

## A CHECKERED CAREER.

### A CENTRAL FIGURE OF SEVEN BIG STRIKES.

Charles H. Fox Was Blown Up Several Times, Went All Through the Cleveland and St. Louis Dynamiting, and Seems to Thrive on Excitement.

The great street car strike at St. Louis made conspicuous no more striking personality than that of Charles H. Fox, one of the men who stuck to his car through it all and was blown up once by dynamite because of his adherence to the company's side of the dispute. Fox has been through no less than seven memorable strikes, and may be aptly termed a professional "anti-striker," for he has invariably been opposed to the men who were out.

In the course of his career Fox has been employed in various capacities, and probably takes the palm as a polyglot workman. He has served as militiaman, telegraph operator, locomotive engineer, detective, motorman and conductor through successive labor wars, and in addition he has worked as printer and painter. The other day after he had been blown up in St. Louis he told the story of his checkered life as an employe.

"I was a militiaman the first time I was ever called upon to do strike duty—a sergeant in Company F, Ninth Pennsylvania," he said. "That was back in the early 90's, when the Homestead strike was on. I got shot at a number of times, but did not have



CHARLES H. FOX.

any very thrilling experience there. I became a telegraph operator at Lopez, on the Lehigh Valley road, and soon afterward a strike was called all down the line. Nearly all the operators except myself went out. There are several big saw mills at Lopez, Pa., and the company did a lot of hauling for them. There were very few engineers, and the company was in a hole. I had had some experience with a locomotive and took charge of one. The strikers made all sorts of threats, but they didn't do much except to blow us up every now and then. One night somebody put soap in the boiler. An old engineer got hold of the engine, and was starting out to switch cars. I was in the cab with him. All at once the boiler let go. It blew into a thousand pieces and pitched me and the engineer out, but neither of us got a scratch.

"I stayed with the Lehigh for some time, and then went back to my home near Wilkesbarre. I was still a militiaman, and soon there was a strike at Lattimer and we were ordered there. We had a pretty easy time. Strikers got us interested by bombarding us now and then, but they never really did much damage.

"You have heard about the battle between the strikers and the deputies there, I suppose. You remember, a crowd came in to help the strikers. The sheriff with deputies went to order them back. Our regiment was in camp when the colonel heard of the prospective meeting between the strikers and the deputies. He ordered us out in a hurry, and we went on the double quick. Just as we got within sight of the two forces the firing began. We hurried up, but it was all over by the time we got there.

"I did some detective work for awhile, and then, last August, I went to Cleveland, when the strike there was at its height. I first did detective work and then took a place as motorman. Part of my run was on the Broadway division. It took us through a thickly settled part of town where before the strike nine children had been killed by cars in eight days. The people were much angered at the company, and when it was given out that the non-union men were inexperienced and that more deaths were certain to occur, the populace turned on us. It was like running through a hailstorm where the hailstones were bricks, rocks and scrap iron. I was lucky, for the few licks I got did not amount to much.

"In this strike they had some dynamiters who knew their business. They used big charges, and pretty often. After awhile the company and the street car men got partially together, so I went back to my home at Kingston, Pa. I hadn't been there long when I got a message from the Lackawanna railroad, to report for special duty at Buffalo. There was a strike on that road. I went and began work under Chief O'Keefe. I worked there until a month ago, when I got a message to come here. I couldn't come at once,

as there was some trouble that had to be fretted out at Buffalo. After I had finished that work I came on here and went to work as a motorman.

"Things have been pretty easy in St. Louis. Of course I was 'blown up' once, but what did it amount to? I got a small cut on the back of my left hand, and that is all. Nobody else got even that much.

"Of course the man who takes the company's side in a strike is in danger, and he has to be very wide awake. But that is something I have been doing since I was 12 years old. When I was 12 I went to work in a country printing office and served a full apprenticeship. I learned to set type and all that sort of thing. But I didn't like the business. Painting struck my fancy, and I took it up. I joined the union and worked at the trade for some time. Then a little deal came up between the master painter of my union and myself. I did not think I was treated right and gave him my card. I haven't worked at painting since. I took up telegraphing next and made pretty good progress. I got a job on the Lackawanna, meantime becoming a member of the militia and a sergeant of my company. I got married, but my wife died a few years later, when our daughter was quite a child.

"I haven't got through all these strikes without having 'scraps.' I have had my share of them, you can bet. And it was such a big share that I would feel pretty easy if I had a dollar for each of them. But there are things for me to learn yet, and one of them is to see that my hand isn't where it can be bumped against a motor controller the next time my car is blown up."

## HOLY WAR IN ILLINOIS TOWN.

Anti-Saloon Fight in Girard Dividing Families and Making Other Trouble.

An anti-saloon fight at Girard, Ill., is dividing families and has precipitated a "holy war," with two evangelists leading the hosts. In the spring elections the church people managed to elect an anti-license ticket, having a majority of two in the council. When the night for the vote on the question of granting the saloon licenses arrived one of the anti-license aldermen was called from the city, leaving but one majority for the "dry" side. W. O. Horton, to the astonishment of every one, voted in favor of license. The wife of one of the aldermen who had voted against the saloon left him because he would not resign from the council, after they had failed to keep the saloons out. She has since resided with her father. The ministers of the town secured two evangelists, and a series of revivals have been held. The alderman has been boycotted and has sold out his business at a great loss. Several damage suits will be instituted.

## Countess Pawned Heavily.

Legal transactions connected with the winding up of the affairs of the late Countess of Castiglione has disclosed the curious fact that the famous beauty of the Second Empire, who, after the fall of Napoleon III., shut herself up in an entresol of the Place Vendôme, where the light of day was never allowed to enter, and which she never left until her death, had, during these years of retirement commenced and carried on an extensive business with the Mont de Piete of government pawnshop administration of France. Jewelry of all kinds to the value of \$5,480 have been pawned, and among the articles are gifts now of historic interest, presented to the Countess by Pope Pius Nono and the Emperor Napoleon III. The administrator of the estate has now petitioned for a judicial order, empowering him to redeem the jewels on behalf of the heirs, as it is probable that the valuables will fetch a higher price if sold privately than if they are allowed to be put under the hammer at the Mont de Piete, while, on the other hand, if they are left in pledge, the expenses in interest on the loan, which are considerable, amounting to \$400 a year, will continue to run.

## Dangerous to Call a Man a Boer.

It is expensive to call a man a Boer in Great Britain nowadays. The other day a young Irish girl painted "I am a Boer" upon a gate belonging to a nurseryman at Wick, near Littlehampton. Her reason was that the nurseryman did not hang out a flag in celebration of the relief of Mafeking, but this means of expressing her displeasure cost her £3 11s 6d in court. The chairman of the bench said that he would not be called a Boer for £100 adding that the defendant's conduct might have led to the prosecutor being lynched in the present state of public feeling.

## Cared His Habit.

A young theological student who supplied the pulpit in a Vermont village one summer, had a habit of emphasizing pronouns which his instructor in elocution had endeavored in vain to correct. The involuntary smiles of his rural congregation one Sunday, however, worked the change for which his friends and professors had longed. He was reading the thirteenth chapter of First Kings, and on coming to the twenty-seventh verse, he said distinctly: "And he spake to his sons, saying Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him."

## Big Woman, Big Name.

One of the biggest women in the world lives in Greece, at a little village near Corinth. Her name is Vassiliki Calliaud; she is twenty-two years old and her height is six feet seven and one-half inches.

## JULIA HOLMES SMITH.



Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, who was recently nominated for trustee of the Illinois State university, is one of the best known women in Chicago. For many years she has been a leader among women, and has been particularly prominent in club work of various kinds. Dr. Smith was born in Georgia and was twice married, her first husband being Waldo Abbott, the only son of J. S. C. Abbott, the historian. Her medical education was obtained in the Boston Institute, and she has done much for the advancement of the science, particularly among women. Many organizations owe their success to her intelligent and earnest efforts. She is the Chicago Times-Herald. She was president of the Political Equality League, and was for three years president of the Woman's Club. She

was also the organizer and the first president of the Woman's Medical Association, and is at present the secretary of one of the bureaus of the American Institute of Homeopathy. Other organizations of which she is a member and in which she has done excellent work are the Association for the Advancement of Women, Academy of Physicians and Surgeons and the Illinois Homeopathic Association. She is a director of the Illinois Training School for Nurses. Dr. Smith has contributed many valuable articles to periodicals, among the best known being the series in "Common Sense in the Nursery." These were printed in the New York Ledger some years ago and have since been put into book form. She has been a resident of Chicago since 1876.

## Prevented a Panic.

That peace has its victories as well as war and that not all heroes win their laurels with the sword has been more than once demonstrated by a modest young man named Frank Conlin, whose whistling saved 5,000 lives at Coney Island a few nights ago, says the New York Evening World.

Frank Conlin is neither very old nor very big, but he has proved that he has strenuous and quick-witted qualities. That the young man is really modest is proved by the fact that while thousands are today showering adulation on



FRANK CONLIN.

his head for his gallantry a few nights ago and are raising a purse for him, it all seems incomprehensible to him. He falls to realize how his simple endeavors at preventing the stampede of a frightened multitude in inky darkness should call forth so much praise.

All this happened at the fistic contest between Terry McGovern and Tommy White at the Seaside Sporting Club. The preliminary bout had just concluded when the great electric lights flickered, then went out, leaving its great arena in darkness. A hush fell on the crowd. Every one expected the lamps would soon relight, and there was little excitement. But as the seconds passed and there was no sign of the expected illumination fear and a sense of impending disaster spread fear over all. Murmurs of dread were heard on every side. A thousand excited spectators struck matches in an effort to find the exit.

A panic was near. "From a dark corner of the big auditorium came the notes of a popular air whistled by an adept. There were a thousand persons in that assembly who at once recognized that whistle. They had heard those some shrill but pleasant notes at all of the big sporting events ever held

near New York. They heard and paused in their search for the exits. It was an old tune that Conlin struck up, but it carried with it confidence. It was soothing and saving. Instantly thousands on the point of joining in a mad rush for the doors were stayed.

"On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away," echoed through the great hall. The crisis was passed. A stampede had been averted. When Conlin finished he was greeted with rounds of applause. Loud demands came for an encore.

There was absolute quiet as he rounded out the melody. "There's a Light in the Window." The crowd was insatiate, and song after song was demanded and given with a will in tuneless succession until the repertoire included the "Blue and the Gray," the "Moth and the Flame," "Il Trovatore," the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and just as the light again gleamed forth overhead and McGovern made his appearance the whistler was warbling the "Wearing of the Green," to which the great throng was beating a heel and toe tattoo.

Even Champion McGovern himself gracefully acknowledged that the applause which broke loose at this point was not for him alone and he bowed first to the throng and then in the direction of Whistler Conlin.

After the battle Conlin received the congratulations of many who realized the merit of his prompt and quick-witted preventative of a panic.

## Land for Landless.

One of the last bills which passed Congress opens to settlement the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indian reservation in southeastern Oklahoma. The government is to pay the Indians \$2,000,000, one-fourth in cash, the other three-fourths to remain in the Treasury drawing 5 per cent interest. The number of acres open to settlers will be over 1,600,000, which will give space for about 10,000 farms of 160 acres each, though not all the land is of value for farming purposes. The opening of this reservation is another step toward inducing the Creeks, Cherokees, Seminoles, Choctaws and Chickasaws to take up lands in severity. When this is done the old Indian Territory can be united to Oklahoma and become a prosperous state.

## Will Build in Washington.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the government has just introduced a credit of 1,315,000 francs to erect an embassy building at Washington. The construction and furnishing are estimated to cost about 915,000 francs, and the purchase of the ground about 400,000 francs.

## Demand for Old Badges.

At the opening of every presidential campaign there is always a big demand for collection of campaign badges, state and national, used in the campaigns of the past.

## A MURDER MYSTERY.

### TWO ARRESTS MADE AFTER THREE YEARS.

In Connection with the Brutal Killing of Money Lender Reed and His Sister at North Adams, Mass.—History of the Crime.

After a lapse of almost three years a strenuous effort is being made to solve the mystery of the brutal killing of Henry F. Reed and his sister, Blanche M. Reed, who were found murdered in their home in North Adams, Mass., on August 7, 1897. Two arrests have been made and the cases of the prisoners are Alexander Grant and David King, both of Clarksburg, will soon come up for a hearing.

The murder of the Reeds was a most cold-blooded affair and the motives for it, so far as the public is concerned, are still unknown.

Reed came to that place nearly thirty years ago, and engaged in the musical instrument business, in which he made considerable money. Eight years before his tragic end he bought a house on a lane leading off Holden street, near the center of the city. Here he conducted a regular pawnbroker's business. He would advance money on any kind of an article brought to him, and after a time he began taking up mortgages in the country districts. He was close and exacting, and naturally his business made him enemies. His sister, who kept house for him, had his characteristics. With both gold was their god. Their lives were centered in their business, for the sister could make as sharp a deal as her brother and was equally interested in the conduct of affairs.

Their home was a regular curio shop, wherein was stored a vast variety of articles, and it was always open. People called their at all hours of the day and night and Reed was ever willing



HENRY F. REED.

to make a dicker with anyone, black or white, sober or drunk, provided he could get the best of the deal.

Owing to the frequency with which people called at the Reed place at unseemly hours, the neighbors paid but little attention to such visitors. And thus when shortly after midnight on August 6, 1897, Mrs. David Fairfield, a neighbor, saw a man seated in a buggy driving up the lane from the Reed place she paid but little attention to it at the time. The buggy was followed at a short distance by a man on foot. Soon afterward other people saw a buggy, in which were seated two men driving off in the direction of Clarksburg.

This incident has a greater significance on the forenoon of August 7, when it was discovered that Reed and his sister had been murdered. At 11 o'clock on that day Hiram Tenney, who had some business to transact with Reed, called at the house, but could get no response to his repeated knocking. He notified David Fairfield, who lived nearby, and together they entered the Reed house. Lying on a bed in a room downstairs they found the body of Reed. The head had been pounded almost to a jelly and in the mouth was a gag of coarse cloth. Nearby was a wooden mallet with which the murder had been accomplished.

After the police had been notified a further search was made of the house and on the landing upstairs was the body of Miss Reed. She had been shot four times. Three of the bullets having taken effect in her head, and the fourth in her shoulder. She had evidently been aroused by the noise made in killing her brother and was about making her way down stairs when the murderer was upon her. The bullets were fired at such close range that her face was burned with the powder. Immediately after the commission of the crime the state police were called in to help unravel the case. Every man who had the slightest dealings with the murdered man was examined but practically no light was thrown upon the mysterious murder. An aggregate reward of \$1,500 was offered for information in the matter, but it bore no fruit.

The latest work on the case has been done by Detective Dunham of the state police, who came there at the instigation of the attorney general. Lawyer Mark E. Couch has also given the case much attention ever since the commission of the crime, and some time ago enlisted the support of Attorney General Knowlton. For a long time past the prisoners, Grant and King, have been closely watched, and their arrest was not much of a surprise. The state claims to have a strong case against them and between twenty-five and thirty witnesses will be called on behalf of the people when the case comes up. Alexander King and David Grant are natives of Scotland. The latter came to Newport, R.

I, eleven years ago and there met King, who had been in this country six years. Both became inseparable companions and four years ago they located in North Adams. Grant purchased a farm at Clarksburg from Reed for \$1,500 and on this there was a mortgage for \$1,250. Grant was to pay for the property in small sums. At the time of the murder Grant, who was a baker by trade, was employed in a shop and King, who made his home with Grant, was employed in the Arnold print works. They drove together to the city every morning and Grant stabled his horse in Reed's barn. At the time of the murder the print works were running until 10 p. m., so that Grant, who quit work at 4 p. m., and then drove to his farm, usually returned at a late hour to convey King home. On the evening preceding the discovery of the murder Grant says that he did not return to North Adams for King; that the latter walked home and that he (Grant) did not leave his house after supper, so that he could not have committed the murder. The state, however, claims to have many witnesses who will swear that they saw both King and Grant in the city late that night. The state will also show that the object of the crime was robbery, as Grant, the prosecution will claim, was aware that Reed had money in his house. There is one thing that the friends of Grant adduce in his favor. The mortgage on the property he had purchased from Reed was not recorded and nothing was known of it until Grant, unasked, stepped forward and gave information about it.

## CONTADINI EXCITED.

Girl Holds Converse with Apparition of Virgin.

A trivial event in the little village of Alice-Bellecole, near Acqui, in south-eastern Piedmont, has recently been the cause of great excitement among the contadini of the district. The fourteen-year-old daughter of a poor widow was sent by her mother to gather clover on a vineyard slope. The girl soon returned with a pale face and the news that while she was gathering the clover the Virgin appeared to her and kissed her lightly on the mouth like a breath of wind. The peasants at once believed the girl, and from that moment the little village has been besieged by thousands of blind, crippled and consumptive people. At an early hour every morning the young girl goes to the vineyard and, apparently in a state of unconscious ecstasy, holds converse with the Madonna, whose wishes and commands she then announces in a quiet voice to the kneeling throngs around her. A small chapel is now being built where the first appearance is said to have occurred. Some of the peasants, who dared to doubt the truth of the girl's statement, have been maltreated, while their houses were destroyed and then razed to the ground. The excitement among the country people grows more and more; only a few nights ago nearly 12,000 people passed the night on the hills round the village, and their singing could be heard for miles. The prosaic prefect has ordered a battalion of infantry to proceed to the scene of the reported apparition.—Ex.

## Chinese Eat Fricassee Dog.

At a grand dinner the Chinese begin with sweetmeats and conclude with soup. They sit sometimes at table for five or six hours, with a midway interval or recess, during which bowls are brought in and the members of the party wash their hands and heads in hot water. Fricassee dog is a favorite dish, a special breed of poodles being raised for eating purposes. Stewed rat is another delicacy, and the Chinese are also fond of eggs when they have passed the point where even the cold storage man could call them fresh. Sharks' fins, bird nests, peacocks' livers, green ginger, cocks' combs, and fowls' hearts and brain are dishes which might be found on the menu of a high-class Chinese banquet.

## Dinner to a Chicago Girl.

Paris Cable New York Journal: The Maharaja of Kapurthala gave a dinner at the Elysee Palace Hotel in honor of Daisy Leiter and her sister. It was one of the most sumptuous affairs ever given in Paris. The table decorations were of the rarest flowers and the menu contained the choicest dishes the chef could devise. The dinner was given in return for courtesies shown to the Maharaja in India by Lord and Lady Curzon. Both Kapurthala and his companion, another Indian Prince, wore innumerable decorations, and their blazing jewels made a gorgeous appearance. The Maharaja is reported to have five wives with him visiting the exhibition.

## River Gives Up Dead.

The bodies of eleven colored longshoremen were the other day recovered from the Elizabeth river, near Norfolk, Va., by dredging. The bodies were of men who were thrown overboard and drowned when the Merchants' and Miners' passenger steamer Essex, bound for Providence, crashed into an Old Dominion Steamship company's barge and sank it. Ninety-three men are known to have been aboard the barge, and it is now believed that others were aboard whose presence were not then known of.

## Detroit Journal Burned Out.

Fire the other day gutted the building occupied by the Detroit (Mich.) Journal and destroyed the mechanical, business and editorial outfit of the paper, with the exception of the presses, which sustained only water damage. The total loss is placed at about \$75,000.