

CHINESE MURDER TRIAL NEARS END

Defendant Admits He Ran From Scene Because He Was Frightened.

ACTUAL SHOOTING DENIED

Arguments in Case of State vs. Wong Wen Tung Will Take Forenoon, and Jury Will Begin Deliberation Today.

By early this afternoon the fate of Wong Wen Tung, alleged murderer of Joseph Gue, will be in the hands of the jury, which has been hearing the evidence before Circuit Judge Bell during the past eight days. The defense was brought to a close late yesterday afternoon and arguments to the jury will be started at the opening of court this morning.

Chinese Forfeak Trial.

Because of the alleged attempted sniplay Monday, it was noticeable that there were fewer Chinese in attendance at the trial yesterday, and Quong Sam, who claimed to be the body was not following him. On direct examination he said he endeavored to run back to the Chinese laundry where he was employed, but on cross-examination he admitted he was running in an opposite direction from the laundry.

One important admission by the defendant was to the effect that he is a member of the Hop Sing tong, which is known to the police as the Bing Kung-Bow Leong tong, of which the murdered Chinese was a member. He denied that he carried a gun on that night and that he had a gun in a California Hop Sing tong, while the war was between rival tong.

In an unguarded moment the defendant also said that as soon as the shots were fired he believed it was a tong war. He admitted that he was not talked to anybody immediately after the shooting. He did not explain just why he felt it was a tong war. He said that he was standing in front of a barber shop when the first shots rang out. He started running at once and didn't stop until he was captured by Ray Blackmar, he admitted.

Witness Admits Being Scared.

Time after time he would give the simple answer "I was scared," when asked concerning some incident in his travels on the night of the murder. He did not explain why he kept on running after he learned that somebody was not following him. On direct examination he said he endeavored to run back to the Chinese laundry where he was employed, but on cross-examination he admitted he was running in an opposite direction from the laundry.

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PARTY CUT OFF RESCUED

ENGLISH SOLDIERS SHOOT GERMAN TO GET WATER

Three Days Spent Lying Close to the Ground, With Limited Exercise During Dark Hours.

LONDON, May 26.—They were lying in the center of a party of soldiers, 20 or more, their legs stretched out stiffly and their noses very close to the earth. This they had lain all day and it was now 10 o'clock in the afternoon. Thus had they lain the day before and the day before that again.

On the first night they nibbled at their iron rations and drank sparingly of their water; on the second night they came to the end of their supplies. On the morning of the third day hunger beset them. In the afternoon hunger had given place to thirst. For a while their powers of resistance had astonished the men, but at the present time the faculty of adapting themselves to immediate circumstances seemed to have deserted them. They could endure up to a point, but this point, beyond which human endurance could not avail, was reached now. The men were becoming very restless.

To them it seemed as if acres had passed since they went forward to the attack. They had advanced too far and were being hit by the enemy where they were at present stationed. The enemy had flanked them. The Germans were in front and in the rear. To advance was futile; to retire was deadly. Nothing remained for them to do but to lie low and trust to luck. Probably the British would advance presently. The men's cigarettes had given out. While they waited they smoked during the day. Matches could not be lit during the night.

The darkness was falling. At night they could rise to their feet and walk about a little to restore circulation. In fact, it was impossible to lie down in the cold, for they were constantly freezing. One of the men rose to a sitting position and looked around. He was an officer—a young man, with a face white and strained and the skin drawn taut over the cheek bones. He was the only officer in the party.

"You fellows can sit up now," he said to the man next to him. "Pass it along."

The men sat up one by one and tried to warm their hands by striking them softly against their breasts. On the right front a tree shorn of its branches waved soberly backward and forward

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as the breeze caught it. It looked so cold! A shiver passed through them and they began to speak one to the other in whispers.

"We'll be all right in the morning," said the officer to the corporal near him. "Our people will have time to look about them by now, and tomorrow they'll probably begin a new offensive."

"I wish to God they do, sir," said the corporal. "I'm so dry."

"So'm I," said a young man who lay on the ground, his eyes staring up at the sky. A first field dressing was tied around his forehead, for he had been wounded by a shell splinter in the morning of the attack. "I almost wish that I had pegged out. When will we get out of this fix?"

The corporal did not answer. At that moment the officer spoke to him. "On our left," he said. "Do you see anything, corporal?"

"Yea, sir."

"What is it?"

"A Jerry," said the corporal. "One; a straggler, I suppose."

"He'll have water, maybe," said the wounded man, giving expression to the thought of all his mates. "Can you hold a rifle steady?" asked the officer, and he fixed his eyes on the corporal. "I cannot." As he spoke he looked at the little hole which showed in the sleeve of his tunic. The officer had received a bullet wound in the thick of his arm two days before.

"Till try," said the corporal, lying flat on the ground and gripping a rifle

in front of him, took steady aim and fired. There was a strangled cry of agony and the German dropped to the ground. The corporal put his rifle aside, borrowed the officer's revolver and crawled on all fours toward the fallen enemy. Five minutes later he came back walking upright, for the darkness had become very dense.

"Water?" asked the wounded man, as the corporal handed a water bottle to the young officer.

"It's full," said the corporal, hunching his shoulders up and shivering a little.

"And the German," said the officer. "Is he dead?"

"He got it in the shoulder," said the corporal. "Unconscious."

The cork was taken out and the bottle handed around. The men drank sparingly. The officer was the last. He took a couple of sips. Then he placed the bottle on the ground.

"We have got to take that man in," he said. "If he comes to he may give us away to his people, and then it will be all up. We've stood it so long now that we may as well wait till tomorrow and maybe then—an attack; for our guns are very quiet now. The calm before the storm. I've kept a drop of the water for the German when he comes to. He's wounded." The German was taken in and left lying on the ground.

The corporal dressed his wound. He was a young man with a little downy moustache and a straggling fringe of hair running from ear to ear along a chin. The men gazed at him curiously and one remarked that he had never had his first shave.

At 2 o'clock in the morning the German recovered consciousness. He fixed a look of indifference on the strange faces that surrounded him and asked for water. He spoke in German, but the officer understood him. He got a drink, then fell into a stupor. He was badly hurt.

At that moment the guns began to thunder vehemently. Over the copse the shells screamed and whistled. Right left and all around the guns took up the challenge and the batteries settled down to steady business. The cold air of dawn was filled with the detonations. Five o'clock came and the clamor had not subsided.

"We'll get relieved at 6," said the officer.

"If we're lucky," said one of the men with a laugh.

That morning the party was in luck. The British, advancing on the tail of a creeping barrage, found the shell-furnished body of men waiting them in the shell-scattered copse.

"Glad to be out of it," said the young officer a few minutes later, as he sat down to a good comfortable meal in a headquarters dugout in the rear. "I think I am! But what pleases the men most, the fact that they stuck it, or the fact that they're out of it, I do not know."

WESTERN BANK POSITION

How It Is Likely to Be Affected by Current Events.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 26.—The outlook for the money market promises a stiffening of rates. The country banks will have less inclination to loan freely until after the real result of the crop season is known. They have subscribed to the liberty loan, and it is by no means certain that the farmer communities will absorb the holdings at least for a time. The supply of Western funds is being sought by the Eastern manufacturers and packers, the rates being increased materially over a month ago. Insurance companies are lessening their supply to the West for farm loans, some companies entirely dropping that security for the present. All this makes a larger demand on the banks, whose local customers must be taken care of as well, at a time when the high prices call for heavy deposits and a long line of credit to make purchases. The bankers generally believe that the financial situation is likely to be much less profitable to them during the next two years than for the two years past. The abundance of deposits for a time dazzled the banks, but now the situation is becoming one of close figuring and increased demands which may make the business far more uncertain than for a time past.

HERO MEDAL GIVEN

Thomas Gavin Decorated for Rescuing Men.

CAMPBELL FUND IS DONOR

Firemen and City Official Hold Memorial Services at Cemetery While Serving His City.

To Thomas Gavin, driver for Fire Chief Dowell, was presented a David Campbell hero medal yesterday, the first medal of the kind ever given. Presentation was made formally by Acting Mayor Daly in the City Council chamber just prior to the annual me-

SCENE IN CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER YESTERDAY WHEN FIREMAN WAS GIVEN HERO MEDAL BY ACTING MAYOR.



Acting-Mayor Daly, Standing on Left, and Thomas Gavin, Standing on Right, Assistant Chief Landenkro, Seated on Left, and A. G. Long, Chairman of Board of Trustees of Campbell Memorial Fund, Seated in Center.

POISON PLOT SUSPECTED

U. S. Seizes Man Believed to Have Laid Odd Snare for His Foes.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, June 16.—Charles Everett Louwera, a Hollander, is in jail here under \$20,000 bond awaiting the action of the Federal grand jury on what Federal authorities say is one of the most ingenious schemes they have had to deal with to involve an innocent man and send him to prison for a long term of years. Among other things it requested that additional poison be sent to Emil Scheibe for the purpose of poisoning Colonel Dows.

The letter went on, Mrs. Dows had been given poison in milk and had been sent to California by her husband to get well.

It also set forth that it would be useless to burn the crops, as the wet weather had destroyed them, but that the fruit trees had been poisoned.

M. Clabaugh immediately caused the arrest of Scheibe and his wife here and of Paul F. Scheibe, a brother, at Waterloo, when the letter mentioned as planning to poison William Galloway, a wealthy manufacturer, Paul's brother-in-law.

Mr. Clabaugh came to this city and compared the letter he had received with the handwriting of Louwera. Handwriting experts pronounced the writing the same and Louwera was ordered taken into custody. He waived examination and when his bond was fixed asked Colonel Dows to furnish it for him.

Louwera is believed by Mr. Clabaugh to have written the letter through jealousy. It is known the two men had trouble. Mr. Clabaugh says the letter was placed in a Sears-Roebuck envelope because it was known it would be turned over to the Government.

The only comment Louwera would make was that he must have been a fool to have written such a letter. When he was pinned down for a confession he denied his guilt.

Clabaugh is elated over the outcome of the case, as for a time he believed it a National plot to poison wealthy persons.

He said he was not certain Mrs. Dows had not been poisoned and that the guilty men had made an effort to fasten the crime on Scheibe.

The case has attracted a great deal of attention here during the last week. Scheibe, his wife and his brother were ordered released from custody.

Norwegian Steamers Sunk.

LONDON, June 15.—According to information received by the Norwegian

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WOMEN MAY MAKE ARMS

School for Munitions Workers Proposed in Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., June 17.—Anxious to advance the interests of girls and young women who register at the Federal-State-Municipal Employment Bureau for work in factories having Government contracts, bureau officials are working on a plan whereby unskilled applicants may be given a short training course before beginning regular work. The matter will be taken up with the Newark Board of Education in an effort to make arrangements whereby applicants may be received temporarily at the Girls' Vocational School at 138 Washington street.

More than 100 women have already been placed on war contract work, consisting mainly of making uniforms for the National Army. Most of them are untrained in the use of sewing machines. The bureau believes that a few days' training in the industrial school will prepare the workers in a way which will benefit them, the factories and Uncle Sam.

The general work of the bureau has increased so greatly that more clerical help is necessary and two additional stenographers, who headed the list of eligibles in that section, were selected by Federal Director Thomas J. Burna. They are Miss Teresa M. Noll, of 959 Grove street, Irvington, whose rating was \$3.35 per cent and Miss Edna M. E. Sippel, of 295 McWhorter street this city, whose rating was 79.92. The list was forwarded from Washington on application. The stenographers begin at a salary of \$1020 a year.

A mother and her runaway son were reunited in Hartford, Conn., through

legation here 49 Norwegian steamships, with a gross tonnage of 75,387, were sunk in May. Twenty-five lives were lost.

the interest taken by bureau officials in John Cotter, a 16-year-old boy, who applied for work, after his chum, Harold Beard, with whom he had left Hartford, had enlisted in the Army. Yielding to heart-to-heart talks by bureau officials, Cotter, who was penniless, finally agreed to return home if the price of a ticket could be raised. The bureau telegraphed to his mother. Mother love maintained its standard and within two hours the money for the trip came by telegraph. Special Agent William F. Lown, of the Department of Labor, took Cotter to New York, placed him in custody of the conductor on a train bound for Hartford. The boy's mother met him at the station in Hart-

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Details, literature and travel help upon application. City Ticket Office, Washington at Third Broadway 4500, A-6121 Wm. McMurray, G.P.A.

