

BOASTING THE MAJOR

Enthusiastic Meeting of E. A. Mintooth's Friends TO URGE HIS CANDIDACY

For the Governorship of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

A PLAIN LETTER FROM DALZELL

Manufacturers and mechanics, professional men, publicists and politicians, merchants and millionaires crowded and crunched into Common Council Chamber last evening, overflowed into the reception room and Select County Chamber, filled the stairways and eddied and surged across the rotunda and clear out upon Smithfield street.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the Young Men's Republican Club marched in front of the club was carried the banner raised at Harrisburg immediately after the State convention of 1886, bearing the inscription, "Major E. A. Mintooth for Governor in 1890, and Allegheny county good for 20,000 majority."

FORCED TO BE A CANDIDATE

The meeting was called to order by Captain C. W. Batcher, who said he never saw a man so unanimously adored as Major E. A. Mintooth. The Major, he said, was a candidate because it was forced on him four years ago when he allowed his name to go before the convention at Harrisburg for Lieutenant Governor, and he is now a candidate because he is now in the favor and the pledges then given to his friends. Further, he said, why should not this demand be made for Allegheny county. It has been made for Pennsylvania for 34 or 36 years and has never yet received any State office, except a Supreme Court Justiceship.

Captain Batcher called on Mayor Gourley, Chairman of the Committee on Organization, for a report. The Mayor on behalf of the committee presented the name of James B. Scott for President of the meeting and a list of Vice Presidents as published yesterday morning.

M. R. Scott was introduced to the meeting as the Mayor's guest and said that the demonstration was a materialization of the sentiment of this community that Western Pennsylvania means business.

A Ten-Years' Struggle of a Professional Man to Obtain Employment.

He was dusty and tired-looking when he entered the Central station last night in search of a lodging. His clothing was soiled and torn and it would be base flattery to say he had a disreputable appearance. He bowed humbly and yet with an air of dignity to Inspector McAleese as he made his way to his room.

HE GOT A JOB AT LAST.

When Mr. Marshall had read the resolutions, he said he had no word of condemnation for the other candidates, but what other candidate can present his claim with 20,000 addresses behind him? He said he would not take a man without a spot on his knee, so that when they entered the field their hosts would have to defend their leader.

Mayor Gourley at this point read the following communication from Hon. John Dalzell:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17, 1908.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 15th instant. In answer to your letter I am cheerfully responding to you and that any citizen can receive toward securing this nomination will be returned to you. I am sure that you will find Major Mintooth (Governor of Pennsylvania), his election would already be secured.

A PROVERBIAL MAN.

I would follow it with enthusiasm under it every Republican in Pennsylvania, young and old, man full time. He illustrates the position of the man who is not only a candidate but also a voter. There is no man in this town whose name is so familiar to every citizen as that of Major Mintooth. He is a man of high character and his name is a guarantee of high character and his name is a guarantee of high character.

NOTHING CAN YET BE DONE

Toward Settling Up the Various Shoenberger-Brown Disputes.

Mrs. J. M. Shoenberger is still in town. Yesterday she had an interview with General Fitzgibbon, executor of her late husband's estate. She was told that the estate would be settled in the next few days.

SAVE OLD WESTMORELAND.

This was followed by a communication from Mr. A. D. Borer, of the firm of A. D. Borer & Son, in which he says: "I am for Mintooth because he is not only the peer of any man, but because he is the choice of the masses, and the people are all in favor of him."

General A. L. Pearson spoke against the brass band playing in the next room, and referred to Major Mintooth's services for the Republican party since boyhood and his gallantry as a soldier. Furthermore, it was time Allegheny county recognized him.

Major A. M. Brown also eulogized Major Mintooth, speaking of him as the ablest, parent and best man that could be selected for the office. His manliness, fitness, great ability, unswerving purity and unparalleled popularity presaged victory if nominated.

The Rev. Colonel Danks spoke of Major Mintooth's bravery as a soldier and his fine position as a citizen. He said that the meeting with the song "Columbia's Sons Are Free."

THE CURTAIN DROPS

On the Second Act of McKeesport's Great Romance of Crime.

MYERS TO BE TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

He Breaks Down During the Inquest and Calls for Water.

MISS JONES ADDS A THRILLING CHAPTER

The curtain rose again yesterday on the romance of tragedy at McKeesport, and another scene of that drama in real life was enacted. The whole population of the city were anxious spectators. It seemed as if every person who possibly could get there was out on the streets.

The inquest held by Coroner McDowell, while it did not bring out all the testimony, shed sufficient light to enable the jury to hold James Edward Myers for court, on a charge of murdering his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Douglas. The desperate attempt made by the defense to get the young man out of the clutches of the law were evidenced by missing witnesses; one had changed her statement since the day before, while still another was so scared that she feared even to return home.

THE PRISONER, though calm and dignified, broke down once, when the clothes of his dead aunt, with the telltale bullet holes in them were shown in evidence. He then asked for a glass of water, and was much overcome. At other times his face twitched and his hands trembled, some times he was made that argued against his innocence he would grind his teeth hard together, until the veins stood out on his forehead.

THE INQUEST BEGINS.

At 2:30 the inquest opened in the McKeesport town hall. Coroner Heber McDowell sat as judge. On his right was the prisoner, in charge of Coroner Heber McDowell. On the left were the jurors, and the auditorium was crowded with witnesses and some of the immediate friends of the accused young man. The people would have crowded in, but were held back by the police. Though shut out, they remained in a body in front of the town hall, and waited for the inquest to begin.

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A PLOT FOR A PLAY.

Dramatic Reunion of Two Brothers Who Hadn't Met for 28 Years.

BROUGHT ABOUT BY A BLOTTER.

A Remarkable Scene Witnessed in the Postoffice Yesterday.

THE EVENT NOW BEING CELEBRATED

The postoffice corridor has witnessed many a curious scene, but none stranger than one which was yesterday enacted within its walls.

Most G. A. R. men and many civilians know George T. Luttrell, of Allegheny. Although born in Raleigh, S. C., Mr. Luttrell followed the fortunes of the North during the war and was and last his right arm on the field of Antietam. He now resides in the West End, well-known grocer, and being in comfortable circumstances is enabled to spend his later days peacefully.

Yesterday afternoon the stalwart veteran strolled into the postoffice, which happened to be full of clerks. He picked up a note, with his remaining arm, at one of the desks. While thus engaged, he noticed behind him a tall, swarthy man, whose long hair and beard were graying. He saw something of a Southern air. This person seemed very anxious to succeed Mr. Luttrell at the desk, all the other places being taken up.

MEET AFTER MANY YEARS.

When the old soldier had carefully blotted, enveloped and directed his letter, he turned away. Then the man with the big hair squared up at the desk. Scarcely had he done so when the old soldier turned round and saw the departing veteran a mighty thump on the shoulders.

"I reckon your name's Luttrell?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Luttrell looked at the exultant speaker for a moment, and then, with a reminiscence of his boyhood's home, answered, "I reckon it is."

"So," said the stranger, "and blank blank it, I thought I was the only one of the name left in America."

He then took a card from his pocket and presented it to his new acquaintance. The card read:

ALAN C. LUTTRELL, Birmingham, Ala.

Now it was Mr. George Luttrell's turn to cry out, "Alan Luttrell!" he cried. "That was the name of my father and brother. I was born in Raleigh, N. C. My God! the Southerner exclaimed. "Were you born in South Carolina?"

Of course, the old soldier was born there, and of course this was his brother, whom he had not seen for 28 years. He was a happy home in Raleigh, and set them on different sides of the great rift.

A DRAMATIC CLIMAX.

It was like the windup of a melodrama to see the two old fellows shake hands and call each other brother once again. They kept on the hand shaking as long that spectators got interested, and then, in stentorian tones, the Southerner told the story of the years since they parted.

"I never saw him since before the war, sir," he said, "until this blanked bit of blotting paper—here he held up the paper—was written on it. I thought I'd keep that paper till I die."

At the end of the boys trotted out to celebrate the great event in a stiff jorum.

MARY DORNHUF'S SAD STORY.

Ill-Treated by Her Father, She Runs Away From Home and Finds Work—He Takes Her Wage—She Fights at Sight of Officer.

A peculiar case was brought up before Alderman Kerr, of the Fifteenth ward, yesterday by Superintendent M. J. Dean, of the Anti-Cruelty Society, who made an information charging Mrs. Metz, of Thirtieth street, with harboring a child in her home contrary to law. The information set forth that Mrs. Metz had taken charge of a young girl, the daughter of Mary Dornhuf, aged 14 years, who has been at Mrs. Metz's home for about three weeks.

After making the information Mr. Dean said he was unwilling to part with the girl and to arrest Mrs. Metz. When they reached the house and informed Mrs. Metz and her mother, they were told that the girl was not at home and was only brought to her by a neighbor.

She then said she was afraid they had come to get her. She said she had been at Mrs. Metz's home for about three weeks. She said she had been at Mrs. Metz's home for about three weeks. She said she had been at Mrs. Metz's home for about three weeks.

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OLD MAN'S STORY.

He Is Homeless, but Says He Has Been a Victim of Fraud.

Francis Quinn, an aged and homeless wanderer, was sent to the Poor Farm yesterday by the Department of Charities. He is 75 years old, and says that he has a son, John Quinn, an iron worker, living on Main street, Seventeenth ward, but a very thorough search by the Charities Department failed to locate him.

The old man's mind is not quite clear, and very little information could be gotten from him. He first came to Chief Elliott's office several weeks ago and told the same story of his misadventure. He said that he had been looking for the old man when he was arrested and committed to jail as a vagrant, a punishment that has been inflicted on him several times since that time.

Quinn states that some years ago he owned property in Mulberry alley, which was placed in the hands of an attorney for sale. The property was disposed of, but Quinn says that when affairs were closed up he had neither property nor money value.

STUCK BY A BOOK.

A Number of New Dwellings Going Up in the Seventeenth Ward.

A building boom seems to have struck the Seventeenth ward yesterday, permits for 17 new dwellings were issued by the Building Inspector, C. G. Madigan. He built 14 two-story brick, each \$2,000 each, on Plummer street, seven on each side; William Whyte will erect a two-story brick to cost \$2,400 on Forty-third street; J. M. West a three-story brick to cost \$3,000, on Forty-third street, and W. F. Klopfer a two-story brick to cost \$4,200, on Main street.

W. J. Zahniser has the contracts for all of these buildings.

H. O. Chausser took out a permit for a two-story brick dwelling to cost \$2,000, at the head of North Thirteenth street.

IT WILL BE A BIG EXCURSION.

American Mechanics Preparing to Go to Chicago in June.

A meeting of American Mechanics interested in the trip to the National Council in Chicago, next month, was held at the office of The American, Smithfield street, last night. The committee on transportation reported that the lowest rate that can be guaranteed now is \$7, with a possibility of being reduced to \$5.80.

It is expected that at least 1,000 persons will go from Allegheny county and possibly a larger number. Another meeting will be held next Saturday night.

TUCKER WAS NOT DEAD.

A False Alarm That Met the Coroner and the Police in West.

The police authorities were notified last evening that Edward Tucker, colored, had died at No. 5 Smallman alley from injuries received from George Day, another colored man, during a fight on Friday morning. Inspector McAleese at once notified the Coroner and sent out a patrol car. On arrival at Tucker's home one of the men inquired into the circumstances of the fight and to secure witnesses. A few minutes later he returned and announced that Tucker was alive and on a fair road to recovery.

INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTOR WAGGONER is going after the liquor in Allegheny without a United States license. He will employ an officer to look after this matter.

DR. B. M. HANNA, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, office, 720 Penn street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO INSPECT LIBRARIES.

The Allegheny Library Sub-Committee Leaves for Boston This Morning—Librarian Stevenson and His Colleagues in Search of Information—The Programme.

Librarian Stevenson, of the Allegheny Library, accompanied by the sub-committee on Library, the standing committee of Council on Public Library, and the Boston this morning at 8 o'clock over the Pennsylvania Railroad, for the purpose of inspecting Eastern libraries. It had been intended to leave this evening, but Chairman Dahlberg, who will officiate as "conductor," stated last evening that the start would be made Sunday morning in order to have the whole of Monday in Boston.

Those who comprise the party are Messrs. Charles W. Dahlberg, William M. Stevenson, George J. Lappe, A. C. Grootinger and Adam Ammon. Mr. Edwin Lars is a member of the sub-committee, but found himself unable to devote so much time to the trip and Mr. Ammon goes in his stead. Mr. Arthur Kennedy, chairman of the sub-committee, is already in the east and telegraphed Mr. Dahlberg that he would meet the party in Boston.

So far as present plans the programme of the trip is as follows: On Monday and Tuesday the large public library of Boston will be thoroughly inspected. Several of the party have personal letters from mutual friends to Librarian Stevenson, who receives \$10,000 a year for what he does. It is expected that considerable information in regard to the cataloguing and handling of books will be derived in the Boston Free Library, now esteemed as being the best in the country. The committee will return to New York on Tuesday night, and out in Wednesday at the Astor Library. Thursday will be spent at the Brooklyn Free Library, and a day at the Science building. On Friday morning the party will sail for Baltimore to inspect the Enoch Pratt Free Library, of which Mr. Carrington is librarian.

Mr. Dahlberg favors squaring in a flying trip to Washington, in order to secure the benefit of the ripe judgment and long experience of Librarian Stevenson. The committee will return to New York on Tuesday night, and out in Wednesday at the Astor Library. Thursday will be spent at the Brooklyn Free Library, and a day at the Science building. On Friday morning the party will sail for Baltimore to inspect the Enoch Pratt Free Library, of which Mr. Carrington is librarian.

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.

The latter was not beautiful to look at. Both of his eyes were closed up, his nose was knocked out of shape, and he had a bad accident. The latter was not beautiful to look at. Both of his eyes were closed up, his nose was knocked out of shape, and he had a bad accident.

HOW TO BEAT THE RACES.

An Alleghenian's Winning Combination.

A well-known Alleghenian has become a firm believer in dreams. In the office in which he spends his business hours are several sporting enthusiasts, who for several weeks past have been earnestly discussing the merits of the horses entered in the Brooklyn Handicap. On Monday night the young man took a light lunch of Welsh rarebit, and then went to bed. He dreamed a dream, and dreamed a dream. He thought he was on an ocean vessel which was overtaken by a storm, the ship was wrecked, and after several hours of suspense, he first found himself on the deck of a passenger liner, and cast away on a desert island. The dream was very vivid and impressed the young man. The next night at another of his light lunches the vision was repeated, and he was again shipwrecked and cast away.

The Alleghenian mentioned his dream to his fellow employees and they were struck by a coincidence. The dreamer had been cast away twice, and Castaway II was a short horse in the Brooklyn Handicap. The young man, however, paid no more attention to Smith's remark, but the vision was repeated, and he was again shipwrecked and cast away.

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GAVE HIM HIS FILL.

A Discharged Pittsburg and Western Brakeman Named Smith

GOES FOR WOOL AND IS SHORN.

He Dares His Former Superior to Come Out and Fight Like a Man.

THE REQUEST PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

There was blood spilled in the Pittsburg and Western depot, Allegheny, yesterday afternoon. About 3 o'clock the quiet old place was the scene of a battle royal between Trainmaster Reese and a brakeman by the name of John Smith. General Manager McDonald, of the road, took a hand in the fight, too, in so far as he tried to part the combatants, for which well-meant interference he received a stinging blow in the face, delivered by Smith, the brakeman.

At this stage of the affray, which occurred on the staircase leading from the Anderson street entrance to the offices on the second floor of the building, the trainmaster was kneeling on the brakeman's breast and punching the latter's head in the most scientific manner. General Manager McDonald called his own detectives to his assistance, and the two succeeded in stopping the fight, in which Smith had had very much the worst of it.

MEANWHILE TWO OFFICERS had been attracted by the large crowd which had gathered in front of the entrance and witnessed the best of the fight. They went upstairs, and accompanied by two other officers, accompanied by Mr. McDonald, Mr. Reese and Smith.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MEN. FOR WOMEN. FOR CHILDREN.

We have just placed on sale a very large and choice assortment of Gent's Outing Shirts, made up from French Flannels, Madras and Zephyrs. These are all in choice new patterns, perfect shape and workmanship, at \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. See our window display.

HOSIERY. For ladies and children, fast black with fancy toes at 50c and 60c. Fast black Little Fantasy, 40c and 50c. Silk Hosiery, in black and colors, 75c to \$1.