

# THE BEAST MAN AND HIS HUMAN FRIEND

## Boalt Finds the Secret of John Tornow's Life in Wilds

SHOWERS TONIGHT OR WEDNESDAY; COOLER TONIGHT; MODERATE SOUTH TO WEST WINDS

# The Seattle Star

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ONE CENT

ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS

Don't go home tonight without a Star Pink. Out right after the game, with a complete, detailed description of every play. One cent—always.

Watch The Star tomorrow. We've told you something about the wonderful fish to be found in Puget sound. Tomorrow we'll spring the prize of 'em all.

## CONSPIRACY CHARGED ON COURTHOUSE

Charging that a deliberate conspiracy was hatched by the county commissioners to headwink the voters of King county and gain their approval of the \$950,000 bond issue for courthouse purposes, Fred W. Kelly, a taxpayer, filed suit this afternoon in the superior court. The suit is brought in Kelly's behalf by Carkeek & MacDonald, and the court is asked to declare the bond issue null and void, and to restrain the commissioners from paying out any money for the building of the courthouse and to prohibit them from entering into any contract for the purpose.

The complaint sets out that County Commissioners Hamilton and Rutherford, in furtherance of this conspiracy, entered into a contract with A. Warren Gould, architect, to prepare plans for the proposed courthouse.

The plans, the complaint states, were then put on exhibition in the commissioners' office for a long time before election, and they purported to show that the voters to approve their plan.

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Gould has already received \$9,000 for his plans, and it now appears that the \$950,000 will not even cover the cost of a three-story building.

## DOCTORS HEAR NOBLE ON FRIEDMANN CURE

Quoting from addresses made by Dr. Friedmann himself and the views of many eminent physicians in this country and abroad, Dr. Charles S. Noble, The Star's representative, who observed the Friedmann cure in New York, addressed a well-attended meeting of the North End Medical society Monday night in the offices of Dr. A. B. Kidd.

President Moore of the King County Medical society read a telegram from Surgeon General Blue to the effect that the government had not completed its report on the Friedmann cure.

"The fact that the Friedmann cure has come to the official notice of the nation, and that only last Saturday Dr. Friedmann was introduced to President Wilson and met Surgeon General Blue," said Dr. Noble today, "inspires every confidence that the government officials are finding the Friedmann cure a meritorious one."

Quoting from Dr. Friedmann, Dr. Noble said in his address to the local physicians:

"I myself, who, for 14 years, have devoted my time almost entirely to tuberculosis investigation and treatment, doubted and for a long time would not believe that the improvements and cures achieved with this preparation could be lasting. My skepticism, too, disappeared only gradually. You must gradually shape your minds and lives to receive the idea of the treatment of tuberculosis with living, harmless, curative material, just as I was obliged to. But all of you will soon see the cures substantiated, and then you will be just as surprised and pleased as I was."

## WOMAN, DISCOVERED, KILLS RICH HUSBAND

NEW ORLEANS, April 15.—Following a bloody fight between the two men after her husband, Jesse Stroud, had come upon her horseback riding with Edward Beeler on a country road, Mrs. Stroud shot and killed Stroud near here today.

Stroud, who is wealthy and vice president of the Vivian Oil Co., first pulled Beeler off his horse and began thrashing him. Mrs. Stroud drew a revolver and shot him in the side. Maddened by the pain, Stroud continued to pound his opponent's face. Mrs. Stroud fired again. This time she broke Beeler's leg.

Her face livid with rage, the woman got off her horse, and, approaching the struggling men, awaited an opportunity to place the pistol against her husband's head. It came and the shot blew out his brains.

"After I am acquitted I am going to marry Beeler," Mrs. Stroud declared, following her arrest.

## DRESS BURSTS IN PUBLIC; SHE SUES

YONKERS, N. Y., April 15.—Mrs. Lourene Russell had a tailor in court because a dress he made for her came undone and humiliated her while she was shopping. She claimed she had difficulty in getting home from New York.

Mayor Cottrell will address the Brotherhood League of the Calvary Methodist church, Ballard, Tuesday at 8 o'clock.

## 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.

## One Kid You Won't See at the Game



## KILL THIS FAKE NOW!

Tomorrow the funeral dirge for the Harbor Island fake is scheduled to be sung. Let it be sung. Let no man who has the good of 95 per cent of the people at heart halt the music!

Tomorrow the port commissioners are to abrogate, formally and finally, the proposed agreement with the Pacific Terminals Co., unless the slick gang of frenzied financiers put over another of their smooth tricks. The sinister influences behind this gigantic scheme are naturally loath to give up. It means dollars—hundreds of thousands of dollars—to them. They want time to filibuster, and they have been exerting a tremendous pressure in the past month to delay and prevent the death-blow to their scheme. They want more time—till May 15, they now ask, and then it will be till June 15, and so on, until they have had an opportunity to repolish their gold brick, in the hope that Seattle will yet fall for it.

But patience is no virtue with this crowd. THE DUTY OF THE PORT COMMISSIONERS IS CLEAR-CUT. TO-MORROW SHOULD FOREVER END SEATTLE'S NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE PACIFIC TERMINALS GANG.

## SLAYER OF SON EXPLAINS DEED

The unusual spectacle of a man diagnosing his own symptoms of insanity is presented in Judge Ronald's court today by C. A. Johnson, accused of first degree murder. Johnson left home on the morning of December 3, last, with his 6-year-old son, Douglas. An hour later, with the lad in his arms, he threw himself in front of a fast train. The boy was killed instantly and Johnson, raving like a mad man and begging for a chance to kill himself, suffered a broken leg.

A quarrel with his wife was believed to have been the motive for the attempted suicide and murder. Mrs. Johnson took the stand in behalf of her husband Monday. She denied that there had been a quarrel.

Johnson, in his own defense, said his mother told him when he was a little boy he had burned his head. He has suffered terrific headaches all his life, he said. Sometimes, they prevented him from walking straight.

There are three women on the jury.

## SCORE ANOTHER FOR THE LADIES

ST. LEONARDS, ENZ., April 15.—Suffragettes today burned the costly seaside residence of Arthur Du Cros, a member of parliament. Militant literature was found scattered about the grounds.

Several explosions were heard while the house was burning. It is not known how the fire was started. Many works of art were destroyed. The loss is placed at \$50,000.

## GIRL WIELDS BAYONET IN CHARGE UPON TURKS; TELLS OF BLOODY FIGHT

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 15.—A remarkable letter has been received here from Adrianople describing the fall of one of the chief defenses of the Turkish stronghold.

The letter is from a Bulgarian girl, who had visited friends here, Velika Kantcheff, who enlisted as a Red Cross nurse, but, dressed as a man, led the troops in the final assault upon the fortress, fighting shoulder to shoulder with her brother. Here is her story of the crucial assault:

"When within 150 yards of the fort we fixed bayonets and charged. The Turks defending the outside trenches met us and the most fierce, the bloodiest battle with bayonets was on."

"I thought of brother at the beginning, but later, when I forgot everything, I lost track of him and a group of about ten of us encountered an equal number. I drove my bayonet into one. We both fell and I felt sharp pain in my back as a Turk's bayonet cut me, but it did not go very deep. I freed my bayonet and as I got up an officer fired at me. The bullet struck my cap and knocked it away. I stumbled over a wounded Turk. I fell and he grabbed me by the throat."

"I tried to free myself, and my left arm got into his mouth. He bit me, but I managed to grab my revolver and beat his head until he let go. Then I got up and ran ahead. I fell and spoke to me. He gave me some water from his bottle and asked me if I wanted to go ahead with them or, if I wanted he could let me go back. I told him that I was going to Adrianople."

## FORMER CHIEF IS HERDING CHICKENS

WALLA WALLA, April 15.—Charles W. Wapenstein, former chief of police of Seattle, who is serving a sentence in the state prison here for bribery has been given a trusty position and placed in charge of the chicken yard at the institution. Wapenstein sought this position so that he might learn the poultry business.

## WOULDN'T YOU LIKE HIM FOR A NEIGHBOR?

SYDNEY, April 15.—Walter P. Brent has broken the piano-playing record of New South Wales by playing 3 days, 8 hours and 15 minutes.

## PRISONER FREE; GUARD IN JAIL

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—After seizing a gun from the hands of Private John Moody, his guard, and forcing Moody to accompany him to a downtown lodging house, Frank Cantelon, an infantry private, who was a military prisoner in the Presidio guardhouse, is being sought today. Both the police and military authorities are on his trail. Moody was forced to secure a suit of citizen's clothes for Cantelon. The guard was locked up himself when he returned to the Presidio.

## MOUNTAIN OUTLAW TIPPED; HE ELUDES PURSUING POSSES

Schelle Matthews succeeded Ed Payette as sheriff of Chehalis county last January. Matthews slid easily into office on a popular platform. It was: "If elected, I will not squander the taxpayers' money trying to catch John Tornow."

You won't get much Tornow news at the sheriff's office. It is the same elsewhere in Montesano. It pains the business men to talk about the outlaw. The soft pedal is on hard when Tornow is mentioned.

The man-hunt has cost the county a lot of money. County Commissioner "Bud" Wilson is administrator of the Tornow estate. The other day, the family having scattered, Wilson sold the ranch in the upper Satsop valley.

"It's a fine ranch," Wilson told me, "but I had a h— of a time getting any bids at all. Folks are afraid to live up there. It's foolish, of course, for Tornow is dead."

I talked with a young man who is regarded by his friends as brave to the point of foolhardiness. Three summers running he has made long journeys up the Satsop and Wynooche valleys, exploring their tributaries, hunting and fishing. These two valleys run about parallel, and are the beast-man's stamping ground. He found the woods and streams teeming with life, untroubled by rod and gun. Even the trappers give the valleys a wide berth, and the prospectors shun the foothills where the rivers have their source.

"There was no danger," said this foolhardy man. "Tornow is dead."

If you ask them in Montesano why they think Tornow is dead, they will answer with specious argument. They make a strong case. They might convince you that Tornow is really dead. Let us make it as strong as possible, that we may have the pleasure of tearing it down later on.

In the first place, it is easy to believe that even a weather-proof man like Tornow might succumb to an Olympic winter. It was cold in the mountains last January, and the snow was deep. It was a wet, raw cold. Tornow, sleeping in the snow, might have taken sick—and died.

Accidents happen in the woods. Tornow may have sprained an ankle. Unable to continue on to the nearest cache, he may have become weak from hunger. A hungry cougar would dare to attack a starving man.

Or perhaps he blundered into a she-bear with cubs.

These are possibilities.

We come now to recent history—and facts. Tornow was located twice last winter. The first time was early in December, when, a cow failing to return to her shed on the Schaletzeke ranch, in the upper Satsop valley, Ed Schaletzeke and his two sons fared forth in a snowstorm to find her.

They even dared the swollen and icy river. And they found the cow—dead, a bullet from an automatic pistol in her brain.

It was Walter Schaletzeke who found the carcass. And near it he found Tornow's lair—the trunk of a great, burnt-out cedar. The shot which killed the cow was fired from a loophole cut in the tree. On the opposite side from the loophole Schaletzeke found a natural door. In the entrance stood Tornow's rifle. But Tornow was not there.

Schaletzeke called his father and brother. The boys were for taking Tornow's rifle, and trying to capture the outlaw, and earning the \$5,000 reward.

But the older man said: "No; he has another rifle. He is watching us now. Better telephone the sheriff."

The posse next day were guided by the Schaletzekes to the hollow cedar. The rifle was gone. They found a quantity of provisions. They found, on the slope of the western ridge, Tornow's tracks. They measured the footprints. He was traveling at a five-foot stride.

That, remember, was early in December. On New Year's day four hunters found an abandoned shack far up the valley, almost to the forest reserve, and close to the Mason county line. As they approached the shack their hound bayed. The hunters fled inconspicuously.

Again the posse scurried north. They found the shack—empty. But there were clews aplenty which cried aloud the story of Tornow's dire extremity.

First, a fish spear, crudely fashioned. The heads of dog salmon littered the rotted floor. Didn't it argue that Tornow's ammunition was gone if he had taken to spearing fish? And why content with the despised dog salmon when the streams were a-swarm with trout?

The posse followed Tornow's tracks many miles in the snow, until fresh snow fell, obliterating the prints. And these prints showed that Tornow had but one shoe, and that so worn that the big toe protruded. The other foot was bare.

Hungry, sick, bare-footed, his ammunition gone, fleeing before the deputies, the servants of organized society, Tornow died miserably and alone. Beasts ate his body.

That is Montesano's case, and it is strong.

But the prints in the snow told of one fact which accounts for Montesano's secret disquiet. The trail led the posse to two logs exactly 10 feet apart.

THE SICK AND STARVING BEAST-MAN, STANDING ON THE FIRST LOG, LEAPT LIGHTLY TO THE SECOND—A STANDING JUMP! THE PRINTS PROVED IT. THE LIGHT, FEATHERY SNOW BETWEEN THE LOGS WAS UNTOUCHED!

We come now to Tornow's one human friend.

"We know who he is," Deputy Fitzgerald told us, "but we can't prove anything against him. A hundred times, at least, we have gone up into the Satsop and Wynooche country on Tornow clews, some false, some true. Trappers and ranchers meet him or run across his fresh tracks, or, as in the case of the four hunters whose hound bayed the shack, got him in circumstances which would have made his capture certain if a posse had been there.

"But Tornow is always just gone when we arrive. Why? Who tips him off that the posse is starting? We know the man, as queer and crochety as Tornow himself."

Here is another curious circumstance. There are roads which, leading northward from Montesano and Elma, wind through the Wynooche and Satsop valleys, to dwindle to trails, and to lose themselves imperceptibly in the tangled forest.

I have been up and down these roads, and I have talked with the ranchers. They complain that newspapers left in the rural free delivery boxes have been stolen. I took the dates on which these papers were stolen, and, by referring to the files in the two newspaper offices at Montesano, I made this discovery:

Every stolen paper contained the news that a posse was starting on another hunt for the beast-man, or that some trapper or rancher had sent the sheriff word of his whereabouts.

It is pleasant in the foothills now. The bears, refreshed by their winter-long naps, are coming down from the mountains.

Tornow, too, has survived the winter, though it nearly "got" him. He is very much alive. Probably he has plenty of ammunition cached. He stripped the bodies of six men of arms and ammunition, and he is sparing of cartridges.

He has a new pair of shoes, thanks, probably, to the "friend on the outside."

How do I know?

For the proof you must wait until tomorrow.