ROGERS IS ON TRIAL

IS CHARGED WITH RIFLING THE UNITED STATES MAILS

MANY LETTERS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN HIS APRON

Accused Was Arrested After Two Test Letters That Had Been Previously Prepared by Inspector H. T. Gregory Were Found in His Working Garment, but He Claims It Was Sometimes Worn by Others.

The trial of Harvey S. Rogers, an employe of the Minneapolis postoffice, charged with rifling the United States mails, was taken up yesterday in the United States circuit before Judge Munger.

Rogers is charged with having extracted from the mails on Aug. 19 two "test" letters that had been placed in the mails by Inspector H. T. Gregory. These letters, with thirty-seven others, were found in Rogers' apron, carefully concealed in his locker on the day they were placed in the office.

Pleads Ignorance of Letters.

After Rogers had finished his work on that day he was taken into the office of Assistant Postmaster Hughes and there searched. Nothing was found on his person, but his apron containing the letters that had been prepared was immediately produced. He identified his apron, but pleaded ignorance of the presence of the letters in it.

Room Examined by Jurors.

Before the taking of any evidence yesterday afternoon the jury was ordered taken down into the postoffice room where Rogers was employed, in order that they might get an idea of the location of the different cases, and have a better understanding of the testimony when it was given.

The government will attempt to show that Rogers' rifling of the mails has been conducted in a carefully planned manner for the past two or three years.

Rogers stoutly denies his guilt, and claims that he cannot account for the letters being found in his apron, and also that there has been occasions when his apron was worn by others in the office.

SUES FOR RETURN OF $62,000 PAID ON OPTION

Itasca County Iron Lands the Cause of Claim Made by George C. Howe.

An important suit growing out of a transaction in Itasca county iron lands was begun in the district court yesterday by George C. Howe, of St. Louis county, who sues to recover $62,500 from Mary O. Coates, John Coates, Clark H. Freeman, Daniel H. Freeman, J. O. McClure and C. P. McClure, of Stearns county; and E. H. and E. C. Holden, of St. Paul.

The complaint, which is a document of forty closely written pages of legal cap, sets forth a contract by which the plaintiff acquired an option for the purchase of a valuable tract at the price of $750,000. Of this sum, $50,000 was paid to bind the contract, and the plaintiff claims to have spent $12,000 more in exploration of the land for ore deposits, as agreed in the contract. The defendants guaranteed the title, but plaintiff alleges that when this was shown to be defective, they took no adequate steps to perfect it, aiming, as he claims, to retain the $50,000 earnest money.

In view of defendants' alleged breach of contract, the complaint demands judgment for the amount of plaintiff's expenditure, with interest.

THREATENS TO KILL

JOHN MULDOON, ALIAS JAMES O'MALLEY, SAYS HE'LL EXTERMINATE POLICEMEN

RAVES IN HIS CELL AFTER LEARNING RECORD IS KNOWN

Man Arrested for Highway Robbery In St. Paul, After Shooting at Detectives, Is Identified as Murderer of Cleveland Policeman—Declares He Will Have Revenge.

"They can't get me, I tell you they'll never hang me. I'll live when the police are all dead. I'll kill all the coppers, I'll murder all the reporters and even then they won't get me."

Raving like a maniac, John Muldoon, alias James O'Malley, uttered these sentences last night in his cell at the county jail. He was informed that the police have conclusive evidence that he and his "pal," Trimble, were implicated in the shooting of Policeman Kearney, of Cleveland, and was shown a letter from Chief Corner, of that city, to substantiate the statement.

"The papers lie. The police lie. You are all liars," screamed the desperado. "You want to kill me, but you can't. I'm proof against death and all the coppers in the world can't hurt me.

Threatens to Kill Reporter.

"If ever I get out of here, I'll kill you," he shouted at the reporter. "Oh, if I could only get my hands on you I'd murder you right where you stand."

Muldoon then jumped to his feet, beat his fist violently against the cell door in a vain endeavor to reach his interviewer. He kicked the steel bars, and when he saw his efforts useless, lay on his bunk and for fifteen minutes heaped torrents of abuse and oaths on the heads of the police and the newspapers.

By his talk and manner Muldoon acknowledged the verity of The Globe's stand from the start to the effect that he was responsible for the murder of a policeman in Cleveland.

Suddenly his mood changed, and looking the reporter squarely in the eye, he said:

"My day will come. You're having your's now. I'll be free sometime, and if ever at liberty I will find you and nothing can save you either. You will find that John Muldoon does not forget."

A question as to what the papers had done to him only brought forth another tirade of abuses and curses.

Is Positively Identified.

Yesterday Chief O'Connor received word from George E. Corner, superintendent of the Cleveland police, in which he positively identified O'Malley as James Muldoon, the man who shot Officer Kearney in that city June 8. Accompanying the letter was a complete prison record of the man, which confirmed the opinions of the St. Paul police, and the exclusive announcement in The Globe.

Muldoon, since taken into custody, has been confident that he was comparatively safe and that his identity was in no danger. He even boasted that the police would be unable to "get to him."

When he discovered yesterday that his record was known and that probably he would be extradited to Ohio for trial, the man was overcome with rage.

He was told that the Chicago police also wanted him for the murder of Policemen Devine and Pennell. This was more than the man could bear. He tore madly up and down his cell declaring that he would not hang, and that if liberated he would murder the police and the newspaper reporters.

Has a Long Record.

Muldoon's criminal record begins in 1896, when he was sentenced to a boy's reformatory in Ohio for burglary. In April, 1900, he was sent to the Lancaster reformatory on a burglary charge, and in June of the present year shot Officer Kearney, in Cleveland, while the policeman was holding him at the call box waiting for the patrol wagon to arrive. He and two other crooks, arrested for burglary, escaped.

Sterling, alias John Wilson, arrested last Sunday morning, also has a long criminal record, and at present is wanted in Cleveland for breaking jail. He has served a number of terms in Ohio for robbery and house-breaking.

The third of the trio, not yet apprehended by the St. Paul police, is Charles Trimble, a noted Eastern crook, and a "pal" of Muldoon. He is one of the men who escaped when Muldoon shot the Cleveland officer. Trimble is a brother-in-law of Sterling.

LARSON PLEADS GUILTY.

Murderer of Magnus Johnson Found to Be Perfectly Sane.

Special to The Globe.

ALEXANDRIA, Minn., Sept. 13.—Gustaf A. Larson was arraigned to plead to the indictment charging him with murder in the first degree for the killing of Magnus Johnson on March 24 last. He pleaded guilty. Judge Searle had requested that Larson be examined by a physician as to his mental condition. After Larson had pleaded guilty, Dr. H. J. Boyd was called and testified that he had examined Larson and found his intellect sound and considered that he was capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and that he was responsible.

Snap-Shotting Magnates.

CAMERA FIEND A TERROR TO MORGAN, BUT SCHWAB, MORE AMIABLE, STANDS THE ORDEAL CHEERFULLY.

The wise celebrities, domestic and foreign, will learn in time the disadvantageousness of calmly, if reluctantly, submitting to the snap shots of the camera fiends attached to the New York sensational newspapers. A good many of them have, no doubt, learned their little lesson in this respect within the past couple of weeks, from the awful photographic presentments that have been made of them upon the steamers and piers as they arrived here from Europe. This is the period when the famous personages are flocking back from Europe, and in consequence the incoming steamers are clustered with newspaper photographers, who board them at quarantine, while the piers contain a reserve guard of the persistent lens marksmen. A great majority of the returning celebrities have this year evinced a real or an affected disinclination to having their personal pulchritude or the lack of the same corralled by the newspaper photographers, and the result has been something terrifying, says the New York correspondent of the Washington Star.

The reason why is that the sensational newspaper photographer, when he is sent to make a snap shot of a celebrity, is simply bound to get the picture, willy nilly, by fair means or foul. He knows that his job depends upon his success in getting quick portraits of persons who do not, or pretend that they do not want to have their pictures in the newspapers, and this knowledge is sufficient to force him to any extreme to gain his point. He is fully aware of the fact that if the photographer of a rival paper succeeds in snap shooting a celebrity while he himself fails in the attempt his position with his newspaper isn't liable to be worth a cast-off motorman's glove after the fiasco.

This is the reason why the much-decried snap shooters are such persistent and absolutely unsquelchable individuals. This is likewise the reason that, in about 99 cases out of 100, they actually succeed in getting snap shots of the famous "side steppers," no matter how frantically the latter strive, or pretend to strive, against the newspaper cameras.

J. Pierpont Morgan, a gentleman who, since he achieved his vast prominence in the world of finance, has unquestionably become afflicted with that malady politely termed "the delirium of grandeur"—the affliction is described in less complimentary phrases when applied to ordinary individuals—blusteringly announced on the deck of the steamer that hauled him into New York harbor the other day that he wouldn't have his picture taken by a newspaper photographer "for $5,000,000." That seemed like a pretty fairish bagatelle for immunity from the besiegements of the score or more of newspaper and magazine photographers who hovered about the extremely gruff boss of the financial puddle, but Mr. Morgan might just as well have made his figure rounder by saying $50,000,000. A very busy and self-important secretary of the financier kept himself more or less in front of Mr. Morgan during all of the time the latter was on the deck of the steamer as it came up the harbor, and when, in spite of this, one of the photographers took a shot at the trust originator, the officious secretary appeared to become real vexed, so he did. He advanced upon the photographer who had got the shot, raising a heavy cane as he advanced.

"Did you photograph Mr. Morgan?" the secretary demanded with as much fierceness as he could assume.

"I sure made as much of a crack at the same as I could with portions of your carcass in the way," dryly replied the photographer.

"How dare you photograph Mr. Morgan?" ferociously inquired the secretary, raising his club as if to smash the camera, and mentioning the financier's name in a tone of awe, as if the juggler of millions were of celestial origin.

"It's part of my graft," calmly replied the photographer, becoming a bit angry himself "Individually, I don't care any more for Mr. Morgan than I do for Paddy the Pig or Grand Central Pete, but I drifted on board this craft for the purpose of getting a view or so of his frame. I've got one, and I'm going to get some others before he gets off the boat. As for you, I'd recommend you to fetch that club of yours to a parade rest real quick, or I'll just take you by the slack of your waistcoat and toss you over the side, even if you were the secretary to four Morgans and a couple of Ahkounds of Swat besides—that's what I'll do with you, Willie."

The important secretary subsided promptly, and Mr. Morgan rushed to the purser's room to get away from the camera. They all caught him with their lenses as he started on his dogtrot, and, with one leg in the air and his yachting cap pulled down over one ear, the eminent financier in these pictures—which were published the next day—only needed a cutlass between his teeth to resemble a glass-eating and sulphur-burning pirate of the Spanish Main as depicted by Howard Pyle.

Then they all went down in a body to the purser's room, where Mr. Morgan had taken refuge. They found him seated in a corner of the room, which, nevertheless, was in a strong light, and very well adapted for the photographic purposes. The great money man was tilted back in a chair, growling angrily, with a cigar clapped into his countenance at the precise angle affected by Chuck Connors, One-eyed Connolly and others of that tribe—which is a little eccentricity of the eminent financier's.

One by one the photographers passed before the door of the purser's room, shooting away at the wrathful looking organizer of everything, and the portraits that they thus secured made Mr. Morgan look for all the world like a sullen mastiff just about to make a final effort to chew his tethering rope. Before Mr. Morgan became aware of what they were doing and kicked the purser's door to all of them had taken these horrible negatives of him.

The notable women who, arriving from Europe during the past fortnight, ineffectually strove to escape the cameras, were rewarded for these efforts by having snap shots of themselves published in the yellows that made them look like composites of washerwomen, gypsies and chorus girls. The Vanderbilt party tried to keep newspapers, handkerchiefs, parcels and all sorts of things before their faces as they stood upon the pier upon the morning of their arrival, but the photographers, not to be thwarted, buzzed around them like bumblebees, and all succeeded in snap-shooting the women of the party in the most grotesque and absurd attitudes.

The Duchess of Marlborough was in particular the victim of the newspaper cameras. Now, the Duchess of Marlborough is not a pretty woman. She is very far from that, and all of the idealized portraits of her made by French painters and published in the Sunday supplements of the New York yellows will never make her a pretty woman. But she is at least presentable, albeit her figure is slender to the point of emaciation, and her countenance is in no wise interesting. But the snap shots that were taken of the unfortunaate American duchess by the newspaper camera-clickers simply made her out a fright of the most frightful description, and if she saw them she must have wept bitterly over them. The lineaments and figure of her trim mother, Mrs. Belmont, were likewise most wretchedly rendered by the newspaper camera folk, and all because they wriggled about and made such determined efforts—foredoomed to failure—to evade the snap-shooters.

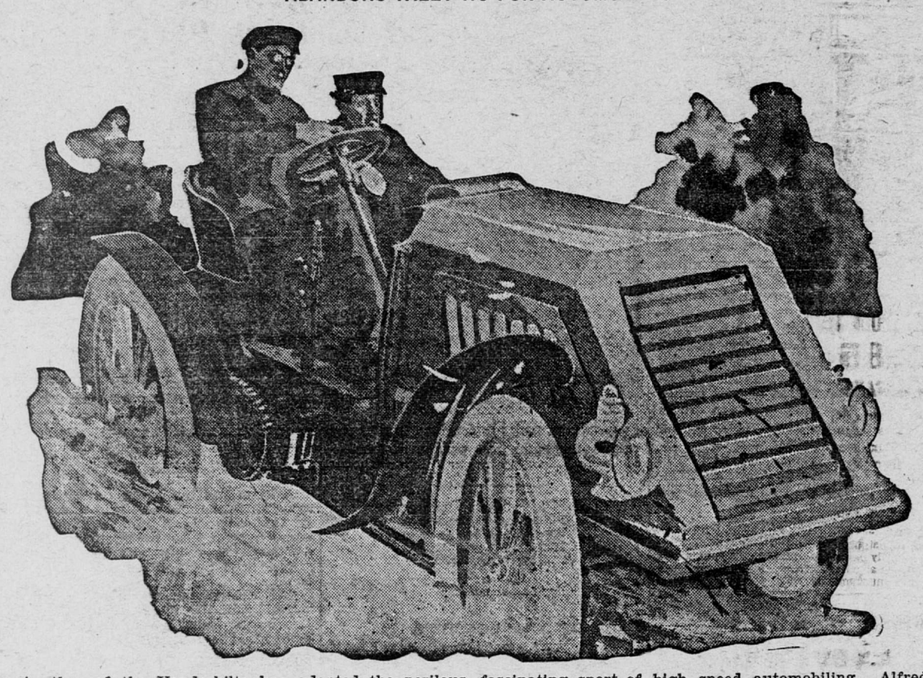
Young Charles Schwab, the president of the big steel outfit, who went to Europe last week to rest up after his physical breakdown, apparently profited by these awful examples as he saw them in the yellow newspapers. As he stood on the pier, chatting with some friends while he waited for his steamer to issue the "All aboard and all ashore" call, he observed the large flock of men with cameras circling about him. He stepped out into an open space with a laugh.

"Here, you boys," he said, cheerfully, "fire away—I'll stand up for you. As long as it's bound to be I want to be made to look as human as possible, anyhow."

The result was that the snap shots published of Mr. Schwab on the following morning did not make him look like a gloomy gorilla or a slouching criminal, but like a cheerful, self-contained man of the world.

Mr. Schwab seemed to have the right end of this photographic business, as the saying goes. The celebrities might just as well stand and deliver to the persons with the cameras. They are inevitably going to be photographed somehow or another, and before long they will unquestionably realize that when they are presented in the picture dailies as freaks, as they have been for a long time, now the joke is on them.

ABANDONS TALLY-HO FOR AUTOMOBILE.



Another of the Vanderbilts has adopted the perilous, fascinating sport of high speed automobiling. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who hitherto has made coaching his pet hobby and has let the speedy horseless vehicle severely alone, now has the auto craze. He plans some daring feats on his new auto, and will probably go to Europe in the near future to race European cracks.

The labor unions of Stillwater and all friends of labor in this city and South Stillwater, have been invited to attend mass meetings to be held in Woodmen hall, this city, and the roller rink at South Stillwater tomorrow evening, when addresses will be delivered by Labor Commissioner O'Donnell, of St. Paul, and John Swift, of Minneapolis.

RIOT AT OTTUMWA

SERIOUS RESULTS OF A STRIKE ON THE STREET CAR SYSTEM

CAR WINDOWS SMASHED AND TROLLEY WIRES CUT

Not a Wheel Is Turning in the City, All the Men Willing to Work Being Induced to Leave or Driven From the Cars With Stones—More Trouble Is Probable Today.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Sept 13.—The street car strike is assuming a serious aspect. The blacksmiths in the employ of the company struck today. The city depends upon the street car plant for electric power, which may be shut off.

Not a wheel was turning on the street car system of the Ottumwa Traction and Light company at 9:30 o'clock tonight, after a wild hour of smashing car windows, cutting trolley wires and other damage to property of the company by the mob. All the men finally were induced to leave or were driven from the cars with stones. One motorman was hurt by flying missiles and several arrests were made.

The mob was dispersing at midnight, but if an attempt shall be made to run the cars tomorrow, trouble probably will follow.

CAPITAL TWO BILLIONS

ONE OF THE BIGGEST OF RAILROAD COMBINATIONS

Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt Interests Said to Have Formed an Alliance—Their Designs Is to Protect Themselves in the Coal Fields—Large Number of Eastern Lines Involved.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 13.—A local paper prints the following:

A financial alliance has been formed by the two great factors in the Eastern railroad field, the Vanderbilt interests and those of the Pennsylvania system.

The new combination grew out of a competitive movement of several months ago. The two big interests were mutually interested in the bituminous coal fields, and in the hard coal fields as well. The Pennsylvania system predominated in the former and the Vanderbilts in the latter. By an understanding the Vanderbilts yielded the soft coal fields to the Pennsylvania in return for a similar concession on the hard coal from the Pennsylvania.

The Eastern field was threatened by an invasion first by the Goulds and later by the Grand Trunk railroad, and these big financial interests wanted to preserve the territory for themselves, and the ties that had been formed by the coal deal were strengthened in the endeavor to protect the Eastern field. The interests of the two big houses were growing gradually together, and soon resulted in an understanding such as has been now reached.

The combination of interests makes one of the biggest deals that has ever been seen. To consider the vested rights of the two big houses east of Chicago, to say nothing of their property west of that point, gives them a capitalization of over $2,000,000,000 and a mileage of over 30,000.

The roads included in the combination are the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, Philadelphia & Reading, Lake Shore, Big Four, Michigan Central, Nickel Plate, Boston & Albany, Baltimore & Ohio, Southwestern, Pere Marquette, Hocking Valley and Lake Erie & Western.

St. Paul a Fruit Center

"How much am I offered for this car of golden beauties? Not a bad peach in the lot and every one a seller? Speak quickly, gentlemen. One dollar did you say? Dollar five did I hear? Well there yours and you've got 'em dirt cheap."

Just a little scene that is enacted daily in a little stuffy room of the main entrance of the Milwaukee depot, but to the dozen or more quick-eyed men seated on the rough deal tables that it contains, this harangue of the auctioneer means much.

It means that where a year ago every dealer along commission row had to go to Minneapolis to buy his stock of fruit, the lucious, golden products of the West and Northwest are now dumped at his very door and all he has to do is to take his pick, pay his money and the fragrant beauties are rolled directly into his cellar.

City Now a Fruit Center.

St. Paul no longer depends on the Mill City for its fruits. It no longer recognizes Minneapolis as the fruit center of the Northwest, for times have changed and the cars that arrive daily from the West instead of being switched off into the yards of that city now come direct to St. Paul. It is this fact that results in the daily scene just described and which for nearly a year has been in active operation.

According to J. E. Mulroney, one of the largest dealers in fancy fruits along commission row, nearly 300 cars of California and Western fruit have been auctioned off in the St. Paul railroad yards since the season opened and the number is increasing. The daily sales, he says, never fall below five cars and some days that figure is greatly exceeded.

A year ago local fruit men in attending these sales had to go to Minneapolis, reship if the lot was a broken one and suffer other inconveniences, often resulting in a loss. The sales are conducted by the Twin City Auction company and are held daily in the yards of the Milwaukee and Omaha Railroad companies.

Every fruit dealer along commission row attends them and when the demand is brisk and the offerings few the scene is an interesting and a spirited one.

Scene a Lively One.

With every state in the Union pouring in its offerings of garden and orchard products, commission row along Third street is a busy spot just now. Barrels and crates of every description line its sidewalks and the air is redolent with the odors their contents send forth.

Peaches, apples, grapes are now the principal article of commerce with the commission men, that is those whose business is exclusively the handling of fruit. The vegetable man is also in evidence, but he is confining his attention to potatoes and garden products in season.

The peach naturally heads the list, for this is the time of the year California and Washington begin to turn in their harvest. The fruit is of excellent quality and brings the dealer from $1 to $1.10 a case. Next week St. Paul will be sampling the fruit of the Colorado peach orchards, the finest fruit sold in this section. It is an extremely fine, solid fruit and wholesales about double the price of the California product.

Lovers of apples will probably rejoice in the announcement that there is a big crop of apples this year, in Canada especially. The price, however, has by no means slumped, for the North this time must contribute to the South, where the crop in some respects is a failure. In Iowa and Wisconsin the orchards are full of this fruit, and it is being shipped to the big fruit centers as fast as cars can be secured. They sell from $2.50 to $3.25 a barrel, an advance of about 15 cents a bushel over last year.

Weather Hurts Market.

St. Paul at present is enjoying the benefits of an ill wind in a surfeit of watermelons caused by the sudden cold weather. The dealers have several carloads on hand and are selling them for what they can get. Another fruit that is somewhat of a drag because of the bad weather is lemons. More than one commission man is out of pocket because of heavy stocks. The cool summer is responsible.

About the costliest fruit just now is the orange, of which it is said there is not over a carload in the city. They are what are known as Valencias, and sell for from $5 to $5.50 a box. As it will be some weeks before the California, Mexican and Florida oranges arrive, the price is expected to rise.

Next to peaches and apples, grapes and pears are the heaviest in point of receipts along commission row. The grapes come from Michigan and neighboring states, while California and Oregon furnish the pears. The crop is fair in size and quality, and has a ready sale. The grapes bring from 14 to 15 cents a basket, while the pears sell at $2.25 a case for the California product and $1.75 for the Oregon and Washington product.

Other fruits which are heavy sellers are sweet potatoes and plume. The price is $2.75 a bushel for potatoes and $1.25 a case for plums.

Of bananas this year there is no scarcity. The trust is not permitting a glut, but it is extending some clemency to the dealers by permitting them to buy from the track instead of at the ports of entry, the principal of which is New Orleans. Carloads of the fruit reach St. Paul weekly and are purchased by the dealers. Before purchases had to be made at New Orleans, the buyer paying the freight.

STILLWATER WOMEN WAIT FOR DISHES

They Have been Victimized by Solicitors for a Magazine Offering a Premium.

Several Stillwater housewives are anxiously awaiting the arrival of sets of dishes they ordered through an alleged magazine publishing company some weeks ago, and for which each of them deposited $5 in cash. A little more than a month ago two well dressed youn men spent two weeks here soliciting subscriptions for a magazine, the price of which was 15 cents a month. As a premium, however, the subscribers were to receive a set of dishes when $5 had been paid. The solicitors evidently did not get rich enough on the 15-cent plan, and after they had waited two weeks they visited their subscribers and informed them that some of the subscribers were anxious to get their dishes right away and they had arranged to pay $5 down. The solicitors represented that it would be much more convenient for all of their subscribers to do the same so that all of the dishes could be ordered at once. Several of them contributed the required sums and have been waiting patiently ever since for the dishes which have not arrived. They are now confident that they were "worked." The solicitors claimed that their magazine was printed in New York city, but the price of the publication was not given, neither had the magazine been admitted to the mails.

Henry Wolfer, warden of the prison, has gone to Philadelphia to attend the National Prison congress and convention of prison wardens.

DEFECTIVE PAGE