

Daily Globe

Official Paper of the City & County

Printed and Published Every Day in the Year

BY H. P. HALL.

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The WEEKLY GLOBE.

The WEEKLY GLOBE is a mammoth sheet, exactly double the size of the Daily.

It is just the paper for the free-lance, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, etc. It is furnished to single subscribers at \$1, with 15 cents added for pre-payment of postage.

Subscribers should remit \$1.15.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, DEC. 5, 1910.

A NEW

AND

ENTERTAINING PUBLICATION

"The Home"

Will be the name of a new weekly publication to be issued at St. Paul, Minn. It will be, as its name indicates, entirely devoted to the home circle—non-sectarian and non-political. It will be a sheet of 16 pages, trimmed and bound with cover, containing Stories, Puzzles, Enigmas, Etc., for the children, Fashion Gossip, Household Hints, Scientific Items, Literary Notes and general reading adapted to the freelance.

No advertisements inserted save upon the cover, and nothing of an objectionable character admitted on any terms.

"The Home" will be carefully and ably edited, and will contain a large amount of original matter. It will have a

LETTER DEPARTMENT,

to which the public, and especially ladies, are invited to contribute. The "Letter Department" is designed as a means of communication between subscribers, who can discuss household and social topics, but in order to accommodate all, the communications should be brief. The ladies of Minnesota and adjoining States will find "The Home" a publication devoted to their advancement and encouragement.

There will also be a

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

in which short letters from school children will be acceptable. These letters should not exceed twenty printed lines in length, and may be much shorter. Give your name, your views, or ask questions, in the "School Children's Department." The school children of different cities can compare notes and communicate with each other by means of "The Home."

The first number will be issued for Christmas, but will be printed about Dec. 15.

The second number will bear date Jan. 1, 1911, and thereafter the issue will be made weekly.

Sample copies will be sent to any one writing a postal card giving postoffice address.

TERMS:

"The Home" will be sent postpaid to any address for one year for ONE DOLLAR. Any one sending five dollars and five names will receive an extra copy for one year as a reward for the service. Ten persons clubbing together and sending ten names and eight dollars will receive ten copies for one year. As an introductory measure "The Home" will be sent ten weeks for fifteen cents. Give it a trial.

Address communications "Editorial: The Home," St. Paul, Minn.

Subscriptions should be addressed to H. P. HALL, St. Paul, Minn.

New Features in the "Globe."

The "Globe" this morning adds two interesting features to its many valuable attractions.

One is the introduction of the "Star Wagon" letters from New York, the first of which will be found on the seventh page.

These letters will be found valuable in information and containing very reading. We also inaugurate a "rocky" department, which has been placed in the hands of a competent gentleman who brings many years' experience to the work.

The Sunday morning Globe will hereafter contain a weekly review of social life in St. Paul, the State at large, and neighboring cities in other States. The public will find continually increased attractions in the Globe every day in the year.

THERE is a war now in progress between the present and ex-chief of the secret service. Each call for the other a racial, and brings pretty good proof to sustain the charges. When rogues fall out there is a probability that honest folks may get their dues.

Now that the medical colleges have resumed their winter sessions reports of the desecration of graves come from all parts of the country. It will be necessary ere long to place a can of nitro-glycerine in each of the graves, so that a fitting welcome may be given to the ghouls while about their work.

Our members of Congress do not appear to be over anxious to resume their legislative duties at Washington. Up to Thursday evening only twenty had shown themselves at the capital, and some fear there will not be a quorum on hand by noon to-morrow, when both houses will be called to order. Such lagged conduct does not argue well for an energetic business session.

WISCONSIN has two candidates for cabinet positions under Mr. Garfield. Postmaster Payne, of Milwaukee, is an active aspirant for postmaster general, and Hon. Thad. C. Pound, of Chippewa Falls, would not decline the office now held by Carl Schurz. There are several counties yet to hear from, and it is possible that the vaulting ambition of our neighboring State may develop itself and take a tumble where there are no cabinet offices to be had.

THERE is every indication that there will be another negro exodus in the spring, but this time it will be from Kansas back to the South. Nearly three-fourths of the colored people who entered that State last summer are living in absolute destitution, and great suffering has been endured. Thousands are now dependent upon charity for food and raiment. The weather is intensely cold, and many must inevitably perish before the close of the winter unless aided. The people of the State, however, are becoming weary of maintaining an army of paupers, and contributions are coming in slowly. This intelligence is full confirmation of the predictions of the GLOBE, made while the exodus was in progress.

RATIONALISM AND MATERIALISM.

Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them.—ROMANS XXII:7.

The growth of materialism in this as well as in the old country has caused many sincere Christians to fear for the permanence of the church and of religion. No observer of passing events and prevailing public sentiment on the subject of religion can deny that during the past decade the church has lost much of its influence among the mass of the people, and that there is no longer that implicit confidence in the words uttered from the pulpit or even that faith in the inspiration of the scriptures that was once characteristic of the regular attendants upon the ministrations of the gospel. Men doubt now where they formerly believed; they dispute where they formerly accepted on faith. This is not wholly to be wondered at for many reasons, and the fact is not wholly to be deplored.

Men in this day and generation are far more intelligent than they were even a generation ago, and read, think and argue for themselves. They do not accept all the doctrines and aims that have been taught by the pulpit for ages as the correct interpretation of the will of the deity, but, taking the scriptures they formulate a creed for themselves based on what their reason teaches them are the fundamental principles of Christianity. They cherish the precepts taught by the master that tend to make of all mankind a brotherhood, and reject almost unanimously as repugnant to their sense of justice and benevolence the doctrine that the creator is a god of hate, visiting the iniquities of the father upon the children to the third and fourth generation. They know, for Jesus has told them, that the whole duty of man to his fellow man is comprised in the commandment to love the Lord with all their soul, mind and strength, and their neighbor as themselves, and that all else is but the invention of men who gauged their conceptions of deity by their own narrow minds.

The clergy are doing a great deal to promote the growth of rationalism. In the first place their lack of sincerity—of earnest belief in the doctrines they preach, inspires a distrust not only of their honesty but of the truths of religion which they profess to teach. Then they are not content to preach the gospel of Christ, but run off after strange gods. They preach politics, science, domestic, political and social economy, discuss the latest novel or poem, measure swords with the noted controversialists on this, that or the other point, and seem to be endeavoring to render truthful Mrs. Parington's definition of a church as "a place where the gospel is dispensed with." Intellectual culture is not inconsistent with Christianity, but a great aid to it, but the instruction of the mind should not be allowed to entirely supersede the good of the soul.

Materialism is no doubt making great progress. A little of it infused into the churches might prove of benefit to it. Certainly rationalism is not to be wholly condemned. There is so much that is rational in the teachings of many pulpits that it is a relief to go outside and hear the same subjects discussed from the standpoint of reason, and to witness the breaking up of the many graven images that have been set up to represent some of the attributes of deity. It is impossible for intelligent human beings to worship a god such as the creator is pictured sometimes—a spirit possessing all the faults that we have been taught to bestow upon the evil one.

Reason should be applied to religious precepts as well as to other things, and when the sects come to recognize its way and to separate religion from superstition—to sift the wheat from the chaff and tares, there will be an end to the complaints of the spread of rationalism, materialism and infidelity. The churches should recognize the fact that holds good all over the world, that one extreme begets another, and strive to conform their precepts to the eminently beautiful doctrines taught by Christ while on earth, peace on earth and good will to men.

A NEEDED ENTERPRISE.

St. Paul business men are usually enterprising and really alive to all industries calculated to build up our trade in every direction. Already the city is the commercial center of a vast empire, and the wholesale and jobbing trade amounts to very nearly fifty million dollars a year, and is constantly increasing. There is one direction, however, in which the city is delinquent, and a very important one, too. Allusion is had to the absence of adequate beef and pork packing establishments, which would unquestionably prove not only a source of profit to the projectors, but a convenience and profit to the entire country tributary to this city. It is true there are a number of small establishments that pack a few hundred barrels of pork and beef each year, but what is needed is one or more concerns that shall put up enough to supply the demands of the whole territory to the west and northwest of this city.

Minnesota raises cattle and hogs enough to supply her own people, and have a balance on hand for her neighbors. This city, besides, is rapidly becoming a distributing point for the cattle of Dakota and Montana, a constantly increasing trade that will, in the course of a few years, require the employment of hundreds of thousands of dollars. All these cattle and hogs raised in this vicinity have to be transported to Milwaukee or Chicago, whence they are retransported to this city for distribution to the customers of our wholesale dealers. Thus consumers are compelled to pay transportation charges unnecessarily for more than eight hundred miles, a tax that in the course of a year amounts to a considerable sum. This might be saved by the establishment of a large packing house in this city capable of packing enough pork and beef to supply the wants of our trade. It would also stimulate the business of hog raising and add largely to the wealth of the producing classes of the State.

There is a bonanza awaiting some enterprising capitalist who will engage in this business. A large outlay for buildings would not be necessary, while the profits would amply repay the investment. There is no business that has in the past been more productive. As long as people are obliged to eat there will be a demand for the products of the packing houses. There is scarcely any loss, as hides, hair, hoofs, bones and entrails can be utilized in the various manufacturing industries. Who will be the first to engage in this enterprise in St. Paul? The first man in the field may be assured that there is a fortune awaiting him.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Thackeray says the "grocer rules the world now instead of the baron," and we know he is right, although he has a very shocking way of breaking such truths to us. He said and did the most unprejudiced things in his day—things that hit us all, and fit us all, with the most awful impartiality, and are likely to describe our kind while this swinging ball of earth holds the race, whose past he set before us in British Emancipator and the Georges; which seem to be continued in Vanity Fair, the New-comers, and Penderick. It is an outcropping of the same human nature, whether the personages be real and notable, or real with a slight variety of fiction, as in the masterpieces of this mighty delineator.

His friendships were of eclectic method, and his acquaintance of individuals had an occasional dash of hardihood, which proved that he knew who he was on occasions when a smaller soul would be mute to everything save the bold framework of circumstance, which being suited to the letter, what need of more?

Now so rare is this admission of that ulterior do, that there are few men who are responsive to it.

The writer is sure Chris. O'Brien has that enviable impulse—for he was tested in a way that brought his sound head and manly heart into action—all the harder for him too, that he could make no pecuniary return, and had to depend solely on the fine stimulus of the spirit to a friendly and forsaken creature.

Two of Thackeray's finest volumes are dedicated to a tailor—M. Arata, of Paris—who trusted him when he was needy, and not only that, but offered his great and services a way that touched the great satirist's heart. A tailor—think of it!—to send him down the stream of time, the one immortal of his craft, enshrined in genius and gratitude by this old yet august Englishman, who, not content with paying his bill as far as the money was concerned, still felt a debt which mere money could never liquidate, and to be claps his generous tailor's name where the world may be reminded of his kindness.

You see in this, perhaps, a bravado of honesty and impregnable candor. Thackeray knew that he would pay that confiding Frenchman, and while he was beholden to him he would just as lief have that whom he knew his indebtedness, because he probably cared very little for "gentle" appearances as the world values them.

But supposing he did care for them, and had no ready money to sustain them—and supposing that he was thin-skinned at the least—supposing that his impetuosity at any time in his life, why then of course we should not have that our dedication, proclaiming it, and we might infer, if we pleased, that he was in complete sympathy with the pecuniary peccadillo of his favorites, Goldsmith and Fielding, who dressed richly at rare and rapturous intervals—and, alas, gayly flouted the unrequited tailor.

Now there are hosts of people apparently flourishing in a costly sphere, who are well supplied with all the superficial requirements of it—and yet we know that it is rather conjectural whether they would carry the same high heels if the items of the merchants' ledgers were known, and the secret of their showy artifices laid bare.

There are lots of nine people who cringe to and supplicate shopkeepers for pecuniary favors who snub and "cut" persons in their own set, and out of it, partly because they haven't the very things they themselves undergo such untold miseries of expense and mortification to possess, and largely because they are a tacit rebuke to them. Sometimes they manage to get out of the shopkeeper's power, and then in any spasm of gratitude for past trust would they, think you, dedicate anything to him? Not much. They soon "quench his familiar smile with an austere regard of control," Malvolio fashion. These are the cowards; persons with the instincts of the thief, and the manners of the monkey in every emergency of imitation and acquisition.

There are scores who do a flourishing society business on such a basis. Their impetuosity is well-known, and while people smile, and ask where the money comes from, and speculate over every fresh symptom of possession—their deception is so general that they are received as if they were the most solvent in the world. It is pitiful to think that their subterfuges are a commentary and a laughing stock to the world that professes to make-believe you're all-right "affection of the world towards them. There is more consummate taste on the world's stage than anywhere else. Be it gentle comedy or high-strung tragedy, the best actors are in private life.

We know them, and applaud them tacitly. Why, there has been a part played here which is so blended of lies and simulation, and mystery, that there is no more extraordinary actor in the world. It didn't hang well together, and the cues were far-fetched. In point of fact, the play was unnecessary and the acting overdone.

The, to them, rather world of shopkeepers and servants is a very different thing from the strategic. That's enough. How much and how little weight is given to what servants have to say. Sometimes Mrs. Harris is elated when she can get a servant who has lived with Mrs. Plancier. It gives her the prestige of equality, and by many an artfully artful method of questioning the interior of that household is brought under her wistful inspection. Of course she has her ups and downs of feeling as her own points of difference are better and those of the social magister worsened. But when that indefinable flavor of something better than money is given—and trust me, no one can give it better than a servant—then is Mrs. Harris unhappy.

While that servant stays with her, be it long or short, she will make her feel the ineffable drawback, and use it accordingly.

The people of all the world who see humanity as it is—the shopkeepers—and the servants. This is one interpretation of Thackeray's text that the grocer rules the world instead of the baron.

They see us in our shabbiness, our vain glory, our pretensions, our helplessness, and, even in our vices, for it doesn't seem to be worth the while to affect much before them.

It is too troublesome to be always acting. One must have a rest.

Meanwhile the kitchen jays sit, and what a ghastly verdict they return.

When Mrs. Rawdon Crawley made her appearance at Gant house, the porter who unbared the gates, the servants of all uniforms in the hall, the functionaries in white waistcoats, who bowed out from landing to landing the names of Col. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, knew about her, or fancied they did. The man who brought her refreshment and stood behind her chair, had talked her character over with the large gentleman in motley colored clothes at his side.

Bon Dieu! it is awful, that servants' intuition! You see a woman in a great party in a splendid salon, surrounded by faithful admirers, distributing sparkling glances, dressed to perfection, curled, rosy, smiling and happy—"Discovery walks respectfully up to her in the shape of a huge, powdered man with a tray of ice—with calamity (which is as fatal as truth) behind him, in the shape of the bulging fellow carrying the water biscuit. Madam, your secret will be talked over to those men at their club at the public house to-night. James will tell Charles his notions about you over their pipes and pewter beer pots.

Some people ought to have mutes for servants in Vanity Fair—mutes who could not write. If you are guilty—tremble. If you are

not guilty have a care of appearances—which are as ruinous as guilt. The *Vehm* spirit of the servants' hall had pronounced against her.

And so—guiltless very likely—she was writing and pushing onward toward what they call a "position in society."

—and the servants were pointing at her as loath and ruined.

What a pitiful picture Dickens gives of Mr. Merdle, the railway grandee, under the knowledge and imperious port of that awful butler, who knew him in his travesty of high life, and perhaps shrilly rated him as the swindler he proved to be.

Merdle couldn't stand it, so he shook off life and the butler by suicide. There is but one servant who stands out in touching relief to the usual behavior of his class—and that is Olof Balderson in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, who persisted in keeping up appearances, and putting on airs, when his gloomy and impoverished master, the laird of Ravenswood, flung them aside contemptuously. Why, Olof actually stole a cooked goose to set something before his master's Edinburgh kinsman who arrives suddenly to the dismay of the faithful retainer.

Perhaps Sancho Panza deserves honorable mention. He humors his master while entertaining the most literal protests against his absurdities which make them both so uncomfortable and ridiculous. But he doesn't forsake his heart-hearted and gentle Don—and he lives to make the misguided yet noble old soul make apologies on his death-bed to his faithful, but never too credulous squire.

Well, what are we any way? Science tells us our ancestors groveled, chattered and had tails.

When you see a white, upright creature driving a span of horses with a cockade on his hat, you can believe we have just evolved into the menagerie display of it, and you crave to study the specimens. Don't you?

THE CHURCHES TO-DAY.

Globe Announcements of Religious Services in St. Paul To-Day.

Catholic Churches.

St. Michael's church, Sixth ward—Rev. P. J. Gallagher, pastor. Mass at 7 o'clock A. M. High mass and sermon at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Vespers at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

St. Joseph's church, Carroll street, between Western and Virginia—Rev. Joseph A. Keefe, pastor. Low mass at 8 o'clock A. M. High mass at 10 o'clock A. M. Vespers at 4 o'clock P. M.

St. Mary's church, corner Ninth and Levee streets—Rev. L. E. Calliet, pastor. Mass at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 2:30 o'clock P. M. Vespers at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

St. Francis' church, corner Ninth and Franklin streets—Rev. J. J. Keefe, pastor. Mass at 10:30 o'clock A. M. High mass and sermon at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 2 o'clock P. M. Vespers at 3 o'clock P. M.

Church of St. Louis, corner Tenth and Cedar streets—Rev. A. Payet, pastor. Mass at 7:30 o'clock A. M. High mass and sermon at 10 A. M.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK.

Dec. 5, Sunday—Second Sunday of Advent.

Dec. 6, Monday—St. Nicholas, confessor.

Dec. 7, Tuesday—St. Ambrose, confessor, bishop and doctor.

Dec. 8, Wednesday—Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Dec. 9, Thursday—Of the Octave.

Dec. 10, Friday—Of the Octave.

Dec. 11, Saturday—St. Damascene, confessor.

Protestant Churches.

First Baptist church, corner Wabasha and Ninth streets—Rev. L. O. Barnes, pastor. Services commence at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Communion service of morning service. Sabbath school at 12:15 P. M. Young People's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Lafayette and Woodward streets—Rev. Geo. P. Fitch, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. No service at night.

House of Hope Presbyterian church, corner of Fifth and Exchange streets—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school and club meeting at 6:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. David R. Reed. At 7:30 P. M. Fitch, a missionary to China, will preach at the evening service, on foreign missions.

Central Presbyterian church, Rev. B. P. Maclaren, pastor; on Cedar street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, (near capitol)—preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school and club meeting at 6:30 P. M. Geo. F. Fitch, a missionary to China, will preach at the evening service, on foreign missions.

Episcopal church (Episcopal), corner of Fourth and Franklin streets—Rev. Henry K. Kistner, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 2:30 P. M.

Young Men's Christian Association, corner Wabasha and Tenth streets—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Dana. Evening subject: "Facing toward Jerusalem." Sabbath school at 12 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7:45 P. M.

Grace M. E. church, Hopkins street—Morning—Communion service. Evening—Sermon by the pastor H. C. Jennings. Sunday school 12 P. M. Club meeting at 6:30 P. M.

Unity church, corner Wabasha and Exchange streets—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by W. C. Gannett. Sunday school at 12 P. M.

First Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Third street and Summit avenue—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. conducted by the pastor, Samuel G. Smith. Free. All welcome.

German Evangelical St. Paul's Church, on Temperance street near Jackson—Services at 10:30 A. M. Preaching by pastor, Rev. Robt. Conrad.

New Jerusalem (or Swedenborgian) church, Market street, between Fourth and Fifth streets—Rev. Edward C. Mitchell, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject of sermon: "Revenge." Evening lecture: "Physical Death; Its Nature, Cause and Result."

Bethel chapel, foot of Jackson street—preaching at 8 P. M. by Chaplain Smith, and at 7:30 P. M. a gospel temperance meeting and song service. Young men are especially invited, and everybody welcome.

Y. M. C. A.—Bible reading and song service at 8 P. M., conducted by Rev. M. D. Edwards and Messrs A. E. and R. S. Clark.

An Early Morning Disturbance.

Early yesterday morning, when everybody as is anyone, but policemen and newspaper reporters, were abed, a disgraceful row took place between the demurets at the entrance to Clara Morton's bungalow, on Eagle street.

The row was between Jennie Bateson and the doorkeeper at Morton's, a woman who goes by the elegant cognomen of "Daniel."

But Jennie is not that kind of an associate; she is a lady of about 2 o'clock, at which time the sylph like and graceful Jennie called at the rival concern to pay her respects to a former inmate of her house named Frankie Howard.

The latter expressed herself as desirous of giving Jennie the go by and she was requested to take French leave from the house.

But Jennie is not that kind of an associate; she is a lady of about 2 o'clock, at which time the sylph like and graceful Jennie called at the rival concern to pay her respects to a former inmate of her house named Frankie Howard.

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