

Minneapolis Officials Guilty of Corruption

The revelations of corruption among the municipal and police officials of Minneapolis, Minn., made during the past month have caused more than a passing sensation. Minneapolisians have prided themselves upon the conviction that their officials were not as other officials in other cities, but were models of uprightness, wisdom and incorruptibility. This confidence has been rudely shaken.

The first act of Mayor Ames after his inauguration was to appoint his brother as chief of police. It soon began to be mooted abroad that the new chief was "playing favorites" among the saloonkeepers and gamblers. Certain saloons were likewise



Capt. "Narm" King. (Sentenced to the Penitentiary, but Asked for a New Trial.)

permitted to set the laws and ordinance of the city at naught, being allowed the privilege of selling liquor at all hours of the day and night. More questionable resorts, even, than these were subject to the same discriminations. Certain notorious women were known as favorites of the police and were visited with the assurance that there was no danger whatever of police raids.

It was charged by the enemies of Mayor Ames and his brother, the chief of police, that the gamblers, saloon and dive keepers who enjoyed the privilege of violating the law with impunity paid well for their favors, and in the course of time an investigation was set on foot that established beyond controversy the fact that these charges were true. Several of the "hard cases" had abused their privilege and had been taken to ac-

count. In revenge they revealed to the public the system of blackmail to which they had been subjected. It became apparent from the statements of these "squealers" that the system in vogue permeated the whole city and that the officials were deriving a very large income from the assessments levied in this illicit manner. There was a regular schedule of "dues" established, graduated according to the business the several establishments conducted, and the dues were collected regularly by agents in the city's employ. The matter was brought before the grand jury and that body instituted an inquiry that resulted in the indictment of Mayor Ames, his brother, the chief of police, several detectives and police captains. All were charged with malfeasance in office and with extorting blackmail.

Inspector Gardner has been by many supposed to be at the bottom of the entire system of blackmail. The indictment against him was particularly strong and sweeping and the attorneys for the state had little trouble in securing his conviction. He was proved guilty of many specific acts in which he had shown favoritism for a substantial monetary consideration, and the jury was but a short time in finding him guilty. The customary motion for a new trial was made, pending the decision of which ball was furnished. Gardner, however, did not await the court's decision, but left the city between two days. His whereabouts are unknown to the authorities, but when last seen he was headed southward, and many believe he has found refuge in Mexico.

Capt. Norbeck of the police was the next to be placed on trial. The hearing was quite brief, the evidence of guilt being conclusive. The trial was cut short by a plea of guilty entered by the accused, who was sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary and a fine of \$2,500.

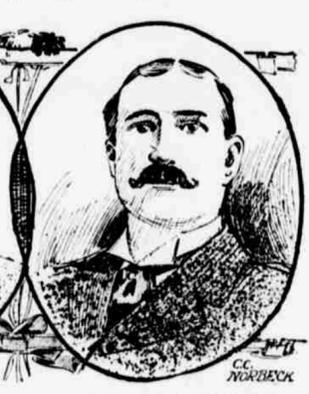
The grand jury for June before its adjournment returned three additional indictments against police officials. They were:

Capt. John Fitchette, widely regarded as Mayor Ames' confidential police captain, accused of trafficking in police jobs. The specific allegation is that he accepted a gratuity of \$200

for securing the appointment of a policeman. Detective Charles J. Brackett, accused of being accessory to a felony in that he had guilty foreknowledge of the recent burglary of the Pabst Brewing Company's safe. Detective Fred Malone, accused of having guilty knowledge of the same robbery.

Brackett and Malone are charged with having acted as "look-outs" for the cracksmen. One admits that he furnished \$500 to make good the amount stolen, but he says he gave the money to prevent a friend from getting into trouble.

The case of Capt. N. W. King, charged with being accessory to a felony in receiving money from lawbreakers, resulted in a verdict of guilty. He was released on \$5,000 bail pending an application for a new trial. There will undoubtedly be additional police indictments reported, but they will be for men already on the list. Some of these supplementary indictments will be based upon evidence given before the grand jury by Chris Norbeck. Others who are known to be corrupt may not be indicted, as there is a feeling among some of the grand jurors that the investigation has been pursued far enough thoroughly to expose and remedy police corruption and that further indictments will simply make more expense for the county.



There is some controversy as to the penalty incurred by Detective King. His attorney, Victor Welch, said that as yet he had not had opportunity to inquire deeply into the question of penalty, with regard to which the statutes appear to differ. Mr. Welch is of the opinion that the proper penalty for his client's offense is a jail sentence not to exceed a year. The state holds, on the other hand, that the old law prescribing such a penalty was superseded by the penal code enacted in 1886, which fixes the maximum penalty at five years in the state penitentiary. "It may be," he said, "that we will have no motion to make at that time." The inference from this remark was that if the courts uphold the old law, which provides only for a jail sentence, his client will be content to serve the short jail term rather than attempt an appeal to the supreme

court. If the court holds that the old statute is repealed by implication and sentences the detective to a term in the penitentiary, there will doubtless be such an appeal. The higher court if it should differ in its view of the matter from the trial court would not be likely to grant a new trial because of the error in sentence, but would remand the case for resentencing. For this reason most lawyers who have looked into the matter believe the judge will give King a term at Stillwater.

Capt. N. W. King resigned his office. He was sentenced to three and a half years in the penitentiary. His counsel announced that an appeal would be taken to the supreme court. The grand jury is still at work trying



Irwin A. Gardner. (Sentenced to Six Years at Stillwater for Bribe-Taking.)

ing to ferret out other infractions of the law than those already brought to light. The jury has encountered a serious drawback in the law itself. There was ample evidence, fully corroborated, that saloonkeepers and those contemplating going into the business had been held up for large sums as bribes to secure licenses. In one case, Thomas Lyons, who had lost his license, paid \$300 to an officer who informed him that he could land the license for him for that amount. The money was paid, but the license was not forthcoming.

The grand jury wanted to indict along these lines, but found they could

not do so. The charter does not provide any such thing as a license inspector or any other officer for license duty. An officer is appointed and designated for that purpose, but his duties have nothing to do with the securing of licenses, nor does the duty of any other officer. Hence to take money with a promise to secure a license is no offense, and all that can be done is for the saloonkeeper to sue for his money in a civil action. Because of this law several officers



County Attorney A. J. Smith. (Vigorous in Prosecution of Cases.) Will escape who might otherwise have been indicted and convicted.

Hair Pays the Rent. Never has the demand for woman's hair in Europe been greater than it is now, and men are going from town to town in France, Germany, Switzerland and Russia, buying all they can get. It is even said that one enterprising dealer has sent some agents to China for this purpose.

The finest hair in France is furnished by Brittany, for the Breton women have very luxuriant tresses, which never fail to fetch a high price in London. Most of these women are poor, and are quite willing to sacrifice their hair, especially as they wear bonnets which completely cover their heads, and thus effectually hide them when worn. France furnishes more brown and black hair than any other country, and fair and golden hair is furnished, as a rule, by the women of Germany and the north of Europe. Gray and white hair is always in demand and if of good quality fetches a high price.

A Frenchwoman's hair weighs generally five and a half ounces, an Italian woman's six ounces, and a German woman's nine ounces.

Last of the Senate's Snufftakers. On either side of the United States senate chamber is an ancient snuff-box—one for Republicans and one for Democrats. The boxes are a survival of the old-time habit of snufftaking, which was almost universal in the 18th century among persons of fashion and public men. The habit persisted well through the first half of the 19th century, but during the past fifty years snuff has gone out of style. The senate boxes, however, remain, and it appears they are kept filled. Senator Vest of Missouri, and Senator Harris of Kansas, who formerly used the boxes occasionally, have broken off the habit, and Senator Pettus is now their solitary patron. He is the last of the snufftakers in that historic body at least.

Fine Screws in Watches. The minuteness of some of the screws made in a watch factory may be measured by the statement that it takes nearly 150,000 of a certain kind to weigh a pound. Under the microscope they appear in their true character—perfectly finished bolts. The pivot of the balance wheel is only one two-hundredths of an inch in diameter and the gauge with which pivots are classified measures to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. Each jewel hole into which a pivot fits is about one five-thousandth of an inch larger than the pivot to permit sufficient play.

The finest screw for a small-sized watch has a thread of 260 to the inch and weighs one one-hundredth and thirty thousandths of a pound.

Was Good at Repartee. Rev. Mr. Greene, a preacher at Findley's Lake, Pa., took his congregation to task because the members were not, in his opinion, giving suitable support to church work. The reverend gentleman mentioned by name several of those whom he regarded as at fault, but was injudicious enough to include Editor Boerman among the lot. "Why," said the preacher, "Mr. Boerman only paid a dollar toward my support." The editor man retorted, "It was dear at the price," and Mr. Greene thereupon learned that it is dangerous to monkey with a buzz saw.

Successful Woman Rancher. Miss Fanny Seabride, a Chicago girl who went to Texas as a governess some years ago, has, for the past four years held the position of cattle guard and fence rider for the Big Horseshoe XX Ranch. In addition to a good salary she has received \$1,251 in bounties on the scalps of wild animals she has killed, all of which she has invested in the best breeds of cattle until she now owns over a thousand head, which will form the nucleus for a thoroughly equipped ranch of her own in the near future.

Parisian Artistic Life Attracts American Girls

The American girls who flock to Paris to study art and music, remain faithful to their respective categories even in their physiology. The art girls are always slender, nervous and anemic, while the music girls are ever plump.

And, following the law that to him who hath shall more be given, the future warblers live luxuriously in enviable social prominence, while the art girls are taking rheumatism and lead poisoning, very much alone.



HE IS GOING TO GIVE RECITALS IN LONDON.

In draughty studios, with cold feet and home cooking.

The girl who comes to Paris for the cultivation of her voice has no ideal to fulfill in a grimy Latin Quarter. Her companions are not noisy boys, long-haired, with uncut finger nails, and two-day collars charcoal-smudged, uneducated, arrogant, whose chosen salon is a dance hall, whose intimates are models for the altogether.

The girl art student, even when well off financially, must absolutely have this dear artistic atmosphere, or she feels that she is not making progress. She must live in Bohemia, though not at heart herself Bohemian.



HE HAD A VELVET COAT AND AN IMPERIAL.

I have seen nice girls, reared tenderly, both poet and pine because their prudent mothers, having brought them on to Paris, would not let them roll in Latin Quarter mud; they must go to the studio, receive their lessons and work their accustomed hours, then return home to the smart pension, mother and correct society; wherefore they wailed that they were only amateurs and dwellers on the threshold.

The girl who comes to cultivate her voice has different temptations. Her vocation exacts that she be as dainty as her song. For this kind of girl it is, at first, a pleasure for her mother to come with her to the gay French capital and entertain, go out and profit by her daughter's gift to meet nice people.

Miss Smith, "whose voice is just like Patti's, only two notes higher;" Miss Brown, "who has won a silver medal at the Roodly Institute for declamation," and Mr. Jones, "who is studying for the Paris Grand Op-



DUPONT, THE POET.

era," together with young Dinkelstein, "who is going to give piano recitals in London," and his friend Dupont, the poet, "sing with notes angelical to many a harp their own heroic deeds.

The Latin Quarter influence is all "Bohemian," and, such is the force of a long tradition, these young men would not be happy at their studies were they forced to be clean and sane in dress and deportment. There is no harm in them, but they certainly are "cures."

Now, it is just to these young men that our girl students, coming to the Latin Quarter, must look up; and the thing is inevitable. Such young men become painters; they have made as great a name in "art" as our girls have made in singing; whereas the art girl admits that, as yet, her fellow countrywomen have made few successes in her chosen field.

One day last month I met an art girl living what she calls the true life, after long struggle with her parents. A telegram from Berlin told me: "Look up Miss A. We hear that she is ill."

I took a cab to the address. The girl I knew to be a sister to another, married to a prominent Amer-

ican; both would have fortunes from their family. I was, therefore, scandalized if not surprised to find this well-to-do young creature installed with another like herself in an unsanitary court, up dirty stairs, in a barn-like studio.

They had two hammocks and two folding beds, two tables, two washstands, a cookstove, some chairs and a green-painted bench from a public square. The sick girl was proud of this latter; it had been stolen years ago from its place in the municipal scheme of things by an American student since famous as a great portrait painter.

Pictorial posters lit the walls with color. Half a dozen easels stood about, with pictures finished and unfinished. At one side of the studio a great divan, covered with rich stuff, was littered with innumerable pillows, very pretty; it made the one spot of beauty in the habitation.

In a corner stood a suit of armor. On a table stood a dish of pared potatoes. The sick girl was eating gruel. She coughed cruelly.

"You must at least get a big screen," I said, "and a doctor."

"I would rather have two screens," she answered. "I saw two precious ones in an antiquity shop around the corner. The dealer said they were true Louis XV., and wanted so much for them that I gave them up; we poor art students must content ourselves with bare necessities."

Here was a girl who, living up to an ideal, had caught what might have been pneumonia posing half-nude for three other girls, each taking turn about, to avoid the professional model. Yet one, to my knowledge, is or will be rich, while both the others have comfortable allowances.

They live up to an ideal. They dress poorly and eccentrically. They do some of their own cooking; while for other meals they patronize a students' restaurant, where young Frenchmen smirk and wink behind their backs. They live unhygienically; and the curious thing is that, priestesses of beauty, their present life does not have beauty in it.

One of these girls, only two short years ago, was leading naturally and happily a life of smart self-indulgence with her widowed mother. They had



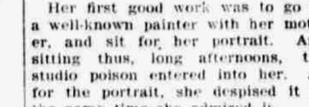
HER COMPANIONS.

three rooms in the best pension of the Lena Quarter. The girl took healthy pleasure in dressmakers, jewelers and hairdressers. She took other girls to tea and was a judge of bonbons. One day at a picture show, it seems, she overheard two young men of fashion sneering at the life led by one of their acquaintances, become an art student. What she heard struck a strange spark of scornful opposition in her. Despising vehemently the fops who so lightly criticized their betters, the girl fell to meditating on her own life, which was idle.

Her first good work was to go to a well-known painter with her mother, and sit for her portrait. And sitting thus, long afternoons, the studio pension entered into her. As for the portrait, she despised it at the same time she admired it.

"There is the portrait of an old girl!" she said. Her fresh and pretty costumes came to be evil things. She went in for drawing lessons and showed talent. Within six months she was drawing in a real academy and coming home to mother and the pension in time for dinner.

Within six months more she had



AS FRESH AND DAINY AS HER SONG.

won a great battle against family opposition and installed herself and a girl friend from the academy in the barn studio where I found her coughing. She had made the great renunciation. She had given herself up to art with a big A.



AS FRESH AND DAINY AS HER SONG.

DEATH LIST LARGE

Friday Spent in Rescue of Imprisoned Miners.

THE RESCUERS NEARLY OVERPOWERED

By Crazy Miners—Every Effort Made to Lessen Loss of Life—More Than 150 Killed in the Death Trap—Other News of Interest.

A Johnstown, Pa., July 11 dispatch states: Today was a day of rescue at the fated Rolling Mill mine of the Calabria Steel company. Thrilling experiences attended the efforts of the forty daring fellows who went down into the mine with the faint hope that they might be in time to restore to life some of the entombed men by bringing them again into the sunlight.

Many dead bodies were found, but they were left in the theater of death until every living person had been rescued. That done, the dead were brought up and exposed to the morbid gaze of the people on the way to the morgue. Eighty-seven dead bodies were recovered from the mine between daylight and nightfall. Occasionally word would come to the surface by some mysterious means that another heap of remains had been exposed to the vision of the searchers, three miles inside the mine. Dangerous headings in the Klondike section yet remain unexplored. Many more dead may be found there.

It is thought that 150 is a low estimate of the casualty list. Johnstown spent the day horror-stricken. From dawn to dusk flying ambulances coursed the streets bearing grewsome burdens from mine to morgue; from morgue to homes. Great throngs surged about the pit mouth, the improvised morgue at the armory and about the homes of the dead. Bullstain boards were eagerly scanned for news from the scene of the disaster. Exaggerated rumors of all kinds prevailed.

It is difficult to picture with any degree approaching its full worth the work of rescue and the attending scenes and incidents of the day at the center of interest.

FALLS DEAD IN A FIT

Young Man at Fremont Found Dead by His Sister.

Lying face downward in a potato patch in the rear of his home on E street, between Third and Fourth, just across from the old frame city hall building at Fremont, Neb., the body of Clayton Mitchell, a young man of twenty-seven years, was discovered by his sister at 10 o'clock Friday morning. From all appearances the corpse had lain there during one whole night and morning. The young man was subject to fits and is believed to have died in one.

Mitchell lived with his mother and two sisters, Misses Hilda and Ruby, at the place mentioned. Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock he brought home some groceries and announced that he was going off to trade his bicycle. A woman who lives in the neighborhood saw him a few minutes later in the vicinity of the livery barn at Third and Broad streets. The time of his return is unknown, but it is thought to have been after dark. A fit must have seized him as he was on his way to the house, and when the body was found it was lying in such a position, as would have made strangulation easy.

MANY BOERS WERE KILLED

Red Cross Figures Place the Casualties at Nearly 5,000.

A Pretoria, Transvaal, July 11, dispatch says: According to an estimate of the Red Cross identity depot, which fulfilled the functions of a casualty bureau for the Boer forces, the total losses of the latter during the war were 3,700 men killed or died of wounds and 32,000 made prisoners of war, of whom 700 died. The Boer forces in the field numbered about 75,000.

Will Study Irrigation

F. H. Newell, chief hydrographer of the geological survey, has gone to the western states to make a preliminary investigation of the irrigation problem. The irrigation law passed by the last session of congress has made it necessary for the survey to determine the location of the reservoirs to be provided for by the law.

Must Be Settled by President

It is understood that the question of the withdrawal of the friars from the Philippine islands could be settled immediately if Washington would accept the oral assurance of the vatican that they will be withdrawn gradually. It is believed in Rome that only President Roosevelt can decide whether such a promise shall be accepted.

Getting Ready to Thrash

The days just passed have given the farmers near Benedict a chance to get into their wheat fields, although the ground is very wet. The machines have been running and the fall wheat, with the exception of low land, is nearly all cut. Thrashing engines are trying to steam up and if the weather holds good the threshers will start next week.

Cardenas Natives Angry

In the opinion of Captain John Conroy, superintendent of the harbor improvement work that is being done at Cardenas, Cuba, by a New York contractor, there will be trouble with the natives of that place within sixty days. The negroes, he says, are dissatisfied with the condition and on the principle that they participated in the fighting, they believe they ought to have offices. "There is a state of great uneasiness in Cardenas," he added. "They have two banks there, with only twenty-four policemen."