

Hair's all the day long
Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

(Continued from Page One.)

"If Edward H. Martin committed the brutal crime with which he is charged, he was undoubtedly insane. It may be that impelled by a terrible craving for drugs he was incited to maniacal fury by some action of the pawnbroker, and attacked him in a fit of insane rage. Such is the opinion of Father McDevitt, of the Catholic cathedral. Martin was a member of the cathedral congregation up to the time he moved to Sellwood, and Father McDevitt has had much to do with the accused man in the capacity of spiritual adviser. Father McDevitt says Martin was treated for insanity several months ago by Dr. Griffin, who will testify that Martin was entirely out of his senses. Said Father McDevitt:

"After his treatment at Salem, Martin seemed to have recovered, and until he resumed the use of drugs just recently, he was a man of exemplary habits. He was one of my best parishioners, was kind, obliging, and a gentleman at all times.

Occasional Lapses.

"Except during his occasional lapses, when he would go on a drug-inspired rant, Martin was always an intelligent talker. I have long known that he was irresponsible on these occasions when he succumbed to the irresistible longing for morphine or cocaine. His home relations were pleasant, but always marred by the fear of the drug honor."

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Edward H. Martin, now held in the city jail, charged with the murder of Nathan Wolff on Friday evening last, borrowed a .32 caliber revolver of a woman whose name the police are withholding at 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon, telling the woman that he and some friends were going out to have a little target practice and that he would return the weapon after he had finished with it.

Dr. C. Wheeler said: "I often noticed that he was exceptionally nervous and flighty. From what little chance I had for observation, I should have noticed anything out of the way with him."

Dr. S. E. Joseph, the dean, came in contact with him more often in admitting him to the school and in relation to other matters in the school, but refused to say whether he had noted any peculiarities.

"It is too important a matter," he said, "to discuss any case without careful study, as I should probably be called as a witness in the event of an insanity plea. I knew him quite well and came in contact with him on several occasions."

IS NOT A DYE.
Philo Hay Soc. Co., Newark, N. J.
\$1 and 50c bottles, at druggists—
WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.

It was in the rear of this building that the tail-tale shirt was found. The place where it was discovered is a narrow alley about 40 feet long and only three or four feet wide, opening on Flanders street. On one side is the three-story wall of the hotel and on the other a low building. It is now believed that the murderer stepped into this alley, removed his shirt and threw it down the alley. It would be likely to escape attention, as several pairs of old trousers and other garments were strewn over the ground.

MARTIN ALONE; POLICE NOW SEEK MISSING CLOTHES

The police are now seeking to find the coat, vest and hat worn by Martin on the night Wolff was murdered. They also want to find the place where Martin secured the new coat and vest he wore when he returned home at midnight. Martin is now being searched for his revolver to a pawnbroker on Third street and his denial of having another revolver is regarded skeptically by the police, as it is being searched for the weapon with which Wolff was shot before he was so brutally chopped and beaten.

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HARD-DRAWN STORY MIGHT NOT HOLD BEFORE THE JURY

"Will Edward Martin confess to the murder of Nathan Wolff or will he demand a trial?" is the question being asked by everyone around the police station today, as they think of the man confined in a cell on the third floor. Physicians and police officers, who are acquainted with the action of the terrible drugs used so freely by Martin, say that if the "dope" is kept away from him he will eventually admit that he killed Wolff in order to get the drugs. They say that a man who has been registered as a "dope fiend" will simply make any statement in order to secure them.

ALLEGED FORGERS ARE BEING TRIED

R. W. Gillette and Charles Lynd are being tried in the circuit court on the charge of uttering counterfeit money. The jury was called in Judge Cleland's department to hear the evidence.

FOR OFFENSIVE BREATH

There is nothing quite so repulsive as foul breath, and yet people who are most scrupulous in their appearance and manners frequently neglect this most important matter.

MARTIN DID NOT STOP AT THIRD STREET HOTEL

The manager of the Washington hotel, at the corner of Third and Flanders streets, says that all his guests on Friday night are accounted for or personally known, and he is certain that Martin was not in the house that night.

Beginning for morphine and worse out by his long sleepless night in a narrow cell, Edward H. Martin repeated his denial of guilt for the murder of Nathan Wolff to a Journal reporter this morning. Martin went further and said that he would be able to prove an alibi, but will use strong circumstantial evidence against the man in the possession of the police his denial seem positively true.

His craving for morphine and cocaine made him appear a wretched, miserable creature who fell a victim to the fearful "dope" habit while suffering the pangs of yellow fever shortly after his flight from his country in the latter part of 1907. At the time he was fever-ridden and uncontrollably while talking and his admission that at times he took a "sight" of morphine a day show how deeply he has fallen into the dreadful habit.

WRECKED IN HEALTH AND MIND. Trembling and nervous with the muscles of the face twitching violently, Martin sits in a cell on the third floor of the police station in a terrible example of the effects of drugs. In disconnected sentences Martin denied his guilt and said that he would be able to prove an alibi. But his endeavor where he had been on the night of the murder of Nathan Wolff was a poor one. It lacked plausibility, and the man rambled through his story with jumbled words and stammered statements that were evident that he was not telling the whole truth as he will be required to do when placed under oath at the time for his trial for his life.

REGS FOR MORPHINE. "I can't eat until I have taken morphine. My stomach would not hold the food but a few minutes. Yes, it is a terrible thing to be alive in this way. My stomach is unsettled and I am sick now. As soon as they bring me some morphine I will be all right and able to sleep and eat. No, sir, I don't want to go to jail. I pawned my watch there. That was when I first came to Portland. Do you suppose they will bring me some morphine soon?"

And thus he rambled on. Jumping from one topic to another he kept up his talk. He enjoyed the interruption of the monotony of the long night spent in silent waiting for his trial. He brought him a prisoner to the city jail. At times his words could not be understood, he mumbled them and his mouth and lips twitched. From his incoherent utterances it was plain to his auditors the fact that he was innocent of the deed of the hideously brutal murder ever committed in Portland.

HOW HE BECAME A SLAVE. "Martin, you were drinking whiskey Friday night, you were taking morphine and cocaine. At times such combination of stimulants has been known to cause men to lose remembrance of where they have been and what they have done. Have you ever been in such a condition that you did not know what you were doing?"

"No, I don't believe that I was ever in that condition," Martin replied. "I went to the city jail to get a copy of the report that you killed Wolff while in such condition that you did not know what you were doing." "I cannot conceive that I committed the murder. I cannot conceive such a thing," replied Martin.

HORSETHIEF DRAWS AN INDETERMINATE

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Penitentiary, Or., May 6.—Aaron Ridge was sentenced to an indeterminate sentence in the penitentiary by Circuit Judge Bean. He had pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing a horse from Charles Hamilton.

MARTIN'S APPEARANCE

(Continued from Page One.)

der of Wolff. Then he wanted to leave his overcoat here with me, but would not let him. I was terribly agitated and wished to get him out of the house before they took him here. But I had to go to a neighbor and telephone the police as he asked me to, saying that he would give him a copy of the report."

Then Martin is believed to have gone to the Veneta rooming-house at the corner of Grand and Union avenues. It is believed he selected the street because he was too tired to continue his flight any longer and because he felt that he was near his friends, H. H. Pomeroy and Carl Blakney, who have a confectionery and cigar stand at the corner of Grand avenue and Morrison street.

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It was a little after 12 when he stopped at the Veneta and asked the landlady, Mrs. Ida Bates, to give him a room for a short while.

"I am tired," he told Mrs. Bates, and when she asked him for the rent of the room and asked her for a drink of water and for a copy of the latest edition of the Journal. After reading the Journal extra he went to the telephone and called up Blakney, telling him that he was in the rooming-house within a block of Blakney's store and asking him how Mrs. Martin was. He also asked Blakney and Pomeroy to come to his room.

Blakney Phones Police.

"I telephoned the police," said Blakney, "and then we started out to find the room."

"I passed Fenway's as-

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FOR MORE than a million stout women know that the Nemo Self-Reducing is the only corset that positively reduces the abdomen with perfect comfort and hygienic safety.

EVERY woman who has worn it knows that the Nemo Self-Reducing Corset is superior to all others in comfort, style and durability—that it is an extraordinary value simply as a corset, saying nothing about its invaluable and exclusive special features.

FOR 1908 are nine handsome models, all pictured here; a model for every stout woman—tall and stout, short and stout, or just "fat and dumpy." And there's a price to suit every purse.

At \$3.50 The old favorites, Nos. 312 and 314, of which nearly a million pairs were sold in 1907; and for women who want the new "sleender-hip" effect are the two new "Flatting-Back" models, Nos. 318 and 320, at the same price—\$3.50.

At \$5.00 Somewhat finer are the Mercerized Brocaded Corsets, Nos. 516 and 518; the French Coutur Corsets with bust supporters, No. 515; and the beautiful new "Flatting-Back" model, No. 517—all these at \$5.00.

At \$10 For women of luxurious tastes, who have paid \$15 to \$25 for imported corsets, is the superb No. 1000, with "Flatting-Back" and the new "Duplex Straps," at \$10.00. This is the finest corset that can be made—superior in every respect to the best that come from France. It will do wonders for any stout figure, giving it the graceful lines of youth.

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The Nemo Corset is the only corset that is more than a corset. The only one that has exclusive features of great hygienic merit. The only one that does something for you that no other corset can do.

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\$18.00 Men's Suits—now..... \$9.45

\$25.00 Men's Suits—now..... \$13.85

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ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup

Cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Torpid Liver and Chronic Constipation. Pleasant to take

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WOLFF'S ESTATE IS WORTH \$15,000, ALL IN PAWNSHOP

Nathan Wolff left an estate valued at \$15,000, which will be inherited by his widow and their four children, ranging in age from 5 to eleven years. Acting on a petition filed in the bankruptcy court by Dolph, Mallory, Simon & Gearin, County Judge Webster this morning appointed Mrs. Wolff executrix of the estate. She is required to give a bond for \$15,000.

The estate consists solely of the stock of jewelry and other goods kept in the pawnshop at 165 First street where Wolff met his tragic death. The widow, Mrs. Mary Wolff, and the children are Almie, 16 years old; George, aged 8; Ruth, aged 7; and Jeanette, aged 6. Joseph Dinkelrip, Jacob E. Reinart and Herman Marks have been appointed to appraise the estate.

PERSONAL

District Forecaster E. A. Bails of the local weather bureau has moved for Washington, District of Columbia, on official business. He will be absent about a month.

Hood's Sarsaparilla "Is Foremost"

"AS A SPRING MEDICINE,

"To create an appetite and regulate the whole system, with us, as ours is a New England farmer's home, 20 miles from a large town. We keep it on hand and cannot express the value it has been to us. After suffering for years from dyspepsia four bottles of this medicine gave me better health than for many years."

Mrs. E. L. Berry, West Troy, Me.

In the spring I have that tired feeling and can not eat, but after taking two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I always feel like a different person and I advise every one needing a tonic to give this medicine a fair trial." James Hey, 3070 Amber St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In usual liquid form or in chocolate-coated tablets called Sarsatals. 100 Doses One Dollar.

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