THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS.

OFFICIAL PAPER — ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL ST. PAUL — CITY OF ST. PAUL

Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter.

TELEPHONE CALLS.

Northwestern—Business, 1065 Main. Editorial, 78 Main.
Twin City—Business, 1065; Editorial, 78.

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The Increase in the Total Cash Advertising Carried by The Globe for the Last Six Months Over the Same Months in 1902:

March	2,771 Inches
April	6,715 Inches
May	3,219 Inches
June	3,787 Inches
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Total Increase Six Months	22,330 Inches

Increasing Business With the Globe Increases Business for Business Men.

MONDAY, SEPT. 14, 1903.

THE END OF PARKS IN SIGHT.

The local union in New York city of which the notorious Sam Parks is president has been suspended and its charter annulled by the president of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. Before this happened, there was very little left of it. Some workingmen were taken in by the violence of Parks, by his posturing, by his activity in promoting strikes at all times and all places. This they mistook for the zeal of an honest man devoted to unionism, and the attacks upon him for the machinations of capital. But for the credulity of these hot-headed ones, Parks would long ago have vanished from the scene.

As it is, the man, having the hide of a rhinoceros and the impudence of the evil one himself, has kept his hold on a number of his personal following and retained a standing among them. But he has been repudiated by the great body of labor, which has nothing in common with him. Union after union fell away from his leadership, even before the disclosure of his performances that sent him to Sing Sing. Convicted of taking bribes for calling strikes on and off, honorable labor rightly regards him as its most deadly foe.

The reasons for the suspension of the Parks union are based mostly upon his insubordination. He was a professional strikemaker, and no regulations could restrain his ardor, especially as it was generally exercised for cash. He has defied the rules and the authority of his official superiors, and they have ousted him. This is the end of Parks. There are a few foolish fellows who take pride in stubbornly keeping to any line they have once taken who will adhere to his fallen fortunes and refuse to believe in the crimes of which he is guilty. But organized labor will have no more of him. It is well for the cause of unionism to have formally cut off this corrupted member. We have probably heard the last of Parks except as his future may be written in prison records.

The automobile displays almost human intelligence in pursuing its mission of keeping down the surplus population.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE TAMS.

Tams Bixby, of Red Wing, Bemidji, Muskogee and a few other euphonious towns, declares his intention of going after the Indian Rights association. Tams will probably win, but he had better provide himself with a campaign fund for he is going up against a very long and well filled old stocking.

Mr. Bixby has picked out what he considers a good thing in making the Indian Rights association the object of attack. The association is composed of well disposed old ladies and gentlemen who have money to feed furnaces and who know the Indian like a book—that is they know him theoretically. Having studied the noble red man in the text books given to the world by that notable student of Indians, J. Fenimore Cooper, and amplified the knowledge gained thereby through the reading of departmental reports written for the delectation of Indian agents and other philanthropists, they know the Indian by his tracks. They ought to know all about him for they have bought and paid for him—and paid more per head than we paid for the Filipinos. They guided his hand to the plow and held back that same hand from the rum battle. They know the Indian as they know the history of Massachusetts, through much reading.

But latterly they have gone into other lines of enterprise. Having settled, theoretically, the future of the Indian they have been giving some attention to the party who has been dealing with the red man on a business basis and it really looks as though they had found out some things.

This—from the point of view of Tams and those other practical philanthropists who are relieving the red man of the care of his acquired and unwonted wealth, acting for a paternal government—is most reprehensible. One Brosius has been investigating the investigators. And now that he has finished he makes scandalous remarks. All this has moved the chairman of the Dawes commission, who admits having done more for the Indian than any other man or association, to wrath. He purposes hanging the scalp of Brosius from his lodge pole. As there are few scalps in the Indian Rights association he will probably have to content himself with that of Brosius.

Our advice to Brosius is that he take to the virgin forests back of Back Bay. Our Tams has got bigger men than Brosius. From Albert Lea on the south to Warroad on the north the fame of Tams has spread. He is the acknowledged chief of more Republican Indians than any warrior in these parts. When he goes on the warpath the tribes go into convention and make big talks; the plutocrat hides his wad under the sidewalk. We beseech Brosius and his sponsors to beware of Tams and bury the hatchet.

Now that the servant girl has gotten into the idea of resenting interference on the part of the woman in the parlor with her fists there is some chance of an immediate settlement of one of the vexing problems of contemporary life.

SAVING ON FUNERALS.

So well were the instructions of the late Lord Salisbury carried out that the cost of his funeral was about seventy dollars—thirty dollars less than the maximum limit fixed by the statesman for the obsequies. The British press, commenting on the fact, recalls the funeral of the late Duke of Westminster, which entailed an expenditure of thirty-five dollars.

A thirty-five-dollar funeral would be a luxury only possible to the family of the richest man in England, yet the great amount of attention attracted by the Salisbury funeral is likely to have a good influence in curbing the tendency among the very people who can least afford it to indulge in lavish expenditure in the post mortem honors they bestow on their dead.

Common sense has done much to restrain the senseless pomp and display that was once considered necessary to the proper burial of a man who, perhaps, never had the second shirt to his back in life. The pomp and panoply of woe meant something more than a figure of speech to the unhappy survivors who rushed recklessly into useless expense to provide an elaborate funeral for the dead member of the family. In this disposition to spend money and credit, the survivors were moved in some measure by a desire to show proper respect for their dead, but what moved them generally was a desire to have their envious friends admit that the funeral was all that money and credit could make it.

The trappings of woe are expensive and it is quite worth the while of leaders in thought to deprecate the custom of elaborate funerals. If a duke can get along comfortably with a thirty-five-dollar funeral there is no reason why the late John Smith should be buried at an expense involving the mortgaging of the family home.

A Kansas reformer, female, denounces the president of the United States as a cigarette fiend. Isn't that actionable?

SHAKESPEARE REDIVIVUS.

The pert young reviewer who, five seasons ago, assured the public gravely that Shakespeare was like an established church, a noble superstition, doubtless felicitated himself on having uttered a very smart epigram. To prove that it held some degree of truth he pointed to a stage from which the plays of the great Elizabethan dramatist had been crowded and intimated that the mass of people were casting aside the Shakespearean superstition along with all the other superstitions that have hampered humanity. The flight of his epigram was excellently timed. Five seasons ago the mere mention of a Shakespearean production cast a gloom over the box office, caused managers to shake their heads in strong negation and made even the most ambitious and confident of actors look dubious.

This season five women players have announced their intention of playing the role of Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's great tragedy. And a number of other players have assured the public that they will include in their season's repertoire at least one Shakespearean play. Now none of those players are so well placed financially that they can afford to be indifferent to box office receipts. However much any of them may have yearned in the past to show the theater-going public his idea of Hamlet or her idea of Juliet, prudence prevented each from making the experiment. Of course there have always been players for whom the first syllable of the legitimate has spelt always Shakespeare, and even when theater-goers cold-shouldered Shakespeare's plays, these faithful ones could not be prevented from essaying one of the great roles occasionally. But until the past season it was an extravagance on their part and they were forced to pay out of their own pockets for the gratification that was afforded them.

Last season, however, the situation changed. Not only did prominent players give Shakespearean revivals but they made money by so doing. These revivals were not always satisfactory from the histrionic standpoint. To many Mr. Mansfield's Brutus was a partial failure. Critics found much fault with Eleanor Robson's Juliet. But large audiences gathered to see these and others. It seemed very much as if theater-goers had been seized with a sudden appetite for Shakespeare and that nothing else would satisfy.

Theater-goers have always had a word to say in regard to its attendance at the plays of Shakespeare. "Give us a worthy exponent of the great roles and we will go to see him or her," they have declared. But a Shakespearean atmosphere is necessary to develop a great Shakespearean actor. Is such an atmosphere to be recreated? If well known players carry out their present intention, such a result seems highly probable. And it cannot fail to be most gratifying to those who love the greatest plays. "All the world's a stage," said Shakespeare, but he staged the world so that men and women sitting in the theater could see the great people and the mediocre people and the little people of the world pass in review before them, by their actions impressing on the audience those eternal verities which make the moral of all great plays.

There is some good in Frank James after all. He has sued a theatrical manager for exploiting him as a stage robber and the people who have seen that stirring drama, "The James Boys," will share in Mr. James' resentment. But the fact that he seeks a money balm is rather against the ex-bandit. He ought to shoot the actors up.

It is just as well to have Peary out of the country in a presidential year. We really cannot spare the space for the smoke of the Arctic pipe when there is something important doing.

The Venezuelan should accustom himself to the ways of polite society. He objects to the diplomatic skinning with all the vigor of one who is too savage to dissemble.

A secretary of the treasury who plans to get even with the banks ought to put himself in communication with Wharton Barker.

Contemporary Comment

Overdoing It.

Journalistic enterprise, which nowadays encourages the chronicling of the most minute incidents in which prominent persons are concerned, can work serious harm. Since Theodore Roosevelt has been President of the United States the public has been compelled to read many trifling items about the sayings and doings of his interesting family. President Roosevelt himself has been so much in evidence in the public prints that his political enemies have accused him of what they call "spectacularism." This newspaper prominence of the Roosevelt family is becoming wearisome even to the loyal and admiring people who like to feel that they are on familiar footing with the tenants of the White house.

The announcement that Miss Roosevelt will make a trip in one of the government submarine boats is the latest example of what may be called the over-advertisement of the president's family. Of course allowance must be made for the fact that Miss Roosevelt is at an age when she enjoys life to its utmost. She is evidently a young woman so full of vitality that she is ever on the alert for some new amusement. Her natural tendencies are not to be criticised, but it is certainly unfortunate for her that all her movements are followed by reporters. Notwithstanding its much vaunted democracy, this nation demands a certain amount of dignity and reticence from those who are put in high places. It is not possible for President Roosevelt to suppress a large amount of the trivial gossip which has to do with his home circle?—Milwaukee Sentinel (Rep.).

Need a Few Navigators.

Capt. Sigsbee is preparing to ask congress to appropriate $4,000,000 for improving the League island navy yard. In view of the fact that the Olympia, Massachusetts and Texas have been practically put out of commission it might be a good idea to ask congress to provide the navy with a few navigators.—New York Tribune.

Still Doing Business.

It appears that our mighty trust buster has tackled two out of the 850 trusts doing business in this country, and both of them are apparently doing business at the old stand.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The Only One.

If Carnegie is right and England and the United States are destined to be one, we may as well serve notice right here, so as to prevent future complications, that we are to be the one.—Chicago News.

Anxious to Be Found.

Mayor Low, of New York, is set down as one who thinks the office should seek the man. Mr. Low is the man most anxious to be found in this game of "hide and seek."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Would Surely Find Them.

It is a little unfortunate for the sultan that "Crunshell" is not in command of the European squadron, ready to locate any uncharted rocks in the Beirut harbor.—Washington Post.

One Way of Getting There.

It is a great thing to have a president who knows what he wants to do and who does it whether there is any reason for it or not.—New York Telegram.

What the Editors Say

Let no one imagine for a minute that Frank Eddy is fool enough to believe that he can be elected governor of Minnesota, and that he has announced himself as a candidate with that hope in view. He is simply lending himself as a stalking horse in the interest of the Van Sant office family. The pie-eaters at the Van Sant counters in the state capitol have become so crazy for more of the same sort that they have pushed the undesirable Van Sant in the front for another term. And since they feel certain that the Republican nomination is equal to election, they are seeking to split up the nominating vote by hiring or coaxing out a multiplicity of candidates. The more candidates the better chance for Van Sant to squeeze through.—Anoka Free Press.

If the rottenness which appears to infect every department of the federal government had been discovered after a Democratic administration had just gone out of power, what a howl would have gone up from Republican papers, big and little. But, as the present scandal—the greatest which has cropped out in years—is the product of Republican administrations, every attempt is being made by the administration organs to palliate and excuse it. But the fact remains that the whole stinking mess belongs at the door of the Republican party.—St. James Journal.

It is claimed that Bob Dunn wears Jim Hill's collar, and for that reason should not be made governor. Gov. Van Sant is charged with wearing Tom Lowry's collar, and, therefore, should not be renominated for a third term. And now comes the Pioneer Press and objects to Frank M. Eddy because he wears no collar at all. Verily, the politician has a hard row to hoe.—Warren Sheaf.

The state board of equalization has raised the personal property assessment all over the state 50 per cent. It is putting a big load on the farmers and business men in small towns. As a matter of course, the capitalists, as a rule, are not hit. If the state board keeps on it will soon amount to confiscation of the people's property.—Winnebago City Press-News.

The experts tell us that at two years of age the child's head measure and chest measure should be the same. About thirty years later the child begins to have trouble to keep his waist measure down to his chest measure, and some men have the same difficulty with their head measure.—Rochester Post and Record.

The Van Sant propaganda is waiting for the Eddy announcement and the Dunn preface to the announcement to spend their force before making its next move. That move will be another deluge of anti-merger literature, probably accompanied by anti-merger antics. His excellency's viziers are not asleep, though they may simulate slumber.—Wheelock's Weekly.

Senator Hoar and other "stand-patters" wan to fix up reciprocity after the next presidential election. But why wait to do what is needed at once? Why should the business interests of the people be sidetracked to suit a few politicians? Reciprocity with Canada is wanted now, and not two or three years hence.—Duluth Evening Herald.

Things must be interesting in Turkey. The powers of Europe are crowding down along the various borders, and now an American war fleet has put in an appearance before the sultan. In fact, the sublime Abdul Hamid has good ground for the statement that everything is coming his way.—Sauk Rapids Free Press.

The Farmers' Leader wants to know in behalf of a lady reader what a "peek-a-boo" waist is. We cannot furnish Websterian authority, but when we were in Pipestone the other day we heard it defined as a "belt and a stand-up collar."—Edgerton Enterprise.

How much longer can the sage of Lac qui Parle maintain this painful silence? Speak up, Jake; the people always listen.—Appleton Press.

Next year is the year when a lot of girls who have seen many moons wax and wane since sweet sixteen will try to "Leap the Leap."

Among the Merrymakers

An Amateur Now.

"Sir," says the wild-eyed individual, who has forced his way into the office of the dramatic manager, "I am the reincarnation of Baron Munchausen."

"Glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

"I want a position as press agent."

"Sorry to disappoint you, but the position calls for a man of imagination."—Judge.

Wasted Energy.

"James, dear," said the young wife, with a sigh long drawn out, "why don't you never talk sweet nonsense and never flatter me any more, as you did during our courtship?"

"Because it isn't necessary," replied George. "My employer always told me it was a waste of time to praise the goods after the sale had been made."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Putting Her Wise.

"And are you really and truly a newspaper man?" asked the beautiful summer girl.

"Well, not exactly," replied the young man in the case, as he slipped his arm around her waist, "but at the present writing I'm posing as a member of the press association."—Chicago News.

All Right.

Jack—Miss Fay—Fay will you marry me?

Fay—I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

Jack—Oh! I say—that's rather hard—I—

Fay—Goose! how could I? Who'd perform the ceremony?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Always the Way.

Ida (at seashore)—Did you see Ethel raise her eyes coyly when that handsome yachtsman passed?

May—Yes, she is on her way to write an article for the woman's page.

Ida—Indeed! What is the subject?

May—The evil of flirting!"—Chicago News.

Cause and Effect.

"Yes," said the Arizona landlord. "I remember the party you are looking for. He committed suicide last spring."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the inquiring friend. "How did he do it?"

"By stealing a horse," replied the native."—Chicago News.

The Prologue.

Homer—Say, you are not superstitious, are you?

Southern—Not me. But why do you ask?

Homer—Because I want you to lend me $13 next Friday.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Overheard in Vhicago.

He—Ah, I know I had the pleasure of meeting you before; your name is Green, I believe?

She (sweetly)—Well, I used to be Green—two or three husbands ago.—Stray Stories.

At St. Paul Theaters

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

A comic opera with the Civil war for a background is a novel picture. It is a pleasing picture as exemplified by "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which was presented at the Metropolitan opera house last night.

It is a boon to the public in that it assumes that the war is over, a fact that a few old fossils seem to have forgotten.

A real comic opera is the first act of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." It fairly teems with musical numbers. The dialogue merely puctuates the music instead of an occasional ballad relieving the monotony of inane conversation.

It was a happy thought, this division of labor between Julian Edwards, the composer, and Stanislaus Stange, the librettist. Stange writes a piece of clever repartee, whereupon Edwards breaks in with a merry melody, and real music fills the air.

For Edwards can write real music. He accomplished this feat in "Princess Chic," and he has duplicated it in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

But girls in the expanding hoop-skirts of the early sixties are the real hit of this opera. Those who wear them are not the prettiest in the world, but what of that? They impart color to every scene—a color, too, that arouses the sympathetic recollection of those whose mothers were the belles of the early sixties. Every time these girls dance upon the stage they provoke an approving murmur. The balloon-like propensities of their skirts, which soar aloft in the mazy whirl of the waltz, seem to constitute their chief charm.

The first act of the opera is replete with taking numbers. The ensemble waltz, in which the Union officers and Southern girls participate, creates the best of good feeling between the North and South at the outset, for the waltz is undeniably pretty.

Soon after follows a clever patter contralto song, sung by Mrs. Constance Pemberton, the catch line of which is "Just marry the man to be merry." Miss Alta Yolo sings it with a relish quite irresistible. Another gem is the duet between Constance and Gen. Allen (Hilliard Campbell), which merited its encore.

Miss Frances Merton displayed a sweet soprano voice in the role of Kate Pemberton. During her solo in the first act "a certain quantity of barren spectators" in the gallery laughed as is their wont, but the applause that rewarded her, before she had sung the last note, reassured her, and she sang another verse with increased spirit.

Miss Merton possesses a sympathetic soprano voice, that is invariably true if not strong, and a winsome manner that entirely justifies the behavior of Col. John Graham.

Algernon Aspland, who impersonates Col. Graham, has a graceful bearing and a pleasing, though light, tenor. He acted with discretion. A more robust voice would have made his performance more effective, although it must be said the composer has not been generous to the tenor role.

The patriotic song, "My Own United States," which has been much heralded, is not by any means the gem of the opera. Its patriotic sentiment is all that earns it a single encore.

But the score is abundant with meritorious numbers. The "variations," if they may be so termed, on "Suwanee River," arranged for five voices, are exceedingly clever. The number is introduced near the close of the first act, and is sung under melodramatic circumstances that impart additional zest. The "Good Night" finale of the first act is another admirable piece of choral composition sung with fine expression by the chorus.

The "Honeysuckle Girl," by Uncle Tom and chorus, at the opening of the second act could well be spared, for Uncle Tom can't sing, and that is fatal in comic opera.

It might be added in this connection that "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is not a comedian's comic opera.

Miss Blanche Boone, who impersonated the flirtatious Cordelia Allen, furnished the only legitimate comedy.

"The Two Little Waifs" at the Grand.

Like all melodramas, "The Two Little Waifs," the attraction that inaugurated the week at the Grand last night, borders on the impossible, but the plot has the merit of being ingenious. They have "hunches" in "The Two Little Waifs," and the story is so prolific of them that there is no tax on the imagination of the audience. All it has to do is to applaud and shriek its approval.

For instance, a young physician, who, in a moment of abstraction, allowed his tender passions to get the better of his judgment and caused the disruption of a happy home, has a "hunch" that he has been hoaxed by a double. Lo, the double, appears, and he is vindicated. The husband also has a "hunch," the policeman has one thrust on him, and so down the line it goes.

"The Two Little Waifs," however, is a very good attraction of its class. Even if it is improbable, it is no more so than others of its kind. In this instance it pleased the audience. The five acts are filled with surprises, the story is full of pathos and tragedy, and the scenery is above the average. The cast unravels the plot in a manner that is satisfactory.

To Stanley and Lolita Lamb, two children of tender years, the waifs of the story, must be accorded more than ordinary praise. As juveniles of the "wonder" class they are a decidedly finished product. Instead of loading them with lines far above their years, the dialogue has been limited to language of their age, and they speak and express it with a naturalness that is really refreshing. A small vaudeville sketch in the first act last night added to their popularity.

The heavy work is in the hands of Blanche Shirley and Sully Guard, and it is ably cared for. Miss Shirley in a dual role, which called for some quick changes, shows a versatility that is meritorious. The remainder of the cast is adequate.

Vocal features that are very good are introduced in the first act. Three of the acts carry scenery that is realistic. One of them is a robbers' den, another a Christmas scene in New York city, and still another the Little Church Around the Corner.

Irwin's "New Majestics" at the Star.

Two crowds got out of the wet and into the Star yesterday. This not to infer, however, that the performance is dry, except in one or two spots. Fred Irwin's "New Majestics" furnished a lively and cheerful entertainment. The company contains considerable new material while retaining many of the favorites of last season. Notable among the latter is the president of the Ancient Order of Irish Comedians, the genial Larry McCale. He continues to do good work in the leading role of the burlesque, "When I Was King," a travesty on "King Dodo." The show girl has been much in demand in New York this season and the burlesque companies have suffered as a consequence. The agents must have been looking the other way for Manager Ballauf, of the "Majestics," has a chorus of young women that are the equal of the best that have been here. They are exceedingly costumed and perform their part of the entertainment very satisfactorily.

The olio is for the most part good, though there are one or two weak turns in the list. Clifford and Harvey, two fluffy misses, are entitled to the stamp of approval. They do some staccato steps in the terpsichorean art that bring them much applause. The Craigs repeat their musical success of last season and go it one better. Bulla and Raymond won't quite do as their act stands. There's nothing to it. The Paxton's have a new and elaborate set of living pictures that are good. In fact they are too good. The "fireman-save-my-child" or "soldier-save-that-flag" kind are not as artistic, but they make more of a hit.

The feature of the olio is the aforementioned Larry McCale and his new partner, J. Wesley Mac. All other knock-about turns take the full count when compared with the one this pair do. The physician to the actors's association will be diagnosing J. Wesley's case before the season is over. He is a clever comedian and an excellent partner for McCale.

A sprightly and winsome person, Lillian Perry, contributes some catchy melodies and adds a pleasing personality to a pleasant voice and clever manner of singing.

The afterpiece is a continuation of the first part and is highly amusing.

Stories of Here and There

About 10 o'clock last Friday evening, when the rain and storm was it its worst, an eastbound car on the Merriam Park line ran into a heap of sand which had accumulated on the tracks at Lexington avenue, and without a jar or a jolt to the few passengers who happened to be aboard, ran off the track. The movement from the rails was so gentle that an examination by the conductor and motorman was necessary to make the suspicion of accident a certainty. After this was established all of the eight passengers dispensed with the formality of introductions and formed themselves into a board of strategy, to which the conductor acted as expert counsel. It was four blocks to the Short Line, and the water stood ankle deep beneath the steps of the car, so any plan involving much walking was voted down at once. In the course of time, however, the westbound car came along, and the stranded passengers saw, to their selfish delight, that their car in running off had effectively blocked both tracks. After some murmuring about orders and regulations and the like, the conductor of the westbound car agreed to take the wrecked ones aboard and back down to the Short Line, where they were transferred to another car and continued on their journey. Very carefully at first, and then desperately, they plunged through the inland lakes prepared for them by the storm, the lightning flashes momentarily revealing the disarray of feminine apparel. Meantime the motorman stood by shouting, "Keep your hands off the gates." The women all obeyed, as they were busy with their skirts. One man, however, was curious, and as soon as the warning had been given put his hand on the gate. He took it off as if he had touched a redhot stove, and made an entirely different but more forcible remark than he had before intended. "When the car is off the track, you see," the conductor explained, "the current cannot run in the closed circuit made with the rail, and consequently the whole ironwork on the car gets charged. That guy didn't believe it before, but I bet he does now, all right." And the motorman grinned with appreciation.

DIES OF EXPOSURE AND STARVATION

Continued From First Page.

exposure to the rain and exhaustion due to want of nourishment.

Haddow had been rooming at 670 Jackson at the residence of A. H. Machinsky a week ago, but since leaving there no trace of his whereabouts have been found. He roomed at the Machinsky residence two weeks, having come from Minneapolis with a younger man, who took a room with him.

"We thought the two men were brothers," said Machinsky, "but we did not learn where they came from or where they went to."

Non-Union Miner Killed.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 13.—Charles Marsh, a non-union miner, employed by the Tennessee Coal company, at Vriceville, Tenn., was assassinated in his home Saturday night by an unknown man. Marsh cautioned a disorderly passerby to keep quiet, when the fellow pulled a pistol and shot Marsh in the chest. Officers have no clue.

Kicked to Death in Fight.

NORWICH, N. Y., Sept. 13.—In a fight at McDonough today, Tracy, H. Borrows was kicked to death by Frank Gole, whom Borrows had just shot in the neck with a revolver. Borrows had accused Gole of escorting his wife to the Green county fair.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Merchants—F. B. Collins, Caledonia; M. D. Lawrence, Hallock; Mrs. Cooper, Calgary, N. W. T.; Laura B. Plank, Cedar Rapids; F. C. Durr, Omaha; F. Russel and wife, Cedar Rapids; F. H. McGill, Moorhead; C. Conkling, Bellevue, Iowa; W. N. Horn, South English, Iowa; Ed A. Larson, Grand Forks; W. N. Purdy, Belmond, Iowa.

Windsor—Dr. A. O. Shaw, Ashland, Wis.; Walter Egan, Superior; Mrs. John H. Norton, Duluth; F. B. Dougherty, Duluth; Thomas Cooney, Helena; J. J. Gehlen, L. J. Walker, Le Mars, Iowa; Frank Monty and wife, Austin; W. E. Deeks, Montreal; J. W. Evers and wife, Council Bluffs.

At the Ryan—F. W. Wilson and wife, Mankato; A. J. Campbell, Butte; A. E. Bleekman, La Crosse; C. D. Cass, Waterloo, Iowa.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Minnesota—Fair in west, showers in east portion Monday; Tuesday fair, not so cool; fresh north winds, becoming variable.

Upper Michigan—Showers Monday, cooler in west portion; Tuesday fair; variable winds.

North Dakota and Montana—Fair, warmer Monday and Tuesday.

South Dakota—Generally fair Monday and Tuesday, slowly rising temperature.

Wisconsin—Showers and cooler Monday, fresh to brisk north winds; Tuesday warmer in west portion.

Iowa—Showers Monday, cooler except in extreme northwest portion; Tuesday fair, warmer in west portion.

Yesterday's Temperatures:

	*8pm	High.		*8pm	High.
Alpena	58	74	Marquette	62	62
Bismarck	34	36	Milwaukee	64	70
Buffalo	72	78	Montgomery	78	84
Boston	74	86	Montreal	76	82
Cheyenne	36	40	Nashville	86	94
Chicago	66	66	New Orleans	84	92
Cincinnati	84	90	New York	78	80
Cleveland	78	82	Norfolk	76	86
Davenport	70	74	North Platte	42	46
Des Moines	70	72	Omaha	58	56
Detroit	74	74	Philadelphia	76	86
Duluth	48	52	Pittsburg	82	88
Galveston	82	82	Frisco	64	66
Grand Rapids	70	74	St. Louis	74	84
Green Bay	62	70	Salt Lake	52	54
Helena	40	42	Ste. Marie	52	62
Huron	36	40	Washington	76	86
Jacksonville	74	82	Winnipeg	40	48
Kansas City	72	78			

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul).

NARROWLY ESCAPES DISASTROUS WRECK

Continued From First Page.

St. Paul at 7:45 yesterday morning. The train was on time and was running at the usual rate of speed, about forty miles an hour. It was composed of a mail car, refrigerator car, baggage car, smoker, two day coaches and two sleepers, made up in the order named.

Coaches Turn Completely Over.

The two day coaches turned completely over, and it was the passengers in these cars who were the most seriously injured. None of the occupants of the sleepers were injured, those in the last car not even being shaken up.

When the day coaches overturned the passengers were thrown from their seats, which became detached from the floor, and all were piled in the top of the car. The windows were broken and many of the passengers made their exit through the windows.

A gasoline tank in one of the coaches caught fire, but was extinguished before any damage was done.

The injured were cared for in the sleeping cars until physicians could be summoned from Dassel and other points, and as soon as possible a relief train was sent to the rescue and the injured were brought to St. Paul, where they were given further medical attention.

The man who was killed was stealing a ride, having secured a place on the rods underneath the smoker. There was nothing on his person by which he could be identified, but in his pockets was found $65.

Arthur E. Hennessy, of St. Louis, who suffered a dislocation of the hip and internal injuries, is being cared for at St. Joseph's hospital, but the other injured were able to proceed to their homes after their injuries had been dressed. They were temporarily cared for by the Great Northern at the Merchants, Foley and Metropolitan hotels.

Passengers Tell of the Wreck.

W. N. Horn, a merchant of South English, Iowa, was in one of the day coaches which overturned. He suffered a broken collar bone, a hip bruise and a scalp wound.

"The first intimation I had that there was something wrong," said Mr. Horn to The Globe, "was when our car appeared to be off the track and running on the ties. Before I could leave my seat, however, the car was overturned, and I was mixed up with seats, baggage and a little of everything, it seemed to me. A seat struck me on the shoulder, breaking my collar bone, and I was cut some by the flying glass. Almost everyone in the car was piled in a heap, and my first thought was that many were killed. I lost no time in getting out of the car through a window from which the glass had been broken. When the damage was all summed up I considered the wreck a most fortunate one."

Charles Conkling, a business man of Bellevue, Iowa, was another of the injured who was riding in the day coach with Mr. Horn. He suffered a fractured arm and the ligaments of the wrist were badly torn. Mr. Conkling thus describes his experience:

"It all happened so quickly that I hardly realized what was the matter until it was over. I was sitting in a seat next to the aisle and when the car started to overturn I tried to get up. I caught hold of a seat, but a piece of baggage fell and broke my hold. I was then thrown to the top of the car and it was some little time before I could release myself. Someone yelled fire, and I thought we should all be burned to death before we could get out. Cool heads, however, put out the fire and myself and twenty others who were in the coach were soon released.

"The confusion following the wreck could not have been worse had a dozen been killed. Women ran out of the sleeping cars and screamed at the top of their voice. Many of them ran away from the wreck, going back into the woods where they could not see the injured ones. The first reports were that ten or more had been killed and some of the women who were separated from their husbands were almost frantic.

"We were well cared for under the conditions, and doctors were soon on the scene to dress our wounds. It was my first experience in a wreck, and I never want another one. The few seconds I was pinned in the car, with the cries of fire ringing in my ears, were the worst I ever experienced. I never expected to be taken out alive."

E. A. Lornson, a traveling man for McKibbin, Driscoll & Dorsey, of St. Paul, was one of the passengers in the last sleeper.

"The people in our car scarcely knew that anything had happened," said Mr. Lornson. "There was a very slight jar when the wreck occurred and it was not until someone looked out and saw the cars down the embankment that we realized that there had been a wreck. None of the passengers in the sleepers were injured in the least. The train, I should judge, was running about forty miles an hour."

Conductor Has Narrow Escape.

Conductor Devaney, who lost the middle finger of his left hand in the wreck, was passing from the door of the sleeper when that car left the track. His hand was caught between the end of the sleeper and the coach when the two jumped from the track.

"I cannot tell how I escaped being crushed between the two cars," said Conductor Devaney. "I fell back into the doorway when the crash came, and but for that I might have been crushed between the two cars. I was immediately upon my feet after the cars had landed upon the ground, and there was plenty of work to attend to then."

"I had just arisen from my birth, and had completed my toilet, when I felt a shock," said J. M. Avent, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., who occupied one of the berths of the rear sleeper. "I turned to a companion and said, 'I guess we've had a wreck,' but, as our car remained on the track, it was not until I looked from the window that I saw the extent of the accident.

"The mail car and the engine were a distance down the track, and I saw that the accident had occurred on account of the splitting of the train. Two cars were completely tipped over. The baggage car had left the rails and was leaning against a car which I afterwards learned was the 'fish' car. The sleeper ahead of the one upon which I had been riding was thrown from its trucks and the car was tipped sideways.

About 200 Passengers on the Train.

"Those in the rear sleeper escaped without injury. There were about 200 people on the train, and those injured were in the first day coach.

"The engine and the mail car went on to Dassel and returned with physicians, who immediately treated the injured. The passengers were then placed in the mail car and were brought on to Dassel, where we had breakfast in the hotel. A relief train arrived about 12 o'clock, and we were brought to St. Paul."

Dr. Tryon was brought from Dassel, and the railroad officials soon had Dr. Frost and son, of Willmar, and Dr. Moffatt, of Howard Lake, on the scene. The injured were attended in St. Paul by Dr. Bole and Dr. Kahala.