# MAGILL CASE GIVEN BLOW

## Attorney Sweeney Declares He Will Have Nothing to Do With Prosecution—Prisoners Are on Their Way East for Hearing.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

Clinton, Ill., July 20.—The state's case against Frederick H. Magill and Fay Graham Magill, arrested while on their honeymoon charged with the murder of Mrs. Pet Magill, and now being brought back to Clinton by Sheriff Campbell, was given two crushing blows today when Attorney E. J. Sweeney announced that he would have nothing to do with it and a sixth letter written by Pet Magill was found.

Attorney Sweeney is noted in central Illinois as a prosecutor of bulldog pugnacity and when State's Attorney Arthur Miller announced that Sweeney had been engaged to assist the state in the prosecution of Magill and his wife, people shook their heads and said: "It looks bad for Fred Magill."

**Will Indict Magill.**

Today Attorney Sweeney notified Mr. Miller that he could not assist him in the prosecution of the Magills. Mr. Miller, while admitting that the refusal of Mr. Sweeney to participate in the case was a hard blow to him, still maintained that the Magills would be held to the grand jury and that indictments would be returned against them in October.

Pet Magill left a sixth letter, it was discovered today. This letter was addressed to her father, Alexander Gandy, and it is declared that in it she told her aged parent that she was about to destroy herself and bade him goodbye. She also begged his forgiveness for the step she was about to take. This letter, it is said, never reached her father, but was destroyed by relatives here. If this is true, it is another blow to the state's case. The defense claims that conclusive proof of this sixth letter will be offered at the trial.

**To Have Night Hearing.**

Sheriff Campbell left San Diego late this afternoon with his prisoners, and if trains run on schedule time he is expected to arrive here Tuesday night. There probably will be a night hearing, as the attorneys for the Magills will insist upon an immediate hearing the moment the prisoners are taken from the train at Clinton. There is just one possibility that the Magills will not even be held to the grand jury.

Judge Cochran of the circuit court will be in Clinton on Tuesday and Wednesday and Attorney John Fuller, for the defense, will exert all his energies toward having Judge Cochran preside at the preliminary hearing. Of course, the state's attorney will order the Magills arraigned before Justice of the Peace Donohue, and then the legal battle will be on.

**Depends Upon Judge.**

Judge Cochran, it is said, will demand something more than circumstantial evidence before he will order the Magills held for the grand jury, while at the same time it is generally believed here that if Justice Donohue presides he will bind them over on purely circumstantial evidence, thereby shielding the state from disclosing their full case against the pair.

A wild rumor spread over the town this morning that the state's attorney had dropped the case and had telegraphed Sheriff Campbell to release the Magills. He, however, made emphatic denials of the rumor and stated with much show of spirit that he had a good case against the Magills and that it would be disclosed at the proper time.

## COREY PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page One.)

stage again," chimed in Mrs. Corey, tapping the floor emphatically with the end of her long shepherd's crook parasol.

Mr. Corey at first expressed displeasure at finding newspaper men awaiting him as the steamer reached quarantine, but finally said:

"I guess you must be pretty nearly through taking an interest in my affairs, so if there is anything I can tell you, let me know.

"We had a pleasant trip abroad and I am returning at this time because I am anxious to get to work again.

"While we were abroad I bought the Chateau de Ville Genis, near Paris and my wife and I have decided to make our home there every summer. We will remain in New York for the remainder of this year."

Joseph V. Graff, representative in congress from the Sixteenth district of Illinois, gave out an interview upon his recent return from Honolulu in which he indorsed the candidacy of Speaker Cannon for president.



# YANKEE BARBERS SHUN LONDONERS

## Not an American Tonsorial Parlor in Whole of the World's Greatest City.

## BRITISHERS PREFER SYSTEM OF EXTRAS

**Unsuspecting Patrons From United States Are Bunkoed Abroad by Allowing Frills Which Cost More Than Shave.**

(Journal Special Service.)

London, July 20.—In the whole of London there is not an American barber shop, and the statement is equally true of all England. A few years ago I could point out to my American friends a half dozen here which more or less completely upheld the traditions of the Yankee tonsorial artists, but today they are no more. Even the American barber's chair which one thought would take the English metropolis by storm and completely supersede the uncomfortable, inadequate makeshift which adorns the English barber shop, has made its exit along with the American barber.

I am reminded of these facts by a sign which hangs in front of a barber shop in the lower Strand, not far from the Hotel Cecil, and which reads, "The only American barbers and barber shop in England." I mounted the stairs leading to the shop very much as a ship seeks a harbor in a Bay of Biscay storm.

**Hopelessly English.**

"At last," I exclaimed, "I shall get a shave worthy of the name." I opened the door and entered. Alas, I was doomed to disappointment. "The only American barber shop" was hopelessly English.

I sat in the typical English barber chair, which is nothing more nor less than an ordinary low chair with a piece sticking up behind to rest your head on. Over me, with razor poised, stood as fine a specimen of cockney as ever came out of Cheapside, and in despair I submitted to a shave that in all respects confirmed my opinion of English barbers.

"Englishmen don't want to be shaved by American barbers," declared my cockney friend, in answer to my query as to the cause of the downfall of the American barber. "Besides, American methods don't go here. Englishmen want English barbers and English methods and English prices."

"Why then, do you hang out a sign advertising the only American barbers in England?" I asked.

**Wants Their Money.**

"Well," he replied, after puzzling a few moments over the question, "the Strand is a great street for Americans, and they like to patronize something that they think comes from their side of the water. And I," he added, with a wink, "want some of their money."

Regarding the failure of the American barber in London I am inclined to think that the real question hinges not so much on English or American barbers as it does on the question of English methods and prices. The same class shop that charges 15 cents for a shave in the United States charges but 3, and in many cases only 2 pence (4 cents) here. But—and it is a big but—whereas, the original charge of 15 cents in the United States includes a hair brush, a face wash, a face lotion and various other frills, in London these are all extras and are charged as such. It is of these "extras" that the unsuspecting American must beware.

**Charge For Brushing.**

"Have your hair brushed?" asks the barber.

"Guess I might as well," you answer and that adds two-pence to your bill.

"What will you have on your hair?"

"Anything. I don't care," you say uneasily to hide an ignorance of the contents of several bottles which stare you in the face. That careless answer costs you two-pence more. An unwitting acquiescence to the suggestion that you want a brushing, a half dazed trip to a wash basin in the back of the room, at the hint of the barber, to wash your hands, and whereas you entered intending to spend three-pence for a shave and a penny for the inevitable tip, your ticket as you settle it at the counter makes a gaping hole in a shilling piece.

It is these little extras which count so much in any computation of the native and the visitor in London. Of course they don't mean so much to the native, for in the great majority of cases he knows how to avoid them. But for the uninitiated American they make all the difference, and sometimes more, between the excessive cost of living in a city like New York and the so-called economy of living in London. Take for instance an ordinary restaurant in the latter city. Your meat order may cost you tenpence (20 cents) and you rejoice that the same thing would cost you 25 cents in New York.

**Another Graft.**

"You have not brought me any bread and butter, waitress," you say, little knowing that that will cost you two-pence extra. "And no potatoes," you complain, unsuspecting that that will cost you another twopence.

"I really do believe you have forgotten to give me a napkin," you continue, with increasing annoyance, thereby adding yet another penny to your bill and bringing the total of your meat portion up to 30 cents, considerably more, proportionately speaking, than the same dish would have cost you in the United States.

It is really by the pricing of things on the installment plan, so to speak, that the American visitor is gulled into thinking that living is so much cheaper in London than it is in New York, Chicago or Boston.

## HUGE WHALE DIES BEING TOWED TO SHORE

(Publishers' Press by Special Leased Wire.)

Long Beach, N. J., July 20.—Lying upon the shores of the Atlantic at Galilee, near here, tonight, is the body of a whale which was killed at sea this afternoon by a steamer. The whale was first seen by fishermen belonging to Captain Nelson Lockwood's crew, and when they approached it the mammal was dying. They immediately began to tow the whale ashore, and late this afternoon, when it was learned that it had been beached, hundreds of cottagers were attracted by the novel spectacle. The whale is about 40 feet long and it is estimated that it weighs about 20 tons.

## SAYS WAR

(Continued from Page One.)

He goes from Portland to San Francisco, and will sail July 25 for the Hawaiian islands.

It is understood he goes to Hawaii to investigate, among other things, the practices as to Japanese coolie immigration into American territory. It is said the common custom is for Japanese coolies to be shipped to Hawaii, and thence to Mexican ports, after which they gain entrance across the Mexican border into the United States.

Judge George H. Williams, on behalf of Portland, briefly responded to Secretary Straus, after which refreshments were served and one of the most successful official receptions of the year in Portland closed.

# MYSTERY IN HAU TRIAL

## Witness Found Who Heard Story From Professor in Jail at Carlsruhe—Will Not Talk Without Consent of Defendant.

(Publishers' Press by Special Leased Wire.)

Carlsruhe, Germany, July 20.—The pendulum is rapidly swinging toward Carl Hau. Public sympathy, so long directed against the former Washington college professor accused of murdering his mother-in-law, Frau Molitor, because of the damaging pre-trial statements against him cited by the prosecution is turning in his direction. Sensational developments in the trial today throwing an altogether different light on the case are responsible for this change.

The appearance in the case today of a new witness, who is believed to have evidence that will help materially toward clearing Hau, has been the strongest factor in bringing him public sympathy. If the opinion of jurors can be generally judged by the sentiment of the public generally, it is safe to say that his chances of acquittal generally are better than at any time since the trial began.

The bringing out by the defense, too, that a former servant in the Molitor home, discharged by Frau Molitor only a few hours before the murder, had threatened and his disappearance completely since the crime, was another strong point in his favor.

**Attorneys to Fight.**

Backing up these evidences of innocence is the challenge of his attorney, Herr Dietz, to Prosecutor Bleicher to fight a duel. That Dietz is willing to risk his life in his client's cause is regarded as significant of the impression of Hau's innocence which the man most closely connected with him bears.

The new witness in the case who volunteered to give valuable testimony calculated to clear Hau is an artist named Lenck. He was a prisoner with Hau for a time in the Carlsruhe lockup, and it is said that Hau confided freely in him, especially just after Mrs. Hau's suicide.

**Refuses to Talk.**

Lenck was called to the stand today for a few minutes. He declined to talk unless Hau gave him permission to tell of their confidences. This Hau refused to do and even in the face of threatened imprisonment for contempt Lenck refused to testify.

Lenck's manner and bearing upon the stand indicated that he could tell much that would benefit Hau, but that he is guarding as zealously as the defendant the secret which most spectators have gathered Hau is keeping back. That this hidden fact contains the real key to the mystery is generally believed.

While Lenck today escaped answering it is believed he will soon reveal Hau's confession to him in prison. Already steps have been taken to force him to testify. It is believed that before many days Lenck will furnish the greatest sensation of the trial.

**Prosecution Is Weak.**

In bringing out the facts regarding a servant threatening Frau Molitor because he had been discharged Hau's case has been greatly strengthened. Hau's attorney will insist that unless Weller, the former employe, is brought into court to explain where he was at the time of the murder and why he ran away, the prosecution's case is weak.

With a duel in prospect between Prosecutor Bleicher and Dietz, Hau's defender, interest in the trial has been further aroused. Bleicher refused to receive Deitz' seconds. The latter says he will send a challenge by mail and Bleicher must fight or he will brand the prosecutor as a coward throughout Germany.

## HENEY HERO

(Continued from Page One.)

Oh, you can smile,' he said. 'You're a gun man all right, but you've got to use your gun. I've stood enough and if you don't quit, you and Turner and all the rest of you, why, you've got to kill me or I'll kill you.'

"Cowboys 'don't mean nothin',' when they pester the life out of you and risk your bones. They sat silent studying Frank while he raged, and when he rode off home, Roberson and Turner rounded up his cattle, and after the rodeo, drove them over to his ranch. There they blew him up for 'gettin' mad,' but from that time on they let him alone. That is to say they ceased to 'josh' him, and when there were Mexican horsethieves to go out and kill, or Indians to follow, Roberson and Turner, the leaders, each tried to get Heney in 'his bunch.' 'He couldn't shoot,' they said, 'but he had sand.'"

**Chained Engine to Track.**

Heney at one time forced a railroad to pay a judgment he had obtained against it by chaining one of its locomotives to the track, a novel method of levying an attachment. Steffens says:

"Once in his ranching days a train had killed a neighbor's steer, and when the cowboys had gathered round the carcass to 'cuss' the road, he asked why they didn't sue. 'Sue!' they shouted. 'One man sue a railroad for one cow!' It was absurd. Heney said he'd take the case. They didn't know he was a lawyer, but his offer promised fun, so they all 'slicked up' and rode to town to see the cowboy lawyer tackle a corporation. Heney got a judgment for $50. But how collect? Heney's client presented the bill to the station agent and when he explained that he had no authority to pay it, the cowboys yelped, 'Didn't we tell you so!' But Heney wasn't through. A freight train pulled in and Heney's client approached the locomotive with a great piece of chain. Winding it around the driving wheel, he carried it under the rail and linked it up. Then he went off into the shade of a nearby water tank and, with his rifle across his knees, waited to see that nobody touched 'that there attachment of his.' There was some delay, much telegraphing; but in the end the agent received orders to pay and the attachment was removed. Heney always refuses to say whether this proceeding was 'by advice of counsel.'"

## NO SUNDAY RACING AT SALEM TRACK

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Salem, Or., July 20.—Races advertised to be pulled off at Lone Oak track at the state fair grounds Sunday morning will not take place. In fact, Sunday racing will not be tolerated in Salem. The National Trotting association, of which the local track is a member, would not tolerate it, nor would District Attorney John McNary permit racing. The horsemen who had arranged for races were not aware of the local track being a member of the national association and races cannot be pulled off without its sanction.

The locals of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, which has made a general demand on the United Typothetae and all independent employers throughout the United States and Canada for the eight-hour workday, to go into effect on October 1, have been notified to be on the lookout in case the demand is refused in any of the cities where there are locals.

# D'ANNUNZIO IS TO BE SOLD OUT

## Vanities of a Money-Making Author Too Much for His Income.

## YOUNG AUTHOR STIRS UP DREGS OF ROME

**Morichini Ruthlessly Exposes Society's Inwardness and Is Castigated for His Pains—American Writers in Italy.**

(Journal Special Service.)

Florence, July 20.—Rumor has it that the affairs of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio have reached that stage which Wilkins Micawber was wont to describe as "a crisis." The author of "Francesca di Rimini" has received immense sums for his writings, but large as his income is he spends more than he makes, and now he is to be sold out. He has extravagant tastes in most things, especially in matters sartorial. Here is a little inventory of his wardrobe, which appeared in a Neapolitan journal:

Shirts, 72; socks of all kinds, 12 dozen; hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, 48 pairs; evening gloves, 24 pairs; umbrellas, of violet hue, 3; parasols, green, 10; handkerchiefs, 20 dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied 150; waistcoats, 10; shoes for walking, 14 pairs; slippers, "soft, silent and tremulous," 2 pairs.

When D'Annunzio went to Egypt his boxes contained among other things 48 night shirts and 150 neckties, while he also carried with him 10 green sunshades and eight violet umbrellas. He liked Egypt, but the camels objected to him and he almost moved the Sphynx.

**An Italian Pickwick.**

In the gay set with which he consorts in Florence there have been two suicides this season due to pecuniary embarrassment. D'Annunzio is a pessimist of the pessimists, but probably he finds too much in life to minister to his vanity to contemplate putting an end to his existence because his creditors are after him. But it is rather ominous that one of his latest fancies was to order a costly marble tombstone for himself.

Mario Virgliano has just published a book entitled "Gli Allegri Compari di Borgodrolo," in which the hero is called Signor Pickwick. Pickwick, in his second and Italian existence is a poet and endeavors to conduct two opposing newspapers in the town of Borgordrolo. The book is lively, highly amusing and abundant in the humorous and farcical element called Pickwickian.

**The "Black" Gentry in Print.**

There are two books just now very much before the Italian public. The first is De Amicis' "Nel Regno dell 'Amore," the other, "Semi Su Pietre," of U. L. Morichini. The latter has exhausted its first edition in less than eight weeks and has made a stir in Roman circles, perhaps unequalled by a modern novel. The story concerns the life of the "Black" gentry of Rome and is written by a young man of remarkable ability, who in it has set forth ideas of reform in the church entirely different from those of "Il Santo." At sixteen he appeared on the stage of scholarship with the translation of a Greek document of extraordinary importance: "The Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles," accompanying it with polemical articles, which appeared in various periodicals.

**Had Everybody Hating Him.**

Born in what is known as the "black" set in Rome, he observed closely its ways and when still pursuing his official studies, he planned the volume which on its appearance rent Roman society asunder, and gave birth to a scandal still the talk of the day. The author proved himself too much of a realist. Certain "Blacks" who recognized themselves refused to accept truth as his apology. He set forth his idea of Catholicism, and his own high clerical set, offended by his large-minded and modern religious views, denounced him as a rebel.

On the other side, the "Christian Democracy," who greedily read the book, found in it a condemnation of their systems and began a violent attack through letters and criticisms. On the 14th of April, Signor Morichini was assaulted in the circolo of St. Peter, of which club he is a member. His assailant, an impetuous young man who had misinterpreted the spirit of the book, fell on the author, striking him with his fists and insulting him with coarse epithets.

Signor Morichini has now brought an action against his assailant. Himself intensely religious, possessed of confidence in his jokes, Signor Morichini welcomes the publicity of a trial as affording him an opportunity to prove the truth of his picture of Roman society. At present he is engaged upon a poetical dramatic composition of great importance.

**Woman's Cause in Italy.**

Among foreign authors now talked of in Italy is the famous "Ellen Key." Both in Germany and Italy this Swedish writer and exponent of the woman's cause is hailed as a prophet. She lectured lately at Milan and was received with lively applause. At present she is at Rome, where she is detained by a slight accident which interferes with much walking. She expects to spend next summer in Florence.

Mrs. Anne Crawford Flexner, who dramatized "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and who began her career by arranging "Miranda of the Balcony" for Mrs. Fiske, is living now in Berlin. Her husband, Professor A. Flexner, brother of Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller university and discoverer of the cure for spinal meningitis, is pursuing studies in that city. Mrs. Flexner, like the author of "Mrs. Wiggs," is from Louisville.

**Ruskin's Francesca.**

Few outsiders know that there is still living in Florence the American author, whose fame was made by one single little book, and at a word from Ruskin. Some 20 or more years ago "The story of Ida," was read everywhere. The author Miss Alexander, always known as "Francesca," is now an elderly lady and, with her mother of 90, lives in a wonderfully artistic apartment in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. A more ambitious work on art illustrated by herself is her chief production, but the world knew her only as Ruskin's "Francesca."

Among the American writers residing in Florence is Miss Eva Madden of Louisville, author of "The Little Queen," "Little Crusaders" and other historical books for young people. She is a sister of Mrs. Attwood Martin, author of "Emmy Lou." Miss Madden's next book, "Two Royal Foes," a story of Queen Louisa of Prussia and of Napoleon, will be brought out by McClure at Christmas in company with Mrs. Attwood Martin's "Letitia," now running in The American. The first of this author's short stories picturing the life of the German woman in her present narrow conditions will appear in The Century.

## BYSTANDER INJURED

(Continued from Page One.)

Roberts was leading his man down Morrison when a big rock was hurled over the heads of the crowd, striking the officer on the head.

"A second afterwards, while he was still on his knees, the shot was fired which struck Stevens and knocked him down."

# CAR RIOT AT FRISCO

## Two Men Shot While Car Runs Wild and Smashes Through Two Stores and Buries Five People in Piles of Wreckage.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, July 20.—After Conductor Ernest Faltskoog and Motorman M. Feller had been shot, one in the arm and the other in the thigh, and driven from the platform, a 26-ton car of the United Railroads ran wild tonight and went on a mad career down the hill from Twenty-Ninth and Noe to Twenty-Ninth and Mission streets, where it jumped the tracks, demolished a dry goods store and a confectionery shop and buried five persons under the wreckage.

Mrs. Ralph DeHoff, one of the persons in the drygoods store, is expected to become a mother before morning and fears for her life are entertained by the physicians attending her.

Rioting attended the efforts of the wrecking crew to jack the car from the demolished stores back to the tracks and Police Sergeant Lane was compelled to fire three shots before he could place two men under arrest.

## FLAMES DESTROY DENSMORE GROCERY

Fire which broke out at 1 o'clock this morning destroyed the Densmore grocery store at East Twenty-first and Tibbetts streets.

The fire companies reached the building before the flames had gained much headway, but owing to the building's remote location the firemen were unable to get water onto the burning building.

Densmore estimates his loss at from $6,000 to $7,500, few if any of the contents of the store being saved. There was no insurance.

**Will o' Wisps.**

By Horace Seymour Keller.

With gayety and laughter,
The vagroms chasing after,
The butterflies come racing down
The meadowlands in bloom.
They scatter fragrance ever
That lingereth—for never
Can soul forget in vain regret
The clover's sweet perfume.

I see them in the shadows
Come prancing down the meadows—
The vagrom crew in every hue
Of summer blooms and skies.
I reach my hands to greet them;
My heart it leaps to meet them—
They fade away like will o' wisps
A-wing in Paradise.