

HARRY K. THAW GAINS LIBERTY BY CLEVERLY PLANNED COUP

High-Powered Automobile and Five Confederates Assist Fleeing Man—Escapes When Milkman Enters—Guards on Duty Suspected of Participating in Plot.

Matteawan, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Harry K. Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, escaped from the hospital for the criminal insane here at 7:45 o'clock this morning. He darted for liberty through an open gate, dashed into the open door of a powerful automobile that stood on the curbing outside and flew like a rocket for the Connecticut state line, 30 miles away, accomplishing his escape.

Tonight he was still at large and hospital authorities felt certain he was outside the state. Once behind its boundaries Thaw is free. Only perhaps years of litigation can bring him back and then only in one event that he will be judged insane in the state to which he fled.

Five confederates manned the car in which Thaw escaped and a big black limousine which trailed it past the asylum gate. Police have their license and the names under which they registered at a local hotel Friday night and are seeking them. Hospital authorities believe Thaw fled to the shore of Long Island sound and boarded a yacht waiting with steam up to rush him to Europe.

A reward of \$500 for Thaw's apprehension has been offered by Dr. Kieb, superintendent of the asylum. Howard Barnum, attendant at the gate, past whom Thaw flashed in his break for freedom is under arrest and other arrests are expected to follow in the rigid investigation begun by Dr. Kieb.

The shades were drawn in the dormitories and the inmates were asleep when Thaw left his room this morning. The milk man's car was rumbling on the road outside as he walked through the store room into the outer court yard of the grounds.

Barnum, the sole attendant at the road gate, paced back and forth when Thaw closed the store room door behind him, and apparently did not grasp the significance of Thaw's early rising.

His long years of residence at the asylum had established the mad man's status as a "trusty."

A six-cylinder touring car of 60 horsepower, followed by a limousine, also black, loafed lazily along the road as the milkman drew near the gate. Thaw waited till Barnum unlocked the gate to let the milkman enter. At the same moment the two cars drew up on the further side of the road opposite the gate and stood still their engines throbbing.

As Barnum stepped aside for the milkman to drive inside the grounds he heard the gravel crunch beneath Thaw's feet and looking up saw the mad man flash past him for one of the waiting cars. With a shout Barnum started in pursuit, but a flying leap landed Thaw safe within the car as the wheels were turning before the keeper had fairly reached the roadway. They were throwing up a cloud of dust before he had gone 25 feet.

The great black car flashed through stormville 10 miles east of here, along the road to the Connecticut line, traveling 70 miles an hour. They were 10 minutes out of here, at which they should have reached the state line in half an hour. The limousine was left behind.

Barnum's breathless declaration that Thaw escaped brought Dr. Kieb to his feet like a pistol shot. Kieb planned the pursuit immediately, but might as well have followed a 12-inch shell. The 10-minute start had put Thaw safe from reach. The chase was soon abandoned.

All points in the district were warned to be on the lookout for the party but no trace was found. According to Dr. Kieb's investigation it looked like Barnum had stood aside, allowing Thaw to pass out, although Barnum was trustworthy and has often expressed a dislike for Thaw.

Dr. Kieb believes Thaw had planned his flight on a yacht in Long Island sound and that he reached the yacht by a relay of automobiles.

The investigation disclosed the five men who aided Thaw came here Friday, staying at the Holland hotel, where they appeared sporty, spending much time in the barroom.

New York, Aug. 17.—Harry K. Thaw's mother, Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, did not attempt to conceal her satisfaction over her son's escape when talking tonight with reporters at the hotel where she arrived yesterday from her summer home at Cresson, Pa.

"If this means Harry's getting away entirely, I am not sorry," she exclaimed.

ed when she was informed by her daughter, Mrs. George Carnegie, who was the first of the family to receive the news.

"This is a complete surprise to me," she declared. "I was on my way to see Harry and was to have visited him in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie arrived here yesterday from Spitzbergen, and of course could know nothing of Harry's plan to leave Matteawan."

State Exposition Prizes Announced

MORE LIBERAL GRAIN REWARDS OFFERED THAN BY ANY OTHER BIG FAIR OR SHOW.

W. C. Gilbreath, manager of the North Dakota Industrial Exposition, which will be held in Bismarck this year from October 7th to 19th, has announced the following list of county prizes:

For the best and most artistically arranged county exhibit of grains, grasses, seeds and other farm products through which these different railroads pass in North Dakota the railroad companies from their offices in St. Paul and Minneapolis, have offered prizes as follows:

SPECIAL PRIZES

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Co. (\$300.00 in Gold.)

First prize, \$150.00; second prize, \$100.00; third prize, \$50.00.

Winning exhibits to become the property of the Milwaukee road to be exhibited in eastern cities.

Great Northern Railway Company (\$300.00)

First prize, \$150.00; second prize, \$100.00; third prize, \$50.00.

Northern Pacific Railway Company. (\$300.00)

First prize, \$150.00; second prize, \$100.00; third prize, \$50.00.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & S. S. Marie Railway Company (\$300.00)

First prize, \$150.00; second prize, \$100.00; third prize, \$50.00.

No county will have the right to compete for more than one of those railroad prizes, but each will have the privilege of selecting the railroad for whose prize it desires to contest.

Corn Prizes.

For the best ten ears of Northwest Dent corn, grown in field of at least ten acres, in any of the following counties: Billings, Burleigh, Dunn, Emmons, Hettinger, Morton, Stark, prizes will be donated by the Goodridge-Call lumber company as follows: First prize, \$50.00; second prize, \$35; third prize, \$25.00.

For the best and greatest variety of corn exhibited by any one individual, elegant gold watch valued at \$60.00. Works donated by the Waltham watch company and the case by E. B. Woodward of Bismarck.

General County Prizes.

For the best and most artistically arranged county exhibit consisting of grains, grasses, seed and other farm products:

First prize donated by the lumbermen of Minneapolis, \$500.00.

Second prize, donated by the association of commerce of St. Paul, \$300.00.

Fourth prize, donated by the exposition, \$200.00.

Fifth prize, donated by the exposition, \$100.00.

Sixth prize, donated by the exposition, \$50.00.

Seventh prize, donated by the exposition, \$40.00.

Eighth prize, donated by the exposition, \$30.00.

Ninth prize donated by the exposition, \$20.00.

While a county cannot compete for more than one railroad prize it is not prevented from entering the contest for the general county prizes.

There are three thousand dollars offered for county prizes, and will give the farmers of the state an excellent opportunity to display it. There are twenty-five separate and distinct prizes offered for county exhibits.

Bloom of the Devils Lake Journal is still quoting figures to Col. Whitehead of the Bismarck State, calculated to convince Col Whitehead that prohibition is a big success, and that he—Whitehead—should be more temperate.

The Avenger

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

"Can you tell me, sir, where I can find the man who killed young Trevor in this place a few weeks ago?"

The inquirer was an elderly man past fifty, who spoke in a modulated voice that indicated the gentleman. He was faultlessly dressed, and everything about him betokened respectability and prosperity. But in his eye was a look—well, it was a look of indescribable melancholy.

"You refer to Jim Hawkins, I 'speak,' replied one of a group of men of whom the inquiry was made.

"I don't know his name. I refer to the man who shot and killed young Trevor," replied the gentleman in the same quiet voice.

"You'll probably find him at the Antelope saloon, sir. He's a gambler and has picked up a scab. The Antelope is that yaller building right over there. But don't excite him. Even the sheriff doesn't dare touch him."

"Thank you, gentlemen," and the stranger started for the saloon.

Jim Hawkins was one of those desperadoes who infested the wild west in the days of its wilderness, especially mining towns. Young Trevor, a mining engineer, had gone to the place to examine a mine, had been invited by Hawkins to drink, had declined, and, having persisted in declining, Hawkins shot him dead. Something in the old gentleman's appearance told the men of whom he had made his inquiries that his presence in the town had connection with this murder. It did not occur to them that the mild-mannered man had come out to avenge Trevor's death. Indeed, they didn't know what he had come for, but curiosity prompted them to follow him to the Antelope saloon.

Approaching a table where Hawkins had been pointed out to him, he bent down and said in that same soft voice: "Excuse me, sir, for interrupting your game. My name is Trevor. I have come to invite you to have something with me at the bar."

Hawkins looked up, and it seemed to him that the young man whose life he had snuffed out stood before him, only aged. It was as if thirty years had gone by and young Trevor had come back to do by him as he had done by Trevor.

The man bending over him showed no sign of possessing a weapon, but there was a self-satisfied look so far as danger was concerned that was more forceful than if he had looked down the barrel of a pistol. Hawkins did not know whether the apparition—as he considered it—could draw a weapon—if he had one—quicker than himself or not. Something told him that the hour of vengeance had come. Under the influence of that melancholy eye he arose from the table, leaving there a pile of coins he had won, and walked side by side with the stranger to the bar.

"Barkeeper," said the newcomer, "set a bottle of whisky before the gentleman and a glass."

The barkeeper filled the order while Hawkins said:

"I don't drink with no man who don't drink with me."

"You are to drink not with the living, but with the dead. I am but a messenger to do what can only be done in the flesh."

"Whose messenger?"

"Reginald Trevor."

"Oh!"

The stranger facing Hawkins leaned his right elbow on the bar, supporting his cheek with his right hand facing the man he had invited to drink. This brought the former's hand in close proximity to the collar of his coat at the back of his neck.

"Will you drink, sir?"

Hawkins looked as if he didn't know what to do. He raised his hand to take hold of the bottle standing on the bar, and the hand trembled. Every one of those looking on saw it and knew that the stranger had deprived Hawkins of his nerve. They knew it from the fact that he was obeying the stranger as well as by the trembling of his hand. Hawkins poured out some liquor, spilling much of it. Then he slowly placed it to his lips and took it down at a gulp.

"Have another," said the stranger. But the liquor had brought back Hawkins' courage.

"Not by a—"

The gentleman's hand that had been supporting his cheek clutched at something under his collar at the back of his neck, and the broad blade of a bowie knife glittered before Hawkins' eyes. He started to put his hand to his hip, whereupon the stranger lowered the knife to within an inch of that part of Hawkins' neck that covers the jugular vein.

"Drink!" said the stranger.

Hawkins' hand instead of continuing to his hip grasped the bottle and poured out another drink.

And so the stranger forced him to take one drink after another till all power was gone out of him, when the former turned to the lookers on and said:

"Call the sheriff."

That official, who had not before dared to lay a hand on Hawkins, disarmed him and carried him to the jail. "Give him the rope tomorrow morning at 6," said the stranger. "He'll be sober by that time."

And the next morning Hawkins was swung off. But the stranger who had captured him did not wait to see him hanged.

Fort Peck Indian Reservation to Be Opened in September

NINE THOUSAND FARMS TO BE OPENED UP—ENOUGH VIRGIN SOIL TO FEED A NATION.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 18.—Nearly 9,000 160-acre farms homes will be drawn by the "lucky ones" as the result of the throwing open of 1,345,000 acres of land upon the Fort Peck Indian reservation in northeastern Montana next month. This is the last great land drawing Uncle Sam has to offer his people and one of the greatest in the history of government land openings in point of fertility.

Government agricultural experts estimate that when this vast stretch of virgin soil is tilled it will add about 25,000,000 bushels of grain annually to the production of the United States—enough to feed a nation.

The interior department is making extensive preparations to rush a big corps of clerks to Glasgow, Havre and Great Falls, Mont., which are to be the registration points.

These land offices will be open Sept. 1 next and the work of filing for this land will then begin. The people will have a chance to continue filing until Sept. 20.

The vastness of the area opened to white settlement is expected to make this one of the most alluring land openings ever presented to the people inasmuch as their opportunity of getting something in the drawing will be much better than in any previous land opening.

For instance when the Coeur D'Alene, Flathead and Spokane land drawings were held last year a total of 90,000 people filed and drew for the lands in these three Indian reservations.

Government officials do not think that more than 75,000 people will file for the Fort Peck land. Hence the

chance of drawing a quarter section in the Fort Peck reservation lottery are about four times as good as they have been in previous government land drawings.

The actual value of this land is said by government agricultural experts to average about \$25 an acre. However, the government appraisal for its opening to white settlement is only from \$2.50 to \$7 per acre, thus making real prizes for those who draw this land.

The names of all who file for land will be placed in a big box and the envelopes drawn out one by one and numbered until enough envelopes are taken from the box to correspond with the number of quarter sections available—8,406.

Those getting the early numbers will of course get first pick of the land in rotation, according to the numbers drawn. Actual settlement of the land will begin May 1, 1914.

Half a dozen modern town-sites already have been located by the government at points along the main transcontinental line of the Great Northern railway which runs through the Fort Peck reservation for 100 miles.

St. Louis, Aug. 16.—Officials of seventeen western railroads, including the Rock Island, Burlington, Union Pacific, St. Paul, North Western, Santa Fe and other trunk lines signed a telegram sent to Postmaster General Burleson, urging the government to increase the compensation to roads for handling the mail. The increase is asked on the ground that the volume of mail is greatly increased as the result of the establishment of the parcel post, and a further increase after August 20.

The telegram states that on a basis of the testimony of the postoffice department before the senate committee on July 25 the "government must have collected at least \$11,000,000 on revenue from the parcel post for the six months, and as this was before any arrangements to reimburse the

railroads for taking care of the parcel post, not a dollar of this big return was paid to the roads."

The increased weight limit inaugurated August 15 means more revenue for the government and "no provision has yet been made to pay the railroads for transporting it."

Sigurd Hamlin, 23 years of age, a Dane, had his right hand cut off while cutting grain on the Foust farm near Cogswell a few days ago. Flies were teasing the horses and as he was fixing the nose guards the animals started to run and the unfortunate youth was thrown to the ground, in front of the knives which entirely severed his right hand. The boy has a brother in Winnipeg.

Roy Kenich, who was arrested at Carrington charged with stealing, attempted to escape. The boy is only 16 years of age.

Plume Service Introduced Here

J. G. RITTER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF WELL KNOWN ADVERTISING SYNDICATE IN TOWN

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

The business men of this city will be interested in the fact that a truly big advertising company is going to open up a branch office in this state. The Plume Syndicate has a branch in practically every large city in the country, they are also represented in larger cities of the old country and coming as they do with the best recommendations from good authority it is really interesting to know that they consider this territory one of the best business centers of the United States.

Mr. Ritter, will be here for three or four days and will no doubt be able to interest our merchants in the modern methods of advertising his company is promoting.



Why Did Peary and His Associates Call Dr. Cook a Liar? Watch This Space!!

F. W. WHEELER, 114 W. Main St., Bismarck, N. D.