

HERE'S A NOVELTY

ONE NEWSPAPER MAN SECURES
AN INTERVIEW WITH AN-
OTHER.

A BRIGHT REPORTER'S WORK

HIS INGENUITY AND TENACITY
WOULD DO CREDIT TO A
DETECTIVE.

THE DISCOVERY OF NORCROSS.

How Isaac D. White, by the Aid of
a Butcher, Made Sure of His
Identity.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—It is very little that the public knows of the individuals who, day after day, with untiring effort and ceaseless watchfulness, prepare their news and their editorial matter in the newspapers. And it is just as little that the picturesque and detailed account of some occurrence of great interest is read without a thought given to how the information was obtained, or who got it; the writer of the brilliant editorial which stirs the blood and kindles the admiration of the reader is never inquired for, nor is it considered how great the study or how deep the research was to put the facts compactly together. The American and English newspapers sink the individual into the name of the paper, and work which would blazon the name of the writer, were it known, into the memory of the world goes down into the untold multitude of the anonymous.

It is not that this letter is written for the purpose of rescuing one such character from oblivion, but because the dangerous paths that his newspaper duties led him along are so interesting and because they were followed with the consciousness that no one but his colleagues would know or care who he was. I had heard something of this reporter and his feats, and particularly that he was one of those tenacious, fearless, modest men who say little, except to the exact point, but whose minds and bodies are reservoirs of life and energy and activity. So I interviewed him.

"You know," he said, "this is the first time anybody has interviewed me, and I don't quite know how to begin."

THE OYSTER PIRATES.

"Well, one day I was called into our managing editor's office and given a letter to read. It described the doings of the Chesapeake oyster pirates, the helplessness of the state authorities to check them, the fact that men and boys had been kidnapped on board their boats and were held in absolute slavery, and the brutality of the pirates and their disregard of life and property. I was told to go down there, release the white slaves, and arrest the captains of the oyster vessels. I didn't want to overrate the difficulty and the danger of the little expedition I organized, but these are the facts: It was winter time, and when I got to Baltimore the wind had been blowing a stiff, cold breeze off the sea, and the water was nasty and rough. I found that the state police, after repeated efforts to arrest the pirates, had been driven off by threats of murder, and had given up all attempts to interfere. The sheriffs of all the counties bordering on the Chesapeake were laughed at, and had taken no steps to put a stop to what was well known as a disgrace to Maryland and civilization. There were thirteen vessels, either schooners or big sloops, at work in stealing oysters, and it was known that from thirty to fifty men and boys had been 'shanghaied' or kidnapped and held in bondage by the pirate captains. I learned also that these captains had the belief that their craft were their castles, and could be defended against the world. Everybody told me it would be impossible to accomplish the task I had been sent to do, and I began to realize that it really was harder than I anticipated. I went, however, to the United States marshal for that district of Maryland and told him what I intended to do. I asked him to assign me in a deputy marshal with twelve other men, and then I chartered a staunch steam launch, provisioned her, saw that each one of the deputies was armed to the teeth, hoisted the United States flag and sailed down the bay. Our captain knew pretty well where one quarry could be found, but I had to assure him at the start that before a gun was fired we would use all diplomacy and peaceful methods of serving our papers. We saw the first pirate about noon, and as we came near him he brought his boat up in the wind and then we jumped into a row boat and before he knew it were on board, leaving one man in the small boat with orders to shoot if they attempted to cast him off. We were taken for a routine capture after smuggling, and I went down in the cabin with the captain and served the papers. When he saw he had been trapped he tried to draw his revolver, but he was surrounded by five to one, and he thought better of it. In the same way we got seven other of the thirteen brutes, and we brought off twenty-five men

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and boys who had been held captive and who showed the marks of the bitter cold, insufficient food, and the shelter, cruelly hard work and inhuman treatment. Well, the results of this experience, which ended without bloodshed, fortunately, were that the practice was broken up, and six of the captains were convicted in the United States courts of inhuman and cruel treatment of seamen.

OFF FOR YUCATAN.

"The next mission I was sent on was as far away from New York as Yucatan, and was also to free men who were virtually slaves. I was still on the New York World. In the winter of 1888-1889 a man known as Liverpool Jack, a tough Bowery ward politician, ran an employment agency. It seems that he was asked to pick up and send to Yucatan some fifty men to work on the docks and railroads. These men were promised good wages and were told that their work would not be hard, a few hours in the morning and then a long rest in the middle of the day in the shade of the banana trees. Liverpool Jack packed them aboard a Spanish vessel going to Yucatan. When on board and under way the fifty men were forced to sign a contract in Spanish, which none could read. It is needless to say that this contract bound them to all sorts of conditions which fixed a low rate of wages, made them pay their passage money out of this and so on. When they got to Yucatan they were under constant espionage for fear they would try to escape, and were worked to the bone. Some did escape to vessels lying off shore, but the police boarded the vessels, dragged them off, took them ashore and put them in jail. Others became violently ill of the debilitating marsh fever, but were kept at work till unable to toll further, and were then put in a sort of hospital. Others again became insane, and I saw some of these poor devils living stark-naked in cells that would

divert by the Indians—the Blackfeet tribe. According to him the girl, the daughter of an American officer, and was captured in a raid across the border in which her father was killed. Her future, as the wife of some brutal chief, was drawn with horrible distinctness and the story in full was published in the New York World. Immediately the greatest interest was aroused. We received letters by the hundreds urging all sorts of plans of rescue. One letter I remember came from a leading man in the Grand Army of the Republic offering to fit out an expedition of Grand Army men and proceed to the spot. At all events, so great did the public interest become, that in the dead of winter I was sent out to the Northwest, my only weapon being a letter of introduction to a half-breed scout who was supposed to know everything and on whom I was told I could rely. After leaving my last civilized resting place near the Canadian border, I took my scout and traveled in a wagon three days across the prairie to a mounted police station, where I got one of their teams and finally arrived at the Blackfeet camp. I saw the girl, who was very light-colored, about twelve years old, and dressed as others of the Indian children. I met the Indian who claimed to be her father. His name was Dogchild. The mother was dead, they told me. I was uncertain what to do. My instructions were to bring that girl back with me; to buy her if I could, or kidnap her if I couldn't buy her. Of course, if she were Indian I did not want to take her, and yet I wasn't at all satisfied she was a white man's child, at least by a white mother. While I was on the point of determining to offer to buy her there came to the camp an old French missionary. I can see the reverend father now—about eighty years old, a little, dried-up, wrinkled face like a hickory nut, a little fur cap upon his hips, a round otter fur cap, buckskin leggings up to the cape and heavily

ITS BITE IS DEADLY.

People Should Beware of a Pretty Yellow Spotted Spider.

San Francisco Examiner.

Next time anybody is bitten by a "poisonous black spider" he will consider a favor on Prof. H. H. Behr, if he will refrain from crushing it long enough to give the professor a chance to be bitten. He would like to demonstrate to that part of the public who feel finically about such things that the bite of the same "poisonous black spider" is really absolutely harmless and no more painful than the sting of a wasp or a mosquito, or even a flea of the California genus. Mr. Behr is professor of entomology and araneology and a few other sciences at the big academy in Market street, and what he doesn't know about insects of all kinds is hardly worth talking about. But if any one should happen to be bitten by a small "black spider" with four or five scarlet spots on its back he had better prepare to guggle bravely for a day or two, while a strong-armed attendant rubs ammonia into the wound with one hand and keeps the victim from squirming with the other. The professor calls that little spotted insect the latrodectes macans, and says it is the most venomous of all spiders, not even excepting the tarantula, which is about ten times as big. It is ordinarily not bigger than a French pea, but boasts of considerably more beauty



Fac Simile of the Water Color Reproduction of the Art Supplement to Be Given With the Sunday Globe of Nov. 17.

disgrace an inquisition dungeon. Somehow or other a letter telling of all this was smuggled into a steamer and delivered to my newspaper. I was sent down, I got there just before the rainy season, when the rain falls in torrents on the hot sand and arises in clouds of hot vapor like a Russian bath almost. I arrived early one morning about 3 o'clock, and we anchored four miles out from shore, as was necessary, owing to the bars near shore. When I landed I saw half a dozen men on the dock who looked almost like natives. They were stripped to the waist, wore the sarashes and broad-brimmed hats of the country, were tanned to the color of mahogany and were thin and hollow eyed. When I learned who they were I told them who I was and what I had come for, and almost sooner than it takes to tell it their comrades had heard the news and the miserable exiles had flocked round me as if I had been an aviator. An old man fell on his knees before I could prevent it, and wanted to kiss my hand. They were beside themselves with joy at the sight of a man of freedom and home. They were not a choice lot of men, mostly wanderers on the face of God's earth, and tough ones at that, but their spirits were broken and the bad food and climate had sapped their strength. It was pitiful to see them. I discovered that the consul left to go into the interior, an agreement having been reached that such of the others as were not in the insane cells or in the hospital should receive money in wages and be allowed to go. The consul, however, was no sooner out of the way than Don Alfonso broke the agreement, had me arrested for inciting a riot, but allowed me to go on parole, my case to be submitted to the chief justice of Yucatan and our consul. I left the remaining men to be disposed of by our consul, shipped aboard a steamer bound for New York and was not interfered with.

NEXT INTO ALBERTA.

"I had hardly gotten home from the tropics when I was sent in the winter to the distant province of Alberta, in the far Northwest. Singularly enough this was another case of alleged slavery. A correspondent of the London Times had accompanied an official party from Ottawa to various posts in the Hudson Bay company's territory, and had written to his newspaper the agreement, had me arrested for inciting a riot, but allowed me to go on parole, my case to be submitted to the chief justice of Yucatan and our consul. I left the remaining men to be disposed of by our consul, shipped aboard a steamer bound for New York and was not interfered with.

gloved hands that were never still. I asked him about Dogchild's girl and he told me he had baptized the child himself and knew the squaw mother. That ended the matter of the girl, but it was not truth. So I started on my long journey back, getting lost in the prairie, and the prairie and nearly frozen to death, and without a rifle and a little companion to protect.

IDENTITY OF NORCROSS.

"The next matter of any general interest was my discovery of the identity of Norcross, the man who threw the bomb which killed the English third man, wrecked the health of a third and came near killing Russell Sage. I went to Sage's office where the bomb had exploded and got there within a few minutes after the explosion. You remember that the bomb thrower was practically blown to pieces. The walls and ceiling were covered with pieces of clothing and blood, and the head of the murderer lay on the floor by itself. Up in the ceiling right over his head was embedded a button, a brass button. While the police were gathering the various bits of evidence they neglected to touch this button. I secured that and a piece of cloth of his coat and underclothes. I said to myself these may tell me where he got his clothes and the clothesmen may tell me whom they sold those clothes to, and so put me on the trail. I followed the Coatsworth system. The button bore the name of a firm of Boston tailors. Taking the button and a piece of the cloth of the bomb thrower's coat and underclothes I started for Boston. I found the tailor who had dressed on the button and asked them if they could tell to whom they had sold a suit of the material of the cloth I had. It turned out that such a suit had been ordered had been the only one from that particular roll of cloth and going back over their books for a year they found that this suit of clothes had been made for a man named Norcross, but that he could not be the man I was after, because he was a very quiet, industrious business man. I said nothing, but went down to the offices of this Norcross. He had been absent from town just the length of time necessary to connect him with the crime. Then I went out to see his mother and father, with whom he lived. His mother described him and his clothes, showed me his latest photograph, all without knowing of the catastrophe. She had packed his bag for him and was told he was going out of town on business for a few days. I obtained permission of the father to examine in his son's office on the pretense that I wished to establish proof that it was not his son who had been concerned in an affair in New York. Going again to the office I found partly concealed some of his Norcross' which had been used to make the bomb's explosive contents. My work was now done and the next morning my newspaper was able to give to the world the news which was afterwards con-

than is commonly found among spiders.

Its body is round and covered with a beautiful velvety black growth of short, shaggy hairs, with the scarlet spots above mentioned on its back. It is eight, rather long legs for such a small body, and eight eyes, though they cannot be taken as distinguishing features of this particular style, as they are found in many of the eyes in the anatomy of the spider. The classifications are made, and as there are some 5,000 or 6,000 species known to araneologists, it is no small task to distinguish "which is which." This one, however, may be told by the fact that four of its eyes are located in a square in front, with the remaining four grouped in pairs on each side of its head and a little to the rear of the others. The eyes are bulgy and glassy and of a deep greenish hue. Its mandibles are not very large, but, as many a victim can attest, are capable of doing "damaging" work. Its action is quick and alert.

Prof. Behr laughs at the idea that the bite of the latrodectes means death, but he admits that it is a painful and most racking torture for several days, after which, if he has been properly treated, recovery is a certainty. He says that many persons may have died of fright, but never from the poisonous effects of the bite. The tarantula, which is so universally dreaded, is, after all, according to Prof. Behr, not at all dangerous. Though its bite causes considerable pain and swelling about the wound, he says it is not fatal. Its bite is not nearly so dangerous as that of the "katipo," but, he says, it is more formidable and ugly looking, and one might as well be poisoned as be scared to death.

Thought He Had Quit.

San Francisco Post.
Foreman told a few days ago to do some work around the mouth of an old mining shaft, and he took a green couple of hours the foreman walked up to the colonel's office and remarked: "Why, what's the matter with that man I sent out with you?" Inquired "Oh, he fell down dead shaft 'bout an hour ago, and he don't come up." "Link he jumped his job?"

Stern Parental Resolution.

Chicago Tribune.
"Father," said Sammy, "the teacher says you ought to take me to an optician." He says I've got astigmatism." "What?" "Astigmatism." "Well, if he don't thrash that out of you," roared Mr. Wickedness. "I will."

maintained on something of a parity with the male.

Either the cable reports were willfully false or Irving and Terry had deteriorated woefully, for a more tedious performance of "Macbeth" I have never sat through than that which these two artists gave at Abbey's theater. Mr. Irving does not appear to be able to body forth in



HENRY IRVING.

the slightest degree the thane of Cawdor as he is generally understood by Shakespearean students. He makes him perpetually and tiresomely a sniveling, cringing cur—a low fellow, whose scene with the murderer of Banquo after the commission of the crime partakes more of the quality of a discussion between two villains than of the unavoidable temporary association, for a specific purpose, of a monarch with an ill-bred rogue.

Macbeth was a high-born man, the cousin of King Duncan, and this chumminess with persons whom he must have regarded with loathing, despite the imaginary necessity which forced him to make use of them, is therefore out of place—a horrible black splotch on the beautiful canvas. Besides, the overweening ambition which prompted Macbeth to commit one murder and plot others is scarcely compatible with the physical craven which Mr. Irving gives us. To say nothing of the physical limitations which make the English actor's assumption of the character little short of ridiculous, he has so apparently attempted to mold Shakespeare's creation to a creature adapted to his own personality

FAILS AS MACBETH

HENRY IRVING NOT EQUAL TO
THE WORK OF PLAYING THE
PART.

TERRY ALSO INADEQUATE.

CRITICISM OF THESE ARTISTS
IN ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S
GREATEST.

AMERICANS IN THE PLAY

Prove Decidedly Better Than
Either of the Great English
Players.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The "swell" event of the theatrical season thus far has been the production of Shakespeare's virile tragedy "Macbeth," by Henry Irving and his London Lyceum Theater company. A half-dozen years ago the English actor produced this play in the British capital, and all manner of fulsome laudation was flashed under the ocean of the excellent work of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in the principal roles. It was not difficult to believe all that was said at the time, inasmuch as "Macbeth" is of all of Shakespeare's plays the one in which the important female character is

that the entitles are shattered, and we have left only an absurd patchwork of stilted posings, guttural declamations, pompous strutting and feverish clutching at the air. It is scarcely worth \$3 to see this from the orchestra chairs or \$150 from the gallery. These outrageous prices have served to make the general public—the great middle classes—realize that they are entitled to something extra good, and in this they were grievously disappointed except for the stage setting, which is deserving of great credit. The plot was put on more elaborately perhaps than ever before in this country, although I believe even this is denied by some of the old-timers.

Brief, Mr. Irving has a good deal to learn about the character of Macbeth. He might, with great profit, sit at the feet of Milnes Levick, who was for some time with Mme. Janaschek. Levick showed the Scotchman as he is understood, and as the Bard of Avon wrote him—a masterful, virile man, whose overweening ambition counseled crime for the attainment of certain ends, while his great humanity prompted the contrary course. Lady Macbeth was the evil spirit merely, with her scorn and specious arguments, turned the scales in favor of the bad. But Miss Terry, as witness his handling of his followers; the authoritative, as-good-as-done manner in which he orders the taking off of Banquo and Fleance and his general domination of the affairs of his country. True, he was dethroned in the end, but that was to be expected in the natural order of things.

Frederic Robinson, who is a good, but certainly not a great, actor in any sense, was another Macbeth whose impersonation was infinitely superior to that of Mr. Irving, because he made him a man. George D. Chaplin and James H. Taylor are also well remembered in the character. The greatest fault of all with Mr. Irving is that he appears to be constantly endeavoring to Hamletize the part, for no other reason presumably than that, like all of Shakespeare's important roles, Macbeth is a metaphysical study. This straining for effect, even if exerted in the right direction, is painful, but when improperly applied it is exhausting to auditor as well as actor, and that is precisely the effect of Mr. Irving's impersonation of Macbeth.

Miss Terry, admirable in everything else in which I have ever seen her, is very, very bad, and totally unconvincing as Lady Macbeth. In her best moments she barely suggests the possibilities of the character in the hands of an actress suited to that line of work.

Miss Terry is at one moment Rosamond, at another Marguerite, at another Juliet, but Lady Macbeth—never. She does not possess by half the force necessary to properly play the part and cause the onlooker to sympathize with, or at least appreciate, the workings of a nature consumed by ambition, which in order to gratify its lust of power is able to display at will the velvety tiger's paw or the cruel talons beneath it. When she seizes Macbeth on to the murder of Duncan no one can understand why her spouse should yield, so lacking in strength seems the argument as spoken by Miss Terry. These lines, of all in the play, should be uttered with deep, soul-stirring intensity—in short, as Mme. Janaschek, the greatest Lady Macbeth of this generation, uttered them. I have seen her in this role five or six times and I well remember that in this scene she never failed to hold her audience spellbound. With Miss Terry, there was no more effect than in the ordinary passages. This but serves to demonstrate the difference between a great actress adapted in every way to a role, and a great actress who is out of her element. The large audiences which have attended every performance of "Macbeth" would also seem to indicate that those aspiring actors of robust physique who will persist in butchering Hamlet at a loss might possibly do less violence to the throne of Cawdor at a profit, and in these matter of fact days when railroad companies, hotel landlords, lithographers and even the mummies themselves sorely demand money for work done, this is a point not to be lightly ignored.

Henry Irving has not lost his mania for the "art." He struts more pompously than of yore and mouths so terribly that it is almost impossible to understand him a few rows back from the stage. His grunt and his finger twitching are more pronounced than ever, and he has fallen into the horrible habit of pausing in the middle of sentences calling for continuous utterance. In this way, he produces a rhythmical cadence which gives a tedious sing-song to the elements of the play, which mars some of Wilson Barrett's best work. Of American actors I believe that Richard Mansfield could play "Macbeth" with profit and credit to himself. He is an artist who does not usually forego a part with countless unnecessary details which are, by those who employ them, severely supposed to constitute "art." He is a virile personality and his aggressive methods, tempered with just the proper degree of subtlety, would make him an ideal Macbeth. He is in need of additions to his well nigh threadbare repertoire, and this suggestion may be worth considering. He would as certainly as it is possible to gauge future work by past be immeasurably superior to Henry Irving in this great role.

The following I wrote two years ago, Chicago Record.
Said a former surgeon in the Confederate army: "I remember Gen. Mahone as he appeared before Petersburg in 1864. He was already famous throughout the army for his fighting qualities and his temper. My duty took me frequently past his headquarters, and one morning I saw him pacing up and down in front of his tent while a negro sat in the doorway watching him with a fresh pan of biscuit. I turned to an officer and asked the meaning of this strange performance. Then came the explanation that the negro had baked a pan of sour biscuit for breakfast and Mahone, by way of an object lesson, had set the cook to eat all of his own product. The negro ate as fast as possible and Mahone kept up his patrol until the last biscuit disappeared. The performance was characteristic of the man."

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