

O. N. Hilton. They had expected the state to ask for a verdict of murder in the first degree or acquittal. The death penalty had not entered into their calculations.

Mrs. Patterson appeared drawn of face and haggard when she appeared in court this morning. She had been in conference with Hilton and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, of St. Louis, all night.

The woman was dressed with plain simplicity, but in the latest mode. But her eyes were weary, and there was a look of helplessness in them as she heard Prosecutor Benson's first arraignment of her as a murderess.

Hilton says that he will summon witnesses from Chicago to testify in Mrs. Patterson's behalf. He intimated that he would try and prove that Patterson was a "white slaver."

Hilton refused to say if he would summon Emil W. Strouss, the Chicago millionaire, and the man who, Mrs. Patterson says, bought her from her husband for \$7,500.

Strouss is in hiding, as he has been ever since Mrs. Patterson shot her husband on the prairie near Denver last September 25. He is believed to be in San Francisco.

But despite Hilton's talk of summoning many witnesses, Mrs. Patterson will be tried and judged by the story she herself tells on the stand, by the manner in which she presents the autobiography she has been writing

during the long hours of her imprisonment.

Her story will be that of a young girl in short skirts and long braided hair betrayed by a millionaire—Strouss, of how the millionaire educated the little girl, so she could appear in "his set" as his wife.

And then of how the girl tired of the millionaire, and married a man whom she thought to be decent, and of how that man demanded she sell herself to Strouss.

She will say she sacrificed everything for "Chick" Patterson; that she gave up everything most dear to her to help him in his fight against the tuberculosis of which he was dying; and she will say that he repaid her with cruelty and ignominy and base treachery.

Patterson was in the Phipps sanitarium here trying to regain his consumption-wasted health at the time of the killing. Mrs. Patterson met him September 25 by arrangement. They went for a walk together.

Half an hour later a passing peddler heard a shot ring out on the prairie, and saw a woman stooping over the stretched-out form of a man.

The woman was Mrs. Patterson; the man her husband; "Chick" Patterson was dead before the peddler could reach his side.

The state will claim that Mrs. Patterson lured her husband to the prairie for no other purpose than to end his life. It will say