

KILLS WOMAN WHO WOULD LEAVE HIM

Henry Hose, Ex-Soldier, Cuts Throat of Madge Doyle, His Sweetheart.

SURRENDERS TO POLICE

Murderer Says He Was Moved to Commit Crime Because Woman Cast Him Off After Spending His Money.

MURDERER'S LETTER TO UNCLE

Letter written three weeks ago by Hose to his uncle, John Hose, at Sylvan Lake, Wis., showing that he intended to kill the woman as well as himself. The letter reveals the state of despair and disgust of soul under which he has been laboring.

September 30, Oregon, Washington—Dear Uncle: By the time you receive this letter I'll be gone to my grave. Then dear uncle, this life I have had is the saddest time since I left the Army. I made out of me what I am today. I am a lecher, a drunkard and a cigarette smoker and this life will lead to nothing good. So I came to the conclusion to kill myself and in the same time the woman who brought me to this. The love I have for her don't allow me that I leave her behind in this world. Oh, I like to see you all once more, but faith has it different with me. Please write my father and relatives and tell them that I left this world and I hope that God will not be so hard on me and on this woman on our last judgment day. Give all my best regards and love and remember once in a while the one who once was dear to you all, Your Henry.

Henry Hose, an ex-soldier, murdered his sweetheart, Mrs. Madge Doyle, yesterday forenoon, cutting her throat with a razor. Hose had intended to end his own life as well, but when he saw the horrible spectacle of his gory handiwork his nerves failed him. He chose a noose for himself, but the police station and surrendered.

The murder came as the end of a checked romance, such as often leads to death. It was the case of a man who threw away everything for a woman of the half-world, and when she spurned him, because of his gory handiwork, he gave in to morbid jealousy and killed her. He says she did not resist the death blow, but bared her neck, asked for a farewell kiss and told him to drive the weapon home. As she lay in bed, a victim of a vicious thrust at her with the razor, a slight flesh wound was the only result, and it caused her to begin struggling against assassination. In the struggle that followed, murderer and victim had their fingers cut by the keen blade of the weapon. Eventually, the man's strength prevailed and the crime was done.

During this death struggle no screams or cries of alarm were heard from the room. Hose says the woman urged him, even as he was fighting to bury the blade in her throat, that he need not fear, she would scream, since she did not wish him to be caught and punished for what he was doing.

Woman Demanded His Last Cent.

The murder occurred in the upper story of a cheap lodging-house at Third and Burnside streets. Hose says the woman's mocking insistence that he spend the last cent he had for a quart of beer for her caused him to kill her. He had intended killing her if she insisted upon lifting him, but she might have escaped had she been wise, the alder declares. And his word is accepted as truth at police headquarters, because he shows no inclination to shield himself or avoid the seemingly inevitable consequences of the act.

They were talking over their affair all yesterday morning. The day before she had written him a note saying all was over between them. But Thursday night, when Hose found her waiting for him, she other man, he confronted her and she went away with him, while the new suit or disappeared seemingly, all was well again. Hose says, but he distrusted her, nevertheless.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning, he told her he had just 50 cents left in the world. At this she ordered him to get her beer with his last cent and go without his breakfast.

"Then I killed her," the man said. "She was lying in bed calling me vile names and declaring she cared nothing for me."

WORK FOR THE MORAL SQUAD.

Following upon the murder of yesterday morning, Captains of Detectives and Inspector of Police Patrick Bruen have issued a statement in which he declares that the so-called moral squad, backed by the entire department, will now enter the streets for a time upon a special duty. "It is in the name of the law," he says, "that we will enter the lodging-houses and 'condoms,' said Inspector Bruen. "We will set to work to endeavor to effect a reform along these lines in that district. Not nearly enough moral work has been accomplished. Nothing so seriously brutal murder and suicides as the manner of life of men and women in many so-called rooming-houses. We will clear out some of the resorts at once."

She said there was a man once who spent everything he had on her and went hungry, and if I cared for her I would do the same. But no, I was not a thoroughbred. I balked at spending my last cent. I was and she called me all kinds of names.

"So I decided it was time for her to die. Some terrible feeling took possession of me, but I was not excited. I took my razor in my hand and said, 'Madge, I am going to kill you now.'"

"She begged me not to, but when I said I would die with her she said it was all right—although she did not want me to die."

"I missed her the first cut I made and killed her next time. The razor broke when I killed her, or I would have killed myself. I was glad when it was over and she was dead. I cared for her, and I knew none could take her then, even if my money was gone."

Gives Himself Up.

His hands job completed, Hose washed his hands and left the room, walking direct to the police station. Entering that place he walked up to Captain

Moore. He was perfectly calm and collected and there was nothing unusual about his conduct as he walked up to the desk and awaited an opportunity to talk to Captain Moore.

"I wish to give myself up," he said quietly to the Captain.

"Is that so? What have you been doing?" queried the officer.

"I just killed a woman friend down the street here," was the calm response.

"All right. What's your name, age and nativity?" asked the Captain calmly.

Booking the man, Captain Moore inquired as to the place of the murder and detailed Detective Price to investigate. A few minutes later Price showed in that the killing had occurred as Hose said. The fellow was then locked up after full details had been secured from him. He said he killed the woman at 10 o'clock. He was placed in jail at 10:30. Her body was removed to the morgue.

Murderer Calm, Then Ill at Ease.

If Hose was the calmest murderer ever arrested in Portland he was likewise the most ill at ease a few hours later. During the afternoon he cowered in his cell and shook as from an ague. When he was spoken to he had great difficulty in talking through his chattering teeth. This reaction continued through the day. He said he was sorry for what he had done.

He is a young man of 23 years, slight of build, with blue eyes and a shock of yellow hair. His military training is apparent in his walk. He served three years with the Tenth Infantry and was discharged in April at the expiration of his term of service. He was in K Company and was stationed at the Lewis and Clark Exposition last summer. His

reputation has been good, so far as the police know. His present predicament obviously is an end of the primrose path which takes one man to embezzlement and the penitentiary and another to murder and the gallows. That he will swing for his act there seems little doubt; for besides being guilty he has no money, except the 25-cent piece with which he returned to buy beer for his inmates.

The woman has borne a notorious character for a long time. She went by the name of Madge Wilson and was known to the police as an opium fiend. She was neither attractive nor peculiarly bad looking. Her husband, Jack Doyle, is doing time in the County Jail for being a worthless character.

There is a striking similarity between the act of Hose in murdering Madge Wilson and the murder of Alice Johnson some months ago by George Blodgett. The crimes were committed in rooming-houses located but two blocks apart on Third street. Blodgett was intoxicated with the Minthorn woman, and when she wished to transfer her affections, he resented it and shot her, afterwards surrendering to the police. He has been tried, convicted and sentenced to death, and is now confined in the County Jail awaiting the outcome of an appeal to the Supreme Court for a new trial.

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Henry Hose. Madge Doyle, alias Williams.

STRANGE MISTAKE LEADS TO ARREST

Newton McDaniel the Innocent Victim of Chain of Unfortunate Circumstances.

IS CHARGED WITH CRIME

Victim of Odd Complication of Events Is Freed Upon Statement of Girl Who Made Complaint Against Him.

Newton M. McDaniel, a prominent business man of Portland, was arrested late yesterday afternoon on complaint of Miss Edna Walker, but before he had been at

police headquarters an hour he was shown to be an innocent victim of mistaken identity. The accusing young woman herself, when brought face to face with the prisoner, at once told her father the wrong man had been taken into custody.

Chief of Police Gritzmacher, upon hearing the declaration of Miss Walker, set the innocent Mr. McDaniel at liberty and wired the Seattle authorities to watch the Portland train for the man who is wanted for the crime. He is supposed to have fled from this city to the Sound, in an effort to escape punishment.

Newton M. McDaniel, the innocent victim, was chagrined and humiliated over his arrest that he threatened to bring suit against J. C. Walker, father of the accusing young woman, for false arrest. He swore that he would have revenge if it were possible to obtain it by law, as he regarded his arrest as an outrage.

Walker Make an Apology.

Not until his daughter had positively declared Newton M. McDaniel innocent did the father change his attitude toward the wronged man. He then apologized and acknowledged that he had made a mistake, saying he was very sorry that an injustice had been done. He asked the innocent Mr. McDaniel to forgive him, saying: "If you were I, you undoubtedly would have done the same thing, stung to the heart as I was."

Newton M. McDaniel is a well-known Portland man, whose parents are among the most widely acquainted people in Polk County. He once conducted a grocery store at 321 Seventeenth street, North, but is now in the real estate business. He resides with his family at 55 Twenty-second street, North.

A more dramatic scene has seldom taken place within the walls of the central police station than that in which Newton M. McDaniel and J. C. Walker, father of the young woman, were the central figures. Walker had seen his daughter, a comely young woman of 19 years, and from her received a description of a man named McDaniel, who is alleged by her to have entered her apartments early yesterday morning and to have attempted an assault upon her. She told her father that McDaniel had told her and another young woman Thursday night that he had an engagement at a restaurant at Third and Alder streets yesterday at 3:30 o'clock, and that time the father went there to see if such a man appeared.

Innocent Man in Restaurant.

At the restaurant one of the most peculiar features of the case transpired. Walker saw a man seated at a table who answered in every detail the description of his daughter's alleged assailant. He asked a waitress if she knew the man's name, and she replied that his name was McDaniel. Thinking he was on the right trail, Walker kept trace of the man's movements until he went into the Men's Resort, Fourth and Burnside streets, where he sat down at a table. Rushing to police headquarters, Walker secured the services of Acting Detective John Maloney, who went with him and placed the suspect under arrest and brought him to the station.

The man under arrest proved to be Newton M. McDaniel, a well-known and wealthy merchant, instead of the McDaniel who is really wanted by the police. The prisoner at once asserted his innocence, declaring that it was a case of mistaken identity, and saying that he could easily establish the fact. He was held at headquarters until District Attorney Manning fixed his bail in the sum of \$500, which he readily gave. Had he not been able to furnish the amount, and had he not been proved innocent immediately, he would have been thrown into jail.

McDaniel Resents His Arrest.

After McDaniel had been released on bail he remained at police headquarters, where he and Mr. Walker had a heated colloquy. Walker refused to accept the statement that it was a case of mistaken identity until his own daughter accompanied him to the station and so declared. J. C. Walker is a contractor and builder, living at 125 East Twenty-eighth street. Miss Walker appeared at police headquarters yesterday morning to make a report of the alleged attempted assault, but she declined at the time to swear to a complaint when asked to do so by Acting Detective Price, who was assigned to the case. She was nervous and decided in the morning she could not stand the strain of a trial and the publicity accompanying it, but later agreed to prosecute, and her father immediately took action.

Tariffs to Be Readjusted.

One result of the interstate commerce

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Read about Marie Schuyler in "A Mother of Americans" who sits in her little Chicago cottage, looking backward on her three score years of the finest type of womanly success. You'll see that all the "Mrs. Wiggs" didn't live in the Cabbage Patch.

Fair play never hurts. Get the other side of the "Bucket Shops" from Christie's answer to Merrill A. Teague.

Get, from his own pen, that rare glimpse of his real personality that Lawson gives us in his heart-to-heart talk with his readers. The greatest sensation that this giant among fighters has ever hurled at his enemies will follow closely in the December number. You can't afford to miss his preface in November.

And then, after you've done dreaming and laughing and crying with all these, come away with Russell to that far country, New Zealand, where right has armed itself with might, where fair play has captured government, and rich and poor alike (Iroquois as it may sound) actually enjoy doing the thing that is for the common good of the common people.

Everybody's Magazine

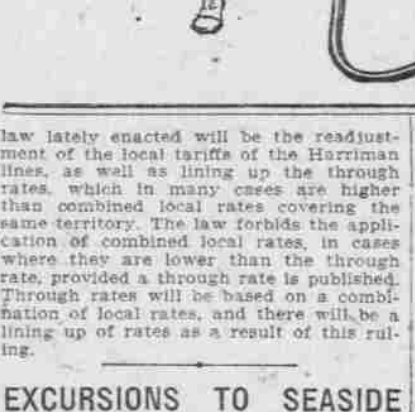
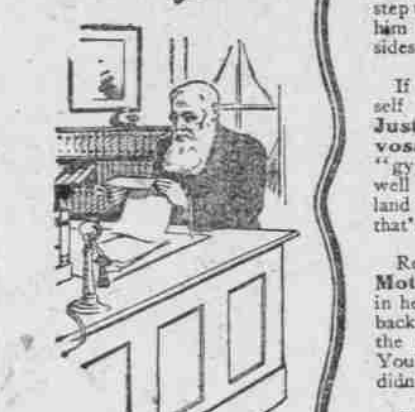
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Jurors, Lawyers, Court All Wear Mustache

Question of Hirsute Adornment Enters Into Trial of Case Before Judge Gantenbein in Circuit Court

WHAT Judge Gantenbein says was the most peculiar incident he ever observed in a courtroom was witnessed during the recent trial of G. H. Hemstock. The case was heard before a jury in Judge Gantenbein's department of the Circuit Court. Nearly every man connected with the case wore a mustache.

Mr. Hemstock, who is a druggist, was accused of having violated the local option law. G. F. Eglin was the complaining witness, and when he was placed upon the stand the defendant's attorney arose and declared that this was not the man named in the complaint because Mr. Hemstock remembered the man who gave the name of Eglin wore sideburns with chin and upper lip bare. Eglin appeared at the trial smooth shaven.

Deputy District Attorney H. B. Adams was assisted by Attorney E. S. J. McAllister, and during the arguments that ensued regarding the appearance of the witness, McAllister declared that it seemed strange that the accused could not tell when a man was smooth shaven.

"It would look very strange nowadays for a man to be wearing sideburns, and Mr. Eglin does not wear them, as you can see," declared McAllister. "In these times few whiskers are worn, either on the chin or on the cheeks, men going smooth-faced or wearing a mustache."

When this last statement was made Judge Gantenbein looked at the jury and noticed that everyone of them wore a mustache without the sign of a beard; the jurist also has a mustache, as has H. B. Adams and Theodore S. Wells, the Deputy County Clerk who acted in his official capacity at the Hemstock trial.

"Well, gentlemen," said Judge Gantenbein addressing a side remark to the jury, "it seems strange that just at this time all the members of the jury, the Deputy District Attorney, the Deputy County Clerk and the court should be wearing mustaches and all without the sign of any whiskers."

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