HUMAN INTEREST STORIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY NEWS OF THE COUNTRY

JUST A FRIENDLY DRINK HIS RUIN

Temperance Lesson in Story of Downfall of Once Trusted Bank Clerk.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—Garvin R. Dick, former clerk of the check department of the Chase National bank, sat on a bench in the room for visitors at the workhouse on Blackwell's island. He wore prison trousers, prison shoes and a prison hat.

"Tippling brought me here," he said, "just a drink or two a day with a friend. That's what downed me. Moderate drinking is the most insidious form of indulgence.

"It was moderate drinking also that brought my wife here. She had her circle of friends, and they had their social glass. She will agree with me that the hard drinker has not as much to fear as those who take a social glass regularly."

Dick and his wife, whose maiden name was Gertrude Bancker, popular in the Harlem set, were taken to the Island at the same time, sentenced for six months because neither could give the required bond of $300.

Friends of Dick who used to know him when he stood behind the grating of the Chase National and counted up the checks and classified them, would not have recognized in the thin-faced, white-haired, unshorn prisoner, feebly and penitently telling of his downfall, the same smiling, jovial and confident young man who was pointed out as a model to many of the subordinate clerks in the big bank.

Victim of the Social Glass.

"I didn't bring my wife down with me. I didn't cause her to take up drinking," he said. "It was her circle of friends with whom she used to take a social glass when they came together that caused her to be here with me.

"I had no idea that I would ever be as low as this. I came to New York from New Brunswick, Canada, more than twenty-five years ago. I was barely more than a boy then and I had hopes of accomplishing something in the big city. It was the habit of all the people in my Canadian neighborhood to take a glass of whisky when they wanted it. I thought, too, that I could drink like a gentleman and suffer no ill effects. I got a position twenty-three years ago with the bank as one of the clerks at $15 per week. I worked hard, and was shortly afterward advanced. Two years later I married, and we were very happy together.

"Whenever the boys would ask me out to have a drink I would not refuse, but I was not what one might call in the habit of drinking. I knew that I could stop it at any time.

"Mrs. Dick did not drink in those days.

"By hard work in a year or two I was advanced again and we took a more pretentious home. I had several friends at the bank, but, of course, they would not endanger their position now by trying to do anything for me. You know how particular a bank is.

Both Needed Stimulants.

"I suppose it must be the case with all drunkards, but the first thing I knew I got to be so dependent upon my daily amount of stimulant that I would be nervous if I left it off. In the meantime I noticed that my wife also would ask for a drink before meals and before retiring.

"She seemed to take to it at first to be congenial with me, but she told me she had learned to drink at a friend's house. I did not try to stop her, because I expected no ill effects. I always did my work regularly at the bank. The first intimation that anything was wrong came a year ago, when the surety company which protected my position went off my bond.

"The bank of course notified me that I would have to leave. I got out. In the meantime I had saved up no money and had to borrow from friends. I thought there would be no trouble in getting a new place, but after a man gets to a certain age in New York no business has any use for him, and it was then that I realized that I had cultivated the drink habit so far that I was permanently injured by it.

"It was impossible for me to get any position. I got more discouraged and began to drink heavier. Mrs. Dick also began to drink more. From the tippler she soon was changed into the confirmed inebriate.

"We are here both of us until next July, and we can both attribute our present state to the moderate drinking habit."

FOILED BY 'PHONE

Mysterious Enemy Uses It to Balk Thawing of a Main.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The police of the High Bridge station have been trying for a week to find out the author of the many mysterious telephone calls which have been sent to that station concerning the efforts of Mrs. R. I. Bethel, of Ogden avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street, to make repairs to her water main.

The family occupies a handsome old-fashioned house on the crest of the hill, and for two weeks it has been without water, owing to the freezing of the mains. Mrs. Bethel sent for a plumber, who searched for the frozen spot and removed two of the cobblestones in the street. The telephone bell in the police station rang and someone, who refused to give his name, demanded that the police interfere.

As no permit had been obtained, the work was stopped. Next day another attempt was made, but again the telephone rang and again the police stepped in. Next day a steam boiler was brought into requisition, but again the work was stopped. Finally Mr. Bethel, who is a civil engineer, applied for a permit, and now the work is going on.

"It is jealousy," said Mrs. Bethel yesterday. "We have a nicer house around here than some of the others, and they envy us. They—whoever they are—have been trying to annoy us all along. First they tried to cut down our trees at the side of the house, but we drove them off. Every time we build a doghouse in the yard, paint the barn, apply weather strips to the doors or do anything that seems to be new, a complaint is sent by some mysterious person to one of the city departments, and we are then subjected to a visit from an official inspector. We have had half a dozen inspectors here in a year or less. I have my suspicion as to who they are. They have not attempted to annoy the children."

There was some talk in the neighborhood that the annoyance was the result of trouble in one of the churches of High Bridge. Mrs. Bethel says the person she suspects does not belong to the Union Reformed church, which she attends.

FIRST HE WAS TOO THIN, AND THEN TOO FAT

Why Davy Jones Told Uncle Sam's Navy to Go to Thunder.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 23.—"Davy" Jones came to the attention of Miss Helen Foss, assistant secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity, several months ago. He was anxious to become a sailor or a marine, and Davy was encouraged to enlist at League island.

He fell eight pounds short of the required weight and the surgeon said it was because the boy had never been properly nourished. Miss Foss got work for him in a department store and engaged board for him.

At the end of two months he had ten pounds and $10 to his credit, and once more sought League island.

To his dismay he learned from the surgeons that the forced-draught feeding had coated his internal organs with fat and given him the semblance of fatty degeneration of the heart.

"You'll be all right eventually," said the doctor, "but we can't take you now."

"Then the navy can go to thunder," said Davy testily; "I didn't mind feedin' fer ye, but I'll be darned if I'll starve fer ye."

With his $10 Davy has gone to New York to make his fortune.

GROUND MUMMIES MAKE GOOD PAINT

Business of Pulverizing Defunct Egyptians May Cease for Lack of Supply.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23. — Mummy — powdered mummy—makes one of the best and most popular colors used by artists. Every large dealer in oil paints sells powdered mummy, and almost every manufacturer of pigments has a mummy department, where, in a spice-laden atmosphere, amid surroundings picturesque and grewsome, young men and women grind up the dried bodies of Egyptian princesses and priests, mix the powder with poppy oil and bottle it for the market in little tubes of tin.

This business of making paint out of mummies is of long standing, but it is now threatened with destruction. For the supply of mummies is daily growing scarcer, while the demand for them increases. If, then, for the benefit of the museums and people of the future, any mummies at all are to be preserved, the commerce in them must at once cease. That is the view which the government of Egypt is taking, and the governments of France and England are supporting her. In the London and Paris newspapers have appeared of late a number of articles urging the instant prohibition all over the world of the mummy paint industry.

These articles in the newspapers were the first announcement that many persons had that such a thing as the mummy paint industry existed. Therefore the articles occasioned a great deal of curiosity, and men and women, stopping in shops devoted to artists' supplies, said:

"Do you sell a paint called mummy?"

"Yes; this is it."

"Well! And here is the name marked on the tube, too. Is this paint really made out of mummies?"

"Yes; of ground mummy and poppy oil."

"It is very strange. It is grewsome. It is horrible and sad and fascinating."

The mummy paint industry, undisturbed by all this public interest, and all this government condemnation, moves onward calmly. The old masters, when they desired to give a subtle brown tint to a woman's hair, dipped their brushes in a mummy's powdered dust and painted brown hair of that bright sort which turns to pure gold in the sunlight. Mummies figure in the day books and the ledgers of every paint factory. Turn to their stock accounts, and these are the common entries:

To 2 mummies at $175.....$350
To 12-lb. mummy (Memphis) at $3.50. 42
To 10-lb. mummy (Thebes) at $6..... 60

In a Philadelphia factory the other day a mummy had just arrived, and they were busy grinding it, with poppy oil, into a smooth brown paste. The work went on in a small room that smelt of myrrh and cassia. The mummy case stood in a corner. It was decorated with small figures in red and green and gold and black, and the carved and painted face upon it was imposing and grave. Beside it a young girl, bending over a small table, filled tubes with powdered mummy. There lay at her feet a great bundle of faded yellow linen, the wrappings of the mummy, which numbered hundreds of yards.

A young man was grinding on a stone slab bits of mummy. The implement he used was a rounded stone with a flat base. The mummy's head lay beside him and near it were a few bones. Now and then the young man moistened the dark powder on the slab with a few drops of poppy oil.

"This mummy," said the manager, "will make enough to last two years. The paint is called mummy—simply that. The demand for it is enormous. It is not used to paint bridges with, you know.

"No one knows just why powdered mummies should make a brown of unique excellence. It is surmised, though, that the bitumen in which they were steeped in their embalming is what gives us this fine brown.

"I have heard of the condemnation of our business that has grown out of the growing scarcity of mummies, and with this condemnation I can sympathize. I can't sympathize, though, with any sentimental condemnation of the business. For mummies are the fruit of a desire to preserve the dead in a beautiful and seemly manner, and it appears to me that, as the bright, brown hair of a woman's portrait, a mummy is preserved, after all, in a more beautiful and seemly way than if it still continued to desiccate in an Egyptian crypt."

He lifted up a portion of the mound of faded linen and a slight dust arose, faintly odorous of spices.

"These narrow strips of linen," he said, "are the wrappings of the mummy. There are probably 500 yards of wrappings here. We have had mummies swathed in as many as 1,200 yards by actual measurement. To undo so much linen, were the task carefully performed, would take two or three days. We cut the linen off. It saves time.

"We find each toe separately wrapped. Each finger is separately wrapped. Round and round the toes, the fingers, the arms, the legs, the body and the head the wrappings go hundreds of times. They are applied with wonderful skill. They serve at once the two purposes of a protection and of an ornament, for when they are completed they make a firm, thick, almost impermeable envelope, and this envelope reproduces accurately the human figure. The mummy within will be shrunken; it was shrunken, I have no doubt, when the wrappigns were applied; but the wrappings correct all defects; they fill out the hollows and angles; like costumes artfully padded, they appear to cover a figure of great beauty.

"My workmen don't object to making paint out of mummies. Why should they? Do medical students object to dissecting? Do anatomists object to preparing the pure white skeletons, articulated with silver wire, that the surgical dealers sell? All these things are for the good of mankind, and they do not harm the dead.

"I buy my mummies through a dealer in Paris. Where he gets his stock I don't know, but he is never at a loss to fill an order. Mummies vary in price. Those of Thebes are the best, and may bring $250 apiece. A big factory like ours will buy a whole mummy at a time. A smaller one will buy a body, a leg or a couple of arms. The little factories buy their mummy powdered, in five or ten pound tins—a foolish thing to do, because these tins are apt to be adulterated with earth or asphalt.

"My business naturally has caused me to take an interest in mummies. I have read from time to time various monographs and articles on the old Egyptian processes of embalming. It seems that 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, when embalming was at its height in Egypt, there were suburban settlements given over to this ghastly business. Such a settlement was called a necropolis. It would be engaged upon the embalming of 900 or 1,000 bodies at a time, so huge was the business done. It was not, though, a business. It was a rite, a religious rite. Those who practiced it were priests."

WANTED A PROFANE PARROT FOR COMPANY

Old Salt Pays Good Price for Bird That Can Swear.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 22.—"Tootsie," the profane parrot, must go. He threatens to ruin the characters of two of his green and yellow brothers whose morals have hitherto been above suspicion.

"Tootsie" is to be sold. He belongs to Richard M. Mills, of Huntingdon street, who advertises his "only reason for selling is that the bird swears in his vocabulary."

"Tootsie" came into Mr. Mills' possession under a guarantee that he did not swear. Wthin twenty-four hours he had broken the guarantee and one of the commandments, besides shocking two other parrots belonging to the Mills family, neither of whom had ever said anything more wicked than "Polly wants a cracker."

"Tootsie's" evil ways are due to his early environment. Before he came to the Mills mansion he had lived in a cafe, whose habitues had found him to be an excellent substitute for a phonograph in the matter of reproducing profanity. His memory was unimpaired when he became a member of the Mills household.

"Tootsie" refused to be reformed. When the little Mills threw water on him for swearing he swore at them for doing it. On New Year's day not an oath passed his beak and it was thought he had turned over a new leaf, but the next morning he returned to his old ways with increasing vigor.

"Tootsie's" companions at first only listened to him in amazement, but a few days ago one of them marred a spotless record by exclaiming, "Darn it!" That settled "Tootsie's" fate, and the advertisement appeared.

Today's visitors included a widow, who explained that her late husband had been a seafaring man who was given to using questionable language. "It would seem like home again to have the dear bird around," she said.

"Tootsie's" vocabulary contains such gems as, "Go to blazes and shut the door," "Come up and have a drink, every dashed one of you," and "Blast your eyes, you son of a sea cook." Other favorite expressions can be expressed only by dashes and asterisks.

A Maritime Disaster.

The daschund sprang forward with his mouth open.

He started to give one joyous bark at the return of his master.

But his master, alas, had lingered too long with the flowing bowl and was not himself.

Seizing the daschund by the throat he stopped midway the note of joy that had arisen at the sight of his beloved master.

Hearing the gurgle in the poor beast's throat, the heartless inebriate muttered: "Nother German—hic—bark wrecked!"—Baltimore American.

DOMINIE'S SON TOOK THE STRAIGHT PATH

Returns Home Footsore Because He Did Not Like Boarding School Hash.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—Christopher McConnell, eleven-year-old son of Rev. Samuel D. McConnell, rector of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal church, in Madison avenue, who disappeared from the Morristown school Friday, arrived at his father's house yesterday. He had walked all the way, and was footsore but happy.

"Chris" had been a student at the school only for two days. He went out walking with several of the other boys last Friday, and when a short distance from the school the dinner bell rang. Its sound semed to bring a touch of homesickness and the thought of boarding school "grub" to him at the same moment.

"Say," he said to his companions, "you fellows go back to your arithmetic and hash if you want to. No more hash for me. I'm going to beat it."

At the roll call before dinner Christopher's absence was noticed. A teacher was sent to search the school buildings for him. Later searching parties were organized, and all night long they beat through the woods about the school. The older schoolboys and the local constabulary were pressed into service. When daylight came and not a trace of the boy had been found, fresh parties started out.

But the search was made in vain. "Chris" had made tracks as fast as his legs could carry him, and by the time he was missed he was well down the pike, along which the sign boards read "Jersey City."

The boy quickly reached Convent, and thence trudged on to Summit, through Madison and Chatham. At Short Hills he took the railroad tracks and followed them to Wyoming, where he arrived at nightfall. Then he was hungry. He said yesterday:

"Oh, I'd have even eaten more corn bread and hash if I could have found any."

Feasts on Doughnuts.

He lay down in a vacant shed for a little while and then started again. Into South Orange he followed the railroad tracks, and thence continued on to Newark by the old road through Vailsburg. "Chris" was not "broke." He had a nickel tucked in his trousers pocket. With it he bought two big doughnuts and got 3 cents change. He munched them walking across the Jersey meadows. With his remaining 3 cents he bought a ferry ticket in Jersey City.

"Chris" took another rest in the ferry-house at the foot of West Twenty-third street, and then went on, tired and footsore, to Madison avenue and up to his house. He arrived there at 8 o'clock yesterday morning after tramping thirty-four miles and without even seeing a bear.

Dr. McConnell received him in his study and demanded to know where he had been. "Chris" answered that he had simply been seeking the parental roof. When his father inquired how he got there the boy lifted up two muddy and road-worn shoes.

"Say pop," he suddenly said, "that's good advice you preach about the straight and narrow path."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised clergyman.

"Well, if I hadn't taken the straight road, I wouldn't be here now."

The clergyman's stern face relaxed and he forgave when the boy pleaded:

"Oh, I just wanted to see you again, dad."

"Chris" will have a good rest and then go back to school, but he will return when he tires of school fare whether the walking is good or bad.

A Korean Cinderella.

In Korea the people tell a Cinderella story that is much more ancient than that familiar to Western people. The key of the latter story is the slipper, but not so theirs. Peach Blossom, the Korean Cinderella's name, was the family drudge. One day as the mother was starting off with the favorite daughter to a picnic she said to Peach Blossom: "You must not leave until you have hulled a bagful of rice and filled the broken crock with water." While sitting there bemoaning her hard lot she heard a twittering and a fluttering of wings. Looking up, she saw a flock of sparrows picking the hulls off the rice. Before recovering from her surprise a little imp jumped out of the fireplace and so skillfully repaired the crock that but a few minutes of work was required to fill it with water. Then she went to the picnic and had a royal time.—Chicago News.

DEATH IN FIRE EASY

Denmark Physician Says Victims Are Taken Unaware.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Dr. Oscar Block, surgeon of one of the largest hospitals in Copenhagen, has given, in a book entitled "Death" a description of death by asphyxiation in a theater fire. He asserts that it is painless to the victims. In the chapter devoted to theater fires, he says:

"It is with an almost incredible velocity that such fires will start and spread. It is surprising how frequent are theater fires. Some statistics show that the average life of a European theater is twenty-two and a half years, and only ten for theaters in America. From 1757 to 1885 no less than 730 theaters were burned and 6,573 people perished. Sometimes the number of lives lost is appalling. In St. Petersburg it was 800 and in Canton 1,670."

Dr. Block's description of the fire in the Paris Opera Comique shows a striking similarity to the Iroquois fire. He says:

"The house was crowded and the first act of 'Mignon' was almost finished when Taskin, who was on the stage, observed some falling sparks. He tried to calm the audience—said that nothing was the matter—and at the same time looked upward where the inflammable material, in great masses, was ablaze. The 'silent explosion' had already taken place. A sea of flames came out from the curtain and he had barely time to escape. The orchestra had time to play but four bars from the moment the sparks were discovered until the flames steamed from under the curtin.

"After the fire sixty-eight bodies were discovered. It was evident the victims had perished in different ways. In one little room with a buffet twenty-one women and five men were found. They were black from smoke, but no signs of actual burns were visible. Their clothes and their hair were intact. Not a lace was damaged, their shoes were smooth, their gloves only were cracked, the last mentioned fact serving to determine the temperature. It was found where the victims had bought their shoes and gloves, and experiments were made to ascertain the degree of temperature those objects would stand. It was found that the twenty-seven persons had been exposed to a temperature of 100 to 120 degrees Celcius. By an examination of their blood all the indications of poisoning by carbon monoxide were found. Therefore it was evident that their death was rapid and painless. The positions of some indicate that they were surprised by death."

Even in the case of a number that had perished in the boxes and whose bodies were terribly burned, an investigation developed that the victims had been "surprised by death," and had not suffered. Dr. Black concludes:

"To give an idea of the temperature under such a catastrophe: At the moment the fire had broken out in the upper part of the stage the temperature had reached 2,000 degrees. One hour after the start, when the lack of oxygen caused smoke without flames, blue fire balls were seen. From these facts we know that the temperature must have been at least 750."

MAKES LOVE TO HIS HORSE ON THE STREET

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 23.—The spectacle of a man making love to a horse was seen on the Superior street viaduct this afternoon.

Incidentally traffic was tied up for nearly half an hour and the horse lover was nearly mobbed by motormen, conductors and teamsters. Michael Jerofsky, a peddler, acquired a "jag," and while driving over the viaduct was overcome with a feeling of love for his horse. Jerofsky got down from the seat of the wagon and unharnessed the horse right in the middle of the car tracks.

Then Michael put his arms around the horse's neck and called the beast all sorts of endearing names. He even kissed the animal and wept. Patrolman Hyman happened along and arrested him.

ONE COMMON HEN SELLS FOR $300

How a Poor Little Iowa Girl Starts a Fund to Complete a Hospital.

WATERLOO, Iowa, Jan. 23.—An Iowa hen has been sold for $300 and bids fair to bring several times that amount before it is finally disposed of.

Nearly a year ago the Iowa Presbyterian synod voted to locate a hospital at Waterloo. Lately it was discovered that a canvass of the public was necessary in order to obtain funds needed to complete the building.

After the canvass had started little Maud Ballou, an orphan girl, nine years of age, and living with an uncle, thought that she might do something to aid the movement. Her relatives are poor, her foster-mother being forced to take in washing to supply the daily necessaries, while her uncle is slowly dying of consumption.

Begins Her Canvass.

This chit of a girl canvassed her resources to discover what she could give. She had few of the joys which come to most children. She had few if any toys to aid in making her life more happy, but she possessed a young hen which she had nourished and raised from the egg, and which she kept as a house pet. After much thought the decision was reached that this hen must be sacrificed. The girl consulted her foster-mother. The latter could do but little, but from her hard-earned stipend she gave the child twenty-five cents for the hen, and the twenty-five cents was carried to the headquarters of the W. C. T. U. and given to that association to be made a part of $500 which it had pledged.

Hearing of the work of the little girl, a local merchant visited her home and re-bought the hen, paying for it $3. Then it was sold and re-sold, time and again. The local lodge of Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen gave $25 for it; other lodges followed suit, and sums of $10, $15 and $25 kept pouring in.

One Sunday the pastor of the Presbyterian church had the hen placed on his pulpit during the services, and preached a strong sermon on the good deed of the little girl, and after the sermon the church congregation bought the hen from its last owners, paying more than $60, which was raised by a collection.

The mite given by the child is still growing, and the belief is that it will reach fully $500 in a short time.

An Eastern commission house which has heard a portion of the story, has made an offer for the hen which it is understood, if sold at the figure offered, will be exhibited as the highest priced bit of poultry ever sold in the world.

MAY BE RELATED TO CARDIFF GIANT

Bones of a Human Skeleton Eleven Feet High Are Dug Up in Nevada.

WINNEMUCCA, Nev., Jan. 23.—Workmen engaged in digging gravel here today uncovered at a depth of about twelve feet a lot of bones, part of the skeleton of a gigantic human being.

Dr. Samuels examined them and pronounced them to be the bones of a man who must have been nearly eleven feet in height.

The metacarpal bones measure four and a half inches in length and are large in proportion. A part of the ulna was found and in its complete form would have been between seventeen and eighteen inches in length.

The remainder of the skeleton is being searched for.

Out of the Heart's Bitterness.

Blobbs—Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected.

Slobbs—What is he doing now?

Blobbs—Writing essays on the decline of the drama.—Philadelphia Record.

SIX FREE TRIPS SIX

THE PLAN

The Globe has decided to send six people on an enjoyable outing tour, the readers of the paper to decide who are to go. In every issue of the paper will appear an official coupon which, when filled out and voted as designated, and deposited in the ballot box in the Business Office of The Globe, will be counted for the person voted for.

Extra votes will be given for every cash payment made on one subscription to either old or new subscribers for either the Daily only, Daily and Sunday or Sunday only, Globe, as follows:

$1.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 100 VOTES. $3.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 400 VOTES.
$2.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 250 VOTES. $4.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 600 VOTES.
$5.00 ON SUBSCRIPTION, 1000 VOTES.

No votes will be given for a cash payment unless the amount exceeds $1.00, but it may be for back subscription as well as advance.

This is on the basis of one vote for every one cent paid, although no extra votes will be given for less than $2.00 paid at one time.

Where remittance is sent by mail, it must be stated positively that the same is to be entered as credit for votes; otherwise none will be given.

Extra votes for new subscriptions, where no cash is paid, will be given as follows:

For Daily and Sunday paper, 15 votes for every month signed for up to 12 months.

For Daily paper only, 10 votes for every month signed for up to 12 months.

For Sunday paper only, 10 votes for every month signed for up to 12 months.

Working upon this plan, it is absolutely necessary to have the signature of the parties subscribing. The blank herewith may be used, or duplicates will be furnished from the office upon application.

I hereby agree to take the..... Globe.....
STATE EDITION.
months, and pay the regular subscription price. Paper to start.....
and be delivered to.....
Signed.....
In consideration of this order, I am to receive a certificate for..... votes.

Votes will be given for collections made from news dealers, both city and country, but in that event no returns will be allowed.

The Rules

Ordinarily adopted in contests of this kind will govern. The votes will be counted every day and the standing of the various contestants published daily until the close of the contest.

The person receiving the most votes, either city or out-of-town contestant, will receive the FIRST PRIZE. If the winner of the first prize be from the city, then the second prize will go to the contestant from out of town receiving the most votes, and vice versa. If the winner of the first prize be from out of town, then the second prize will go to the contestant in the city receiving the most votes. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth prizes are identically the same, and will be given to the second and third highest from the city, and the second and third highest from the country.

There will be three winners from the city and three from the country. Who will win the FIRST PRIZE?

This contest is open to any man, woman or child living in any town or state, and no effort will be spared to make the entire contest fair and impartial, and no favoritism will be shown anyone.

COMPLIMENTARY OUTINGS OFFERED BY

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

TO

Six Popular Persons

TO BE SELECTED BY ITS READERS

ARE YOU POPULAR?

GET IN THE

GLOBE'S

Great Complimentary Contest and Find Out.

Santiago de Cuba, Havana, New Orleans, all fine places to go this cold weather.

SIX BIG TRIPS

If you do not want to go yourself send your votes in for a friend.

Contest Closes January 30, 1904, 8:00 P. M.

THE PRIZES

The First Prize, Will Be a Free Continous Trip to Santiago de Cuba and Return.

Going by rail to New Orleans by way of Chicago, thence by boat (first-class passage) through the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic ocean and the Caribbean sea to Santiago, and return by the same route.

All items of transportation, sleeper and meals, going and coming, will be paid by The Globe.

Santiago was the principal battlefield in the Spanish-American war, and is a place of great renown. To give some idea of its location and distance, it is nearly 1,000 miles from Havana. It lies on the south coast of Cuba and borders on the Caribbean sea. Its climate is tropical the year round, and just the place to go for a winter vacation.

The Second Prize, Will Be a Free Continuous Trip to Havana, Cuba and Return.

Going by rail to New Orleans by way of Chicago, thence by boat (first-class passage) through the Gulf of Mexico to Havana, and return by the same route. All items of transportation, sleeper and meals en route, will be paid by The Globe.

Havana is the largest city in Cuba, lying on the north coast and bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. Being in the gulf stream insures a beautiful climate, warm the entire year, and a delightful place to go for a winter trip. Havana harbor is where the battleship Maine was blown up, and was the principal stronghold of the Spanish war fleet during the late Spanish-American war.

The Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Prizes will each be a round Trip Ticket to New Orleans by way of Chicago.

The contest will close Jan. 30, 1904, thus allowing the winning contestants plenty of time to visit the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, which will be the fore part of February.

THE GLOBE'S FREE TRIP CONTEST

OFFICIAL COUPON

Good for One Vote for

.....

Town .....

State .....

Ask for Voting Certificate when you send in your remittance.

CUT OUT

This Coupon and Vote Your Choice.