

CONQUERED HERO.

Sanders, Alias James, the Diamond Swindler, Revisits St. Paul a Prisoner in Custody.

He Tells a Strange Story of His Life and Methods of Operation—Other Criminal News.

The Twentieth Anniversary of Lincoln's Death Observed at Turner Hall—Speeches in English and German.

Some Gossip Political—Two Little Fires—The Bill Board Row Again—Tales of a Dakota County Prisoner.

HE'S HERE AT LAST.

Frank Landers, the Accomplished Diamond Swindler, Comes Back to St. Paul.

There are different ways in which a man may return to the scenes of his former triumphs. According to the conventional idea he should be met with a brass band and received by a committee on reception, and extend to him the freest of the city, and if he is in great luck a banquet and free ride follows. This is the ideal reception extended usually to the conquering hero, by way of compliment to his achievements or worth, and along with this naturally follow all the honors, the shouts, the feasting and the acclamations. This is not exactly the kind of welcome extended to Frank Landers, alias Wilbur F. James, upon his arrival in St. Paul yesterday. He returned to the scene of his former exploits, but here he encountered the exception of the free ride. He returned as a captive.

The history of this young man reads like a romance. There is an abyssal depth to his nature as there is in the heights of his fame, and certainly when a man succeeds in playing the polished knave and duping mankind to the extent he has done, and with the affluent ease and certitude of method, he should receive to the full credit he has earned.

LANDERS' EXPLOITS. In St. Paul something over a year ago, the polished manner in which he duped a score of prominent business men, his methods of manipulation, his capture in Boston and his subsequent travels and doings since leaving St. Paul are the subjects of current history, and so familiar has the public become with his career, through the full and repeated accounts of his transactions in the public prints, that a recapitulation is at this time unnecessary.

The specific charge on which he will be arraigned to answer in St. Paul is that of obtaining goods under false pretenses from Myers & Finch, the jewelers; Glenn & Gilman, crockery dealers; Brown, Berg and Gest, jewelers; Duncan & Barry and George Palmer, the tailors; the Hotel Astor, and a host of minor firms whom he victimized.

The details of his arrest in Boston, as stated, have already appeared in these columns. He was arraigned in that city on the 10th inst. on the charge of presenting a forged order for two suits of clothing, and in view of the prior and more serious charges against him in St. Paul, Detective William Pinkerton effected his release in that city and started West with his man the day of his release.

Detective Pinkerton and James or Landers reached this city at 6 o'clock yesterday morning and they were met at the depot by Detective John O'Connor of this city.

After partaking of breakfast James was escorted by the officers to the stores of several of the firms mentioned in the foregoing, and while the greeting was not so cordial as it might have been, he was assured by the latter that they were pleased to see him.

HIS APPEARANCE. He was then escorted to the headquarters where he was seen by a GLOBE reporter in the presence of Chief Clerk's office, and what may be called a very pleasant interview took place.

His appearance is a handsome one, and every inch the graceful, polished, easy-going man of society and the world. About 5 feet 10 inches tall, blue eyes, which dilate in conversation, and which are calculated to reassure and inspire confidence in the beholder, a frank, full-face, small-mouth, sensual lips, and a not very luxuriant sandy or blonde mustache. He converses fluently, selecting his words with care, and rarely making a blunder. He is fashionably attired in a stove-pipe hat, checked English trousers, a Prince Albert coat, blue scarf and choker collar. Add to this a man of 28 years of age, with flashy manners, and you have him.

What He Says. "I understand," he began, "that these people are hollering pretty loud about me. I suppose I will have to stand it, but it is no credit to them no more than it is to myself. I just happened to strike the right parties, but of course it required some presence of mind to succeed. The St. Paul people were pretty hard on me. There was a smart business man here, a man whose name was calculated to catch the best of them. Why, even Pinkerton says it was the most original idea he ever heard of.

"I am sorry that I am not able to make the losses good here to a further extent than I want. But this is no me. I don't know that whether it will be five or six years, or what, but after I get out I intend to settle down to square business. I think the St. Paul people got off tolerably lucky."

"You intend pleading guilty, then?" "Oh, yes, I may as well, but where have I seen you?—addressing the reporter. "Remember now, I saw you standing in front of the Astoria the day I left here. I have gone through a good deal since then."

A GAME OF BELIEF. "What is the most noticeable incident of your career?" "Well, I don't mind telling you that everything I did required a certain presence of mind, but the narrowest escape I ever had occurred last February in New Orleans. It happened this way. I chanced to be in New Orleans, and was about on my uppers, when I raised \$1,000 on a bank check. I was about to get out of town, and was on the way to the depot when I was suddenly confronted by Detective F. Bell, who was directed recently, but who had a national reputation for being one of the best detectives in the United States. He thought I was a shadowing me, but in order to find out how I shammed him I called him by name, tipped my hat and introduced myself as the correspondent of the New York Herald. The bait misled him and then I informed him that I understood he was working up a bank case (only one case, by the way) and I requested an outline of the case for my paper. He invited me into a cafe, and after ordering a bottle of wine, we sat down and he told me all about it. He said that the man who had been arrested and that poor Farrell has since died."

CLOSE QUARTERS. "After leaving New Orleans I went to Jackson, Miss., where I almost got into trouble. On my arrival at Jackson I carried a pair of galsters done up in a parcel, and expecting to remain in the town a few days, I went into a saloon, a tough place by the way, and I asked the barkeeper if he wouldn't take care of the bundle for me. He asked me what the bundle contained, and I replied that it held a pair of shoes. I had no sooner said so when he produced a gun, and with the mark that he had lost a pair just like them he attempted to use

the revolver, when I broke for the door and got away. I returned to the place afterwards, when he told me that he had recovered his property, and he apologized."

"Where did you go after leaving St. Paul?" "On leaving here I left on the Minneapolis & St. Louis road for West Liberty, Ia. I left the train at that place and took a branch road for Joliet, Ill., where I caught a train on the Ft. Wayne road, and went direct to New York, and from there to Europe."

HIS START. "How did you come to start a criminal career?" "Well, I used to be a clerk in a shoe house, and I afterwards got in the insurance business, started out in 1881 or '83 in Philadelphia, and I needed money and commenced in a small way, but at this time I didn't make many bad breaks. On leaving Philadelphia I went across the continent to the Pacific coast, where I became a hard up, and here I made the first bad break. I raised some money on orders from jewelers and others and I boarded a steamer for England and here I struck a short card man and we worked the steamer. It was my intention on leaving to work hard and honestly, acquire enough money to return to Frisco, and lift the cloud from my character."

"But the fates were against me, and I got deeper in the mire. I returned to America after some absence, and you have since heard of me in New York, Louisville, St. Paul, Boston, New Orleans and other places."

"Is it true you went into Pennsylvania one time with a pal and tried to work a bank and a number of citizens by representing yourself as being in the firm of Studenbaker Bros., South Bend, Ind.?" "No sir, I have never traveled with anybody. I have ALWAYS WORKED THIS BUSINESS ALONE."

"Mr. Pinkerton is the only man who ever got my career straight, and if his idea had been carried out I would have been stopped at Philadelphia."

"There is another misapprehension I would like to have you correct. It was stated in the Chicago Times that I had once been sentenced to four years and six months in the penitentiary. This is wrong; I have never been in the penitentiary, and the only time I was ever in jail was at Hartford, Conn., where I was sent up for four months."

"You must have amassed considerable wealth in the past few years?" "I have not. The only money I have made another mistake; the estimates of what I acquired are all too high; I couldn't say what amount would cover it, but certainly not over \$25,000 or \$30,000 at all. Then you must remember that I didn't realize as much as I thought, a general thing I didn't realize more than one-third of what the stuff was worth."

"What became of all this money?" "A good share of it was spent in traveling, and then I played the bank some, and I gave a good deal of it away. Sometimes I would meet a friend or poor fellow who was broke and I would give up a \$20 or a \$50 note as quick as I would a nickel."

THEY LOVE AFFAIR. "How about that Boston love affair of yours? Is there any truth in the statement that a Boston girl fell in love with you, and sent you a case of files concealed in a box from New York?" "I don't care to say much about this matter. It was all a very foolish idea. You see I was well acquainted with the lady's brother, and she sent me the files in a box of flowers. At least that is the report, as I have never seen the files, and I don't know if it was a good deal of it away. Sometimes I would meet a friend or poor fellow who was broke and I would give up a \$20 or a \$50 note as quick as I would a nickel."

MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN. The Twentieth Anniversary of His Death Celebrated at Turner Hall.

Turner hall was well filled last night, the occasion being the Lincoln memorial service and the singing of the national anthem. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic attended in a body, marching into the hall shortly after 8 o'clock. The exercises were begun by an overture from Seibert's orchestra. The members of the German singing societies followed with a chorus of selected male voices. Mr. Charles H. Lienau was then introduced to the audience and delivered an address in German.

MR. LIENAU'S SPEECH. "At the solemn midnight hour the German male singers sang a hymn of sorrow to the state of our country. The words of the hymn were bathed in tears to hear it. No other sound was heard during the night. Thus, said Mr. Lienau, did James G. Blaine write in his 'Twenty Years in Congress' in the passage describing the death of the great and good president, Abraham Lincoln, from Washington to Springfield. This occurred while Lincoln's body was lying in state in the city hall in New York over night, when the German singers paid their tribute to the honored dead. Twice in the year have we gathered in the speaker continued, but the tones of those German songs, pregnant with feeling, still linger before our minds, eye the affecting scene of that night at the death bed of the great and good president, and the feelings which affected those singers as in swelling harmony they gave expression to a nation's deep grief."

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can hold that office and that of notary public at the same time, Attorney General Hann replies that the duties of one office are not inconsistent with those of the other and that he can hold both.

A. J. Duguis, president of schools in Dodge county, writes the superintendent of public instruction in reference to the legal powers of a teacher in regard to enforcing order and discipline in his school in the case of boys too large to be fogged and too small to be whipped. This matter was referred to the attorney general, who agrees with Mr. Sperry that such pupils can be summarily suspended by a teacher and made to withdraw from the school pending the action of the school board, and without waiting for an order of the trustees. The law gives a teacher power to enforce prompt obedience to his lawful commands, and if he fails to use his power he is unfit for a teacher. In the school as in the family, there exists a natural authority, and the relations with foreign powers were under his control. THE PROBLEM OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT was vested in him. The United States was upon trial in the person of its president. It is true that "all statesmanship has preparation for its object," he was a statesman of the first class, ranking with Richelieu, Chambray and Jefferson among the great.

This Illinois lawyer, unlearned, untrained, called by destiny from the wranglings of obscure court rooms, commanded those armies and navies; raised up military chieftains and deposed them; he was the nation's gave freedom by his mere signature to 4,000,000 of people; converted the despised slave into a warrior; held ascendancy over the congress; was followed by newspapers instead of being led by them; and his name was inscribed upon the wall of history edicts.

WHICH CHANGED THE CONSTITUTION and which overruled the decisions of the most august court that has ever pronounced the law.

—Wohl dem Ganzen frodet. Sieh einmal nach dem Himmel, der dir die Furche tausendmal, ein Halt; sieh hinunter. Wie eine feste Saule, ein die man sich auflehnen kann, und der die Welt zu verbersten.

This awkward giant of six feet four inches stature, of slouching gait, of quaint aspect, of homespun ways, of western conformity to prim decorum, of humor like that of Rabelais to enforce an argument or to put down a snail, of deep sadness akin to the most morose of the monks, and of puer sentences of a pathos all his own; devoid of cant, who never said a foolish thing and would not do a wise until he and hiscoadjutor Time were both ready, although a nation might clamor for an earlier performance, who never took a step backwards—saw as from a mountain top a promised land over the heads of armies rolling in battle upon the plains below, and

WENT INTO THE MARTYR'S GRAVE. In considering him we naturally contemplate the state of being led by Washington. The comparison is instructive, for it not only distinguishes those men, but also the ages in which they lived.

Washington lived at a time when the effort of men was to reform their governments. The effort was to be made by the individual, and then the government considered. The great oppression was a political one; it was the power of taxation without representation; it was the denial of the right of popular government. If these evils were to be perpetual they contained within themselves all the wrongs that the individual men could suffer. In dealing with this general question, therefore, Washington had nothing directly to do with, and said little concerning

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transoms to prevent the vigilant reporters from getting an inkling of the momentous question of where the poor farm should be located.

The action of the board upon the bill board row is considered a positive triumph for Bill Poster Scott, in that even though he does not gain the coveted control himself it blocks the plans of his enterprising rivals.

A VENERABLE RUIN. He looked like the last run of shad, or as if he might have been found on the grass among other strange things when the snow melted. His hair was long, black and curly, his whiskers matted and dirty, his eyes filled with age, and his form bent double with girth. Officer Larson found him seated in front of the Franklin school, and when the copper told him to move, he drew a gun from his ragged coat and threatened to assassinate him. He was before the court, silent, dejected and dumb. He will rest in the battle for thirty days.

What Strange Things Are Found on the Ground When the Snow Fades. He looked like the last run of shad, or as if he might have been found on the grass among other strange things when the snow melted. His hair was long, black and curly, his whiskers matted and dirty, his eyes filled with age, and his form bent double with girth. Officer Larson found him seated in front of the Franklin school, and when the copper told him to move, he drew a gun from his ragged coat and threatened to assassinate him. He was before the court, silent, dejected and dumb. He will rest in the battle for thirty days.

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