

ON A SERIOUS CHARGE

DANIEL FENTON NIPPED AND LANDED IN THE MARGARET STREET STATION

ADMITS HE WAS DRUNK

Miss Jennie Johnson Calls With Her Father at the Station and Identifies Him as the Man Who Assaulted Her on Edgerton Street Bridge—Man Ran Amid a Shower of Bullets Like a Filippino.

Daniel Fenton, 17 years of age, was arrested by Lieut. Shogren and Officer Lindgren, of the Margaret street station, at an early hour yesterday morning, on the charge of attempting a criminal assault upon Miss Jennie Johnson, living at 681 Sims street. The alleged assault is said to have taken place on the Edgerton street bridge at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Officer Lindgren heard the girl's cries for help, he says, and started to her assistance. Fenton ran, when the policeman shot at him several times. Fenton fled to the Margaret street station, where he was arrested.

Miss Johnson was on her way home, having been visiting in Minneapolis. She missed the last Rondo street car and walked. Officer Lindgren claims he saw a man following the girl and also trailed along to see if the fellow meant any harm. When Miss Johnson reached the bridge the man, according to Officer Lindgren, caught up with her and threw his arms about her neck. The girl screamed for help, the policeman says, and he ran to her assistance. When the man saw the policeman he took to flight. Officer Lindgren called to him to stop. He kept running, and the policeman began a fusillade with his revolver. His marksmanship was faulty, however, and the fugitive escaped. Lieut. Shogren was notified of the affair, and an investigation led the police to suspect young Fenton. He was found at his home and placed under arrest. When taken before Miss Johnson she identified him as the man who assaulted her on Edgerton street with her father yesterday the police says she seemed inclined to leniency toward the prisoner. Lieut. Shogren says Miss Johnson told him that Fenton had made insulting remarks to her when he grabbed her.

Fenton had little to say concerning his arrest. He admitted having followed Miss Johnson and says he put his hand on her shoulder. He says he was under the influence of liquor, and did not realize what he was doing.

REMARKABLE TOWNS.

One Is Built on the Ocean and Another on the Ice.

London Household Words. The marine village of Tupuseel, in New Guinea, would take a lot of beating on the score of singularity. Here the houses are all supported on piles, and stand right out in the ocean, some considerable distance from the shore. The houses are in a strange position to protect the inhabitants against sudden attacks of the dreaded cannibals, who are always on the lookout for victims. Other villages in this happy land are perched up in inaccessible trees, for the same weighty reason.

Another curious place is a town without

QUITE A WARM BABY

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD FRED BALDWIN SEEMS TO BE A HUMMER

GIVES HIMSELF TO POLICE

Says He Wants the St. Paul Authorities to Put Him Off at Buffalo, Where He Stole the Sum of \$370 From the Lennox Corporation and Levanted to the Wilds of Montana.

RICH IN WOOD.

Mahogany as Profitable as Ordinary Lumber in the Philippines.

Uncle Sam's new possessions, Cuba and the Philippines, are destined to cut considerable figures in the lumber trade as American methods of push and enterprise are adopted. Cuba possesses some of the best mahogany and Spanish cedar in the world, and the Philippine islands are covered with mahogany, ebony, camphor wood, and other valuable hardwood forests. J. G. Hinkle, a member of the First regiment of Washington hunters, who practices the furniture-making, recently wrote to Charles R. Slight, of Spokane, from Manila as follows:

"There are half a dozen hardwoods here that take a high polish. They are some of the finest practical methods of push and enterprise are adopted. Cuba possesses some of the best mahogany and Spanish cedar in the world, and the Philippine islands are covered with mahogany, ebony, camphor wood, and other valuable hardwood forests. J. G. Hinkle, a member of the First regiment of Washington hunters, who practices the furniture-making, recently wrote to Charles R. Slight, of Spokane, from Manila as follows:

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MIRROR ATTACHMENT.

Ladies Will Appreciate a New Mirror Attachment Which Will Enable Them to See the Back of Their Hats and Gowns, a Clasp Being Attached to One Side of a

A COY INDIAN.

The Tourist—(Good Gracious! you don't mean to say you cook and eat dogs!

Big Chief—(Apologetically)—Well, I don't always, but since we've been readin' the papers we're a little afraid to

REFUSED GOOD MONEY.

Would Not Take It Because It Came in Sheets.

"Talking about money," said a drummer, "I had a curious experience several years ago with a sheet of \$5 bills. It had gone to our bank to get some cash for a trip, and found the paying teller in the act of cutting apart a lot of new currency just received from Washington. It was in sheets of \$100, or twenty notes each, and I prevailed upon him to let me have one just as it was. Next evening I was in a cafe in the first town on my route, and when I went to pay my bill, I pulled out my new money and showed it to a pair of shears. The proprietor stared at me in amazement. 'What is that?' he asked. 'Money, cash, hoodlum,' I replied. 'Give me the scissors and I'll cut you off a piece to remember me by. Not much,' he said firmly. 'You'll have to work that off on somebody else.' Then I tried to explain, but he wouldn't be convinced, and, 'pon my word, I believe he would have sent for a policeman if I hadn't happened to have some silver in my pocket. It was the same everywhere else. The stuff was universally pronounced counterfeit, and, to tell the truth, it did look suspicious, even in that form. The money was as useless as the million-pound bank of England note in that tale of Mark Twain's, and to make a long story short, I was finally obliged to go to my room and cut the bills apart before I could use them. To this day the folk along that route think I carry green goods as a side line.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Portrait of the Empress Elizabeth.

Kopyay, the artist whose portrait of the little girl of Spain won for him the appointment of the modern Velasquez, was now painting a portrait of the late Empress Elizabeth. The portrait will represent her majesty just before her death, some Kodak photographs taken by an American of her a few days before that event having been placed in possession of the artist. The Empress Elizabeth had refused either to sit for her portrait or to be photographed. "Not much," he said, "children, and this snap shot as she stood in the street is now of estimable value to the imperial family."

Turkish Reverence for Mothers.

The strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down—a compliment he pays no one else. But one thing soon strikes the visitor as strange. There is not a female dog to be seen anywhere, for the gentler sex is rigorously banished from the place. Even the small Turkish garrison, from the commander down to the privates, consists of bachelors.

No Sanitroses There.

No matter how hot it is on the deserts of Arizona and Southern California—and sometimes the thermometer goes up to 110 and 120—the shade you never hear of a sanitrose.

Time Quail.

A Missouri man has gone into the business of raising time quail. The birds, he claims, are more easily raised than chickens and far more profitable.

An Easy Chair.

Is always a welcome gift. When you buy a leg to a chair, you get a present of a luxurious chair for the journey. Reclining chair cars (see free) on both morning and evening trains.

QUITE A WARM BABY

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD FRED BALDWIN SEEMS TO BE A HUMMER

GIVES HIMSELF TO POLICE

Says He Wants the St. Paul Authorities to Put Him Off at Buffalo, Where He Stole the Sum of \$370 From the Lennox Corporation and Levanted to the Wilds of Montana.

Frederick H. Baldwin, a 17-year-old youth, walked into the central police station last evening and asked to be taken in charge for the theft of \$370, which he said he took from his employer, in Buffalo, N. Y., less than a month ago. Since he secured the money the youth has been in his time traveling over the country. He says he has visited most of the large cities, and finally brought up in Montana, where he bought a wide-brimmed sombrero and started range riding. He got tired of this in less than a week and started back to Buffalo, landing in this city yesterday, without means. Then he decided to give himself up.

Baldwin says he lives at 306 Fourteenth street, Buffalo. He says he was in the employ of a firm known as the Lennox corporation, the manager of which was George Ducher. Baldwin says that he wanted to see something of the world and that he thought he discovered a way to gratify his desire one night when he saw his employer put away his money. The money, Baldwin says, was kept in a drawer of Ducher's desk. Baldwin says he secured an impression of the lock and had a key made. The evening of June 30 he says he opened the drawer and secured \$300 in money, about \$25 in revenue stamps and two checks, aggregating about \$70. He says he tore up the checks and stamps. Purchasing a bicycle, the youth says he rode away from Buffalo and took a western train at a Buffalo station, twenty miles distant. Since then he has been to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Chicago, Milwaukee and a number of other cities. When searched at the station the young fellow had a big revolver, with which he proudly declared that he had killed a coyote on the Western plains. Pinned to his sombrero was a string of rattlesnake "rattles." Young Baldwin magnanimously offered to make Capt. Kouleau a present of the "rattles." Asked why he had given himself up, Baldwin said his money was all gone and he wanted to get back to Buffalo. He is not a vicious appearing youth, and laughed lightly when the consequences of his self-confessed theft were suggested.

"O, I've got a rich uncle in Buffalo," he said, "who has probably already settled the money. If he hasn't, he probably will when I get back. I wouldn't have taken the money only it was so tempting lying there in a frail drawer. A drawer is no place for money, anyhow; people with coin ought to keep it in a safe."

At a late hour last night the St. Paul officials wired the chief of police of Buffalo concerning the young man, and the reply was prompt and emphatic. It was to hold the boy, as he was wanted badly, and that an officer would come on from Buffalo with requisition papers and take him back to the scene of his self-confessed crime.

Ladies will appreciate a new mirror attachment which will enable them to see the back of their hats and gowns, a clasp being attached to one side of a

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN—L. N. SCOTT, Lessee and Manager.

The Neill ..The Butterflies.. Company Matinee Wednesday.

Balance week—"A Bachelor's Romance."

LAKE SHORE PARK

White Bear Lake.

Round Trip 25c via St. P. & D. R. R.

...Grand Hop...

every Wednesday and Saturday evening. Train leaves Union Depot 7:30 p. m., returning 11:20.

Electric Military Band of 176 Pieces

Boating, Bathing, Tobogganing, etc. etc. First-class refreshments served reasonably.

Each person visiting our park commencing Sunday, July 24 to July 30th inclusive, will be entitled to a ticket on lot 3, block 8, Ramaley Park addition, free of charge, valued at \$100.

DEATHS.

O'LEARY—In St. Paul, at family residence, 329 East Seventh street, Sunday, July 23, at 9 p. m., Julia Holmes, aged 67 years and 6 months, oldest son of Michael P. and Jane O'Leary. Funeral at 10 o'clock, Tuesday, July 25, from above residence. Tuesday, July 25, at 8:30. Service at St. Mary's church at 9 o'clock.

HOLMES—In St. Paul, at late residence, 474 Edmund street, Sunday, July 23, at 8:15 p. m., Julia Holmes, aged 67 years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

HAMMER—In St. Paul, Minn., at late residence, No. 280 North Franklin street, Sunday, July 23, at 8 o'clock a. m., Jacob Hammer, aged 64 years. Funeral from above residence, Tuesday, July 25, at 9 a. m. Services at Assumption church.

Dr. W. J. Hurd, 91 E. 7th, St. Paul.

Patent system of extracting without pain, 23 years' successful use in thousands of cases. Piles, Brains, Croup, Fillings, Poppa Prices.

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BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. NOTE THE NAME.

Another thing, the markets through-



The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments, endangering the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SUCCESS ON THE FARM

HON. R. W. ELLIS, OF MAINE, TALKS ABOUT THE FARMER BOYS

HINTS ABOUT DAIRYING

Thousands of Hotels and Restaurants Illegally Using Oleomargarine—Success on the Farm Depends Entirely on Personal Industry—Farmers Who Are Sending Away Too Much Milk Feed.

One of the brightest and most progressive dairy farmers in the state of Maine is Hon. R. W. Ellis, of Emden. At the recent meeting of the state dairy conference he made one of his characteristic talks. He is a thoroughly practical farmer. In speaking of the farmer's boy, he frankly said:

He didn't blame the boy for leaving the farm unless his father was making more than a poor sort of a living. He recognized the fact that there is good blood in the farmer's boys, but that they want a show for something more than eternal hard work and no fun. The boy who is on a farm wants to be sure first that the farm is paying, and that there's something for him as he goes along, a good team, money in his pocket, a chance to hold his head up when he is with other young fellows of the same age. In short, Mr. Ellis evidently was a boy himself once. It was a long time ago, but he still remembers how he felt.

"And don't tell your boys," he said, "that farming is the noblest of the professions, and the one vocation a man should follow. I raised up four boys and I never said such a thing to one of them, and yet they are willing to stay on the farm. Make them see that there's something for them and they'll stay with you."

And then there was something sparklingly refreshing in the way he disposed of the farmers who are always saying, "We can't make money on a farm. Farming has played out." He said that only one class of farmers talked that way—the fellows who hang about the country grocery stores, the men who are anywhere but on their farms—the men who fail to make money because they fail to work. For that matter, he said, the farmer of Maine had some of them left, he seemed to have a very hearty contempt.

It costs an average of only 1.25 cents per pound to make butter in the best creameries of Minnesota. That makes the gold medal kind of butter, too.

Bacteria grow best away from the light. In fact, light checks the growth of most species, and the direct rays of the sun kill (with but few exceptions) all forms of bacteria, and even spores, and kill them rapidly. Sunlight is our great natural germicide. There is then a scientific basis for the housewife's plan of hanging up the laundry in the sun's aid to get the effectiveness of her cleansing. The cheese and butter maker, as well might, in like manner, make use of this important adjunct to cleanliness. It is in the dark places that bacteria flourish best; and to this fact may be ascribed much of the unhealthfulness of poorly lighted stables, cellars and the like. Of course we have also to consider, in many of these cases, dampness and filth as well. Sunlight dispels the one and shows up the other.

American farmers are paying freight on cheap grain and millfeed sent all the way to European dairymen. When we make our own butter, we export it. It should be condensed? One way to condense is to take 100 worth of grain and land chemically convert it into \$150 worth of butter, plus \$20 worth of other products, and send that 200 worth of exports over the ocean for about one-quarter the freight charges on the bulkier, coarser product. We have not begun to touch the possibilities of our agricultural supplies for the world's markets. The cow is a great laboratory and the intelligent farmer and dairymen is the true alchemist.

The matter of keeping milk is one of the greatest problems with which dairymen have to contend. This applies to milk produced for factory use as well as where it is sold to consumers in the city. There is only one process that will thoroughly rid milk of odor and place it in condition to cause its keeping qualities to be of the best, and this is by aeration.

Talk is cheap. It is said, but it's great stuff to influence legislation. Talk the percent tax on colored oleomargarine whenever you get an opportunity.

A \$100,000,000 milk trust has been formed in Chicago, with Mr. Joseph Leiter at its head. Failing to successfully corner the wheat of the world he proposes to try cornering the milk of one city, and as the job is much smaller he will probably succeed. It is given out cold that the first step of the trust will be to reduce the retail price of milk until every small dealer is driven out of business. Then, of course, it will be supreme as a price maker, both to producer and consumer. This trust, like other trusts, lays claim to shining virtues—it is to concern itself chiefly in the supplying of pure milk—will keep water out of it if not out of the stock.

"Another thing, the markets through-



Men who are always in a hurry, and most men are, want a soap for the toilet that will lather quickly and freely in hot or cold water. Other soaps than Ivory may have this quality, but will likely contain alkali, which is injurious to the skin. Ivory Soap is made of pure vegetable oils, no alkali, produces a white, foamy lather, that cleanses thoroughly and rinses easily and quickly. Money cannot buy a better soap for the toilet.

WAYS TO WED.

Manner in Which Different Races Go at It.

While there has as yet been discovered no country in which the sexes do not mate, the manner of going at the fatal step is as diversified as the peoples who practice the custom.

In Thibet marriage is considered a very difficult and troublesome institution. It only takes place in wealthy families. The eldest son in a family marries and the younger brothers are looked upon by the wife as so many junior husbands. Although the Thibetians are not subject to jealousy in the proportion as other nations are where polygamy prevails, yet in the junior husbands generally find it inconvenient to share matrimonial bliss with their elder brother, so they generally take the hint—and their departure.

On her wedding day the Danish peasant girl wears a simple crown of myrtle with her national costume—varying with the district, but always charming—and posts of myrtle are carefully cherished by girlish hands through the long winters, in anticipation of the great event. Her sole helmet in the great shaken dowry chest, heavily clamped, and often finely carved, that holds her goodly store of linen.

The Esquimaux, who live along the upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Brass rods are welded into great rings round the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women whose husbands are well to do weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried by the wretched creatures as long as they live.

When a marriage takes place in China the wedding party enter the temple and light a quantity of fireworks, including a number of crackers. This is supposed to wake the "Great Joss" from his sleep. The priest repeats the service at express speed, the bride and bridegroom take two little steps of wine, and are then declared man and wife.

The Swedish bride fills her pocket with bread, which she dispenses to everyone she meets on her way to church, every piece she dispenses averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

While the wedding service is proceeding in Japan the bride kindles a torch and the bridegroom lights a pipe from it and burns the wife's playthings.

In New Guinea the single young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders in all its glory; but immediately after marriage she must have it cut short.

BRAIN FOOD.

Nourish the Thinking Organ.

An American physician is responsible for the dictum that the popular notion that fish is a brain food, rich in phosphorus, is a myth—a pleasant conception with no physiological basis to rest upon. There is less phosphorus in fish than in beef or wheat; and that food which is best for the body is best for the brain. The origin of the conception is attributed to the German scientist, who, forty years ago, wrote this epigrammatic expression: "Without phosphorus, no thought." The great Agassiz, in an address in favor of a fish commission, with other considerations used the same idea, and urged that because of the intellectual activity of the people fish culture was demanded. When asked what gave him this idea, he replied: "Dumas, the French chemist, once suggested to me that fish contained considerable phosphorus, and might, on that account, be especially good for food."

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Popular Because of Change in Moral and Religious Standards.

Writing in the National Review on "The Present Popularity of Omar Khayyam," Mr. Bernard Holland explains the reasons for the popularity of a change in moral and religious standards:

"Fitzgerald first published his 'Omar Khayyam' when the tide of optimistic belief in the sufficiency of material civilization was running its strongest, and when our complacency was hardly disturbed by the Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin. Epicureanism, based on a pessimistic agnosticism, clothed though in a heart-penetrating form, could not then produce its full effect. The present popularity of the poem, which Fitzgerald did not live to suffer under, marks, I think, the rapid decline at once of the old religious Protestant conviction and of the sanguine optimistic temper due to the rapid movement of scientific discovery and mechanical invention. Realization, as ever, has fallen far short of anticipation, and an excessive estimate of the value of life has been followed by a tendency to question its whole wider purpose. As of old, voluptuous strains appeal to mariners weary of the sea, and doubtless, wherever there is any end to their labors or meaning in their voyage. Why not end the voyage in these ever-alluring islands of pleasure, instead of passing them by with averted faces on the way to unknown seas? Why sacrifice the near for the remote, the certain for the doubtful? If this life is all, is it not absurd to refuse to enjoy the wine forbidden to Mussulmans, the free love forbidden to Christians? Why not yield to that immense constant attraction? This is the thought of 'Omar Khayyam,' with the penetrating point given to it by the Suffolk dreamer, touches multitudes whose like it would fifty years ago have left indifferent. The garrison side has been partly withdrawn from their hearts."

Population of Ontario.

The population of the province of Ontario is estimated at 2,200,000. The principal cities are: Toronto, with 183,152 people; Ottawa, 53,727; Hamilton, 50,035; London, 55,223; Kingston, 18,095; Brantford, 18,224; Windsor, 11,917; St. Thomas, 11,621; Guelph, 10,741; Stratford, 10,531; Belleville, 10,523; St. Catharines, 10,144; Chatham, 8,282.

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER

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