THE MEN WHO ARE MAKING THE WEST

Richard H. Little Writing in the Chicago Record-Herald, Gives an Entertaining Story, With an American Tinge to It, of Observations of Chicago Editors Through the West.

Richard H. Little, one of the Chicago newspaper men who toured the West under the auspices of Herbert Vanderhoof, of the "Canada West," has written his first letter for his paper, the Chicago Record-Herald. His story has a distinctly American tinge to it, which is not unnatural since it was written to be read by Americans. In working out the article he uses an Englishman of a type by no means characteristic of the Englishmen who are in the West, and who, as a class, are the equals of any of the newcomers to Canada. Mr. Little's story is interesting. It is as follows:

One hears a great deal in Canada about the American invasion of the Northwest. The Canadians regard the invasion with complacency, the railroads and the land companies with joy and enthusias, but many conservative English persons look upon it with suspicion and mistrust.

He was riding in the smoking compartment of a drawing-room car of the Northern Canadian railroad, pulling hard on a briar pipe. He was unmistakably English. I didn't blame him for that, but the side whiskers were his own fault. He glared at me sternly for a long time until I tried to remember how much I owed him and whether he was the landlord of the flat or the tailor. Finally he exploded with a dull sickening sound.

"You're a yankee, I suppose," he said, "coming to Canada to invest your money, and take it all back again?"

"I have invested a little money since I've been in Canada," I admitted.

"You Yankees are fearfully lucky," said the English person. "I suppose you closed out at a big figure, what?"

"No," I was forced to say, "my investment was unfortunate."

"What," roared the Englishman, "a Yankee lose, what was the matter, did you lose your nerve?"

"No," I had to say, "I lost simply because the three kings and a pair of trays are considered better than a nice pat flush."

"I'm not speaking of pokah," said the English person, "I supposed you one of the horde of Yankees pouring into Canada to get rich and take the money home and spend it."

"Not at all," I protested, "I don't sympathize with the Yankee peril. I'm an Australian myself and studying this subject just as you are."

Terrible Yankee Peril.

This calmed the Englishman. I went on to say that I thought the immigration of Yankees should be checked. This caused applause.

"Right ho," said he with the side whiskers.

Then we settled down to discuss the Yankee peril. Sidewhiskers said it should be stopped at once. I was for going further. I thought they ought to be rounded up and deported. I pointed out that the Yankees hung on to their peculiar customs and traditions and would not shave off their chin whiskers. Also they smuggled in chewing tobacco and taught the young Canadians the awful practice.

"What they're after," said Sidewhiskers, "is to fill the blooming country full of blooming Yankees and then jolly well annex the whole blawsted country."

"Hear, hear," I said. "The yankee must go. A treaty must be made with the United States against the importation of Yankee labor and those now in the country must give up their objectionable customs, chief among which is the firing of cannon crackers and the beating of tom-toms during the American new year, the fourth of July."

"Hear, hear," said Sidewhiskers. "And if the beggars won't stop the influx of Yankee labor we'll jolly well give them a whipping."

"Right ho," I said with great enthusiasm.

A Trooper of the King.

"There's the King's troopers," said the English gentleman, proudly, pointing to a Northwest Mounted Police, who strutted past in his bright red coat, rattling his spurs. We went out to talk to the King's trooper.

"Are there many Yankees coming into this part of the country?" asked Sidewhiskers.

"Sure," said His Majesty's trooper, "the woods are full of 'em. Say, one of you gents got any chewin' tobacco. I can't eat it now, but when I'm patrolling away out in the country I've got a fine chance."

"You associate too much with the Yankees," said Sidewhiskers, "you are adopting their customs."

"Well," said the royal trooper, "I'm from Nebraska myself. Say, is Bill Bryan going to pull through this time? I haven't seen a paper for two days. I'm a Democrat myself, but Bryan makes me tired if he is from Nebraska."

"D'ye see," said the English person, "that's the Yankee cunning, they're even wearing the King's uniform. These are parlous times."

Mayor is Not Alarmed.

As we progressed the confusion of the English gentleman increased. We met the mayor of a big town, who said he didn't believe that Canada was in any danger from the Yankee invasion. "It's hard to say which are the best class of people that come into Western Canada," he said, "the Canadians from the eastern provinces or the farmers from the United States."

"And you call yourself an Englishman," said Sidewhiskers, sternly.

"I never called myself an Englishman," said the mayor. "I call myself a Canadian."

"You are a disgrace to your English ancestors," declared Sidewhiskers, with great heat.

"My English ancestors," said the mayor, proudly, "were Pennsylvania Dutch and my fatherland is Iowa. But I'm a Canadian now, and a good Canadian, too."

Sidewhiskers beat a retreat, but I remained to talk to the mayor.

"That feller's full of prunes," said the mayor, dropping into the dialect of the old country. "Why the people that come in here from the States make as good Canadians as are born anywhere in the Dominion. You see, it's no great change for an American to become a Canadian. The institutions here are the same as in the United States, but possibly a little better in some respects.

Improve on American Example.

"The United States was the first nation to try the experiment of a federal constitution. Canada the second. We think our Canadian constitution is better than that of the United States, because it came later, and we had the American experiment as a guide. We think we are even freer in Canada than we were when citizens of the United States. There is more inbred respect for law and order here than in the United States, such a thing as a mob is unknown, our taxes are light, the opportunities for getting rich are big, and altogether Northwestern Canada is one of the best places to live in the world, and of course I think it the best."

"Do all Americans that come in here make good Canadians?" I wanted to know.

"Sure not," said the mayor. "We've got all kinds of people over in the States, you know. Some of them get over here. There's a mutt out here in the country who says he won't get naturalized because he don't propose to pay taxes to the King of England. He's got an idea that the King sits up nights framing up schemes to get his money away from him. He'll get wise some day and become a good Canadian."

The English personage had now returned to the attack. "Now, sir," he said, "in case of war between Great Britain and the United States will you fight against your former country, sir? Answer me that."

"Sure I'll fight," said the mayor, "but I won't kill anybody but naturalized British Americans. See the idea? We'll have all the naturalized Canadians and English in the United States formed into a separate army corps. Then we'll organize the American Canadians into a separate army corps under the British flag. Then the British Americans and the American Canadians will go over into Montana somewhere and fight it out. How's that for a great scheme?"

The English gentleman was so exasperated that he would take no further part in the discussion.

What the Porter Said.

From Winnipeg we went northwest to Saskatoon over the Canadian Northern Railroad. There was nobody in the private car worth interviewing on the great subject of the American invasion except Sam, the porter.

"Sam, are you a Canadian?" I asked him.

Sam was insulted. "Ah's s'prised yo' ask anybody of my colah ef they're anything but American," said Sam with dignity. "Ah don't want to be no Canadian. Ah want to be jest a American."

"Have you read the newspayer stories about the trouble the colored brother is having in Springfield?" I asked Sam.

"Yes, sah," said Sam, "but Ah'd jest as lief be chased by a ole mob as freeze to daith, Yessah."

"Ever up here in winter, Sam?" I asked the faithful one.

"No, sah," said Sam, "an' Ah hain't never a-goin' to be. Ah est came up yet for th' furst time two months ago, and when that old weather man over at Medicine Hat turns on the snow and ice Ah'm going right back home, where it's nice and wahm."

"Where's your home, Sam?"

"Mah home's in St. Paul, Minnesotah, sah."

Nice and warm in winter time in St. Paul. It all depends on the viewpoint.

Frozen and Didn't Know It.

"What makes you think it's so cold up here, Sam?" I asked.

"Well, sah," said Sam, "that's what ev'rybody down in the Nuited States says. An' all the col' weather is jess natcherely made up yre at Med'cin Hat. Ah know. An' the other potah, whos job Ah got, he says the man that hed this job last year went on a trip up in Alberta an' he kep' a-freezin' an' a-freezin', an' he didn't know, an' he didn't say nothin' 'bout it, but he jess kep' on a-freezin', and never knowed it till one day a man in the car said, 'How comes it get so cold in this yere cah every time that pohtah comes in?' An' another man said, 'Ah know dat pohtah's done froze.' An' sure enough dat pohtah was froze so hard he jess hardly knew nothin', he jess natch'ral ice man, an' dey giv' him a job in dat big fine Alexandriah Hotel in Winnipeg, a holdin' pudding's in his lap an' a-freezn' it to mak' ice cream yes sah."

The Canadian who drove us in his motor car around Saskatoon said it wasn't very cold in winter time in Northwest Canada.

"Sometimes it gets down to 30 below, but it's dry and it's never windy when it's that cold, and, besides, it never stays that way more than two or three days at a time. I came to this country, in fact, to get into a milder climate."

"What part of Greenland did you used to live in?" we asked him.

"Oh, North Dakota was my home," said the citizen of Saskatoon. "I couldn't stand the climate, so I came up here. Wasn't hardly a thing here when I came. I'm one of the oldest inhabitants."

"You don't look very old," I said. "How many years have you been here?"

"Five years," said the 'Fernando Jones' of Saskatoon, proudly. "The town's just about that old."

"Did you better yourself financially coming up?" I wanted to know.

"Well, yes," said the Saskatoon citizen, "and by the way, my name is Wentz—Charlie Wentz. "I didn't have enough money to buy a souvenir postal card to send to the loved ones at home when I landed here, but I'm doing all right. That's my lumber yard over there, and I've got branches in all the little towns around here."

Has the Auto Fever Now.

"Whose automobile is this?" I asked. I had my suspicions, but it was hard to believe. Iknow lots of people that could have bought several dozen souvenir postal cards five years ago and who still have no automobile.

"This is my car," said the enterprising Mr. Wentz, "but I just use it to run around the country on business. I'm going to buy a big touring car next year."

"Well of course," I said, "a man that can own an automobile and a lumber yard in five years ought to be satisfied with the climate."

"Oh, the climate doesn't bother me," said young Mr. Wentz. "A bunch of us here in Saskatoon usually run down to California during the coldest weather, anyhow."

"Did you have the California habit when you resided in North Dakota?" I asked him.

"Well, no," said young Mr. Wentz. "I didn't do much travelling when I lived in North Dakota. If I could save enough money to take my girl to the circus and buy her red lemonade I thought I was doing pretty well. I went to the Philippines once, but that was as a guest of my old Uncle Sam when he had that trouble out there. I belonged to the First North Dakotas. I saved enough money out of my pay for being a hero to bring me up here. And that's all it did, too. When I landed at that station over there I was busted."

Secret of His Success.

"But how did you buy this car, and where did you get that lumber yard, and how do you manage to go to California every winter? That's what we want to know," I insisted.

"Oh," said young Mr. Wentz, "I worked in a lumber yard for a while and learned the game. Then I commenced buying lumber and selling it myself. I made a few little investments in city lots and farm property and got a fellow with lots of money to put his money against my experience and residence and acquaintance here. You see I had been here a long time then, almost two years, and so I got on and established branch yards and bought the automobile and fixed things so I wouldn't have to worry."

"You did pretty well, Mr. Wentz," I volunteered.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Wentz modestly, "I didn't do so rotten, but I haven't done near as well as lots of others. There's Mr. Cairns, driving that car ahead. He was a school teacher in the east somewhere. He came out here three years ago. When he gets back to town I'll show you his store that covers almost a block, and when we get out to Asquith, a little town 25 miles out in the country, you'll see another store he owns. Of course he had a little when he came here, about $400 or $500 I reckon. And then there's my brother-in-law. Say that fellow has got John Pierpont Morgan skinned. He's been here about as long as I have, had about as much to start with, too, I guess, and he's got so much money he can't count it."

"So everybody that comes up here makes big money, do they?" somebody asked.

And Some Went Broke.

"No," said young Mr. Wentz, "not everybody. A man can be just as many kinds of a d—n fool here as he can anywhere else. The fact is," said young Mr. Wentz, and he turned round and spoke impressively. "I've known people to come up here and not do any good for themselves at all."

This was incredible and was received with a murmur of dissent.

"Sfact," said Mr. Wentz. "There's nobody standing around here on the corners to hand you money."

This was very disappointing. We had commenced to watch the corners.

"But there's one thing sure," went on young Mr. Wentz, "this is a big, fertile, pleasant country. It's new. It's the last west there is on this continent today. And the opportunity is here. A man has got fifty times a bigger show here than he has in an old work-out community. Anyhow, that's what I think," and young Mr. Wentz looked lovingly down at his motor car.

"Are you naturalized?" I asked.

"Am I?" said young Mr. Wentz. "You bet your life. You have to be naturalized before you can own homestead land. Americans get naturalized just as quick as they can hop into politics. Americans just naturally take to politics. There's lots of them in the provincial parliaments and holding government offices. I'm a Liberal myself. We had the hottest election out here you ever saw not long ago, and we just cleaned the Conservatives up. People in Toronto and Ontario and in the eastern part of Canada generally are shocked out of their boots at the way we whoop it up at election time out here in Saskatchewan and Alberta provinces. You know what does it? It's the American influence. You know we don't get regular elections every four years like we used to in the States. Only once in a while, when the government goes out.

"So when we do get a chance at an election we sure do go in and stir 'em up. We know how, you see. We didn't live in the United States for nothing."

"How about the Fourth of July?" I asked.

"Say," said young Mr. Wentz, earnestly, "you ought to come up here some time in July. The First of July is the Canadian national holiday and we celebrate that, and then three days later it's the Fourth and we celebrate that just as much as we ever did down in the state, and all the other Canadians, born and naturalized, turn in and help us. It seems funny to see British subjects marching around cheering over the declaration of independence, but it's all right at that. Out of the declaration of independence came the federal constitution, and out of that experiment came the second great free government, founded on just about the same lines—Canada."

We arrived at the city of Asquith, which is one of the older cities of the neighborhood around Saskatoon, having arrived at the mature age of one year. It now has 500 people, several banks and a newspaper, the Asquith Empire.

The editor, Mr. MacLachland, presented himself and I promptly insulted him by supposing that his paper was printed on a hand press.

"A hand press? No, no!" said the indignant editor. "We have a gasoline engine."

Suitable apologies were presented and we walked around Asquith for two hours and watched it grow. We met numerous citizens who had landed there the year before with sums varying from 10 cents to $5 in confederate currency. They showed us their stores and banks and homes. We liked everything, but deplored there were no trees."

"Give us time," said the editor. "We can built hotels and banks and homes and things, but we can't built trees. That's about the only thing around here that takes time to grow."

The Man From Missouri.

We went back to Saskatoon and on the way we passed an ox cart and stopped to talk to the driver. He was a sturdy, looking young man.

"I thought everybody that came up here owned an automobile inside of five years," I complained to young Mr. Wentz, "and that man is driving an ox team."

"Well," said young Mr. Wentz, "he hasn't been here five years. Ask him."

"Have you been in this country five years?" I asked the driver of the ox team.

"No sah," said the driver politely. "I have been up in this country a little over a yeah."

"Do you want to buy an automobile?" I asked trying to look like I owned young Mr. Wentz's machine.

"My oxen are all right," said the stranger. "They're kinder slow, but they certainly git there. What kind of a ottermobile is it?"

"What part of Missouri do you come from?" I asked.

"I'm from Old Pike," said the stranger proudly. "I got a nice piece of land out here about fifty miles. My wheat's goin' to run about forty bushels to the acre, and I'll be driving horses next year. Come out in about three years, mister, and I'll certainly buy an ottermobile, all right."

"Don't you freeze to death in winter?" asked one of our party.

"I hain't yit," said the man from Missouri.

"Wouldn't you like to be back in Old Pike?" I asked him.

"None," said the stranger. "This country looks pretty good to me. Especially when I go out and take a squint at that wheat field of mine. That's the purtiest thing I ever saw."

We left the oxen driver after promising to come out to the flourishing city of Pikeville, which he is going to start in one corner of his farm.

"Make it three years," he said, as he waved good-bye. "I'll meet you at the station with my ottermobile."

Have a Regular Club.

We drove back to Saskatoon, and young Mr. Wentz spoke proudly of its 7,000 population and fine new hotels and took us over to the club. It was a regular club, with three billiard tables and a bar, and a library and a reading-room with every known magazine on the tables.

"We haven't got a club building of our own yet," said young Mr. Wentz, "but come back next year and we'll have one."

We rode that afternoon through the Saskatchewan valley, and men on the train pointed out steam harvesters at work and told us what fields would run thirty bushels to the acre and which ones probably would make over forty bushels.

We arrived at Edmonton the farthest north town in America that can be reached by rail, with great pomp and ceremony. Hackmen were shouting at the depot the names of half a dozen hotels and newsboys and newsgirls were calling the morning papers. There has been a fort at this point for over 100 years, but modern Edmonton is only ten years old. Towns seem to grow in this northwestern country as readily as wheat. A long line of automobiles were waiting at the depot but their owners, who escorted us around, hardly needed to tell us their stories. We knew. Their machines were of a more expensive kind than they had in Saskatoon, and they went to Europe every year instead of California. But Edmonton is ten years old and Saskatoon only five. So naturally.

Tisdale Captures Vancouver Primaries.

Vancouver, Sept. 9—According to the personal of men elected at the primaries for the Conservative convention, Chas. Tisdall, president of the Conservative association will tonight be chosen candidate. The Tisdall people claim they have the convention by 20 votes. The fight has simmered down to one between Tisdall and Geo. Cowan, the latter as representing the Tupper interests.

C.N.R. Engineers Invoke Lemieux Act.

Ottawa, Sept. 9—The locomotive engineers of the Canadian Northern railway system, to the number of 240, have applied to the department of labor for a board of conciliation to deal with their demands for a new schedule of wages and better conditions of work. F. H. Richardson, of Toronto, will represent the company and J. Harvey Hall, the men. The chairman is not yet named.

Spain and France in Accord.

Paris, Sept. 9 —Foreign Minister Pichon announced yesterday that Spain and France had reached complete accord with the Moroccan note and that this communication would be distributed to the powers in a few days.

French Manoeuvres Answer to Germany

Paris, Sept. 9—French army manoeuvers which began Monday in the Touraine district are on the most elaborate scale and seemingly are in answer to the German manoeuvres just across the border.

Another C.P.R. Bridge Burned.

Port Arthur, Ont., Sept. 9—Another bridge on the C.P.R. six miles below that which caused the trouble last week was burned out today. Traffic was tied up for fifteen hours.

Killed in Runaway Accident.

Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 9—Elsie May Walker, aged eight, was killed last night at Lulu Island in a runaway accident.

Fire Destroyed His Crop.

Regina, Sask., Sept. 9—Fire destroyed a portion of the crop of Sebastian Miller, twelve miles south of here. A large amount of hay land was also destroyed in the district and the loss will be heavy. It is alleged the fire was started by a small child playing with matches among inflammable material and it is likely Miller will take action in the courts to recover compensation for his lost crop.

THIS DEATH COMPACT HAS NO PARALLEL

Horrible Story From Omaha—Three People Desire to Die and Strange Combination of Circumstances Prevent Ordinary Methods of Self-Destruction.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 8—Edgar Allen Poe's diseased mind, at its best, or its worst, never wrote or imagined a more horrible story than was told coolly and calmly this afternoon on the witness stand at the inquest into the death of Dr. F. T. Rustin, an Omaha surgeon, who was found dying on his porch one week ago tonight with a bullet through his body.

The story told was of three people all wanting to die, one because of his inability to provide for his wife and children—although one of the brightest surgeons in the west, and further because of his infatuation for a common prostitute; the second, a woman, anxious and willing to die because of her love for the doctor; and the third, a young man wanting to die because of insomnia.

The woman refused to die until after the physician was dead. The physician could not suicide because of clauses in his insurance policies which would prevent his family from receiving the benefits therefrom. The woman would not murder the doctor because of her love for him. The third man, according to the story, just simply wanted poison and was ready to shoot and kill the physician in return for enough drugs to produce death, and after shooting the physician, the man was ready to take the drug and die, and the woman had made preparations to kill herself.

The physician died, the woman and the other man still live, the latter recovering from a dose of a dozen tablets of morphine and a swallow of chloride of gold. The woman was arrested before she could carry out her portion of the compact.

Rustin was the physician Mrs. A. B. Rice the woman and Charles Davis, a wealthy young man is the third of this remarkable trio.

Mrs. Rice took the witness stand this afternoon and told of her relations with Rustin. She coolly told of the compact of how Rustin was murdered of how Davis tried to end his life, and of the fact that only her arrest prevented her from the fulfilment of the self-destruction compact.

Wolsely Rink Burned.

Wolsely, Sask., Sept. 9—The big hockey rink here was burned to the ground this morning. The fire started in the waiting rooms and within twenty-five minutes of starting the whole place was in ashes.

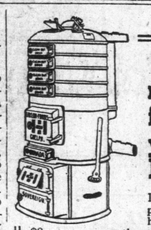
ANOTHER NEGRO LYNCHED.

Summary Justice Meted Out for Dastardly Crime.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 8—A mob hammered its way into the jail at Oxford, Miss., tonight and lynched a negro who assaulted and cut Mrs. McMullen's throat at that place yesterday afternoon. Mrs. McMullen's husband, who was a prisoner in the jail, sent the negro, who was a trusty, to his house with a message to his wife and while there the assault was made. The sheriff abandoned the jail to keep from being forced to give up the prisoner and the mob hammered its way into it. The jail is said to be the strongest in Mississippi, and several hours were consumed in battering down the walls.

Mr. Borden in Liverpool.

Liverpool, N.S., Sept. 8.—R. L. Borden received a favorable hearing in the Opera House here tonight. The Opposition leader was cheered on rising. He immediately plunged into a discussion of the Halifax platform, claiming much of last session's legislation was inspired by the platform. He said he wanted an independent commission to manage the Intercolonial, and declared another necessary reform was the improvement of the postal service and extension to give rural delivery.



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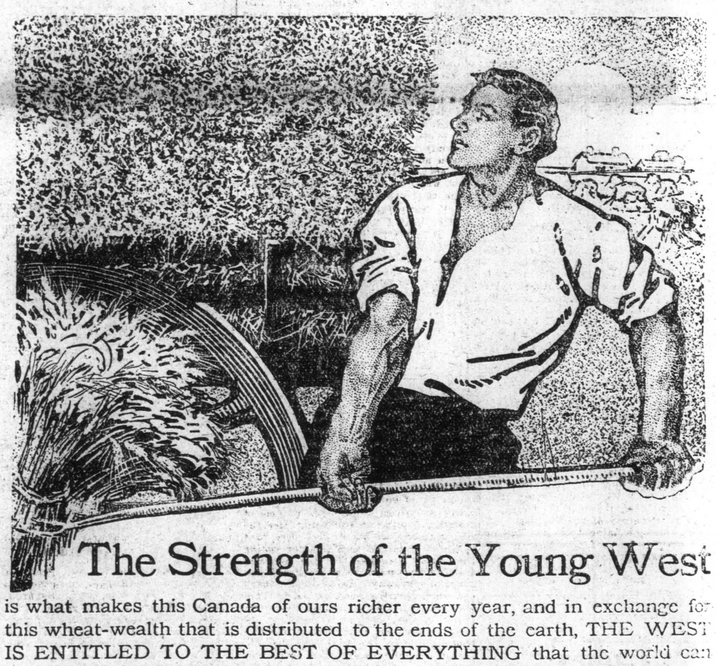

The Strength of the Young West

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PARALLEL OF FE DISASTER IN MI

City of Chisholm Is Wi Forest Fires, Which From the Hills. T Are Homeless—Loss i About Two Million— Under Way.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 7 of acres of agricultural la lions of feet of standing laid waste, one town was several mining locations and at least 10,000 peopl less as the result of forest swept through many dist thern Wisconsin and No nesota Saturday afternoon

Chisholm, Minn., nin north of Duluth was com stroyed. The only buildi is the new $125,000 high s waunk, Minn., 5 miles n Duluth, was surrounded and the outskirts of the burned. Buhl, Minn., 12 of Chisholm, was cut o world by fires, but was shift in the wind. Sev settlements in Douglas c were burned and the forest the northern part of the fire at Bayfield, Wis., dam ings to the extent of $7 fatality is believed to hav May Fisher, a woman at was intoxicated and woul the city, and she is believ perished.

The Retreat a Pitiful S

Hibbing, Minn., Aug. fires swept down upon th Chisholm, four miles from at 6 o'clock, Saturday ev nothing but smouldering r ed its site two hours late treat of the inhabitants was a pitiful spectacle. men and children, fear and tion on their faces, the eyes bloodshot from wee the sickening clouds of sm ed frantically hither and th made stampede for shelter. howled over the tree tops the tongues of flames into th the outskirts were wrapped about six o'clock, Build building fell a prey to the every structure but one, school house, had been leve the fire again jumped into forest and continued on in fury.

Loss Exceeds Two Mill

The total loss is estimat 000,000, with every indicatio figure will be greatly incre mining locations of Shenan a population of 2,000, Hartl population of 1,000, and with a population of 1,000, pletely destroyed. Immedi lowing the destruction of lodge, halls, churches and t of Hibbing were thrown op refugees even while the e this city were themselves p the more valuable of thei with a view to forsaking t city should the flames approa closer. At midnight the guard of the fire was not m a mile distant and the fir had been utterly unable th onslaught at any point. tle later the wind shifted town was saved, for a while The saloons here were order by the mayor, and as a re mass meeting twenty men w in as special policement to k and prevent any attempt a

Duluth Sends Aid.

Calls were sent to Virginia luth for fire-fighers and fire a and special trains were order once by both places. The bridge on the Great Northern here and Chisholm was bu early in the evening, thus off all connection in that di

Word was received early th ing by Governor Johnson tha were making away with go had been saved from the buildings of Chisholm. He ately ordered Company M o regiment M. N. G., stationed bing, to proceed to the ruine

The Progress of the Fla

The sheet of flame from th and cracking forest toyed western outskirts of Chisholm eral minutes late in the a and then, driven by the str wind swept across the city, t ings falling and disappearin it like tender plants before blast of the simoon. The b was quickly destroyed and t business buildings at the w of the main street were soon Within a few minutes every upon both sides of the stre burning and the residence was being ignited. By this ti of the citizens had left the town and they stood on the es to the southwest and watch homes burn.

The scene was awe-inspiring late northern twilight. The seemed to leap up to the sk was overcast with a red glo the endaring colors from a palette had been swept acro heavens with deft and facile Directly over the town hung blanket of smoke that seemed down and shield the burni from the eyes of the hundreds ful watchers who were beating retreat to Hibbing.

Residences go Too.

The residence districts cau soon after the business porti ablaze. Alone on a hill in the ern portion of the town sta new high school, which was erected, at a cost of $125,000 it was the solitary seninel of th and desolation spread before houses within several blocks structure were to be seen and a the flames beat toward it furi survived. As the fire swept the business portion it quick stroyed the first National bank ing, valued at $24,000; the cit $25,000; R. S. O'Neill's hotel. Chisholm Filer plant, $15,000; ence Kevach building, $13,000 & Sons Co building, $12,00 business structures of A. Be John Turjaiwi M. Pessa