Daily ST. PAUL Globe.

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MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BRILLIANT RECEPTION

That Tendered the Brotherhood Convention.

AN AFTERNOON OF ORATORY.

Music, Flowers and Mirth Without Limit.

ARTHUR'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

Mayor Wright's Welcome--Ireland's Excellent Address.

OTHER ORATORICAL EFFORTS.

Long before the hour of opening for the reception tendered yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan to the B. L. E. that popular temple of Thespas was filled to overflowing.

It was about a quarter of 2 when the Metropolitan orchestra struck up, and

the sea of faces became illumined with one general smile of happiness and joy.

On the stage were the distinguished orators of the occasion. Grand Chief Arthur was seated next Archbishop Ireland. Then a little farther on in the same row sat Thomas D. O'Brien, touching elbows with Mayor Wright, while to the right of the latter was Attorney General Childs.

From pit to dome every seat was occupied, and in the boxes were seated the chief members of the ladies' auxiliary.

Master of Ceremonies Wm. C. Hayes arose at 2:15 and bade the delegates welcome. He said:

"In behalf of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the Northwest, I extend you all a hearty welcome. I trust you will partake of our hospitality and good cheer, and that you will not fail to fully enjoy yourselves. I have now the honor of presenting to you our grand chaplain, Brother Dority, who will, in accordance with the rules of our brotherhood in opening all of our occasions with a petition to the throne of the Almighty, ask the invocation."

Thus adjured, Grand Chaplain Dority made a feeling prayer.

Then followed the sacred hymn by Miss Maud McLindon, of La Crosse, "Ashamed of Jesus," sung in a sweet and childish voice, clear as the trill of a lark. This was enthusiastically encored, and the pretty little miss in white responded with a will.

The "Welcome to the State," to which Gov. Nelson was expected to respond, was responded to by Attorney General Childs, whose claim as an orator has been amply proved in the past. He stepped forward, and spoke as follows:

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers: It is with pleasure that I comply with the request of Gov. Nelson, and in his behalf, and in behalf of the people of our commonwealth, give you heartiest greeting and welcome to our North Star state. All good people who perchance visit us, come they on missions of business, or pleasure, or philanthropy, will ever receive most cordial welcome; but welcome, and thrice wel-

come to our state, this representative gathering of trained and skillful workmen. We know and appreciate the value of your services to the public. The great social world, palpitating with its myriad and multiform interests, relies upon you as upon scarcely any other class of our citizens. For your safety and welfare the great heart of the nation offers in silence, though it be, to the Great Author of our being its morning and evening invocation. Yours is a trust which no words of mine can adequately portray, nor money value adequately estimate. By night as well as by day, in the blinding storm as well as in the pleasant sunshine, over the desert plain as well as through the fertile valley, along swollen streams, over giddy heights, down mountain slopes, through perilous tunnels, rush great trains of precious human freight, safe only when your trained hands are at the throttle valves. The value of your services is read and seen in the fact that all of us, whether high or low, rich or poor, wise or simple, entrust our lives, and all we hold sacred in life, to your care and keeping, with the unquestioning faith and confidence of the prattling infant in its mother's guidance. The engineer must never fail in duty. We read the assurance in his manly face, his thoughtful eye, his noble record. Others may, and indeed do oftimes, fail us. Bank presidents may wreck their institutions by gigantic steals; guardians and trustees may squander the funds intrusted to them, and beggar widows and orphans, and even bank directors may side-track millions of the capital of their corporations; but the locomotive engineer must never fail. In his lexicon there is no such word as fail; and it is a high encomium upon the character of those whom you represent that they have won for themselves by integrity of purpose and high regard for duty the unbounded respect of the traveling public, not only in this country, but of the civilized world. The soldier in the heat of battle, facing shot and shell, may prove himself a hero; but, when human actions shall be weighed in the scales of impartial justice, there will be found no higher heroism than that of the engineer who, perhaps in the darkness of midnight, uncheered and uninspired by comradeship, tortured, it may be, by the hot breath of escaping steam, menaced by impending death, regardful only of the hundreds of lives entrusted to his keeping, stands manfully at his post until death in its mercy intervenes.

The object of your organization, if I have been properly advised as to its purposes, is to secure the improved condition and efficiency of your membership. It is a tenet of your faith evidenced by your organic law that manhood and sobriety are requisites to a safe and reliable locomotive engineer. Your cause is, therefore, a noble one, and deserving the godspeed of all right-thinking men. We of Minnesota shall always take a deep interest in whatever affects your welfare. Again, I thrice welcome you to Minnesota.

This was succeeded by a "Song of Welcome," by engineers' children. Preliminary to this, the drop curtain was lowered, and the little folks were getting ready. The boys—embryo engineers—manly little fellows, seemed to feel the full responsibility of the occasion, and their sisters, in their dresses of white, no less felt the dignity of the occasion. Then up went the curtain, revealing the bright crowd of children, ready to lift up their voices in welcome. Miss Addie Lewis acted as accompanists. The first chorus was the "Song of the B. L. E.," and this was followed with "Arise With the Lark."

A buzz of applause went up as Mayor Wright was introduced. He made the address of "Welcome to the City" in the following words:

MAYOR WRIGHT SPEAKS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: When a boy about seven years of age, in my native town, Pittsburg, it was my delight to watch a locomotive. It seemed to me a thing of life, and the man who managed it something more than human. Much of my spare time was taken up in standing by the engine of a train ready to start, and watching with eager eyes the engineer to see him

MAYOR WRIGHT.

pull the throttle lever, to see the steam escape and the great drive-wheel revolve, slowly at first, and then more rapidly, until the train was gone; and if at such time the engineer would smile or nod at me from the window of his cab, or say, "Hello, sonny," my happiness was complete.

When we step on board a train, it is not upon the brilliantly uniformed conductor—good man though he may be—but upon the engineer, always alert and ready to meet any emergency, that we must depend for safety; and his character makes him worthy of the trust.

It is conceded by all that your brotherhood stands in the front rank of organizations of skilled labor. Your actions are closely watched, and the example you set, whether wise or not, is followed by many other orders which have faith in your judgment.

You come to us, gentlemen, in one of the most beautiful seasons of our Minnesota year. St. Paul is proud of the privilege of having you with us, and as the chief executive of the city I bid you most cordially and heartily welcome. I am not going to offer you the freedom and the keys of the city, because the freedom you already have, and we have no keys. But should any of you need me, officially and otherwise, during your stay, please remember that I am always at your disposal and subject to your call.

Master of Ceremonies Hayes announced that he had received a letter of regret from Mayor Eustis, in which he deplored his inability to be present, and wished to be kindly remembered to the B. of L. E.

Then followed the McCoy sisters' mandolin orchestra with the "Cavalleria Rusticana."

At this point, when it was expected that Archbishop Ireland, who was next scheduled to speak, would come forward, Conductor Farnham, of Division 40, No. 117, was introduced, and made one of the most humorous and original addresses of the day. He said that he stood before a body of men more grand than Hercules, not one of whom but had repeatedly throttled a more terrible monster than he. He had been looking into ancient history, he said, and had read all about Leonidas, who, with his little band of Spartans had taken the pass of Thermopylæ. This was nothing, he thought, as he had himself, as a railroad conductor, taken over 1,400 passes. He wonders much at the similarity between women and locomotives, and then he fired a volley of witty puns. He paid a tribute to Grand Chief Arthur and his splendid work for the past twenty years. He then formally presented a floral emblem on behalf of Division 40, No. 117, O. R. C.

When Archbishop Ireland was introduced a hush fell upon the assemblage as the distinguished prelate advanced and spoke in the following strain.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

When asked where I stand—whether with capital or with labor—I answer quickly: I stand with justice and righteousness, and, consequently, I stand with capital for the sake of labor, and with labor for the sake of capital.

The great thinker of the age, Leo XIII., who loves to be called the pontiff of the workingmen, writes: "The sad mistake that is made is to possess oneself of the idea that class is hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. "So irrational and so false is this view that the exact contrary is the truth. One requires the other—capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Mutual agreements result in pleasantness and good order, perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage. The interests of capital and labor are intertwined and interdependent—the one draws its power of life from the other; the one perishes with the other. A most considerate guardianship of the interests and energies of the one should be the earnest occupation of the other.

The interests and rights of labor. Often have I pleaded for them, and lovingly do I plead for them now. I hate that view of labor which makes of it a mechanical force, like unto the rotation of a railroad or a turbine, purchasable at mere market value. I must see at all times the living generator of labor, the man, my own brother, and the child of the supreme God, and in availing myself of human labor I must keep well in mind the dignity and the rights of the

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

man. I must have before my eyes the man, and the circle of life into which man has a divine right to expand himself—the family; and I demand for the laborer and his family, so far as through just and rational measures we can reach thereto, the means of decent livelihood, the opportunities to develop intellect, to care for bodily health and moral and religious growth, to receive a due proportion of the joys of human existence, in recompense of the ills, which, whatever may be done, will not fail to press upon them, nor is it solely for their own sakes that I desire and seek their prosperity and the prosperity of the toiling millions. The fruitfulness and the blessedness of capital, the grandeur and strength of the nation are linked with labor, and rise and fall with social conditions. Intelligence, bodily vigor, contentment of heart in the workingman add a hundred fold to the productiveness of capital, which at the same time is put to its highest use and serves best its divine purpose when it is so employed as to lift fellow men upward in the scale of mental and social life. It has been my pride as an American citizen that in no other country is the workingman so well situated in the enjoyment of social advancement for himself and his children as in our own United States. Nowhere else is labor so respected and so remunerative; nowhere else are the possibilities in any approaching measure so large that the laborer of today may be the employer of tomorrow, and in those social conditions of the masses do I perceive more than in aught else, the true grandeur and the true strength of the republic of America.

Let me now enter my brief plea for capital. At once you will unite with me in extending over it the shield which covers property, whether this the extensive investment of the rich or the circumscribed possessions of the poor. Property is the very foundation stone of the social fabric; it is the incentive and reward of industry and energy. The Indian tribes have slight regard for property; what is owned by one may be used and controlled by all; the Indian tribes remain bands of savage idlers. He who menaces property is an anarchist, and the anarchist is the deadly foe of order, of right, of society. He is the wild beast, solely bent on destruction, from which security and civilization never can drift.

Let me be well understood: By no means do I exempt property from its

social duties, which are numerous and cover a spacious territory. I am but guarding its God-given rights, without the allowance of which its duties cannot be called for and cannot be exercised.

This is an age of reason, as distinguished from previous ages of semi-barbarism and brute force. Why, then, cannot nations cease putting their pride in their power to murder men and arbitrate, their differences? And why cannot employers and employes equally avoid discord by peaceful arbitration? The man who has confidence in his cause and in the justice of his claims should not fear arbitration. He who decides against it and takes to physical prowess awakens suspicion against himself.

America has been for capital and for labor the paradise of nations. Our prosperity has been unparalleled. Our natural resources are rich and varied. Our civil institutions encourage industry and self-reliance. Let us put to profit our advantages, and be always what Providence has intended us—the first and best of countries. This we shall do by a supreme loyalty on the part of all citizens to rights and duties. It would require but a short journey along the road of injustice and violence to make vain all our hopes and reduce our country to a by-word among nations. I appeal to capital. I appeal to labor. I appeal to American patriotism.

Be it the honor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to lead in this peaceful warfare in defense of rights and duties.

At the close of the archbishop's address, Miss Viola Cannon presented him, on behalf of the Ladies Auxiliary, with a beautiful floral emblem. The archbishop bowed his thanks.

The Apollo quartette sang "Anchored" and that selection from Robin Hood, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

Hon. Thomas D. O'Brien made the next address. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I consider it a great honor to address this assemblage, and if I believed it were possible for me to give utterance to but one thought which would be of benefit to you in your ensuing deliberations, I would feel happy in the consciousness.

You represent one of the great orders of organized labor., That you represent a class of labor requiring the best qualities of mind and body does not separate you from its other branches, but places upon you larger and greater responsibility for your acts and conduct.

Through the organization of labor, which has been steadily progressing for years, a vast and obedient army has been created, a tremendous force for good or evil, a force that cannot be controlled save by itself alone, and one which is irresistible unless it rends itself and by its own bad practices brings destruction upon itself.

The founders of this government rested its foundation upon the dignity of labor. Here was no class to govern and another class to be governed. All must labor, and so laboring was free and equal, and all the countries of the earth sent to these shores not the idlers, not the aristocrats, not the great ones of the earth, but those who labored and who sought labor, those who recognized and who realized the eternal edict, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." And so it came to be that labor was honored until the great predominating American idea was that he who labored honestly for his own support was the peer of any man, and vastly the superior of the nonproducer, no matter how high his social position.

J. E. Phelan, master mechanic of the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific, a former member of the B. of L. E., then delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY J. E. PHELAN.

Mr. Chairman, Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to welcome the members of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, also the Ladies' auxiliary, to the Northwest. It is always a pleasure to look back in

silent contemplation of personal experiences gained while an active member of the brotherhood, noting at the same time the broader history of the organization gained by tradition from the lips of my elders and the observations in the everyday life through which we have passed.

Much of the energy diverted from accustomed channels, failing of demand through valves and cylinders, is escaping at the pop-valves—the air is vibrating with active currents, and the spirit of Patrick Henry and the ghost of George Washington are abroad in the land.

Here in our Northwestern climate the first biennial session of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers convenes in the midst of rejuvenating influences, and it must be one of your most renowned conventions, for you are meeting at a time when wisdom counts and good judgment must govern.

For my part, if I read the signs of the times correctly, I can see nothing to become excited over: no use in being dyspeptic about the tendencies. Now, if ever, is the time for well-balanced minds to exert an influence. An odd sort of industrial season is just as much to be tolerated as the odd seasons and climatic changes in nature. We must trust to and be guided by silent forces within us; taking lessons from the eternal forces about us. It is not noise that wins, and violence cannot build up, but it can destroy. The wonder is not that we are in the midst of the forces of suspended animation, the wonder is that the marvelous industrial activity has continued so long without interruption.

In our individual relations in the railroad world we must assume the middle ground of reason, avoiding as far as possible the frigid aspect of official exclusiveness or theoretical militarysim on the one hand, and on the other hand the unreasoning heat or passion often cropping out in the form of tyranny of individuals within labor organizations.

As you have gathered here from the three American nations, this convention of the International Brotherhood represents the will and energy of thousands of individuals in a common bond of fellowship, working for the weal and welfare of your masters and your kind—you in the aggregate are but one of the planets of the industrial universe, revolving in your sphere. Though with orbit fixed, the invisible forces are ever at work for good or evil, for strength, peace and upbuilding, or for strife, discord and violence. The aggregate of character assembled here, inspired by inborn sterling honesty and integrety, can be trusted to move with the eternal force of righteousness and square dealing.

Miss Maud McLindon, who is the daughter of an engineer, gave an instrumental selection.

Rev. S. G. Smith said that the engineers were an admirable body of men. They were the ablest among the classes of organized labor. The brotherhood, he said, had done more in India to break down caste than all the missionaries had accomplished.

Following Rev. S. G. Smith was Grand Assistant Chief Youngson, who spoke for several minutes.

P. Fennel, the brotherhood poet, who is familiarly called "Shanny McGuire," made an original and unique address, filled with witticisms and pointed personal references. He was presented a large bouquet.

Grand Chief Arthur's address then followed. He had been referred to as the Moses of the B. of L. E., and although past the prime of life, he is a splendid type of manhood. His greeting was a perfect ovation. He spoke as follows:

CHIEF ARTHUR'S ADDRESS.

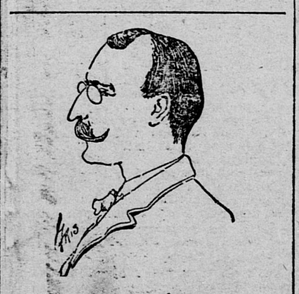
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The traveler out from New York feels, when he has left St. Paul behind, that the cable which bound him to home, culture and refinement is parted, and that he is out upon an undeveloped territory as barren as the ocean itself of those things which characterize Eastern life and its environments. The Pacific slope must be gained before he can again pick up the loose ends of civilization, except in isolated places. Upon the return trip he settles himself among his comfortable cushions and says, as he leaves Spokane, or, possibly, pretty Helena, behind: "Nothing between here and St. Paul." And so your city stands, the last to speed the trav-

eler on, and the first to welcome him home again.

Typical of the great industry, wealth, progress and achievements of the Northwest, she, with her twin sister, stands without a rival. Considered as a railway center, it seems quite in accord with the industry we represent that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers should have chosen St. Paul to be the seat of this present convention. In the city of Detroit, a child of necessity, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was conceived. Only an idea at first, but fostered by the needs of its progenitors, it has developed into a powerful organization, recognized throughout the land, and has served as a model for organizing labor. We have grown from a handful of men until our members run into thousands, and I am proud to be able to say that we have been able to act in a concerted manner, keeping quite free from those dissensions which proved stumbling blocks to similar organizations. In the field of politics we play no part whatever; in no manner do we control or seek to influence the political or religious thought of the men, except to hold up to them a high moral standard, and to keep them ever in mind of the motto of our organization, "Sobriety, Truth, Justice and Morality." The aim of uniting, as we have done, has been simply to inaugurate a training school for the locomotive engineers, combining interests that are identical for the betterment of their condition. An aid to this has been our Monthly Journal. It contains matter upon every subject, and from its pages may be learned things theoretical and practical, religious and social. The workings of different divisions are reported, and all may keep well informed if they will attentively read its pages each month. From letters which are continually received by its editor and publisher, we know that to many homes the arrival of the Journal is eagerly awaited, and that it is faithfully read and discussed at the evening fireside.

The standard of the brotherhood man is very high, and the cases that fall below it are few indeed. Intemperance has become a vice almost unknown to us, which has gone a long way toward maintaining a healthful, moral condition, and thus enabled us to furnish to railroad corporations competent engineers and faithful men to conduct their traffic, while to the traveling public it has given a feeling of security to know a brotherhood engineer guides their train.

It is with much pleasure, that we greet the people of St. Paul at this, our first biennial. From the goodly assemblage before us we feel sure that our



THOMAS D. O'BRIEN.

welcome is genuine and our spectators ready sympthizers. The past year has been one that will long be remembered. As its last day passed slowly away we turned from it with a sigh of relief and with hope in our hearts that with the new year might come new resolves and renewed energies to the people, which should lead to new and better conditions The general depression in all branches of industry has made, in many notable instances, the prosperous man poor, and the poor and improvident beggars. So much has been said, so much written, upon this subject, the cause of the present financial stringency, that to say anything new is quite im-

possible. Yet each man sees, thinks and reasons for himself, and finds many times what another fails to discover. The strain upon the people has been long and terrible: it has taxed to the utmost man's endurance and his ingenuity, the one to battle with privation, and the other to relieve the many cases that have appealed to his providence and his sympathy.

Men of wealth have scattered money like bread upon the waters, and have devised every possible means of relief; but all this, necessary as it is, only tides over the time of trouble. Let confidence be restored with a feeling of security; let factories light their fires; mills be set in motion; business houses resume; the idle set to work. "What then?" In a little while the masses will have forgotten the time when their cupboards were empty, their feet bared, and their cheerless home resonant with their hungry cries. The lesson they should have learned will be lost upon many, and, like any well-fed animal, they will rest in content, though there be no hard-earned pennies saved for the rainy day that is sure to come. It seems to me that the first great lesson to be learned from these hard times is one of economy. Until the people practice individual economy we will have just such times of suffering, in proportion as the pulse of trade beats fast or slow, as we have had during the past year. Prior to that time the country was eminently prosperous, but overproduction, overspeculation, a too lavish expenditure of money brought about an inflated condition of affairs. Add to this a feeling of insecurity, of uncertainty, and we have a condition of affairs which can end only in disaster.

For the past several years men have crowded to the cities, giving up farming entirely, even leaving them forsaken utterly, and for what? A man who depends upon the soil for a living need never starve. He may not become rich, but, at least, his employment is steady, and he is never disturbed by strikes, boycotts, or by closed factory doors; yet they come to our already crowded cities; they live while their money is in their pockets, and beg when it is not.

There is no man that has a greater respect for labor and the laboring class than I have, but labor will never rise above its level more than water will.

Labor is just what we make of it; it will either elevate us or drag us down.

The man who is ever ready to spend his earnings in a frivolous way will be the first to feel the pinch of want in times of depression. Some one said there is a wide chasm between the man in power and the workingman, and I might stop and ask why?

The great cry has been: "Educate the masses, and contention and strikes will be unknown." At the same time, men cannot live without adequate compensation. Education brings out all the refinement of nature in man; he needs books, needs the church, needs refined companions, and many things the uneducated man knows naught of, consequently cannot work for the same compensation as the uneducated man.

The air is full of discovery and invention; surprise follows surprise as great achievements are announced, and we wonderingly say: "What will come next?" Now, it must not be forgotten that these wonderful strides are not the result of the labors of one day or one year, but of the patient, painstaking toil of years, mingled with discouragements, disappointments, and setbacks many and grievous. No great enterprise is built up in one year; hence the records of any one year, as looked upon by those who are building and expanding, can only be an integral part in the work, which has but partially attained its growth. Other parts of toil must be added, not only to enlarge and perfect, but to undo and eliminate the mistakes and the errors of the past. So the year before us is full of hope and possibilities.

Those not familiar with the method of paying men employed in train service may regard us as being unreasonable and unfair in protesting against a reduction of wages when all other classes of labor have been compelled to submit to a reduction. Men employed in train service are paid by the mile or trip; consequently the amount of wages they receive depends wholly upon the number of trips made or miles run.

When business is good they can earn good wages, providing they are strong, robust and able to stand the strain incident to hard running, but as soon as business decreases they are suspended or placed on the extra list, which in some instances have been equivalent to a reduction of 50 per cent; hence we claim that the men employed in train service were perfectly justified in protesting against any further reduction, although they have on a number of roads, on account of circumstances beyond their control, submitted to a further reduction of 8 and 10 per cent.

Before the present system of paying trainmen was adopted they received a stipulated salary per month, if ready for duty, regardless of the miles, runs or number of trips made, and extra pay for all trips in excess of a specined number.

There are thousands of men in train service whose wages will not average over $40 per month, owing to the system in vogue of paying them.

In view of these facts, is it any wonder that we reluctantly consented to have the rate per mile or trip reduced? With the loss of business, necessitating a reduction of the force, we felt that we had already borne our share of the burden without being requested to bear any more.

As an organization we find much to be thankful for as we look back upon the year just done. I think when we have carefully studied the financial report, gratitude will be our first emotion, and it is well to remember the Giver of All Good, who permits us to go on from year to year, adding to our members and increasing our usefulness.

We must not forget to congratulate our sisters, who are so ably supplementing our work. Their zeal is an inspiration to us, and maintains a feeling of confidence in the cause. We wish them the success in the future that they so richly deserve.

And now, as we gather up in thought the events of the year, we may not forget those whose faces we have been used to seeing, but now are missing. The hand of death has laid hold upon some of our homes, and has taken from our midst many cherished brothers. The thought comes to us: Be ye also ready. Let us keep it ever with us, as we go on through life, scattering seeds of kindness wherever we may on the barren spots, knowing an abundant harvest is sure to follow.

Grand Chief Arthur then introduced Mrs. Murdock, grand president of the ladies' auxiliary, who followed in a brief address, in which she pointed

with pride to the fact that she was the wife of an engineer. Just before she spoke a beautiful little girl, Hazel Smith by name, who is but seven years old, came out. She presented Mr. Arthur with a lovely basket of flowers, saying, with childish simplicity: "This is to the grand chief from the ladies' auxiliary." Mr. Arthur kissed the little damsel, and accepted the flowers. It was a pretty scene.

Then there followed floral presentations to Rev. S. G. Smith, Archbishop Ireland and to Eli Ziegenfust, of the committee on transportation. This latter was a tribute of appreciation from the ladies' auxiliary.

The ceremonies closed with a benediction by Archbishop Ireland, and the great day was over.

STAGE OCCUPANTS.

The stage was occupied by the following, which is a complete list:

C. W. Horr, chairman of the Commercial club convention committee; S. E. Farnham, master mechanic of the Soo line, and A. J. Manley and H. Malloy, committee of the Order of Railway Conductors, which presented plaque; Assistant Labor Commissioner Hammond, William Robert Pike, Fred A. Payne, H. W. Field, M. N. Goss, W. D. Brady, Leaming Sharpliss Jr., Charles E. Chapel, sheriff; William M. Cooley, John Taylor, master mechanic of Milwaukee; James McCatcheon, road master of the Milwaukee; M. E. McKee, inspector of air brakes, Great Northern; A. J. Schevers, Chicago; S. S. Coffin, Fort Dodge, Ia.; F. B. Farmer, St. Paul; John Cassell, Columbus, O.; James E. Minor, New Haven, Conn.; D. Everett, and T. S. Ingraham, grand engineers, Cleveland, O.; A. B. Youngson, A. G. C. E.; Harry C. Hays, S. G. E.; W. H. Gurney, New York; J. D. Collins, grand guide; William Mall, F. G. A. E.; E. M. Mortimer, F. G. A. E.; A. J. Sovereign, assistant division superintendent, Northern Pacific; George Royal, division 96, Chicago; J. O. Potter, St. Paul; T. Burns, foreman of engines, East St. Paul; Robert Burns, John C. Horrigan, R. A. Walsh, E. H. Milham, St. Paul; J. S. Whelan, Duluth; L. A. Moore, A. N. Hayes, James Slavin, St. Paul; E. A. Williams, Minneapolis; J. McLindon, La Crosse; Frank Valesh, Rev. Watson B. Millard, St. Paul; P. H. Kelly, Willmar; A. J. McCabe, Tacoma; J. J. Maher, Tom Casey, W. G. Sawyer, St. Paul; Joseph Palito, Toledo, O.; Daniel Watson, Toledo, O.; Charles H. Weaver, Andrews, Indiana; Thomas P. Burns, East St. Louis; C. L. Berry, Toledo, O.; F. S. Bentley, G. W. Buck, W. C. Dallas, M. J. Donnelly, St. Paul; Harrie B. Horne, division 181, Davenport, Ia., and division 111, Chicago; A. Hudson, Ottawa, Can.; E. E. Austin, Pacific coast division Canadian Pacific, Vancouver, B. C.; W. H. Oliver, division 452, Bennett, Pa.; Mrs. G. A. Brownell and Mrs. J. H. Wortsmith.

Will Not Give Up.

CHICAGO, May 10.—The board of election commissioners today refused the request of the grand jury to produce the ballots cast in the ninth ward, at the special mayoralty election last fall. The jury's request was backed up with the subpoena issued by Judge McLain, and the election commissioners will now be asked to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt of court.

LIVES CRUSHED OUT.

Fatal Collision on the Omaha Railway.

DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS

Responsible for Death to Two Trainmen.

TWO BIG ENGINES WRECKED.

None of the Passengers Receive Any Injuries.

THE DEBRIS CLEARED AWAY.

Disobedience to train orders resulted yesterday in a collision on the Omaha road which has plunged two families into mourning, inflicted serious physical injuries on many persons, placed many lives in peril, and brought upon the company heavy financial loss. The daylight express for Chicago, which left St. Paul at 8 a. m., came into collision just one mile east of Menomonie Junction with a west-bound freight at 10:34 a. m., and, though the latter was not running at a high rate of speed, the disaster which followed exceeds anything that has occurred in the Northwest for some time. The express had received orders to wait for the freight at Menomonie Junction, but for some reason these orders were not obeyed. The train started out of the Junction before the freight had come in. Just east of the station, and between it and the bridge, there is a

CURVE IN THE TRACK

and a short stretch of wood which doubtless prevented the engineers of the respective trains noting the approach of the other. When they came in sight of each other it was too late to avert the collision. The crash came, and the engines were piled up on the track, a wrecked mass of mighty mechanism, The escaping steam and the cries of the injured and affrighted occupants of the passenger train added to the excitement of the situation.

Willing hands were quickly at work rescuing the unfortunates who had been injured, and removing them from the wreck. Two had been killed outright—Engineer James Jeffrey, of the passenger train, and Express Messenger W. T. Burt, familiarly known as "Doc." Fireman Seth Gardner escaped with a cut and bruised leg. The two mail clerks on the train, H. C. Harlow, of Janesville, Wis., and W. S. Reese, of Dodgeville, Wis., were injured; the latter has a broken leg and other injuries. He was placed in the hospital at Menomonie. Harlow was the clerk in charge and immediately after the accident he telegraphed the facts to the superintendent of the railway mail service in this city with the information that the registered mail had been saved. He then went on to his home at Janesville. His injuries are not serious. Engineer McKey, of the freight, escaped injury. The fireman, William Simonds, of St. Paul, had his right arm injured. They both jumped when they realized that a collision was inevitable. Simonds was hurt by the fall when he jumped. Jeffrey and Burt resided in Minneapolis, and their remains were sent there, Gardner's

HOME IS IN ST. PAUL,

at 684 Case street. Jeffrey was one of the oldest engineers on the road, and stood high in the esteem of the company, besides being very popular personally. His body was badly mangled and his head mashed. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his sudden death. "Doc" Burt was also a married man, and had one or two children. He was about thirty-five years of age, a faithful employe, and a man who had a host of friends.

The passenger train was made up of baggage, express and mail cars, three passenger coaches and a parlor car. It was in charge of Conductor Nicholas Bouse, one of the oldest conductors on the road, and a resident of St. Paul, his home being at 553 Westminster street. There were a large number of passengers on board, but with the exception of a slight snaking up they were none the worse for the accident. Many of them were, of course, badly frightened, and the shock to the more nervous among them was felt for some hours afterward. The passengers were all conveyed back to Menomonie, where dinner and accommodations were provided for them by the company until the line was opened and they were enabled to continue their journey. Promptly on the wreck being reported, crews of men were sent out from Altoona and Hudson to clear away

THE DISABLED CARS

and open the line for traffic. A track was built around the track so that trains could pass by 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. By 8 o'clock the wreck had been cleared so that trains passed on the regular track.

Claim Agent E. L. Poole, Dr. Perry H. Millard, the road surgeon, and Supt. McCabe, all of St. Paul, went to the scene of the wreck. They returned on No. 1 at 10:10 last night. Dr. Millard rendered such surgical and medical attendance as was needed. The remains of Engineer Jeffrey and Express Messenger W. T. Burt were sent to their former homes in Minneapolis. Fireman Seth Gardner, of the passenger, and Fireman William Simonds, of the freight, came to their homes in St. Paul.

The crash was very great. The engines were crushed into a mass of debris. The mail and express cars were wrecked, as were also several freight cars. The passenger coaches escaped much injury. No blame is attached to the men on the freight train, as it had the right of way, and was within a mile of the station where it was to sidetrack for the express. The passenger left Menomonie Junction about on time and against orders. It was running at a high rate of speed. The engineer did not discover the approaching freight train in time to stop his train, as it was on a sharp curve on the fill near the junction. Being on the outside of the curve the engineer would not see the other train as soon as the engineer on the freight would discover his dilemma.