THE GLOBE TREATS MINNEAPOLIS MEN AND MINNEAPOLIS MATTERS WITH FAIRNESS.

Daily Globe.

MINNEAPOLIS EDITION.

THE GLOBE HAS THE HANDSOMEST NEWSPAPER BUILDING IN MINNEAPOLIS.

VOL. XI. SAINT PAUL MINN., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1889.---SIXTEEN PAGES. NO. 279.

"LET 'ER GO" COLUMN

A Collection of Pertinent Paragraphs, and Sayings of Minneapolis Men.

An Interview With a Cigar Sign--Uncle Loren Fletcher's Stories.

A Theatrical Man's Views on Advertising - - A Good Story on Judge Hicks.

A Few Casual Remarks Upon the Famous Ames Interview.

"You bet; these humans are dead soft chumps."

These words, uttered in a soliloquizing tone, startled a GLOBE reporter one morning last week as he was crossing the steel arch bridge on his way back from an East side fire. At first, on looking around, he could see no one, but a closer scrutiny disclosed the well-known features of the wooden image of Puck, which does duty as a cigar sign at the corner of Third street and Nicollet avenue. Puck was wearing an ulster several sizes too large for him, for the night was chilly. The reporter greeted Puck as an old acquaintance, and expressed surprise at seeing him out so late, or, rather, early, for it was about 3 a. m.

"Oh, yes; I come out occasionally for a little recreation and to get away from the other cigar signs. To be frank with you they are not quite up to me in brain power, and it is trying to associate constantly with ones unequals. You see I am quite an old man and have seen a good deal of the world in my time. You may have seen what Billy Shakespeare has said about my trip around the earth. That was, of course, all pure imagination on Billy's part. Billy was a good fellow, fond of a social glass and all that, but he had a sort of a 'bug in his head.' Strange to say his spirit is still troubled the same way. But mention Bacon to Bill Shakespeare's ghost and the air will be blue with abuse of the attempt of that hog to eat upeverything good in old English learning."

"What is the matter with your cigar stand companions that you can't associate with them?"

"Oh, they are not my style. They are too frivolous or too vulgar. Now there is that girl who stands on the corner of Third street and Hennepin avenue. She used to live in ancient Greece, but has forgotten all her early training. The simpering air with which she stands there on the corner, a sort of a 'Come buy my flowers' look, disgusts me. Then that Indian on the north side of Hennepin avenue, below Third street, is a pretty fellow, but his auctioneer attitude is too much for an old Sixteenth century gentleman who knew Billy Shakespeare. The girl-with-slim-ankle, who stands on the south side of Nicollet, just above Sixth street, is about the nicest girl in the cigar sign variety, but she is too coquettish. However, she will get over that, I hope. Sam Scalplifter, just below my station there on Nicollet, would be a decent fellow if it were not for his low tastes. He is an old mountaineer, and has no love for frivolous modern society, but, as the gun he holds and the way he glances toward the gutter indicate, he will 'shoot snipes.'"

"When I came along here, Puck, you were sizing up humanity as a job lot of fools. What gives you such opinions?"

"Why, the way these Minneapolitans act. They do not know what is good for them. For instance, look at this bridge. That old suspension thing there will fall some day and several persons will be hurt. The twin to this steel arch affair should be put up there as quickly as possible. Then the wants of the city at this point would be supplied. This water power company seems to think that it owns the Mississippi.

"Then, see the way Doc Kilvington is being jumped on. Doc may not be the greatest physician on earth, but he is a hustling health officer. No doubt his crematory smells a little, but I am an old-timer and have seen a good deal, and I believe that with careful experimenting that crematory could be made to do its work satisfactorily.

"You newspaper fellows ought to know something about this exposition matter. The directors of that mammoth failure, or nearly one, are all looking for the best of it. They are too much taken up with their own schemes to make capital out of their connection with it to give any heed to the needs of the enterprise. I am an old show man and my opinion is entitled to some respect when I say that a man who is experienced in catering to the amusement loving people is a prime necessity in the managerial place.

"Now, I want to tell you one thing more. The people of Minneapolis are to blame for this Ames business. Ames is a good fellow, but every time he gets keyed up a little with flattery and adulation, he is sure to slop over. The public have made him apply that old saying, common in my time, to himself, viz: 'The king can do wrong.' You newspaper fellows also help to foment these quarrels. Thank God there were no newspapers when I was a young man.

"Well, my boy, I have talked to you a good while now, and am getting a little chilled. Tell the GLOBE readers my reasons for being out here some times o'nights, so that if any of them ever meet me they will not be frightened.

Good night."

—!—

Dr. S. S. Kilvington says he is satisfied that the stench which is knocking out the people in the Second ward does not come from the crematory. A great many of his friends agree with him and have been helping him to find some other cause for it. They have been calling at his office and telling him about burning peat bags, rubbish piles, manure heaps, etc. Yesterday another new cause was brought to light. It is claimed that the engineer at the Pillsbury elevator has been burning chaff in the furnace. If this thing keeps up much longer the residents of the Second ward will become so fastidious that they will demand that a health inspector be detailed for every house to see that nothing is burnt but hard coal.

—!—

If any one will start a perfume factory in East Minneapolis he can probably get a sufficient bonus to make it an object for him.

—!—

O. H. Hall, president of the Woodpecker club, reports that the house committee, which was instructed at the last meeting to hire a readheaded darky for janitor, failed to find that kind of a gentleman, and so, as a last resort, they have hired a bald-headed darky, who agrees to wear a red wig while on duty.

—!—

J. Junius McHale was a good deal taken back yesterday when a gentleman boarding at Sexton's hotel asked him if the Woodpecker club was not one of those clubs with a blind pig attachment. This was very cruel in the hotel man, for the Woodpeckers pride themselves on having one of the toniest and most moral clubs in the city. The president is one of the pillars in the Plymouth church, and there is no doubt but what he will feel scandalized to hear that anyone should think for a moment that they would even patronize a blind pig. No one is allowed to join except strawberryblondes whose characters are above reproach. The club was formed for the mutual protection of the members against the encroachments of the white horses.

—!—

Several years ago the inhabitants of the thriving village of Sleepy Eye came to the conclusion that a village like theirs with a future before it, ought to have a more classical name. Accordingly their representative in the legislature was informed of their conclusion, and several meetings were called for the purpose of deciding on a new name.

Every resident, however, advocated some different name, and as the session of the legislature was fast drawing to a close, the member from Sleepy Eye concluded to take the matter in his own hands and name the town "Lorena," after his old friend Hon. Loren Fletcher. A bill was consequently introduced in the house and passed, changing the name to Lorena. But as soon as the villagers found out that their town was to be named after Uncle Loren, an excited throng immediately took the train for St. Paul and had the bill stopped up in the senate. So the village still retains its original name of "Sleepy Eye."

—!—

Uncle Loren Fletcher, by the way, says that he wants the next Republican national convention held in Minneapolis, and that he will contribute $3,000 towards getting it. He also announces that he is out of politics (just as much as he ever was probably).

Now that the excitement attendant upon the return of Dr. Ames has subsided and the people are able to look at the matter more calmly, three facts stand out distinctly: The gentle doctor is still prone to slop over, and to do it hard; he has shown that he has the sand to stand by what he says; the ancient proverb, "Scratch a Russian and find a Tartar," may well be parphrased to read, "Scratch an Irishman, and there will be a Donnybrook fight."

"Doc" always would let his tongue get away with him. He says more than he means. The people of Minneapolis, it would seem, ought to be perfectly cognizant of this little failing of the doctor's, and make allowance for it. But in this case they do not do it.

Anti-Irishism, anti-Catholicism, pro-Scandinavism, etc., are ascribed as reasons for his latest "break."

Gentlemen, throw away your prejudices, cool your heated heads and look the matter squarely in the face. You will find that "doc" has simply "slopped over."

—!—

It is refreshing, however, to find in this day and age, when public men are ever ready to swear that the reporter lied, when the chances are that he did not tell the whole truth, that at least one man and that "Doc" Ames, with all his faults, will stand right up and own that he spoke just as he was reported. The doctor was abused on all sides. By denying that he had spoken as quoted he could undoubtedly have quelled a good deal of the storm of wrath that burst upon him. But he did not do it. He, like an honest man, preferred to take the consequences of his words to crawling out of a small hole. How many politicians would have taken a similar course?

Hon. E. E. Pratt, a former member of the legislature from Anoka county, who lives near Attorney Trussell's old home, tells of a little experience he once had with Judge Hicks. Hicks was at the time sheriff of Hennepin county, and Mr. Pratt was living on a farm in Richfield township. The sheriff was making a tour through the county collecting the delinquent personal taxes, and, calling on Mr. Pratt, informed him that his name was on the delinquent list for a small amount. Mr. Pratt was seeding at the time, and, being quite anxious to get his grain in as soon as possible, told the sheriff that he did not care to stop his work and go to town after the money, but that if he would let it go for a day or two until he finished seeding that he would call at his office and pay it and allow him his costs the same as though he had made the collection. This did not, however, satisfy Hicks, who was perhaps just as anxious to exercise his authority as a sheriff as he now is to exercise it as a judge. He told Pratt that he must have the money immediately or he would make a levy. Pratt then told him if he wanted to be mean, why to go ahead and make his levy. Hicks then levied on the seeder so as to bother Pratt as much as possible, and to pay him back for what he called his "sassy talk." In taking the seeder, however, is where the sheriff made a great big mistake, for the seeder was a borrowed one, and the sheriff, after hauling it eight miles into town, was compelled by the owner to haul it the whole eight miles back again.

—!—

Ald. Gray—Look here, my friend Gale, if you would increase your popularity a little, you do that.

Harlow Gale—I don't know as it makes much difference about the popularity, just as I increase the income of the market house.

—!—

It a-Pierres that the Minneapolis capitalists who invested their superfluous moneys in capital square-lots in Watertown, found them indeed invested in liquid real estate.

—!—

Hiawatha's ghost may rest more quietly now. No more are the pie-faced urchins of the great and metropolitan Minneapolis to dig their grimy digits in the face of the sacred bluffs whose sands looked down in many colors upon the laughing waters. No more will he, of the long and inky locks whose squaw and wigwam squat upon the legend-painted banks, cram the legendary sands in glass bottles to be peddled to the sacreligious generation of palefaces who hie them to its shores by Sunday motors. The council of the pleasant lodges, those known by the profane as park commissioners, say no. The Great Chief Loring, he, of the slender form and grey locks, he, the father of all these park systems, says "No!" Chief Boardman, he, of the stalwart frame, he, of the fat cheeks, says "No!" And now, when the sight-seer, he with the multitudinous baskets and kids, would carry away some of the sights with him he must spend his wam-pum for a thin, shallow paper book with a man-slaying poem concocted by a young maiden.

—!—

The attitude of Col. Thomas Lowry towards the people of the Twin Cities, at times, calls to mind the famous expression of that old prince of monopolists, W. H. Vanderbilt, "the public be d—d." It is doubtful if the true story of how that expression was ever given life has ever been told. The man who secured the interview in which Vanderbilt consigned the public to the tender care of his majesty, the devil, was John G. Sherman, now assistant city editor of the Chicago Tribune, but at that time a reporter on the same paper.

Sherman heard that Vanderbilt was on his way west, and would arrive in Chicago on a certain evening. Sherman was looking for material for a good story, so he went to Michigan City to meet the railway magnate's train. The train stopped there to take water, and with a reporter's characteristic cheek, Sherman crowded himself into the car along with the worthy man who never allowed his stock to suffer from want of water. A conversation followed something after this fashion:

"Mr. Vanderbilt, I suppose that you are so busy looking after your extensive interests that you have but little time to attend to what the public says of you?"

"Well, it is a good deal that way."

"Don't you often think that you will manage your own business, regardless of what the public may think?"

"Yes, I often am driven to just that opinion."

"Is it not a fact that when wearied by the continued howling of the public through its mouth pieces, the papers, you as much as say in your own mind the public be d——d?"

"Yes, that is just about the way of it."

That was all the reporter required, and the next morning the world heard that Vanderbilt had said "the public be d——d." It was a case of putting into a man's mouth the words he is wanted to speak.

—!—

People are a good deal surprised that they have not heard a warwhoop from Maj. O'Reilly, of the state weighing force, after what ex-Mayor Ames said about his countrymen.

—!—

Fred E. Wright, who has been in Minneapolis for the past few days acting as advance agent for Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell," is quite an authority upon advertising fakes, and has originated many novel ideas. Yesterday he was standing in front of a mammoth lithograph of W. S. Cleveland, on Nicollet avenue, which remains as a reminder of the Cleveland-Haverly minstrel engagement, and soliliquized something as follows: "That's a mistake for a manager to boom himself instead of his show. I know Cleveland well, and want to see him get along nicely up the ladder of fame, but he is making a fool of himself, I'm afraid. You see, he will be getting to think he's a great man, and will slop over. His exaggerated opinion of his greatness will lead him to do a lot of things that are wrong. It isn't very long ago he was a bill-poster in Chillicothe, O., and it was only six or seven years ago that he was a programmer for Mike Leavitt's show. Now he is such a great man that he won't recognize his old associates—people who have "been in the business" longer than he, and who can give him cards and spades and beat him. When his show was here in Minneapolis he refused to pass Burt Haverly, who was with his cumpany the previous season. He also "turned down" Mike Tobin, the veteran advance agent, and other good people who were his equals at least, if not his superiors. I understand that when Frank Cushman's wife visited the theater to hear her husband sing, Cushman had to pay her admission—it was held out of his salary. One night Mrs. Cushman took a seat in a box and it cost Frank $8. Now Willie is a goood fellow, but I'm afraid he is getting his head turned from self-advertising and self-puffery.

—!—

There has been a clash within the fold of the Union League. William Henry Eustis, the president, saw fit to discharge the janitor—the house committee saw fit to reinstate him. The new man whom Eustis installed to the functions of this important office is bigger and darker than the one before holding the office. There is a question as to how this war in Africa will culminate.

—!—

The Caledonian club is talking of clothing its members in true Scottish guise. There seems to be some crossing of swords, however, between the brawny Scotchmen on this topic. The more youthful of the braw lads, those with Apollian forms, including in their clan James Shearer and James Gray, insist that on state occasions the club would appear in much better form clad in kilts and plaids, with hardy limbs exposed and bagpipe and staff in place. The more dignified, more thin, and yet quite as Scotch confederates, with "Sandy" Hastings at their head, are not willing to take on the garb. The public will await the result with eager eyes. The Flambeau club is already groaning within itself in anticipating envy.

PHASES OF LIFE.

An old and well-known railroad engineer in speaking of the Riggs electric danger signal which was on exhibition at the Exposition, said: "It reminds me of a somewhat similar apparatus patented by Frank Winters some ten or twelve years ago. Winters was an engineer on the St. Paul & Duluth railroad, and in trying to save his engine in the roundhouse at Northern Pacific Junction, which was on fire, he was blown up through an explosion of fire damp, losing the sight of both eyes for a time. While in this condition and under medical treatment, he invented several life-saving devices for railroads. One of them was an apparatus whereby a gong would sound in both caboose and engine of a freight train whenever it broke in two, which is a very ordinary case and exceedingly dangerous unless noticed at once, especially if the train is going up or down grade. An ordinary battery was placed in the caboose and wires run to the engine connecting with the device, the return connection being made on the rail. The invention was tried practically and proved a success, but was never adopted for some reason, and while looking at the Riggs patent I was reminded very forcibly of Frank's patent, and wondered if the idea did not spring from the latter's brain. He died some years ago from the effects of the accident, while vainly endeavoring to interest capital to introduce several of his inventions.

* * *

"Prof." John Donaldson, who is more or less known to all Minneapolitans, has achieved considerable additional reputation as a trainer and second since his departure for San Francisco in the spring. Donaldson has been identified with sporting matters for almost two decades, although only about thirty-seven years of age at the present time. Possessed of a magnificent physique he early demonstrated considerable ability in the manly art, and before increasing weight interfered, was undoubtedly one of the most graceful and scientific sparers living. A departure from the old style of getting away from an opponent by stepping, was changed by him to the graceful spring backwards, which all boxers now use in retreating, and several innovations which have changed the style of boxing very radically from twenty years ago. Donaldson invested considerable of his share of the profits of the business, while in partnership with Cardiff, in good real estate, and the rise in property has made him quite well-to-do. Among sporting men, Donaldson passes as one of the squarest men in the profession. The San Francisco papers gave him great credit for his superb work behind La Blache in the latter's great fight with Dempsey for the middle-weight championship and a $5,000 purse given by the California club, which is the largest one ever hung up for a similar event. Donaldson is naturally of a very pleasant and obliging disposition, and his recent set-to with Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion, who he easily defeated in a recent encounter, demonstrates that he has not lost the use of his hands.

REGISTER, PLEASE, SIR

How Different Men Put Their Names on the Big Book.

A Hotel Clerk Gives the Results of Some of His Observations.

The Newly Married Man Frightened When He Writes "and Wife."

Cranks and Kickers and Traveling Men and Actors Sized Up.

THE NEW CLERK.

Gentlemanly clerk at the West was happy. The guests were pouring in with every train; he was answering 197 questions per minute, and bell boys were rushing about like mad. He was in his element, and a 7x9 smile was spread over his features. A tall, dignified stranger, with spotless linen and carefully waxed mustache, entered just then. The bell clanged sharply.

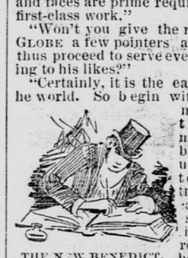
"Front! Show this gentleman to room 23. Yes there is a bath."

How had the clerk sized that man up and given him just the room desired without a question being asked? Possibly the gentleman in question was known to the clerk.

"No, I never saw him before, but I rarely fail to size up a man the moment he steps up to the desk, and failure to know his exact wants when I have seen him spread his name on the register is a rare occurrence. A hotel clerk's occupation, like Othello's, would be gone if he were unable to tell the wants of his guests without questioning. That, and a memory for names and faces are prime requisites for doing first-class work."

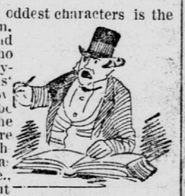
"Won't you give the readers of the GLOBE a few pointers as to how you thus proceed to serve every man according to his likes?"

"Certainly, it is the easiest thing in the world. So begin with the easiest man to read, take the newly married husband. He walks up to the register gingerly, tries to look calm, but blushes involuntarily. He caresses the penholder a moment, leans over, writes his own name with spirit, but adds 'and wife' as if he were not quite sure of the proper term. Of course, I make him believe that I take him for an old stager with a large family. Then I never mention the bridal chamber, but he gets it just the same.



THE NEW BENEDICT.

"One of the oddest characters is the old gentleman, usually fat and asthmatic, who kicks on everything. He must know just how much he is to be charged, how the fire escapes are situated, whether the bed has been aired, etc., ad infinitum, but generally ends by taking the best the house affords. He is all right, if you rub his fur in the proper direction.



THE WALKING EXPOSTULATION.

"Then, there is the man who never registers without pawing over the register for a week back and reading every name. He never knows anyone in the house. I am on to his bluff; always give him a cheap room, and watch him closely, to see that he doesn't get away by a back window.

HE LOOKS 'EM ALL OVER.

Traveling men and theatrical advance agents are easy prey. The youngest bell boy can tumble to them. I gauge them by the size of the autograph. The man who can't find room enough on the register to write his name, as a rule, should have a top floor back room without windows, and he gets it. He is generous only with ink, and wants the cheapest in the house.

THE TRAVELING MAN.

"Some time ago I met a queerer character than usual. A man who is known to every American scholar as a most profound thinker on philosophical subjects stopped here on his way to the coast. He strolled up to the register with a preoccupied air, inked his pen and—stopped. He could not, for the life of him, think of his name. Most of the strange customers, however, come from the district of pumpkins and corn. A register is a terror to such, and every time one of them signs his name visions of bills, lawsuits, judgments, mortgages, flit through his mind.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

"But the easiest man to deal with found by the hotel clerk is the genuine cowboy. As soon as you get him before a pen he is cowed completely, and the tougher he is on the plains the more easily he succumbs. He is out of his element and he knows it. He takes whatever is given him without a murmur."

MORE CAPITAL.

The Officers of the Prudential Insurance Company Pay a Visit of Inspection.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America, of Newark, N. J., represented by John F. Dryden, president; Edgar B. Ward, counsel; James Perry and Henry J. Yates, of the finance committee, have been in Minneapolis since Thursday night, and since that time have been looking over the field with a view to greater activity in loaning money upon improved real estate security. The present tour of inspection was for the purpose of personally inspecting Minneapolis as a field for investment, and becoming familiar with values here.

As a result of the examination, the Prudential Insurance company is prepared to loan large amounts of money in Minneapolis upon improved real estate. It is needless to say that the officers of the Prudential were amazed beyond all expression at the wonderful and unparalleled growth of this city, and the value and extent of its permanent improvements.

Of the many beautiful buildings in course of erection, they were unbounded in their praise as to their architectural symmetry and excellency of build. The growth of the city was marvelous to them, and as to its parks, boulevards and natural scenery, they were simply captured, as far exceeding their most sanguine expectations of what Minneapolis was. William E. Smith, local loan agent for the company, and Hector Baxter, local attorney for the company, gave the lunch, to afford the distinguished gentlemen an opportunity of meeting some of the leading business men of Minneapolis, who have aided materially in making this city what she is. Covers were set for the following gentlemen: John F. Dryden, Edgar B. Ward, James Perry, Henry J. Yates, R. B. Langdon, C. M. Loring, J. E. Bell, William M. Tenny, H. G. Harrison, R. H. Newlon, A. Y. Davidson, J. L. Osborn, W. E. Smith and Hector Baxter. After lunch the party inspected the Masonic temple and the electric light plant in the Syndicate block under the courteous guidance of Mr. Langdon. The Prudential Insurance company, having in view the erection of a handsome building at Newark as a home office, inspected with much interest many of the handsome buildings now in course of erection here for the purpose of gathering ideas as to their own building. The party left last night for Denver, where the company has many heavy interests.

EAST SIDE PARKS.

T. F. Andrews Offers Ten Acres for $68,000.

The park commission, at the meeting yesterday afternoon, took up the East side park question. A proposition made by T. F. Andrews, offering ten acres on Division street, lying between Twelfth and Fourteenth avenues southeast, for $68,000, was submitted to the committee on designation of grounds, after discussion by the board. This land, if purchased, would supply the material for the East side park, instead of the five acres in Etwell's addition, which was offered for $46,000. The board seemed to be of the opinion that the proposition of Mr. Andrews was the best of the two.

Supt. Berry was instructed to grade the triangle at the corner of Portland avenue and Grant street so as to conform with the curve. He was also instructed to prevent the removal of sand from Minnehaha's banks. The bottling of colored sand has come to be quite a business with a certain class of venders, and they have made great holes in the bluffs below the falls.

It will be remembered that James Stinson, five years ago, deeded a strip of land in East Minneapolis to the board for a driveway to be known as Stinson's boulevard. There was one provision to the deed, and that was that the park commissioners should spend $5,000 upon the driveway within five years. The time is up next May and no money has yet been expended. The commissioners ask for an extension of time and it is thought that Mr. Stinson will grant their request.

NO MORE SPRINKLERS.

Water Must Not Now be Thrown Away as Heretofore.

Minneapolitans will no longer be allowed to use water as though it did not cost a cent. The opening of the Shingle Creek pumping station, where coal will have to be burned to work the pumps, will make water cost more than it did when water power was used. Water power pumping costs about $6,000 per 1,000,000 gallons, and steam pumping will cost at least three or four times as much. Hence the people must learn to be not quite so lavish in the use of the fluid. The ordinance governing the watering of lawns, which allows city water so be used for that purpose only for one hour at morning, noon and night, will be enforced, and no more hydraulic elevators will be supplied. The new pumping station will be put in operation as soon as the water gets so low as to interfere with water power pumping.

AMBULANCE IN NAME.

An Instrument of Torture Used for Carrying Injured Humanity.

The police department of Minneapolis have a vehicle that is called an ambulance, but it bears about as many characteristics of an ambulance as a rabbit does of a lion. The new ambulance was called out yesterday and its workings plainly seen. The springs are better suited to being put under a freight car than they are to carry injured human beings. There is not as much comfort to be found in one as there is in a wood cart. The cot inside would have been admirably suited to the needs of the Inquisition as an instrument of torture. Police Surgeon Tryon says that he will not use this alleged ambulance unless he is compelled to, as it is an outrage to put a living person into it.

Socialists and Engineers.

Adolf Hirshfield, a Russian student, lectured last night at Labor temple on "The Social Condition in Past and Present." The lecture was given under the auspices of the socialist labor party. Adolf Hirshfield showed a complete acquaintance with the labor movements in Europe, and was listened to attentively by a fair audience.

The Stationary Engineers association met last night at 110 Washington avenue in open session. The engineers listened to a practical talk on "Electricty in the Engine Room," by J. F. Hobart. M. E. J. R. Moore, national secretary of the Stationary Engineers association, explained the oejects of the order.

Will Appeal the Case.

The case of John Kemmitt against W. H. Adamson, to recover $2,150 damages, is to be appealed to the supreme court. This case was tried several days ago, when a verdict was rendered in favor of Kemmitt for $140. The plaintiff, Kemmitt, is a poor laboring man, who borrowed $17 from Adamson, a money-loaner, giving as security for the loan a chattel mortgage on a sewing machine. Kemmitt was unable to pay the mortgage when it became due, and Adamson levied on all his household effects and converted them to his own use, thereby causing Kemmitt and his family to suffer great hardships, so it is claimed.

DOCTORS BANQUET.

The Minnesota Academy of Medicine in Session.

The Minnesota Academy of Medicine met last night at the West hotel. The meeting was called to order at 6:30, and a business session was held at which names for membership were voted on. A thesis was read by Dr. K. Hoegh, of Minneapolis, on the subject: "The Operative Treatment of Pleuretic Effusions and Empyema."

The party then betook themselves to the ladies' ordinary, where a banquet was served. At 8:30 they adjourned to the club room, where the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Park Ritchie, of St. Paul; vice president, Dr. C. L. Wells, of Minneapolis; secretary and treasurer, Dr. R. O. Beard, Minneapolis; executive beoard, Dr. A. E. Senkler, Dr. Justus Onage, of St. Paul; Dr. J. H. Dunn, Minneapolis; governing board, Dr. W. C. Jones, Minneapolis; Dr. Arthur T. Sweney, St. Paul; Dr. J. W. Bell, Dr. John F. Fallen, St. Paul; Dr. H. M. Brackett, Minneapolis.

A motion was carried instructing the executive committee to revise the constitution and by-laws. The next meeting will be held in St. Paul, the first Saturday evening in November. A paper will be read by Dr. John F. Fulton on the "Symptoms of Grave Diseases of the Nervous System Relieved by Restoration of the Equilibrium of the Strength of the Eye Muscles."

Pleading for Her Husband.

Mrs. Julius Schuman was before Judge Mahoney yesterday pleading for the brute who broke her arm. John Schuman, her husband, was arrested two weeks ago for knocking her down stairs, and was held to the grand jury. She seems to be getting the worst of it, as her arm is still in a sling, and she is without money or friends. Through an interpreter she told her story to Judge Maboney, asking for the release of her husband. She was told that nothing could be done for her.

A Farewell Supper.

The friends of Charles Velie, who is going to Moline, Ill., last night tendered him a reception at the West hotel. The following gentlemen were present: C. D. Velie, S. L. Hart, H. E. Barnes Jr., W. L. Bassett, D. M. Chute, S. G. Carpenter, E. H. Thomas, W. B. Palmer, Alden A. Smith, C. C. Webber, Will Brooks, W. L. O'Brien Jr., H. F. Wynan.

Nelson, Tenney & Co.'s Loss.

Nelson, Tenney & Co.'s total loss, so say the members of the firm, will amount to $4,000; insurance, $3,000. James May, driver of hose cart No. 12, which was destroyed, was burned severely about the head. J. A. Benlokinz, the pipeman, was slightly injured. Fifty-five thousand feet of lumber were destroyed.

The Herdics Doing Well.

The receipts of the herdic company during September equaled expenses, which is better than usual. It costs $7.58 per day to run a single coach. A line will be run up Washington avenue north to Plymouth; out Plymouth to Lyndale; thence to Twentieth avenue. Six tickets for a quarter and 25 for $1 will be the rates hereafter.

Hurt in Bassett's Mill.

Peter Anthony, a planer in Bassett's mill, was struck in the stomach by a board yesterday afternoon and seriously injured. He was removed to his home, 636 Marshall street northeast, in the new ambulance, which jolted so violently that it had to be stopped several times.

All Right, "Pete."

Health Inspector Briggs denies that he unearthed the peat bog mystery. He says Dr. Kilvington was the first to discover that obnoxious odors were arising from that section of the city.

Fred Habley, a slave to opium, is locked up at the central station, and the police do not know what to do with him. He was picked up at Hennepin avenue and First street while in an attack of hysteria, brought on by the use of opium and whisky. Police Surgeon Tryon gave him several grains of opium, enough to kill three men, before he could be quieted.

MINNEAPOLIS REAL ESTATE.

The following real estate transfers were recorded at the register of deeds' office yesterday:

Thomas Lowry to City Elevator Co. part lts 4 and 5, blk 85, City of Minneapolis	$100,000
Joseph S Root to May Quanstrom, lt 1, blk 17, Maben, White & Le Bron's add	1,000
May Quanstrom to Henry F Arnas, lt 1, blk 17, Maben, White & Le Bron's add	1,200
Geo D Bartlett to Louise W Brase, lt 3, blk 1, Penniman's add	7,500
James B Sutherland to I R D Reeve, lt 18, blk 3, Reeve's South Shore Park	350
Charles L Brace to E G Bartlett, lt 12, blk 48, etc, Remington's Third add	4,000
Farnsworth Loan and Realty company to Wilber F Decker, lts 1 and 2, blk 7, Prospect Park First Division revised	3,500
William Upton to Chas H Upton, part lts 11 and 12, blk 23, Mill company's add	2,050
Minneapolis Land and Mortgage company to M S Patterson, lt 3, blk 2, Lake Harriet Park	500
John Carlson to Hanson Jackson, lt 18, blk 5, Fair Grounds' add	6,500
Geo R Nimmons to Rosco P Pratt, part lt 10, blk 7, Nimmans & Pratt's add	700
Wickliffe W Price to Geo H Rust, lt 30, Auditor's Subdivision No. 20	6,500
Charles B Sheldon to Excelsior Academy, lts 3 and 12, blk 3, Sheldon's subd	750
William B Boardman to Frederick B Slocum, lt 15, Gilman & Boardman's add	600
Charles H Gilman to Frederick B Slocum, lt 14, Gilman & Boardman's add	600
Daniel B Tompkins to Hans Hanson, lt 7, Blood's add	510
Augustus B Latham to Alexander Anderson, part lt 9, blk 1, Lindley & Lingenfelter's add	1,000
E Junius Edwards to John W Posser, part blk 9, Tuttle's add	462
Charles F Brewster to John W Prosser, part blk 1, Tuttle's add	402
A B Latham to Alexander Anderson, part lt 9, blk 1, Lindley & Lingenfelter's add	1,000
John W Prosser to Adam S Leib, part blk 1, Tuttle's add	925
J H Kimberlin to George D Stevens, in sec 32, town 119, range 21	4,500
James H Head to F E Perry, lt 6, blk 6, Meeker Island Land and Power company's add rev	450
Holmes & Brown Land and Loan company to Ole O Molin et al., lt 15, blk 6, Fair Ground add	1,500
Two unpublished deeds	1,300
Total	$149,409

BUILDING PERMITS.

The following building permits were issued yesterday:

S E Hatfield, 2413 Humboldt av. south, 2-story frame dwelling	$4,000
Minneapolis Street R R Co, Nicollet av. south and Thirty-second st., one brick power house	5,500
C Anderson, 908 Thornton av. southeast, 2-story brick veneer dwelling	5,000
Minneapolis Street R R Co, corner Third av. north and Second st., 3-story brick power house	4,500
Minor permits amounting to	780
Total	$19,780

3 DAYS ONLY

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,

October 7, 8 and 9.

YOUR CHOICE OUT OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK

OF

OVERCOATINGS

Cut and Made to Order,

FOR

$25.

English Kerseys and Meltons, Montenacs, Shetland, Fur Beaver, Rumbo, Plain English Castors, worth from $35 to $65.

Your CHOICE, Cut and Made to Order,

For $25.

Three-:-Days-:-Only

Harrison the Tailor,

403 Nicollet Avenue.

Folds, Griffith & Colver,

505-507 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis.

The system of selling our goods at a small profit, but of thoroughly reliable quality, is a ruling principle of this firm.

CARPETINGS,

DRAPERIES,

UPHOLSTERY.

OUR FALL STOCK

Includes the Latest and Choicest Novelties in great variety of Design, Coloring and Fabric at prices to suit all classes of purchasers. We call particular attention to the complete assortment of carefully-selected

Low-Priced Stock!

In both our Carpet and Drapery Departments, which will merit an inspection.

$2.00 Miller $2.00

FINEST CABINET PHOTOS,

PER $2.00 DOZ.

All patrons presented with an elegant 8x10 Portrait of themselves FREE with each dozen. We guarantee our work to be first-class in every respect, and orders will be delivered to patrons promptly within ten days.

415, 417, 419 NICOLLET AVE., MINNEAPOLIS.

THE FRANKLIN BENNER CO.

GAS FIXTURES & GLOBES! MANTELS & GRATES

517 NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS.