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TODAY AND TUESDAY

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In After Years

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The Pursuit of Jane

Good Imp. comedy, featuring Jane Gail.

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NEXT SUNDAY, SEPT. 21st

15 — PEOPLE — 15

Mostly Girls.

THE GLOBE

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
OF WORLD GATHERING

Organization Has Membership of 85,000
Now, Largest Since It Was Formed
Nine Years Ago.

[UNITED PRESS LEARNED WIRE.]
Chicago, Sept. 15.—The eighth annual convention of the Industrial Workers of the World opened here today, with fifty delegates in attendance and excellent prospects for a warm factional fight for control of this militant, revolutionary body.

Delegates from some of the western states hit and broadly that the present secretary, Vincent St. John, who called the convention to order, had been too long in office, and that the organization would benefit by a redistribution of membership on the governing committee. The insurgents planned to make their attack when the convention balloted on the choice of a temporary chairman at the opening session today.

The fight for control, the insurgents declared, was caused by no fundamental

differences of opinion regarding the policies of the I. W. W., but was based solely on the belief that the offices should be rotated. Such a method, they said, would be more satisfactory to the rank and file of the membership and would remove all suspicion that the organization was boss-controlled.

Membership of Band.
George Speed, general organizer for the I. W. W., arrived today to read his report on the work of organization during the last year. Speed's report will show that the I. W. W. now has a membership of 85,000, the largest since it was formed nine years ago. At the first convention a membership of 40,000 was reported, but in the intervening years the number has fluctuated, dropping as low as 25,000.

The convention will be in session for at least ten days. There is no set program and each session will be a round table affair, where any speaker who gains the floor may discuss any subject he sees fit. The strike and free speech agitation in cities of the Pacific coast, the Paterson silk strike, the recent disorders in Minot, N. D., and Seattle, are among the "live" topics to be debated. "Bill" Haywood, Joseph Ettor and other I. W. W. leaders engaged in strike agitation and propaganda work, are here to address the delegates.

EARLY RAILROADS

In the Days When Making a Record Was Quite an Event.

FIRST MILE A MINUTE TRAIN.

This Honor Was Claimed by Two Roads, the Boston and Maine, With the Locomotive Antelope, and the Mohawk and Hudson, With the Davy Crockett.

The first achievements of American railroading are, in the greater number of cases, lost in the obscurity of tradition, and there has sprung up a host of interesting stories that go the rounds like Homeric tales. The honor of having created a record or a custom that is now commonplace has had many claimants in nearly every instance.

Take the first train to run a mile a minute. The Antelope, an engine on the Boston and Maine railroad, according to one of the most cherished of these legends, pulled the first train that made this record. Her run was between Boston and Lawrence, a distance of twenty-six miles, and one day in 1848 she is said to have made her last fourteen miles in thirteen minutes.

But it is just as earnestly upheld that the Davy Crockett of the Mohawk and Hudson railroad has this distinction. The Davy Crockett was the pride of the road in her day. It is said that her engineer, David Matthew, loved her better than he did his family. But she reached the pinnacle of her fame locally when in 1832, sixteen years before the Antelope was heard of, according to this other story, she covered a fourteen mile straightaway level stretch between Albany and Schenectady in thirteen minutes and made one stop for water besides. A letter written by Matthew in that year mentions having done better than a mile a minute with her, on several occasions.

Running an engine at a mile a minute in those days was many times more dangerous than it is now. Three-quarters of a century ago the rails were light strips of iron spiked down to all sorts of ties. There were no ties or fish plates then, and in hot weather especially the sleepers and the rails would warp in the torrid sun and pull apart.

Not infrequently the ends of the light rails would curve upward from the track, forming the much dreaded "snake heads" which were the horror of engineers and passengers alike. Many tales are told of "snake heads" springing up under the jolting train, piercing the flimsy car floors and impaling passengers in their seats. Until a remedy was found for these "snake heads" by using better fastenings and more seasoned ties a large force of men was continually employed to walk the tracks and nail them down.

Broken car wheels were another ever present danger in those remote days. The present standard gauge is said to have been originally established by taking the distance between the wheels of the carts used on English highways. For the same reason, apparently, the first rolling stock was equipped not with solid wheels, but with cast iron models of the wooden wagon wheel, though of smaller diameter. These were not submitted to the drop test that is now universal and were of a dangerously light pattern. The result was that often interior defects in the casting would pass unnoticed until the wheel broke and the train was derailed. It took a bad accident, in which a number of people were killed, so runs the tradition, to bring about the testing of car wheels by tapping them.

Rest time saving in running trains did not begin until 1851. Charles Minot, superintendent of the Erie railroad, was one of those given credit for inaugurating telegraph signals for the handling of trains.

He was in the cab of a passenger train one day, so the story goes. There were no double track railroads in those days, and trains had to lie out on sidings and wait for the train bound in the opposite direction to come along. However long the delay, the train on the siding waited.

On this particular occasion Minot's train took its siding. The operator at the little country station strolled over, remarking that the train in the opposite direction had not stalled on the grade some fifty miles down the line and that it would be two or three hours before she could patch up her leaky fuses and get power enough to climb the hill.

Minot was in a hurry, and he decided to telegraph down the line that the train he was on would not wait at the siding, but would proceed for station agents to watch out for the other train and have it wait on the siding nearest the spot where they would meet. The engineer refused point blank to take any such risk, saying that it was against all railroad law and custom. Minot finally discharged him, put him off the engine and ran the train himself to the end of the division, keeping posted by telegraph at each station. Everything worked out just as he had planned and was so satisfactory that he at once inaugurated a system of signaling all trains on telegraph signals.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

Within oneself must be the source of strength, the basis of consolation.—Marcus Aurelius.

Considering the horrible weather it has many times a year, an astonishingly large number of people live in Chicago.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS FOR THEY BRING RESULTS

RATTLED THE BANDIT.

Curious Experience With a Band of Mexican Cutthroats.

Everybody in Mexico goes about armed. Even the passenger trains on most of the railroads are guarded by detachments of soldiers who ride in special cars, while on every station platform are seen rural guards armed with carbines ready for an emergency. Foreigners have to adapt themselves to the custom of going about armed or else make themselves unfavorably conspicuous in the eyes of the natives. It was a novel experience, however, to see railroad surveyors, when occupied with their peaceful work, armed to the teeth with knives and revolvers. As a matter of fact, arms were rarely required in Mexico as a means of defense. As everywhere else, it is well to remember, however, to keep cool and forget that you are armed in case of a quarrel.

In this connection the principal local engineer of the road had an experience at which he displayed some nerve. He had to make a reconnaissance of a mountain range called the Sierra Gorda, said to be infested with cutthroats. He was warned to let the district alone, but duty prevailed, and he went. When reaching a rancho near the summit at sundown he and his attendant were met by four men whose law breaking propensities required no further introduction than their faces. They took hold of the party's horses, told the engineer and his attendant to dismount and made no effort to conceal the fact that they were there for business.

The engineer complied smilingly, and, going up to the leader, mystified that individual by asking him to step aside. "I am told that it is unsafe to travel in these mountains," he whispered, "will you not therefore oblige me by taking care of my property and allow us to remain under your roof until morning." With that he handed over his watch, money and other things, and the astonished thief, who was probably for the first time in his life treated to the novelty of being trusted, not only let the engineer have the best in his house, but handed him back his property in the morning and furnished him with two cutthroats to serve as an escort during the rest of his journey.—Max T. Schmidt in Engineering Magazine.

CAPTURING ZANZIBAR.

Serie Comic Battle That Deposed the Gay Sultan.

Zanzibar reminds every visitor of the towns described in "The Arabian Nights." It is a typical Arabian town, and there seems to be a mystery and a romance behind every door. The town was ruled for hundreds of years by a sultan until the English took charge.

There is still a sultan, who receives a salary from the English government, but some day he will be deposed, and there will be no further pretense of a sultan having anything to do with the government. The old palace of the sultan—an ugly affair, which looks like a boarding house—is used for offices by the British. Near the palace is the harem, now deserted, since the present sultan has but one wife.

The sultan, who had trouble with the English, was educated in England and spent much of his time and all of his revenues in Paris. One day an English gunboat sailed into the harbor, and the captain told the gay sultan that he had been ousted. The sultan resented the high handed proceeding and sent word to the defenders of his dignity to sink the English gunboat and put the insolent captain in the dungeon.

There was an old fort near the palace, on the walls of which were mounted a few rusty cannon. The defenders of the sultan tried to fire these at the English gunboat, but they burst, one by one, and almost wiped out the sultan's defensive force. The captain of the English gunboat then began dropping shells into the palace and, with one solid shot, sank the sultan's navy—a small vessel which carried four guns.—F. W. Howe in Howe's Monthly.

Going Astray at Sea.

It is no easy matter to keep a modern steamship on a straight course. The helmsman steers by the compass, and while a single degree of deviation appears very small on the compass card it would, if continued, carry a fast steamship four miles out of her course in a single day's run. Yet the compass gives the course more accurately than the ship can be steered. Owing to the deflecting power of the waves and the rolling of the ship, the course is continually shifted a little this way and that despite the helmsman's Weekly.

A Philosopher's Purpose.

"I am looking for an honest man," said Diogenes.
"What do you want with one?"
"Oh, nothing in particular! My real philanthropic purpose is to show the world how to conduct a long and resultless investigation with as little expense as possible."—Washington Star.

Suggestive.

Percy—I wish to buy some paper. I am bashful and am going to propose to a young lady by letter. Clerk—This is a stationery store. I guess you're looking for a hardware store. Percy—A hardware store? Clerk—Yes; you need sandpaper.—Judge.

Cause and Effect.

"Walter, this coffee is nothing but thick, liquid mud."
"Yes, sir; certainly, sir! It was ground this morning!"—London Advertiser.

Some men get a great deal more money than they earn or anywise deserve. There's Charles S. Mellen, for instance.

Slander is flattery turned wrong side out.

GRASS LINED BOOTS.

They Are Worn by the Nomadic Lapps, Who Never Get Cold Feet.

While civilized man suffers intensely from cold feet every winter, the Lapplander, living in the far north of Europe, has no such trouble. A traveler writes: "Their boots are made of reindeer skin and are worn very large, and the toes are pointed and curve upward so as to be easily slipped into their skis. The Lapp usually fills his boots half full with a peculiar green grass, into which he thrusts his naked feet. He then packs the boots full with more grass, tucks the ends of his trousers inside and binds them tightly round with many turns of a brightly woven braid. With these precautions they never suffer from cold feet, and chilblains, corns or such like civilized complaints are an unknown horror to them."

Concerning other customs the same writer says: "The Lapps are essentially a nomadic race and spend most of their lives wandering fancy free among the wild and glorious scenery of their northern home. However, at times no doubt the stillness of the frozen mountains becomes too still, and they turn their herds and start toward their nearest meeting place. Twice a year they hold these general gatherings—at Easter and midsummer—when they congregate and hold a general fair. It is on these occasions that they celebrate their weddings and funerals. The revelries last only about ten days, but many marriages take place between couples who perhaps have never met previously.

"As soon as a Lapp can afford to buy enough reindeer for himself he leaves the parental tent, takes a wife and roams away wherever his heart or reindeer dictates. There are no social distinctions in Lapland. Should a man have no reindeer or possibly have lost what he had he travels with a rich man and helps him tend the herd, but he lives and feels with them in the same tent and is quite on a social equality until he can afford to start off with his own herd."—Chicago News.

TURKISH VENGEANCE.

It's a Perilous Matter to Endanger the Life of a Sultan.

Within two weeks after the assassination of Mahmud Shekiet Pasha, the grand vizier of Turkey, thirty-two men were put to death for taking part in the conspiracy. According to Turkish custom handed down from the time of Mohammed, there is no limit as to the number of lives that may be taken as a penalty for the murder of one man. Even those interested in the remotest degree are liable to the sultan's vengeance. It is not so much the number of the ruler of Turkey is authorized to put out of the way, but rather where the line is to be drawn.

The Turks have a story of one of the earlier successors of Mohammed whose life was only endangered because of a rock falling down a declivity near which the sultan was riding with his retinue. Half a dozen of those in charge of the trip were put to death as an ordinary matter of course, then half a dozen more who might have remotely known something about the facilities afforded by the road for killing the sultan. Finally all the members of a secret club or lodge were ordered executed because it was ascertained that one of the responses to a password was "Will you roll down the stone?"

Despite the protestations of the club members that the words had no significance at all with respect to the sultan or the sultan's trip along the road, they were ordered to the scaffold. They numbered 118 in all and died bravely, assuring their executioners to the very last that they were innocent. Later a eunuch who told how the falling of the rock was merely an accident was also put to death for daring to say so.—New York Sun.

Killed by Light.

Those who have studied the strange inhabitants of the Mammoth cave in Kentucky say that the celebrated blind fish from that cavern when placed in illuminated aquaria seek out the darkest places, and it is believed that light is directly fatal to them, for they soon die if kept in a brightly lighted tank. The avoidance of light seems to be a general characteristic of the sightless creatures dwelling in the great cave.

Starting Something.

"While you are in asking papa for my hand in marriage, Philip, I'll be playing something lively on the piano," said the sweet young thing.
"No, I wouldn't do that, Jessica," replied the young man. "You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sometimes They Are Wrong.

"A woman never admits that she was wrong."
"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Meekton. "A number of them seem particularly anxious to prove that they showed pretty poor judgment in selecting husbands."—Washington Star.

Enough to Make Him Rave.

"What is the editor of the health hints department raving about?"
"A rich woman writes that she gives private moving picture shows in her home, and she wants to know if they will injure her poodle's eyes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Its Limitations.

A sweet disposition is a great institution as a general thing, although of little assistance in driving moles.—Aitchison Globe.

The person who accomplishes most does not waste time and effort in striving for the unattainable or utterly impracticable.

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