

SHOWERS TONIGHT OR TUESDAY WITH MODERATE SOUTHERLY WINDS

The Seattle Star

THE ONLY PROGRESSIVE NEWSPAPER IN SEATTLE

HOME EDITION

VOL. 15--NO. 39

SEATTLE, WASH., MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1913

ONE CENT

ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS

REGULAR WOMAN, THIS WIFE OF WOODROW! Mrs. Wilson goes out to explore the filthy, disease-laden alleys of Washington--goes into the tenement homes, and talks with the inmates. She's going to help her husband clean 'em up. Page 5.

DEATH TO THE DOWNTOWN LANDLORDS' TRUST! That's what it means, this sudden growth of Seattle's retail district into the territory above Pine st. The Bon Marche's going to build. Big terminals coming in. Looks like prosperous times. Page 6.

BOALT FOLLOWS TORNOW TO HIS LAIR

"The Beast Man Lives," Says Star Writer, "For I Have Found Him"

AVENGES HONOR OF HIS CHILD

Rich Tailor Murdered by Father Who Says His Daughter Was Ruined.

By United Press Leased Wire. CHICAGO, April 14.—"This is a fit fate for the beast who ruined a young girl. He will ruin no more.—Sik."

This note, found today by the bedside of Geo. Dietz, a rich ladies' tailor, was the only clue to one of the bloodiest murders which has stirred Chicago in years. It was written in Polish. Dietz was found by his wife when she arose today. Dietz's skull was beaten to a pulp and his body pounded with a hammer until it was a mass of bruises and broken bones. The rear door of the Dietz apartment was unlocked and stood ajar when the police arrived. Dietz was wealthy and lived in an apartment house which he built and owned. His wife discovered the body.

Finda Note on Face. Dietz was 59 years old. The police know nothing of the affair of the young girl referred to in the supposed slayer's note, but are investigating Dietz's life in the hope that they may get a clue to his murderer.

A big sheet of paper bearing stenciled and disjointed sentences and the charge, "This man ruined my daughter," is the only clue left by the slayer. The assassin partly covered Dietz's face with his written statement. Each letter on the sheet was printed with a peculiar stencil, commonly used in Greek restaurants for bills of fare. The lettering was most painstaking.

In part it read: "I want to tell all people that I am feeling like a man to do right. I killed him like a beast. My girlie tell me all when she was sick. I tell you people all also."

"If he kill me first I care not, but I want you people to know. He will tell you a story he was robbed. I am a poor man and work hard. He is rich. He take her to hotel; then to his house when the housekeeper is away. He told her she must not watch for him outside so she never see her. He gave her the key to the door, so she look like housekeeper."

"He gave my girlie soda. The child she get sick and tell me. I feel so mad but must not tell anyone. The fiend say he loved the girl. I called with another man and he called me 'Black Maller.'"

Children in the neighborhood say they saw a tall black haired man hanging about the vicinity for several days, and that they thought he was an Italian.

HE JUST HAD TO KILL SOMEONE

By United Press Leased Wire. SAN FRANCISCO, April 14. Angered because the intended victim of his drunken frenzy, Geo. Marron, was escaping, Herman Dahl, a carpenter, cut his throat with a butcher knife after he had chased Marron several blocks with the weapon. He died a few moments later.

POPE PIUS' DEATH PREDICTED SOON

By United Press Leased Wire. ROME, April 14.—It was stated at the Vatican tonight that the pope's fever had returned, his temperature now standing at 102. The Vatican is greatly alarmed. Dr. Marchisava will spend the night at the Vatican. Despite assurances of the physicians that they expected His Holiness to recover, an intimate friend of the pope, upon leaving the Vatican tonight, predicted his death soon. Reports of the pope's condition issued by his doctors differ. Dr. Amici spent the night at the pope's bedside. He declared that when bronchitis caused fits of coughing and bloody expectoration, symptoms of pneumonia were present. The two doctors have differed professionally over the pope's case and are said to have quarreled violently. The following bulletin was issued today signed by Marchisava and Amici: "The pope passed the night tranquilly. There was no fever and his general condition is good."

Love of Japanese for Pretty White Girl Ends in Tragedy



DIXIE LAWRENCE, THE AMERICAN GIRL WHOSE ALLIANCE WITH A JAPANESE ENDED IN TRAGEDY.

OAKLAND, Cal., April 14.—George Uchida, Japanese, loved Dixie Lawrence, 22, an American girl, and like all alliances of the East and the West their story ended in tragedy. Some end in only heart tragedy, but Uchida and Dixie went to death together because she flaunted him and threw his love for her in his face. One afternoon, following the Japanese's discovery of a letter written by Dixie Lawrence in which she said she was going with him only for the money she could get out of him, the little brown man deliberately prepared to avenge himself on the girl he loved. He asked her to visit him at his home. She did. What happened no one will ever know, but when the police battered down the door of the room they found the lifeless body of the white girl and the dying Japanese, killed, they said, by his hand. The story of the tragedy as told by the broken furniture and bullet-pierced walls, lead the police to believe that the Oriental, goaded by the woman, took the law into his own hands and killed her according to the code of his own land, the code of the Samurai: "Better death than disgrace."

Pasadena Woman Fractures All Known Records in Bonebreaking

PASADENA, April 14.—Miss Belle Sams of Pasadena holds today all bonebreaking records for Southern California. While washing dishes at the kitchen sink, she dropped a soup tureen on her foot, breaking a bone in her toe. Clutching the injured member in both hands, Miss Sams lost her balance, attempted to seize the sink to break her fall, but struck its corner and broke a bone in her forearm. Unable to save herself Miss Sams fell to the floor, landing in such a position that one of her legs was broken. The ambulance that was summoned broke the speed laws hurrying to a hospital.

SLAIN FOR HIS COIN ASK RETURN OF ARCHITECT FEE

SAN DIEGO, April 14.—Police are searching today for a local crook who is thought to have slain Jos. W. A. Cowan of Colorado Springs, whose body was found under a wharf. The tide had obliterated all foot prints and other possible clues. The robber overlooked \$40 which Cowan had sewed in his coat.

BUY PROPERTY FOR PARK, HIS ADVICE

City Engineer Dimock is in favor of establishing a park on Beacon hill, and he has recommended to the streets committee of the council the purchase of the property damaged by the Dearborn regrade. Claims for damages already filed against the city are \$13,710. The total valuation of the property affected is approximately \$150,000. "This property, says Dimock, 'could be used for park purposes at the present time and eventually, after additional regrading of the Beacon hill district, could be put to some remunerative use.'"

HE FINDS FOOTPRINTS, STILL FRESH, OF MAN 6 TIMES A MURDERER

By Fred L. Boalt

John Tornow lives! They do not say so in Montesano. They will tell you there that the beast-man is dead. They will tell you that the wild has done what organized society has failed to do—that it has killed John Tornow.

In Montesano belief is the servant of hope. They wish John Tornow dead. The deputies having failed to "get" the outlaw, they have persuaded themselves that the wild has "got" him—as some day it must. Beasts or beast-men—wild "gets" them all in the end.

But Tornow is not dead. I have been in his country—"the last west." I have found one of his many lairs. He had been there not more than 24 hours before. I saw his tracks in the soft earth. Walter Schaeletzeke and another were with me. They saw all I saw, and Schaeletzeke saw more. And the hound went mad.

It was bitter cold in the Olympics last winter, and the snow was deep. "The winter killed Tornow," they say in Montesano. "The cold 'got' him." But it is not true.

Tornow, however, is dead to the world he used to know. There is a line which divides all life. The cougar is as firmly entrenched on his side of the line as we are on ours. Tornow hovered on the line.

Forces, unseen and terrible, drew him across the line—forces which we, living snug in houses, cannot know. They drew him when, a boy of 12, he shirked the farm chores, and, for months at a time, buried himself in the forest whose beauty filled him with wonder, whose silence filled him with peace.

WOMEN, ESPECIALLY, THE "BEAST MAN" DISLIKED At such times he hated his own kind. The close atmosphere of a room stifled him. The idle talk, the boisterous rustic wit, the senseless laughter grated on him. He compared them with the whispering silences of the woods.

Yet he could understand the comforts that are so necessary to us on our side of the line. It is pleasant, when one is tired, to sleep in a bed, between sheets. It is pleasant to sit at table, with one's kin about, and eat well-cooked food with knife, fork and spoon.

He could appreciate, too, a rifle made in a factory by men working certain hours, for certain wages paid in legal tender. A rifle gave him an advantage over his four-footed neighbors in the forest, just as his wood lore gives him an advantage over his two-footed enemies from our side of the line.

And so he hovered on the line. Women, especially, he disliked. "They talk too much," he said. He would not hunt or fish with talkative men. They "made him tired."

His matter-of-fact brothers could not understand him. The neighbors said John was "queer." The brothers called him lazy. They did not know. You will remember that he killed two prospectors—"Scotty" and "The Swede." He would not have done that if he had been on our side of the line. He did it because he was, at the time, more beast than man, and the prospectors were his prey. Would you try a panther for willful murder? And, if guilty, would you hang that panther by the neck until dead? Do you demand a high moral standard in hungry wolves?

But Tornow had not then absolutely surrendered to the forces which were drawing him over the line. For he crossed back, and suddenly appeared at the home of his sister, Mrs. Bauer, three miles above the Tornow homestead, in the upper Satsop valley. He had been in the mountains and foothills a year.

And when his sister asked him how he had come by the good blue flannel shirt, the bottle of gold dust and the six \$5 gold pieces, he scowled and said: "I got them in the woods."

I think he must have been conscious of the struggle that was going on within himself between civilization and savagery. You remember the hound incident? It is necessary to review that and other incidents in the life of this mystic half-savage to understand why he has crossed the line for good and all.

He loved that old, rheumatic, cross-grained hound. It couldn't talk. It wouldn't have talked if it could. It was as taciturn as its master. But matter-of-fact Ed shot the hound because it had outlived its usefulness as a hunter. And John took the savage's reprisal; he shot Ed's hound, which was young, a thoroughbred, and had a market value in dollars and cents.

"I'm going back to the woods," John said then. "I ain't ever coming here again. Don't come after me; I will kill you if you do." **KILLS HIS TWO NEPHEWS AND BEATS THEIR SKULLS IN WITH RIFLE**

Next, months later, he killed his nephews, the Bauer twins. You can believe he was almost the complete beast; then—plus an uncanny skill with the rifle and a marvelous woodcraft. The twins, rollicking boys, had shot a bear, and Tornow, startled by the shots, whirled and fired. But he was not satisfied with killing his own kin. He crushed their skulls with the butt of his rifle.

The deputies, McKenzie and Elmer, were the next victims. They were the hunters, he the hunted. And he turned, a beast at bay, and slew them. But even now the thoughts that troubled his mad brain were such as might trouble yours and mine if we were mad. A bear, in similar circumstances, would have sniffed the corpses and gone away. Tornow buried them in a shallow grave with the shorter Elmer lying at the dead McKenzie's feet. "T" for Tornow!

For three solid years Tornow has lived in his wilderness. During that time no man—save one, perhaps—can swear he has seen his face. During that time he has become more and more the beast-man. It is impossible to believe that he will ever return to our side of the line.

Remember, he is not lonely. You and I, sociable and gregarious animals, would go mad for lack of human companionship. But Tornow is already mad, and he does not lack companionship. The wild is peopled with the spirits of his madness. He was a mystic before he became a beast. The ghost of the dead hound follows always at his heels.

For three years he has not slept in a bed, or eaten food at table, or washed his body with soap. His rags hang, tattered and sodden, to his lean giant frame. His hair and beard are long and matted. His finger-nails are thick and pointed, like a cougar's claws. I will tell you about that mysterious personage, the beast-man's human friend, tomorrow.

He has caches everywhere. You could no more find them than you could find Tornow himself. You might pass close by them, but you would not see them. You might pass within a yard of Tornow, but, though he would be watching you, you would not see him. He has watched the posse a score of times.

Tornow is not dead. The wild failed. But here is a curious phase: The winter almost "got" him. To escape it and organized society, Tornow was compelled to turn to organized society for help. I mean that on our side of the line there is at least one man who is still his friend, who has aided him secretly. The forces on our side of the line are strong, too. The human side of Tornow is not quite dead. **I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT MYSTERIOUS PERSONAGE, THE BEAST-MAN'S FRIEND, TOMORROW.**

American Wife of an Egyptian Prince Asks Aid of Uncle Sam



Olga Humphrey, of Oakland, California, known in London, Paris and Cairo as Princess Hassan, wife of the cousin of the khedive of Egypt, has asked Uncle Sam, through the state department at Washington, to assist her in collecting \$250,000 alimony from her prince, from whom she has separated. The split between the American girl and the Egyptian prince was caused, it is stated, by the husband's jealousy. The prince is well educated, an Oxford graduate, and his income totals \$20,000 a year, he collects from the Egyptian government. As Olga Humphrey, his wife won considerable fame on the stage and at the time of her retirement from the footlights to become a princess she was earning \$750 a week. Miss Humphrey has written a letter to Secretary of State Bryan, through her attorney, in regard to a settlement, in which it is charged that the prince deserted her in Paris, leaving her without funds and dependent upon the charity of friends.

TRAILS HUSBAND, LANDS DRUGGIST TAKES SHOT AT KING ALFONSO

Mrs. J. C. Brown, 2004 Seventh av., knew that the frog shops were supposed to be closed on Sundays. Just the same, J. C. himself, without an advance supply of wet goods, was able to get jingled every Sunday. Mrs. J. C. decided to solve the mystery. She trailed J. C. into Guy's drug store, Fifth av. and Denny way. To make her deductions complete, she went in and bought a bottle of whiskey, too, after putting Patrolmen Humphrey and Geer wise to her detective work. George F. James, the clerk, was arrested for selling liquor without a license, and Brown was taken in on a drunk and disorderly charge. This is the third attempt to assassinate the king of Spain.

What Do You Know About the Parcel Post?

Do you know what can be shipped and what cannot be shipped by Parcel Post? Do you know what it will cost? Remember, the rate varies according to the zone. The Seattle Star has secured a few of the new Parcel Post Maps, giving complete map of Washington, complete map of the United States and the Panama Canal, and showing the Parcel Post zones, with complete information about the Parcel Post. This map is free with a year's subscription to The Star at its regular price. Send us \$3.25 and we will send you this map at once and The Seattle Star for one year.