FORMER FORGER ALONZO J. WHITEMAN SAYS HE'S REFORMED

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Alonzo J. Whiteman, a former statesenator from Minnesota and a man of marked intellectual ability, Special Correspondence. has, as was hinted ten days ago, actually turned from forger to preacher. This news will be gladly received by many of the big hotels in all parts of the country. For as long as Whiteman was traveling about he was regarded as one of the most dangerous criminals in the country. He has been arrested and sent to jail more than twenty times since his downfall a score of years ago.

He has been preaching in and around Dansville, his former home and the home of his mother, all summer, occupying Methodist pulpits in various parts of Livingston county. His mother has all along stuck by him, supplying him with money and legal counsel when he got in trouble. His information seems to be of the genuine kind. He declares that he will never again violate a law; that henceforth his talents and his time will be devoted to the service of the Lord.

Preached Last Sunday.

Whiteman preached recently in the Methodist church at Byersville, choosing as his text "Judge not, lest ye be judged." He has considerable oratorical ability and preached three-quarters of an hour without a break. He also led in the singing, reading the scripture lesson with marked dramatic effect. When he got through one of the pillars of the church remarked in the hearing of several: "Well, Lon Whiteman is either converted or he is a great deal worse rogue than I took him to be."

In some of his addresses Whiteman has spoken of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. He declared that they are the ones to receive the greatest rewards in heaven. The man who "bears false witness against his neighbor" is pictured by him as worthy of eternal punishment and there is little chance of salvation for the person who "covets anything that is his neighbor's."

Whiteman has had marked success in the gathering in of converts, as it is reported that several have "come forward" under the influence of his preaching and announced that they wanted to lead better lives. The former senator has his home in Dansville, where the family mansion is.

Whiteman is a college graduate, holding the diploma of Hamilton in belles lettres, and from the law department of Columbia university passed with honor to join the bar in Livingston county. The promise of his future was then a most alluring one. His family was influential, his associations were of the sort that push its members forward and his own natural and acquired abilities of a kind to justify the highest hopes for his career.

These were in a measure realized, for at 24 years of age he was a member of the legislature of the state of Minnesota; at 28, state senator and member of the national Democratic committee, president of two banks in Duluth, owner of two daily papers in the same town, where he had taken up his residence, capitalist and mayor of the city.

He was rated worth $2,000,000 and was probably worth half as much. His father had left for him and his sister $1,500,000 in equal portions, so his start was favorable in all ways. Then he ran for congress and was defeated, after which he began his remarkable career of committing crimes and keeping out of prison—a profession in which he has had few equals and no superiors.

Wealth Gave Him Standing.

His visits to New York and Chicago were frequent and his face was familiar in all of the gambling resorts and in the betting ring. His position and reputed wealth gave him standing when he was finally without money, and he pledged his credit—which has never been redeemed. From returned checks to bogus drafts and schemes of organized swindling of the boldest and most desperate character he passed, escaping from these without arrest until one day Detectives Armstrong and Reidy took him to New York for passing a valueless check on a hotel. Then the press dispatcher began to find his name a frequent subject. He was arrested in San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Omaha.

His first serious fall came in San Francisco, and the story of it is from his own lips, very strongly supported by collateral evidence and the records.

"I was out there in 1894," he says, "playing the races and cards, and in worse luck than I ever knew before. I had dropped about $10,000, enough to make me very strong with the 'bookies,' and was dead broke.

"I had a checkbook on the Shoe and Leather bank of New York, wherein my father was formerly a director, and I issued all my checks in sums of $200 to $1,000, but I lost, lost, lost, until I had to use any kind of paper and I don't know how much I had out.

"I had calculated that it would take the men who had got my checks ten days or more to hear from the Eastern bank on which the checks had been drawn, but they had used the wire, and one evening at the Palace hotel my eye caught the flaming headline of an evening paper, 'Alonzo J. Whiteman Wanted for Forgeries.'

"I didn't have $50 in cash and San Francisco is a hard place to escape from. I just changed my quarters to the Baldwin, where, under another name, I went to bed sick and stayed a week. At the end of that time I left unmolested with a lawyer to take out a charter in Nevada for a California mining company.

Narrow Escape From Arrest.

"The lawyer was also a director in a local bank, and through his introduction I opened an account with a check, drew $700 against it and went East. At Ogden they came to arrest me. I saw them, they even talked to me, and I remembered with horror that I had the gold from the Reno bank in a bag stamped with the bank's name in my pocket.

"I fled into the country and, returning before daylight, laid in a cheap lodginghouse for two days and then, jumping on an eastern train at night, I started for Omaha. There I went into the cattle business and depositing my gold, with a lot of paper, got credit of several thousand dollars, which I drew out as rapidly as possible, and twelve days after leaving the coast I carried $8,000 to Mike McDonald and gave it to him.

"For safe keeping?" asked the listener.

"Precisely; Mr. McDonald keeps a gambling house," replied Whiteman.

Then Whiteman went to New York, and after being a guest of a hotel paid his bill with more paper, taking $175. For this Armstrong and Reidy, the detectives, arrested him. News of his capture was carried to San Francisco and his extradiction was demanded. Whiteman squared the hotel account, but the Californians were urgent for his presence, and his faculties were strained to resist the issuance of the governor's assent. At this time Flower was governor of New York and Whiteman had an interview with him to plead his own cause.

"I am not afraid to go to California on the charge that is before you," said Whiteman to the governor, "but I am afraid of other charges that may be brought. Will you exact from this officer a promise that upon this charge alone I shall be tried, and will you issue the requisition papers to include this charge alone?"

"Certainly," said the governor, and he did so.

Then Whiteman obtained from the bank in New York a promise not to send a teller to his trial and blithely rode across the continent to meet the issue. He was immediately indicted and put upon trial, and upon cases interlinking with the one upon which extradition had been secured was convicted and sentenced to ten years.

Meanwhile Gov. Flower's promise had been effective and the governor of California had been appealed to, and he notified the courts if the man were sent to San Quentin prison he would be pardoned the next day. The faith of his state was pledged in the agreement of its representative made with Gov. Flower. An appeal to the supreme court was not opposed by the district attorney. In a year the decision was handed down and Whiteman was released.

In this affair Whiteman had to summon to his aid all his resources. The experience would have had a reformatory effect upon any ordinary man. It had no such result in his case, however, and he returned to Dansville to plan new schemes upon banks and hotels. In his respectable and prosperous periods he had not neglected his native place and his friends were many and were all willing to aid him. They knew all about "Lon," as he is familiarly known, and did not regard him as a victim of circumstances. They knew his rascalities, but like Tennessee's pardner, they knew also all the good points of that young man.

Had Sort of Pride in Him.

As a delightful companion, free handed, with the prestige of being the sole male survivor of the richest and most prominent family in the neighborhood, they welcomed him home after his escape from the law's clutch with something akin to local pride. He might not have become the kind of man they had hoped, but he had become a man of note. There was no mistake of that. They had become accustomed to his coming home safe. They expected him.

Here is a sample excerpt from a Dansville paper: "'Lon' Whiteman is reported by the Associated Press dispatches to be under sentence of ten years in California. This seems to be reliable authority, but we will bet dollars to doughnuts that 'Lon' will be walking the streets of Dansville before the snow flies."

'Lon' didn't disappoint them; he was there.

Such was his influence and friendship that the police of the New York central office, who so often wanted him for something, and the Pinkertons, who are even a more difficult set of men, freely acknowledge that it is no use trying to arrest him in this town. He simply has himself arrested; there is a dummy warrant always ready, and he is committed to Geneseo jail, where he remains until the detectives are gone. They have, therefore, to wait till he comes to New York to pick him up.

Once they wanted him very badly. A man had opened an account at a bank in New York city, paying in a check as "Dr. Cronin, of Brooklyn"—about to change his practice to New York. The check was for collection, but a Saturday, Sunday and a holiday intervened before it could be heard from. The account had been accepted by the cashier, a deposit safe had been rented and an introduction obtained from the cashier to the paying teller, all in good form. On Tuesday, early, the pseudo Dr. Cronin appeared with a check for $1,500, which was promptly honored.

On the same day Whiteman's bill was paid at the Imperial hotel in New York and he was off for Dansville, and in his room at the hotel was another guest.

This incident had great bearing on Whiteman's subsequent trial. The books of the hotel showed the presence of another person in his room.

There was no question as to the fact that Whiteman had been in New York about that time. Superintendent Dougherty, of Pinkerton's had met him on Tuesday morning in front of the bank. He had also seen him at the hotel the night before and talked with him, and had warned the hotel people that their guest would probably pay his bill with bad paper.

The cashier, teller and president of the bank had met and talked with Whiteman. Nevertheless, the police made no effort to arrest him at home. They sent, however, a man to Dansville to watch, whose patience was rewarded at the end of three months by "Lon" bidding his friends good-by and taking the Lackawanna train for New York.

Shadowed by a Detective.

Then the police agent telegraphed: "Goods sent on train No. 6." A stranger met Whiteman on the train at Delaware Water Gap and formed his acquaintance. He was a nice fellow and Whiteman helped him on with his coat. They crossed the ferry, and there, awaiting them, stood Armstrong and Reidy, the detectives.

It seemed that "Lon" was not going to walk the streets of Dansville for a time.

"I'll bet you ten to one that we give him the full ten years," said Pinkerton's man. Apparently he had no shadow of defense. But the trial lasted three days, and thirteen respectable citizens of Dansville, among them a Catholic priest, a Methodist parson and the assistant district attorney, testified that on that Tuesday Whiteman was in Dansville, that he attended a funeral and was seen of many, and supported their oaths with many circumstantial details.

In despair the prosecution sent for the hotel people. The books showed that Whiteman did not hold a room on the day the swindle was committed, and the charge of the judge was followed by an acquittal. Then Whiteman sued the bank for $15,000 and was placated by a settlement for $2,500. He came back and walked the streets again in his native town.

At intervals after this Whiteman went to New York and Chicago and captured a few hotels and gambled away his spoils. Usually he settled up when caught. Once bail for $500 was demanded and he sat down, took off his shoe and drew the money from his stocking. He has remarked of this sum that "it was a dead loss." He "jumped his bail" and has never been able to get it back.

In Nashville he was making a welching book and was caught.

At Mammoth Park he was captured by the Pinkertons and John Kelly bailed him out with a large sum. He did the Saratoga bookmakers by having a telegram purporting to come from the Bank of New Amsterdam sent to them that he had a credit of some hundreds of dollars deposited there to be used by a person named. Bets were laid on this credit wisely, and when the "bookies" had paid out $800 they telegraphed for facts about the bank credit and there were no facts.

Experience in Chicago.

In the tangled skein of his life there next appears a transaction with some brokers in Chicago. He left that city and followed the races to St. Louis, where he was arrested on advices from Chicago and was taken there after vainly and vigorously resisting extradition. He was brought to trial and convicted with a sentence of three years. A stay, a new trial and an appeal resulted in his conviction in a lower degree of the same crime, reducing it from felony to a misdemeanor, and he was sentenced this time to one year in the house of correction. Then a new writ of error intervened, bail was granted and Whiteman "jumped it" promptly and once more walked the streets of Dansville. He couldn't disappoint his friends there.

Then he went to New York again, did another hotel, met his old friends, Armstrong and Reidy of the Central office, and responded to their request to walk down to see the "old man." His New York charge was settled somehow, but Chicago claimed him as a fugitive from justice and although Whiteman personally appealed to Gov. Roosevelt the requisition was honored and Whiteman was taken West.

But the period since his sentence embraced a year and he resisted going to prison on that ground and on other legal technicalities and was finally released. His friends in Dansville were not disappointed; he came back again.

Whiteman went down to New York and stopped at the Hotel Navarre. On leaving he paid his bill with a hundred-dollar check, receiving sixty or seventy dollars in change. His next appearance was at the Waldorf-Astoria in March. Here his friends Armstrong and Reidy found him one day and he was brought to book on the Hotel Navarre charge. It was a clear case.

However, his defense was that the offending piece of paper had been accepted and passed by him in good faith and he had witnesses to support that contention. It did not serve. He was convicted before Judge Cowing in general sessions and sentenced to two and a half years.

To emphasize the matter there was a requisition from Boston, granted by Gov. Odell, lodged as a detainer against him and this was based upon two indictments for forgery in that city and one under the hotel keepers' protective act. Acquittal on the New York charges meant worse than conviction, for the Boston charge looked toward twenty years' imprisonment. But there was a way to escape both Scylla and Charybdis.

He was convicted in New York, a writ of reasonable doubt was secured as a stay and upon argument a new trial was granted.

Then bail for $4,000 was admitted. Whiteman was arrested under the Boston requisition. But he then owed New York state two years and a half of penalty and, obviously, he could not pay it if he did twenty years in Boston, and Gov. Odell canceled his assent to the Boston requisition, which ceased to be operative. The judge continued the same bail and Whiteman gave it.

Personally a Captivating Fellow.

Whiteman is temperate as to liquor, genial and captivating in personal intercourse, generous, kind, strongly inclined to religious faith, a reader of doctrinal books, a regular attendant at church and in manner a gentleman.

Whiteman was married before his father's death to an actress of some metropolitan prominence, now dead. She was unfaithful and he obtained a divorce. On one of his return journeys from Europe a note from her called him back to her side. She was living in New York and was sick and poor. He re-established her and visited her until her death as an intimate friend, not as a husband. Afterward he married the daughter of the most prominent man in Minneapolis and they had one child. After his first arrest he never returned to Duluth. His interests there were swept away by his creditors. His wife's family, oppressed by the disgrace he had brought upon them, moved to Oregon, where a few months ago Mrs. Whiteman obtained a divorce and remarried.

The detectives, who never keep their eyes off Whiteman much of the time, are inclined to think Alonzo's religion is not very deep. "What's the game?" asked an old Dansvillian when asked about Whiteman. "We were prepared for almost any lightning change in Lon, but this is coming rather too strong for us." Others persist that Whiteman shows by his fervid preaching that he is in earnest and they are waiting for time to tell that they have the right theory.

HER HOME IN A SWAMP

QUEER LIFE OF A STRANGE MISSISSIPPI WOMAN

Cruel Treatment of a Refined Daughter Who Went to Visit Her—Held a Prisoner in a Hovel With Her Stepfather—Rebelled at the Indignity and Squalid Surroundings.

Special Correspondence.

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 18.—One of the prettiest little dramas ever played in this state has just been presented at Yazoo City. Those who filled the title roles were J. H. Compton, a wealthy citizen of Boston, and Miss Mamie Gilbert, his niece by marriage, a poor but well educated and refined young lady of Holmes county, this state. The scene was first on a catfish boat, on the Yazoo and Sunflower rivers, and next in the courthouse at Yazoo City, where Judge Robert Powell of Jackson was called upon to preside over habeas corpus proceedings instituted by the mother and stepfather of the young lady to recover possession from the uncle. Judge Powell decided that the mother should not have the custody of the girl and that she should be permitted to return to Boston with her uncle, where she will enjoy the privileges to which she is entitled by birth and education.

The story leading up to the habeas corpus is interesting, showing, as it does, how even a mother may forfeit her rights to the custody of a child and to what degradation woman may sink when tied to a worthless husband. The style of the case was Mrs. Virginia Sykes vs. J. H. Compton, and both were represented by able attorneys.

Uncle Adopted Her.

Miss Mamie Gilbert, a pretty girl of 17 summers, was given when 12 years of age to her uncle, Mr. Compton, by her mother, who was then the Widow Gilbert. The understanding was that Mr. Compton, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Sykes (or Gilbert) was to have the raising of the child and that he was to give her a good education. This he has done well and faithfully.

Several months ago Mrs. Gilbert married one R. M. Sykes, a fellow whose business is that of a fisherman and hunter in the swamps of the great Yazoo-Mississippi delta, and he and his wife have been living in little boats and shacks and tents, pitching their tent wherever the fishing and hunting appeared to be good. Mr. Sykes poses also as a preacher or exhorter and wears his hair and beard like unto the style that was set by the ancient patriarchs in the days of Abraham.

Prior to Mrs. Gilbert's marriage to Sykes she was a well respected woman and through the kindness and the liberality of her uncle the girl was on several occasions permitted to visit her mother.

Several weeks ago she came again, leaving the train at Tchula, Holmes county, near which little town she had heard her mother was living with her new husband. After a great deal of trouble she located her "home," which proved to be a little shack in the middle of the great swamp. No sooner had the young lady seen the surroundings and become acquainted with the facts as to her mother's squalid manner of life than she was ready to return to Boston, and so stated. The mother and stepmother put their feet down on the proposition, however, and told her she had to stay with them. The spirited girl rebelled, but it was of no use. She was watched like a hawk and kept a prisoner in the shanty. There was but one bed—an excuse of a bed—on the place, and the girl was forced, she alleges, to sleep in that with her mother and stepfather for three consecutive nights. That aroused her indignation to such an extent that she flew into a rage and defied the pair. She was told, she says, that she would remain quiet or they would tie her out in the cane as they did their cow and pony.

Released by Court.

She managed to communicate with some of the decent people of the nearby settlement, telling them of the conditions under which she was staying in the camp, and they got word to Mr. Compton. Her letters and telegrams were destroyed, it is claimed, but in the course of time Mr. Compton arrived, went to the shack and liberated the girl, and together they went to Yazoo City, where they were to take the train for Boston, but were stopped by a writ of habeas corpus sued out by the mother. Mr. Compton instituted proceedings against Sykes for impersonating the mother of the girl, but the justice of the peace declined to hold him on that. The case then came up on its merits before Judge Powell and after hearing the testimony as herein given he decided that the young lady should go with her uncle. In rendering the decision he said that he would be controlled more by the instincts of a father than those of a judge; that he thanked God there is no law in this country to compel a young lady nearly 18 years of age to sleep in the same bed with her mother and stepfather amid such surroundings and environments, and his words were roundly applauded by the great crowd that had assembled in the court room.

Mr. Compton and his niece left immediately after the decision was rendered for Massachusetts, followed by the very best wishes of all who had heard the girl's story. Mr. Compton was for many years a citizen of Yazoo county, where he married Mrs. Sykes' sister, but they went to Massachusetts in 1885. It is hardly probable Miss Gilbert will ever again visit her mother.

Report of the Condition of the

St. Paul National Bank

Sept. 15th, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans	$1,322,233.36
Overdrafts	4.13
United States and Other Bonds	1,133,284.84
Real Estate	71,179.09
Cash and Due from banks and U. S. treasurer	634,591.25
	$3,161,292.67

LIABILITIES.

Capital	600,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	69,466.30
National bank notes	328,000.00
Deposits	2,163,826.37
	$3,161,292.67

F. W. ANDERSON, President.
C. W. HACKETT, Vice President.
A. C. ANDERSON, Cashier.
W. B. GEERY, Assistant Cashier.

Report of the Condition of the

Second National Bank

At St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, at the close of business, Sept. 15, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$1,398,067.76
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		199.10
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		68,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure U. S. deposits		575,000.00
U. S. bonds on hand		None
Premiums on U. S. bonds		None
Stocks, securities, etc		164,175.00
Real estate owned		28,810.00
Due from national banks (not reserve agents	$125,193.28	
Due from state banks and bankers	10,233.54	
Due from approved reserve agents	335,343.05	
Checks and other cash items	811.84	
Exchanges for clearing house	37,366.67	
Notes of other national banks	7,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	963.34	
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:		
Specie	240,071.45	
Legal-tender notes	38,624.00	
		795,607.17
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		3,400.00
Due from U. S. treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund		3,000.00
Total		$3,036,259.03

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$200,000.00
Surplus fund		55,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		83,590.48
National bank notes outstanding		68,000.00
Due to other national banks	$79,551.53	
Due to state banks and bankers	54,438.23	
Due to savings banks	30,388.62	
Dividends unpaid	310.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	1,634,722.93	
Demand certificates of deposit	230,631.78	
Time certificates of deposit	7,983.27	
Certified checks	19,168.37	
Cashier's checks outstanding	20,977.91	
United States deposits	328,042.01	
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	223,453.90	
		2,629,668.55
Total		$3,036,259.03

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Ramsey—ss.

I, C. H. Buckley, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. H. BUCKLEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of September, 1902.

ORLANDO J. REYNOLDS, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: William B. Dean, T. A. Schulze, George C. Power, Directors.

Report of the Condition of the

..First National Bank..

Of St. Paul, at St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, at the close of business, Sept. 15, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$4,249,216.17	
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		1,477.91
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure U. S. deposits		211,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc		1,036,934.18
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		145,218.78
Other real estate owned		45,000.00
Due from national banks (not reserve agents)	$475,231.88	
Due from state banks and bankers	106,324.06	
Due from approved reserve agents	1,020,211.90	
Checks and other cash items	81,290.52	
Exchanges for clearing house	171,196.48	
Notes of other national banks	50,700.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	851.82	
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:		
Specie	934,224.00	
Legal tender notes	82,610.00	
		2,922,640.66
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,500.00
Total		$8,663,987.70

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		331,764.89
National bank notes outstanding		4,220.00
Due to other national banks	$1,240,556.99	
Due to state banks and bankers	1,215,064.79	
Due to trust companies and savings banks	71,551.59	
Dividends unpaid	150.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	3,754,508.14	
Demand certificates of deposit	254,499.78	
Certified checks	15,974.54	
Cashier's checks outstanding	69,784.01	
United States deposits	32,924.55	
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	181,997.42	
		6,828,002.81
Total		$8,663,987.70

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Ramsey—ss.

I, William A. Miller, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM A. MILLER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of September, 1902.

OWEN MORRIS, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Henry P. Upham, Frank P. Shepard, Horace E. Thompson, Directors.

THE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Germania Life Building, Fourth and Minnesota streets, the only institution in St. Paul exclusive for savings, doing a business strictly according to the letter and spirit of the Savings Bank Law of the state as amended to date, and therefore avoids the dangers and contingencies of commercial banking and trust business. Deposits received in sums of one dollar and upwards. Bank open for business from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.; on Saturday from 9 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.; Monday evenings from 6 to 8.

SECRET OF HER NAME AND RICHES IN TABLE

Orphan, Now a Wife, Seeks Papers in Piece of Furniture Sold at Auction at Her Guardian's Death.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 20.—Mrs. Charles S. Gates believes that if she can find an old oak table that was sold at auction a quarter of a century ago she may recover a package of papers that will reveal her parentage and restore to her a family estate.

The table was owned by Robert Campbell, her guardian, who lived near Covell, Ill. Mrs. Campbell says she was taken to Mr. Campbell's when eight years old from a home for friendless children in Chicago. Her aunt had placed her in the home four years before.

Mr. Campbell, she says, frequently told her that far back in the corner of the one drawer in the old oak table was a package of papers that were valuable to her.

"When you are of age," he told her, "I will turn the papers over to you."

Mrs. Gates left the Campbell household before she was of age. Mr. Campbell died and his household goods were sold at auction. The table, with its contents, were bought by a family in Covell.

Mrs. Gates says she remembers that her name was Alice Josslyn, and that she was born in a town named Hillsdale. She does not remember the state. There are twenty-two Hillsdales in the United States.

She believes that her father was killed in the Civil war. She remembers brothers named Charles and Walter and a sister named Edith.

Gates, who is a street car conductor, has offered a reward of $25 for the recovery of the table, in the hope that the package of papers is still in the drawer.

Report of the Condition of the

Nat. German-American Bank

At St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, at the close of business September 15th, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$3,752,886.71
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		8,798.81
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc		1,173,688.50
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		250,000.00
Due from national banks (not reserve agents)	$238,065.42	
Due from state banks and bankers	103,611.86	
Due from approved reserve agents	1,651,428.06	
Checks and other cash items	24,450.21	
Exchanges for clearing house	98,165.36	
Notes of other national banks	27,367.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	696.43	
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:		
Specie	673,538.94	
Legal tender notes	80,000.00	
		2,897,323.28
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,500.00
Due from U. S. treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund		3,000.00
Total		$8,138,197.30

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		142,950.90
National bank notes outstanding		49,000.00
Due to other national banks	$1,079,812.41	
Due to state banks and bankers	735,834.14	
Due to approved reserve agents	1,661.29	
Individual deposits subject to check	4,351,832.37	
Demand certificates of deposit	685,935.70	
Certified checks	10,493.66	
Cashier's checks outstanding	30,676.83	
		6,896,246.40
Total		$8,138,197.30

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Ramsey—ss.

I, Joseph Lockey, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOSEPH LOCKEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of September, 1902.

P. S. HENDRICKSON, Notary Public. (Notarial Seal.)

Correct—Attest: J. W. Lusk, R. C. Jefferson, A. H. Lindeke, Directors.

STOCK YARDS BANK

SOUTH ST. PAUL, MINN.

Banking Rooms in Exchange Bldg.

Joseph Lockey, President. J. J. Flanagan, Vice President. W. E. Briggs, Cashier.

Directors: Joseph Lockey, J. J. Flanagan, W. E. Briggs, M. D. Flower, J. S. Bangs, J. H. Weed, H. B. Carroll.

STATEMENT FOR SEPT. 19, 1902.

Resources—		
Loans and discounts		$252,733.13
Overdrafts		372.82
Office fixtures		520.22
Stocks and bonds		1,000.00
Loss and expense account		1,322.83
Cash Items—		
Due from banks	$141,402.97	
Checks, etc	1,144.60	
Specie	1,950.72	
U. S. treasury notes and national currency	6,029.00	
Total cash		$150,527.29
		$406,476.29
Liabilities—		
Capital stock paid up in cash		$50,000.00
Individual deposits, subject to check	$304,343.60	
Time certificates of deposit	37,186.50	
Cashier's checks	8,002.75	
Total		$349,582.85
Undivided profits		6,893.44
		$406,476.29

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota—ss.

I, J. J. Flanagan, of the Stock Yards Bank, South St. Paul Minn., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Seal.) J. J. FLANAGAN, V. P.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, a notary public, this 20th day of September, 1902.

G. W. F. HANCOCK, Notary Public. (Seal.)

Men's suits, French dry cleaned, $1.50, City Dye House, 420 Wabasha.

ART TREASURES OWNED ABROAD BY MR. MORGAN

Fragonard-Du Barry panels	$1,000,000
Mannheim collection	450,000
Pfungst bronzes	75,000
Raphael's "Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua"	500,000
Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire"	150,000
Rubens' "Portrait of the Grand Duke"	125,000
Reynolds' "Lady Betty Delme and Children"	110,000
Landscape by Hobbema	110,000
Total	$2,595,000

To bring these into the United States Mr. Morgan would have to pay more than half a million dollars in duties.

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The Modern Fable of the Kind of Music That Is Too Good for Household Use.

By George Ade.

ONE Evening a little Flock of Our Best People got together at the Home of a Lady who invariably was first over the Fence in the Mad Pursuit of Culture. She loved to fill her Front and read Norwegian Novels that no one else ever heard anything about.

Sang Chorus Thirty-Eight Times.

On the Evening already mentioned she had a Cluster of Geniuses on hand. They were expected to Talk for a couple of Hours, so as to work up an Appetite for Neapolitan Ice-Cream and Lady-Fingers. In the course of time they got around to the Topic of Modern Music. All agreed that the Music which seemed to catch on with the low-browed Public was exceedingly punky. They rather fancied "Parsifal" and were willing to concede that Vogner made good in Spots but Mascagni they branded as a Crab. As for Victor Herbert and J. P. Sousa—back to the Water-Tanks!

A little later in the Game the Conversation began to Sag and it was suggested that they have Something on the Piano. They gathered around the Stack of Music and then Vogner went into the Discard and Puccini fell to the Floor unnoticed, and the Classics did not get a Hand. But they gave a Yelp of Joy when they spotted a dear little Cantata about a Coon who carried a Razor and had trouble with his Wife. They sang the Chorus 38 times and the Young Lady wore out both Wrists doing Rag-Time.

MORAL: It is proper to enoy the Cheaper Grades of Art but they should not be formally Indorsed.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE WOMAN WHO MADE A STUDY OF HER HUSBAND.

Once there was a woman who entertained her Friends by delivering lectures on the Insect seated at the opposite end of the Table.

To the General Public this Husband was a plain every-day Scrub without any Characteristic Trait of any Particular Kind, as our old Friend and Room-Mate, Mr. Gilbert, would have expressed it.

The Woman who had to put up with him 7 days a Week had found out a great many Things about him. She could tell at least a thousand Anecdotes to prove that he was the most eccentric, absent-minded, careless, short-sighted Ninny that ever committed Matrimony. Nearly every Remark that was made suggested to her a little Story regarding one of Henry's Star Breaks.

Henry always forgot to mail any letters given to him. Henry was a Noodle when it came to matching Dress Goods. Henry always allowed the Butcher to give him the Short End of it. Henry was a Mark for Book-Agents. Henry would be lost if he didn't have someone to put the Studs in his Shirt and lay out his Clothes for him. Henry couldn't remember Two Minutes where he had put anything. Henry was forever bringing most peculiar People home to Dinner. Henry had the tackiest lot of Friends she had ever seen. Henry had been Engaged at one time to the dizziest looking Thing. Henry seemed to be a perfect Slave to Tobacco. And so on.

The Horrible Example would sit and listen to these Disclosures and he would gradually wither away until he felt about Four Pounds lighter than Smoke. One Evening after she had publicly dissected him and turned the Strong Light on all of his Idiosyncrasies old Henry departed.

"I Believe You Are Peevish."

"I may be an Onion and I know I'm feeble-minded and I suppose I need a Guardian," he said, rumpling up his Hair, "but you want to remember a few Things. You jumped eight feet to nail me when I slipped you the Proposition. And this tottering Intellect has managed to fix you up with more Tailor-Mades and Picture Hats than your whole family ever saw before.

"Why, Henry Dear!" she exclaimed, "I do believe you are peevish. If I talk about you all the time it is because you are all the World to me. I haven't a Thought of any one else. A Woman can't really love a Man unless she gives him a good Dig every two or three minutes."

MORAL: The Husband who is Toasted should feel Encouraged.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE RESCUE LEAGUE THAT NEVER MATERIALIZED.

Several Ladies of the Dun and Bradstreet Aristocracy received an Invitation one Day to chip in on a new and glorious Movement. They had a little Club, organized to do Good, and no Woman could break in unless her Pearls were as large as Hickory-Nuts.

One Day a genuine Philanthropist appeared at a meeting of the Club and put in a hot Plea for some persecuted and neglected Children that he had lately discovered.

"I know that you are sitting up Nights trying to think up Schemes for helping the Dumb Animals and the Waifs, and that is why I desire to put you next to some poor little Tikes who are being cut out of nearly All that makes Life worth living for the average Kidlet. We have right in this cruel City a lot of Children who never had the Fun of getting out in a Vacant Lot and playing House with a Store Box and some broken Dishes. They never ran Bare-Foot so that they could squidge the Mud between their Toes, the one True Pleasure on which the Gods have set no heavy price. They never went Fishing in their lives and the poor little Boys never went swimming in a Crick and got their scanty Wardrobes tied into Hard Knots. The unhappy Children to whom I refer are confined in large Stone Houses where they are condemned to a constant association with frozen-faced English Servants and the Governess who got the Position because she was a Chromo. The Gripman's Offspring may watch Mother hang out the Wash and see Father sail by on the down-town Car, but the Little Ones for whom I am pleading get a peek at their Parents about once per Week and in preparation for this Ceremonial they are dressed up until they can't sit down. They never play Hookey because they are not permitted to go near the Public Schools and the History of the United States is locked away from them for fear they may find out that all Kids are created equal. Unless we do something to rescue these unhappy Youngsters, I fear that the Girls will grow up with a perverted Preference for busted Princes, and the Boys will sit around all their lives, apologizing for their Native Land."

Puts in a Hot Plea.

That was the End of the Speech, for he was the only one left in the room.

MORAL: The Rescue Movements never begin at Home.