

Arbuckle Witness Ill From Poison

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statements of fact as a man in a fight might be expected to use a club. He talked gently of Bethlehem and he quoted Shakespeare and with really noble modulations was reciting a bit of Longfellow to convey to the jury a sense of his regard for the sacredness of a woman's name and of the violence of the State's attempts to question the integrity of a lady who had heard the guns of France and suffered wounds for the cause of civilization, when the call for the doctors came from the Cliff.

Strange and disquieting details followed in an ensuing interval of awful confusion.

"Where," some one asked over the telephone, on which Miss Leushay's half-hysterical voice could be heard, "did Miss Morgan first talk to the mysterious gentleman?"

It appeared that Miss Morgan had first talked with the mysterious gentleman on the previous evening when she met him at the Winter Garden and danced with him there. The Winter Garden is a dance hall to which the elite of San Francisco do not go. Had she seen him before? Did she know his name?

The mysterious gentleman had been for days about the courtroom, the voice from the Cliff Hotel answered, but Miss Morgan did not know his name, and what was more, she had been somehow in fear of him.

Had a Date With Him

"When was this candy and this orange juice bought?" cried Mr. Cohen. The voice from the room where the doctors were then arriving with the oxygen tanks answered that Irene had met the mysterious gentleman yesterday morning shortly after breakfast. She had a date with him.

There have been times since Fatty's trial began when it was necessary to get up and go out of the Hall of Justice and look at the familiar buildings and the perfectly normal street cars moving up and down to feel that you were not in a world gone slightly mad. This was one of them.

The courtroom has been filling recently with all sorts of cranks and fanatics. Mr. Cohen had been reading letters signed with the name of the Ku Klux Klan and written to inform him that "Fatty" was ready and willing to testify in Arbuckle's case and that "if the jail did not get the fat monster there would be bullets ready not far from the front doors of the Hall of Justice."

A day it was when the lawyers of Fatty's imposing team were holding their tight to their chairs and making a way to the corridors every few minutes to drug on cigarettes like wounded men. They were normal lawyers when they began to remark after hearing about Miss Morgan that Brady's men had been following their witnesses about and that, of course, it was no new thing for detectives to trail women witnesses and get acquainted with them and con-

cern them with a view to getting confidential information.

Fatty Unmercifully Arraigned

Friedman's arraignment of Fatty, one of the least merciful ever heard in a California court, and the testimony of the medical experts and the Ku Klux letters and the news from Irene Morgan's room combined to make them talk a bit wildly.

A word was conveyed to McNab. The vox humana went all the way in and the thunder was released to play about that seemed to echo and linger in the courtroom long after Friedman had sat down.

"What," demanded the Assistant Prosecutor, "did this man—this funny man—this big-hearted humorist at whom all the world has laughed, do when, in that room of his suite, he saw this girl mortally injured? Was he sorry? Did he call a doctor? Not he! He registered with his party. He gambled about, and what did he do when she was naked and dying? This girl who was so beautiful? Was he sorry then?"

"No! He made sport with her body. He made sport with it! And at last, when he saw that she was in danger of some sort, what did he do? He hastened to get her out of his room into another one. He had used her before. He was through. Out with her to some place—any place—where she would not be a bother or a trouble to him."

The pleas to the jury will be finished early this afternoon and the verdict for or against Fatty will probably be delivered before night.

The great McNab, therefore, had not much time to answer this sort of talk. Thanks to the mysterious gentleman with the fresh supply of orange juice and the candy, he had got off to a bad start. But he regained his voice with admirable deftness and started again by telling the jury that he felt he would have to emigrate from California where the rights of citizens are disregarded by the District Attorney, where witnesses, helpless young women, are impounded and terrorized and made to give false evidence.

He regarded the record of the Arbuckle case as a sad thing for the contemplation of any American citizen who has a lingering respect for constitutional rights, and he proceeded to indict the State for virtually putting Zey Prevoist and Alice Blake in captivity and keeping them there until the time came to put them on the stand.

Court Then Adjourns

Mr. McNab was just getting into his stride when the court adjourned for the day. He was tearing into Prof. Heinrich of the University of California, the State's microscopist and fingerprint expert, who had made visible the fingerprints on the hotel door through which the prosecution insists, Virginia Rappe tried to escape when she was overpowered and assaulted by Fatty Arbuckle.

Mr. McNab had left more than three

hours of the time allotted for his closing argument when court adjourned. The State has two hours and twenty minutes remaining for the address that will close the trial. It is not believed that the jury will require more than an hour to reach a verdict. The impression still prevails that Fatty will be acquitted.

The three physicians who made the chemical and microscopic tests to determine with scientific accuracy the physical condition of Virginia Rappe when she entered Arbuckle's suite at the St. Francis Hotel on Labor Day at the invitation of Freddie Fishbach reported at the opening of court that they had found only some signs of an interior inflammation.

Hardly Contributory

They were asked by the prosecution whether inflammation of this sort would justify the contention that the affected organ ruptured spontaneously. The doctors said that inflammation could hardly be regarded as a contributory cause of the injury from which the girl died. From this assertion Mr. Friedman began the first of the two appeals to the jury which are permitted to the State.

"There are secret offenses," he said, "which cannot always be proved by direct evidence. The State cannot have detectives in the private rooms or closets of hotels. But I think that it must be apparent by this time that the array of witnesses who testified for Fatty Arbuckle have convicted him. They have outlined admirably, even when

they were testifying, as they supposed, in Arbuckle's favor, the circumstances which justify a conviction for the crime of manslaughter.

"They told one story. The defendant himself told another. It has been proved that Arbuckle was seen to follow the girl into his room and that he locked the door and it has been demonstrated that the door to the hallway, usually open, was locked. Knowledge of what happened in that room may be deduced from the markings on that door panel."

Says Door Tells Story

Here Friedman indicated the mahogany door taken from the hotel suite, labored over by the fingerprint expert Heinrich, the unshaken, and carried finally into court.

"It is demonstrated that a woman's hand was placed on the door," the prosecutor continued, "that a male hand was placed heavily over it and the hands were the hands of Virginia Rappe and Roscoe Arbuckle. These marks were made when the girl attempted to make her escape into the corridor from the room in which this man attacked her."

"The defendant has come into court at the last hour with a manufactured tale, a tale that he didn't tell at the time of his arrest, of which no one heard anything until the other day. It is a tale fabricated to meet the needs of the occasion. If there were any truth in it, why did he wait this long to tell it? Why did he refuse to tell what

went on in his rooms at a time when, as an alternative, he had to submit to a charge of murder?"

Mr. McNab answering this last query at the beginning of the final argument for the defense remarked that the events of the last few weeks indicated that it was not safe to tell the District Attorney anything. One might be impounded, said he, like Zey Prevoist and Alice Blake.

A Human Being, Virginia Rappe

Twice during Mr. McNab's address there were objections from the prosecutor, who suggested coldly that if counsel for the defense wished to testify he ought to take the stand. The great McNab remained quiet, seemed to

grow a foot taller, waited for the effect of the interruption to pass and went on. But he had not worn out the effects of the prosecution's address when court was adjourned. He had not visibly cheered Fatty Arbuckle or lessened the stress of a day that for Fatty must have been filled with unmitigated torment. There was a somber ring in the closing sentence of the State's appeal.

"We ask," said the Assistant District Attorney, "for a verdict of guilty against Roscoe Arbuckle, who is here charged with causing the death of one Virginia Rappe, a human being."

A verdict of one sort or another will almost certainly be received before night. The jury is obviously sick and weary of the case.

MEAT WORKERS TO STRIKE

Butcher Workmen Ordered to Go Out in Middle West

Chicago, Dec. 2.—(By A. P.)—Declaring that the shop representation system inaugurated by the "big five" packers did not represent the sentiment of the employees, and that they did not approve the wage reduction of 10 per cent which went into effect last Monday, Cornelius Hayes, president, and Dennis Lane, secretary of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, today sent out instructions for a strike next Monday. Packing plants in about fifteen cities

and 35,000 men will be affected, Mr. Hayes said.

The packers declared that a strike would not seriously hamper the work of distributing meat products, as the unions were not represented heavily enough to affect the plants, should the organized men walk out.

The strike order apparently was received enthusiastically in Middle West packing centers.

Broad Street Drug Store Robbed

Burglars forced an entry into the premises of the Barron Drug Company, 300 North Broad street, early this morning. A quantity of cigars and drugs valued at \$300 were removed by the intruders.



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FOURTH FLOOR

Blanket Bath Robes for Girls

Blanket Bath Robes, 3.95. Sizes 6 to 16.

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Merely to illustrate how very wonderful is this collection of coats—note the least expensive at 55.00—for in this group, you will find styles that denote superiority beyond question. Straight line and blouse effects in Bolivia and Normandie, with lovely Nutria and Opossum collars. Then swing to the other extreme, the coats at 129.50. These touch the exquisite in beauty of material, trimming of fine furs and designs that are as beautiful, as we have maintained their exclusiveness. Materials are evora, orlando, wondora and gerona. Beaver, wolf and a few with squirrel collar and cuffs.

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Glove "Wardrobes", those delightful gift sets of gloves for various needs; or for a princely gift, a set providing for every glove requirement for one year.

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