

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.

# GALVESTON SIX WEEKS AFTER THE STORM

Red Cross Work in Various Channels—What it is to be "Mistress of the Robes" in Distributing Relief—Articles, Useful and Otherwise, Which the Good People of the United States are Sending—"Oes True Tales" Graphically Told.

Special Correspondence.  
Galveston, Texas, Oct. 22.—An impression seems to be gaining here that Galveston's greatest misfortune is over and that her wants have been fully supplied. During the last week several small donations have come to the Red Cross, accompanied by apologies from the donors for the lateness of the gift and expressing a hope that opportunity for its use has not entirely passed by. The truth is that conditions were never so urgently needful as now, when the storm-survivors are beginning to realize their losses and to take up the business of life. So far, donations have been sent in the form of clothing and it is high time that a halt was called in this miscellaneous form of charity. From every city, town and cross-roads hamlet in the United States, clothes have poured in upon us, by ship-loads and train-loads. Most of the garments were the best of the kind, long ago, many are entirely out-worn, and some are so shabby that the distributors are fain to handle them with gloves, at arm's length. Perhaps even these produce in the breasts of the givers that comfortable feeling of having "lent to the Lord," but remembering that the ladies and gentlemen for whom they are designed lately had homes and belongings as good as anybody's, the professor in his affliction of clothes which a lack of their affliction would disclaim, is insulting, at the least. A few merchants have contributed new goods—mostly shop-worn and out of fashion, but still usable and may heaven bless them, every one for the worthy charity, even he who sent a whole box of beautiful new shoes all for the left foot, (probably drummer's samples), as there really are a few one-legged folk in Galveston. One from New Jersey—I would be unkind to tell you the town. Fortunately it was not very large, containing a dozen or so pairs of workmen's trousers, plastered with mud, paint and grease, filthy and odoriferous flannel shirts, female undergarments ragged and dirty and woolen dresses fairly

from the ravages of moths. Of course it would never do to offer these to anybody, nor even to contaminate better things by putting them in juxtaposition. What we do with such useless articles is a well-kept secret, but perhaps at this late hour I may whisper it in your ear. The natural impulse is to pitch such things out of the rear window and afterwards to make a bonfire of the whole business. But that would be bad policy, as false stories would be sure to get abroad concerning our "wicked waste of good material." So we adopt the same plan which that wise woman, Miss Barton, originated years ago and has practiced successfully on various fields, viz., all worthless articles are carefully put into neat barrels, which are rolled outside toward evening and apparently forgotten. And every morning the barrels are found empty—the very last dirty rag of cloth, which the poorest plantation negro would refuse to accept as a gift! The office which we facetiously term "Mistress of the Robes"—that is, chief of the clothes distributing department—is no shrine. For a time it devolved upon the undersigned, until too much heat and blood could no longer endure the strain and a fortunate collapse relieved her from its onerous duties. During that first fortnight, in Galveston the knowledge that I gained of human nature, noble and ignoble, would fill volumes. From early morning, till darkness rendered these turn-up, unlighted streets well nigh impassable, a crowd of poor humanity surged around the warehouse doors; and, as always, the strongest, if not the least deserving, pushed and elbowed their way to the front. To have given them the entrance would have meant chaos and utter suspension of business; so windows and doors were barred, and able-bodied policemen on guard were instructed to admit only a given number at a time. From a convenient loop-

## MONSTER COAL STRIKE'S CONCLUDING FEATURES.

Principal Persons and Places and Most Conspicuous Types Concerned With the Close of Pennsylvania's Mammoth Wage War.



Breaker Boys Back at the Mines. Miner's Children Get Food and Clothes. Once More the Miner's Happy Home. Again. Paramount in the news, next to the campaign, is the conclusion of the mighty struggle between the operators and coal miners of the Keystone State. This brilliant half-ton shows the most conspicuous pictorial features of the great event. Prominent in the center of the cut is President Alexander J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, the chief constituent of the coal trust; it is to President Cassatt that the yielding of the operators largely is due.

## KRUGER SEEKS EUROPE'S AID FOR BOERS.

Former President of the Transvaal Republic Will Visit These Crowded Heads. Now Speeding on the Gelderland to Marseilles.



President Paul Kruger, the Grand Old Man of South Africa, whose long and gallant struggle against Britain's overwhelming numbers aroused the admiration of the world, is hurry from Lorenzo Marques to Marseilles on the steamship Gelderland to begin his tour of Europe's courts in behalf of his compatriots. He will interview Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, Emperor Franz Josef of Austria and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Miss Gonne is on her way to the French seaport, where she will direct the demonstration in honor of Oom Paul.

The inmates of the Dunning poor house and insane asylum, near Chicago, raised eighty-four dollars among themselves toward Galveston's relief. Thirty of the poor old alms house pensioners formed a relief society and gave up their only luxuries, tea and tobacco, to swell the fund. Truly, in heaven's reckoning, these acts of self-denial on the part of the lowly and afflicted may count for as much as the \$30,000 raised by the great, rich city of Chicago. Even the poor, forgotten negroes of the Carolina and islands, to whose assistance the Red Cross went after their great flood, few years ago, have raised among themselves \$168, an astonishing amount considering their abject poverty. Miss Barton considers that it would be the proper and graceful thing to turn the money over to a reliable committee of Texas colored people, to be used for the benefit of flood sufferers of that race alone. Some of the most extensive donations of food, money and clothing have come from Johnston, Pa. Immediately following the first appeal for help, Johnston began shipping things in surprising quantities to Galveston's aid. A sense of gratitude for help rendered to them in similar but smaller disaster has no doubt prompted the noble liberality of its citizens. The havoc wrought by the storm in Galveston was much larger in loss of life and property than at Johnston, but the donations in money, thus far, have aggregated one-third less for both cities and the mainland than was given at Johnston. An old lady living at Centralia in the State of Washington, writes to Miss Barton that she is 62 years of age, has raised eight children of her own and one adopted child. These are all married and doing well, and now she wants to adopt four children from the flood sufferers' district. She says she has a good farm of 150 acres, with plenty to eat and comfortable clothing; offers to give references and all that sort of thing, and as a guarantee of good faith sent \$20 to the Red Cross orphanage. She wants two boys and two girls, the latter between two and six years of age, the former somewhat older. Yesterday a little pencilled note, in a child's immature handwriting, was found in a well kept book of fairy tales, enclosed in a box of children's clothing. It said: "Auntie Station, N. Y. Dear Red Cross children, I will send you one of my nice Christmas books, and we are so sorry for you. Mamma has told us all about the flood and how so many of the poor people were drowned. Whoever gets this book may write a letter to Robert Tompkins." Many pathetic things happened in the shoe department of the Red Cross warehouse. The other day a big, burly, middle aged policeman came to get a pair of No. 9 boots. After he had been fitted by the gentleman in charge, he was asked if he didn't want some shoes for his family. Dead silence for a moment—and then a flood of tears and sobs that shook the man's great frame was the only answer. "They are gone," he finally said, and then it came out that he was one of the three policemen whose entire families on the night of the storm, while they were attending to duty, helping to save other people's families. This man had a wife, four pretty children and a happy, prosperous home; and not a trace of any of them has been found. What is there about the heart of a parent more than any other article of infant apparel? Many a mother keeps among her choicest treasures a pair of tiny shoes over which she sheds tears of sorrow for the little feet that once pressed them. She does not weep over the coat or dress; but the shoes more than anything else bring to mind the wee bit of humanity that for a little time toddled about the house, pattering up stairs and down, out doors and in. Many a mother has been driven to her arms on that cruel night of storm has given way to her grief at sight of the little shoes in the Red Cross warehouse, and our tears have fallen with hers. Among the varied contributions that are constantly arriving, came yesterday a large consignment of men's hats, from the National Mitten's men; also a quantity of mackintoshes and over-shoes from a New Jersey India-rubber manufactory. The same day we received two car-loads of disinfectants, including 21 barrels of carbolic acid, 31 barrels of copperas and 5,000 pounds of

## SPEEDING OUR SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES FROM CHINA.

War and Navy Departments' Wonderful Work in Handling the Troops and Transports Excites International Admiration.



Genetals of all nations express high praise of our war department's splendid grasp of the transportation situation in the Far East. Under the skillful direction of Hon. Elihu Root, the brave boys in blue are moving rapidly from Peking to the coast, thence to Manila, whence they will be forwarded home in time to eat their Christmas dinner in their own country. This half-ton shows the many and varied scenes connected with the exodus from the Land of the Headquaters. Exclusive information from Assistant Adjutant General George Andrews, of the war department, is that headquarters and companies E, F, G, H, I, K, L and M, of the Fourteenth Infantry; headquarters and companies A, B, C, and D, of the Fifteenth Infantry; Batteries A, D, I and O, of the Third artillery, and headquarters and troops A, B, C and D, of the Sixth cavalry, will be returned via the Philippines. Headquarters and companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L and M, of the Ninth Infantry; Troops I, K, L and M, of the Sixth cavalry, and Light Battery F, of the Fifth artillery, will remain at Peking as a legion guard. Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the navy, comes in for an equal share of commendation for his able management of the transports. Under his exclusive direction, a half regiment of marines is returning on the cruiser Brooklyn, which left China October 8th, and another half regiment on the battleship Indiana, which sailed for home two days later. Contrasted with the clumsy transportation of troops to and from South Africa, which has made Great Britain's military and naval authorities ridiculous in the eyes of the world, the excellence of our own war and navy departments gains additional luster and more conspicuous emphasis.

## DIED "UNKNOWN AND UNSUNG"

Unwritten Epitaph Suggested for the Tomb of Millionaire Rice, Whose Murder Has Caused an Immense Sensation—How the Foundation for His Great Fortune Was Made.

William M. Rice, whose death in New York, because of the peculiar and mysterious circumstances surrounding it, has caused such a sensation, came to Texas in 1839 or thereabouts. In those days Texas was a somewhat wild place. The veneer of civilization appeared only in spots. It was the home of many honest and sturdy people. It was also an asylum for many people who had shaken the dust of their native States from their shoes and under circumstances that would not bear investigation, says the New York Herald. If a man had the misfortune to kill another man in New York, or Kentucky, or Tennessee in those times he generally changed his name and emigrated to Texas. Rice, who was then known as "Billy" Rice, drifted into the then young community of Houston, and when Krump & Tully now run a shoe store he opened a grocery. He dispensed the best liquor there was sold, and upstairs he conducted a faro game with poker and roulette trimmings. He soon saved enough money to enable him to embark in a more respectable business. In fact, many of the present millionaires of Houston, or their fathers, were a great deal like Rice. They were of the earth and very earthy. They peddled spectacles; they peddled buns and sold shoes, and were not at all particular what they did as long as they made money. The "Billy" Rice turned up the faro box, sold the layout and began his career as a merchant there was no shrewd. der man in Texas. Buying cotton and selling groceries, dry goods, whisky, etc., he soon accumulated a good-sized fortune. He ran a general store, in which everything was sold, including "red liquor." It was the latter item chiefly that made the place popular with the cowboys, as always willing to accommodate them, as many found out to their sorrow. He took mortgages on houses and on land; in fact he was the pioneer pawnbroker, and as cowboys as any ever portrayed. It was an eye for an eye with him, and somehow or other he always came out ahead in any financial transaction he got into. When the civil war broke out Rice did not go with the State, nor did he go with the Union. He junked away to Mexico, and there he bought blockaded cotton and sent it to Europe, making fully \$1,000,000. When the war closed he came back to Texas and began a general store business. He joined the projectors of the Houston & Texas Central railroad, and went to New York and attended to the financing of the enterprise, to his great financial benefit. Everything he touched turned to gold. He became a power financially, and he could make or break a bank. About the year 1885 his brother, F. A. Rice, was president of the Houston savings bank. This bank owed him \$40,000, and he closed down on his own brother, crushing him like an egg shell, and made many a home feel the effects of his selfishness. He was the first Texas millionaire to die who is absolutely "unknown and unsung." There is none so poor here as to do him reverence.

## HORSE THIEF QUEEN IN JAIL.

A Wichita, Kansas, dispatch says: Dora Cox, the horse thief queen, is in jail at Tecumseh, Oklahoma Territory.

This is the tenth time she has been arrested. She has stolen over 500 head of horses by actual criminal records and has disposed of them all. She has a dozen different names and half a dozen different homes. She was born in a good family. She was pretty and bright as a dollar. When she was 17 years old she ran away from home. All efforts to trace her were unavailing and her friends thought she had committed suicide or had been murdered. But what she really had done was to run away with a band of horse thieves. Ever since that time she has been a horse thief herself. In the last few years she has made herself the head of a band of desperate ruffians, who have been the terror of the border country. She dresses part of the time in boy's clothes and she will not stop at burglary or highway robbery. The thefts of horses in this section have been so numerous of late that the stockmen and farmers have formed an anti-horse thief association which has resulted in the arrest of Dora Cox. She will be tried soon and the stock men believe that a long term conviction for her will break up the most daring and harassing band of horse thieves ever known in the stock country. Dora Cox is about 30 years old now. She is a little slender woman with soft chestnut hair and a pair of big, innocent blue eyes that look as mild and sweet tempered as a child's. She can ride like an Indian and shoot like Buffalo Bill.

## GRANDMA'S PICTURE.

Some time ago when Prince Henry of Prussia, who is all known, is the grandson of Queen Victoria, was at Hongkong, the captain of a British trading steamer sailing out of that port was walking around the graving dock in which the prince's flagship was being brushed up, when he saw an officer standing near the gangway leading from the quay to the ship, and being curious to have a look over the vessel, he saluted with a "Good morning, sir," and asked if he had any objection to his having a walk through the ship. "Not at all," replied the officer. "I shall be delighted to escort you round."

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