delos McDonald, collection \*  
 \* teler in the same institution. \*  
 \* members of one of the oldest \*  
 \* and best known families in \*  
 \* Seattle. He lived in the Seneca \*  
 \* hotel. \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

To a Star reporter fell the task of breaking the news of the probable murder of her favorite brother, Ray, to his sister, Mrs. Dr. D. J. Burkhart, 1620 Prospect. When she was told that her brother was shot in the back by a man whose wife he had been paying marked attention to of late, Mrs. Burkhart almost fainted. She was so overcome with grief that she could do nothing but sob and cry.

Ray E. McDonald was born in Virginia City, Nev., about 1865, making him 37 years of age.

## OVERNIGHT ENTRIES

ENTRIES AT LATONA.

First race, three-fourths of a mile—The Pet 97, Tennybairn 101, Fiasco 102, Winnifred Lad 102, Immortelle 102, Marco 102, Mezzo 102, Rankin 105, Steel Trap 106, Tom Kiley 107, Phora 107, Lida Vivian 102, Censor 110, Red Raven 113.

Second race, one mile, selling—Sincerity Belle 192, Full Sway 95, The Trifler 95, Clydeo 97, Jungle Imp 97, Miss Riffle 101, Allinda 101, Van Hope 101, Consuello 111, Revellie 104, Little Giant 106, Careless 109.

Third race, three-fourths mile, purse—Windshield 95, Mano-euvre 95, Young Sater 95, Tom Combs 95, Wizard King 95, Stanton 95, The Mate 95, Anna Smith 97, Stoner Hill 100, Capt. Bush 100, Minnie Adams 107, Port Worth 110, Quinn Brady 110, Tichimingo 110.

Fourth race, one and one-eighth miles, autumn handicap—Tartar 90, McClellan 92, Branceas 122, Six Shooter 100, Martha Gorman 96, Coruscate 106.

Fifth race, seven-eighth mile, handicap—Belden 88, Federal 90, Mayor Johnson 95, Luralighter 96, Maj. T. J. Carson 97, Fox Meade 98, Cigar Lighter 103, Go'd Enamel 104, Coruscate 104, Gay Boy 107, Delagoas 108, Estrada Palma 109, Stanton 116.

Sixth race, two miles, selling—Sis Lee 89, Layson 93, Harry Stephens 98, Curran 98, Mal Hanlon 104, Sea Shark 104.

Seventh race, three-fourths mile, selling—Rother Royal 101, Ethel Davis 102, Euba 102, Knowledge 102, Monochord 102, Nine 106, Felix Mozzes 107, Flying Charnel 107, St. Noel 107, Sanetomo 107, Thespian 108, Delagoas 111, Sid Silver 112, Jack Ratlin 114.

Weather clear, track drying.

ENTRIES AT NEW YORK.

First race, three-sixteenths mile, purse—The Cure 108, Keator 108, Collector Jessup 108, St. Valentine 108, Consideration 105, Mad Mullah 105, Invincible 102, Lochinvar 103, Emergency 100, Colossal 100, Martinmas 100, Rabert 100.

Second race, one mile, handicap—Ivan the Terrible 125, Tongorder 124, Maxnar 122, Rose of Dawn 118, Col. Ruppert 110, Kitty Platt 107, Florilla 105, Amber Jack 97.

Third race, three-fourths mile, the Crocodere—Jacobite 124, James Reddick 122, Watergrass 109, Kinleydale 107, Waterwing 107, Old Guard 107, Mtdias 107, Yalagal 104, Nostromo 102.

Fourth race, seven-eighths mile, Marvin—handicap—Bedouin 112, Jouan 110, Coy Maid 111, Martin Doyle 105, Gold Rose 102, Race King 100, Elton Forge 95, Louis H 97.

Fifth race, one and one-sixteenth miles, purse—Buckley A 108, Carolan 104, Atwood 100, Col. Brad 99, All Right 96, Cutter 96, Bradley's Pet 95, Evanhoe 94, Jane Holly 82, Bowler 92, Sunray 90, Consuello 111, Red Fox 89, Cahin 89, Anthony 89, Kolameka 89, Brilliant 87.

Sixth race, thirteen-sixteenths mile, selling—Donora 104, Redmore 102, Vno 101, Holloway 100, Speed Smith 98, Glenclare 97, That's What 95, Royal China 95, Aviston

### AS TOLD BY GEORGE N. BEEDE TO DAN DEAN, OF THE STAR.

It was an open-and-shut game.

This man, McDonald, had come uninvited into my life; had fastened his talons about the heart-strings of Irma, my wife.

Up to the time of their meeting, not the cloud of unhappiness had blotted the horizon of our married life. Though we have been married seven years, our companionship was just as sweet and dear as on the first day when I took Irma's hand in mine and we promised to be unto one another all that makes for perfect happiness and content.

Unless you are a married man, you cannot realize that unfaithful attachment, which springs up between man and wife after years of palship. You cannot realize the devotion, the respect, the adoration, the worship that fills the soul of a man to whom is given a dear, sweet, beautiful woman—to have and to hold.

WIFE!

Do you know what that word meant to an honest-hearted man?

It brings forth the noblest there is in a man; with it are associated tender recollection of courtship days and thoughts of a companionship which can never be rivaled between two human beings.

### MAN WHO SHOT RAY M'DONALD GIVES THE STAR AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW IN WHICH HE TELLS THE PITIFUL STORY OF HIS WRECKED HOME, HIS HEART-BROKEN WIFE AND HIS OWN SORROW—DOES NOT REGRET HIS DEED

WIFE!

Did any married man who is a man ever, in his innermost thoughts, attach that name to anything but that which is synonymous with respect?

Why, not even the name of the One to whom alone I feel responsible for my action of Friday night, is more sacred to me than that simple, sweet word—WIFE.

I want every married man in the city of Seattle, who reads these lines, to answer me these plain questions:

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE HAD YOU BEEN IN MY PLACE?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD DISCOVERED THAT A BRUTE IN HUMAN FORM HAD ENTICED YOUR WIFE INTO A NOTORIOUS CAFE, GOTTEN HER DRUNK AND THEN TORN FROM HER THAT WHICH IS MOST PRIZED BY WOMEN—HER HONOR?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE HAD THIS MAN, AFTER

ACCOMPLISHING THE RUIN OF YOUR OWN WIFE, INTIMIDATED HER INTO FURTHER DISGRACE BY THREATENING TO EXPOSE HER TO THE WORLD?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE HAD YOUR OWN WIFE COME TO YOU, WITH BROKEN HEART AND TOLD YOU THE PITIFUL STORY?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE HAD YOU RUN ACROSS THIS FIEND INCARNATE, AND FOUND THAT AGAIN HE HAD SUCCESSFULLY WIELED THAT INFLUENCE OVER HER—MET HIM AS HE PROMENADED THE STREETS WITH HER, OPENLY FLAUNTING HIS VICTORY IN THE FACES OF HER FRIENDS?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF THIS MAN HAD BOASTED OF HIS CONQUEST OVER YOUR OWN WIFE?

YES, BY GOD! WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Answer that truly, reader. Would you have resorted to the mills of the gods, which grind so exceed-

ingly slow?

No!

YOU WOULD HAVE SHOT DOWN THE CUR AS I DID, AND AFTERWARDS CONGRATULATED YOURSELF!

Don't think that I am a "welder." I am not making a plea for the pity of the public. I went into this thing with my eyes wide open—and know full well what such a deed meant before the bar of justice.

Justice!

What has justice for the ruined woman, the shattered home, the despairing husband?

A suit for alienation of affection! Oh, what glorious retribution that is for the man who ruined our lives!

A divorce suit?

Against the poor, unfortunate victim of a devil's cunning?

No! No! No!

A bullet is justice's surest messenger in such a case—a bullet to send the offender speedily before the highest tribunal while the stain of his infamous guilt still blackens his soul.

Do me one favor, will you.

See the kid (Irma); tell her not to worry. Tell her that I'm still the same to her and always will be. They can't do anything to her, God bless her!

# STREET CAR IS HELD-UP

The regulation short and tall stick-up men threw the fear of an inferno into Conductor J. F. Harrison and Motorman J. Murphy, of Beacon Hill car 102, at 11:50 o'clock Friday night, shortly after the car had stopped at the end of the line on Landis, between Fifteenth and 95, Blue Pirate 93, Flavinoy 90.

Probable winners at New York today: Mad Mullah, Invincible, Keator, Ivan the Terrible, Tongorder, Col. Ruppert, Jacobite, Louis H, Bedouin, Carolan, Consuello II, Buckley A, Redmore, Speed Smith, Flavinoy.

Probable winners at Latona today—Winnifred Lad, Mezzo, Lida Viviant, Jungle Imp, Careless, John Lyle, Tichimingo, Stoner Hill, Young Sater, Six Shooter, Coruscate, Branceas, Gold Enamel, Luralighter, Delagoas, Layson, Mal Hanlon, Sis Lee, Delagoas, Euba, Knowledge.

The bandits appeared to be nervous when searching their victims. Both wore masks and carried revolvers. Besides a silver watch and a gold one the hold-ups secured \$13 in money. Two dollars in a back pocket of Conductor Harrison was overlooked.

Harrison and Murphy were both seated in the car when the bandits entered with drawn revolvers.

"Put up your hands, and put 'em up quick, or I'll blow your heads off," demanded the taller, who appeared to be the leader.

At first the street car men were inclined to take the hold-up as a joke, but when a torrent of profanity filled the car and the taller bandit hissed out a few explanations they hastened to obey.

The hold-ups then walked to the front end of the car and searched them. After this ceremony had been performed the bandits jumped

from the platform, saying: "Full speed ahead, and d—quick, too!"

Motorman Murphy waited for no signal from the conductor, but hastened to comply.

Police officers were sent to the scene of the hold up as fast as a car could carry them. The spot is a lonely one, surrounded by thick brush and timber.

It is believed the trick was turned by some of the jailbreakers of a few days ago. None of them had any money and all were desperate and needed cash. Leo Cameron and McDonald, an ex-convict, two of the fugitives would tally with the partial description furnished by the victims. One was masked with a red bandana handkerchief, and the other wore a mask of black cloth.

This is the first car hold up in some years. Detectives are conducting a desultory search for the bandits.

## EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER

