Daily Globe.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

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The GLOBE desires the services of a correspondent—lady or gentleman—in every town in Minnesota, Eastern Dakota, Northern Iowa and Western Wisconsin. Satisfactory compensation to proper parties. Applications must be sent in at once.

"WE POINT WITH PRIDE."

While the GLOBE with its usual facility for always getting to the front took the lead in yesterday's issue in the number of its advertising columns, having broken the record of Western journalism with its 122 colums, still it extends its congratulations to its St. Paul and Minneapolis contemporaries for having come in an excellent second to the GLOBE, the Minneapolis Tribune showing up with its 110 columns, and the Pioneer Press with 92. The GLOBE points with pride to this remarkable showing as the highest evidence of the prosperous condition of the Twin Cities. The prosperous always advertise. And none prosper who do not.

LAND OWNERSHIP.

In explanation of his views with regard to HENRY GEORGE'S land tenets, Mr. SMALLEY draws the distinction between the English conditions and our own respecting landed property. He shows very clearly that the principle which would apply to land ownership in Great Britain would find no application here. There are harsh features in the British system of land proprietorship which render it obnoxious. The abuses which grow out of it render it intolerable to the tenantry. So that when Mr. GEORGE preaches his peculiar land doctrine to the masses of England and Ireland he finds a symyathetic audience. It is not so here. Instead of divesting people of their property in land in this country the true policy is to encourage more of them to acquire landed estates. If every American citizen was the fee simple owner of his own home it would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on the nation. And if Mr. GEORGE'S wild scheme for abolishing private land titles and placing the entire domain under the control of the government should ever prevail, the wisest thing the government could possibly do would be to turn right around and allot the land to its citizens in severalty, to be held by them and their heirs forever. The man who feels that he is the lawful owner of the soil on which he stands—that he is its rightful and absolute owner—that it is all his from the center of the earth to the sky above him, no matter how small a parcel it may be, is inspired with a sense of patriotism and national pride that cannot be derived from any source. It gives to him a sense of the dignity of the sovereignty of citizenship that nothing else can give. It creates a bond to unite his individual interests with the public welfare that nothing can sever. However desirable it may be to abolish private land titles in Great Britain, the policy that this nation wants to pursue is to get its lands into the hands of its citizens.

ROYAL ASPIRATIONS.

In this age of organization, when all great questions are discussed and settled in convention, there is no reason why, in addition to the adjustment of religious, political and social issues, matters of etiquette may not be determined by the same method. An illustration of how far the convention mania has gained an influence in American circles was recently given by the leaders of female society at the national capital. A convention, to be composed of the wives of cabinet ministers and the wives of all the subordinate executive officials, was called the other day, to be held at the residence of one of the most prominent citizens of the city. The call was responded to, and the spacious parlors were well filled with ladies whose names are household words in this country. When the convention had been called to order, and a temporary organization effected, the object of the meeting was explained by the presiding lady to be to settle once and forever among themselves the question of the right of succession to the position of first lady of the land. It was furthermore explained that this action was necessitated by the change in the law regarding the presidential succession. The new law imposes upon cabinet ministers successively the honor of filling the executive chair in the event of the death of the president. It was thought wise to bring the social code of the national city into harmony with the federal laws. And it was furthermore deemed to be wisdom, in order to avert the danger of social outbreaks and revolutions in the future, that the women of state should assemble in convention and determine among themselves, in advance of any such possible complications, upon what laws should govern American society in respect to this matter. The federal law provides that the secretary of state shall be the first in succession to the presidential office, and that the secretary of the treasury shall be second. In the event of the death of the president it might occur, as it would now if Secretary BAYARD should step into the White house, that the secretary of state would be an unmarried man. Then the question would arise whether the wife of the assistant secretary of state or the wife of the secretary of the treasury, who is next in the line of succession, would be the rightful heir to society's throne. It would be a complicated affair, with so many equities on either side, and the danger of a bitter partisan rivalry springing up between the friends of the respective claimants to the throne is so great it was deemed wisest to unravel the problem in advance of its occurrence. This is only one illustration of the many complications that are liable to occur. But the trouble in the convention was in getting the women assembled to assent to any sort of a compromise. Each possible claimant was just as tenacious of her prospective power as if it was just in grasp. The convention had to adjourn without formulating a social code, and the country will have to take chances on a future civil war growing out of the conflicting claims to society's throne at the national capitol.

There is one feature, however, which this convention of cabinet wives seemed to have overlooked. It is the fact that the cabinet officers are not rulers. They are only public servants. And it is not becoming in the wives of servants to be quarreling over the question of supremacy in the mansion. Under our American institutions there is only one place where a woman is entitled to queenly privileges. That is in her own home, where she has the right of undisputed sway, and can settle all questions of social precedence and succession according to her individual notions. But when she gets beyond the limits of her rightful domain and asserts a claim of royalty, she only subjects herself to merited ridicule.

COSTLY VERBOSITY.

The old-time proverb, "talk is cheap because words cost nothing," is losing ground under the effect of DAVID DUDLEY FIELD'S crusade against legal verbosity. The eminent New York lawyer has demonstrated that the people of New York pay annually over $100,000 for recording surplus words in mortgages. This is perhaps a startling revelation to a great many people, yet if that great sum is annually wasted on useless verbosity in mortgages in one city, who can estimate the total loss in the whole country on everything in which surplus words are used? It is not out of the way to say that a saving in this respect would, in a very short time, amass a sum sufficient to pay the national debt. If a verbose reform could only be applied to congress, what a national blessing it would be.

REDUCE THE TAXES.

When such a pronounced organ of Protection as the Philadelphia Times declares in favor of tariff reduction we are prone to pause and inquire: "Is Saul also among the prophets?" One can hardly believe his own eyes when he reads the following language in last Thursday's issue of the Times: "We are now extorting from the industry of the people some $90,000,000 which are not needed for the legitimate expenses of the government. Such excessive taxation is not only unwise, but it is cruel in its oppression, and an open invitation to profligate legislation. * * Taxes must be reduced; both parties are solemnly pledged to it, and the party that most conspicuously fails in the fulfillment of that promise will be likely to lose the great battle of 1888." That is sound enough tariff reform doctrine for the West. The fact that it is preached by the ablest exponent of Protection in the great protection state of Pennsylvania is pretty good evidence that the tariff reform move is making a wide sweep. And yet there are prominent Republican politicians in Minnesota who want to be elected to the United States senate on a high tariff platform.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The distinction between Eastern and Western civilization had an exemplification last night. In Boston two bruisers indulged in a savage fight of eight rounds, pounding each other into a jelly state without let or hindrance from the police authorities. In St. Paul a couple of colored pugilists wanted to have a quiet glove contest, when the police promptly interfered and broke up the whole affair. Hereafter, when the cultured Bostonian wants to take a lesson in advanced civilization he will have to come to St. Paul to get it.

THE GLOBE is in the habit of copying rather liberally, with proper credit, expressions of opinion from the state press, but in doing so does not necessarily indorse the sentiments therein expressed. This explanation is due the Preston Republican, an excellent paper of opposite political proclivities to the GLOBE, because of an article from its columns referring to Hon. C. K. DAVIS having been printed in the GLOBE with the omission, through inadvertance, of the usual credit line.

WE ARE pleased to make note of another evidence that Montana has renounced the wild ways which formerly distinguished her, and is making an earnest effort to persevere in her efforts. We observe that two distinguished editors at Butte City are settling a little personal dispute by recourse to the tedious though effective means of the law, and not once has the crack of the revolver sounded in the vicinity of the litigants.

A DAKOTA judgeship must offer peculiarly excellent opportunities for the display of legal learning when over three hundred applicants send in their names for one vacancy. The successful candidate will have the pleasing fact to face that 299 persons will be certain that a most injudicious selection has been made.

GOV. LESLIE will occupy the unpleasant position of an unwelcome guest in Montana's official household, but being a true Kentuckian, he doubtless is fully aware of the ways and means of making himself popular in an anti-prohibition territory.

THE Minnesota delegation does as well as could be expected for Republicans when tariff matters come up for consideration, and as they are soon to have three places filled by Democrats, it is just as well to give them all the credit due them.

WHILE foreign papers are discussing the American duel, we would suggest that the Minneapolis variety, consisting of horsewhips for two, has distinct advantages over other kinds. It is less dangerous and more amusing to spentators.

SINCE the czar and Emperor WILLIAM have exchanged loving assurances of the desire of each to maintain European peace, the factories for the manufacture of war material will, doubtless, be put on double time.

THERE is still time for the improvident young man who finds it impossible to make his sweetheart the expected present to be taken violently sick with an illness lasting over the holidays.

THE United States army is of itself a sufficient charge upon the people without having the reprobate members of it, when confined in prisons, brought into competition with honest labor.

BE CAREFUL to examine the Christmas contribution which you, doubtless, expect to put in the plate in order to make sure that it is not one of the new counterfeit $20 bills which are afloat.

LAND COMMISSIONER SPARKS is said to be ambitious for a cabinet appointment, but it is not thought he will send to Dakota or to Montana timber dealers for a letter of indorsement.

THE anxiety of the managers to secure the Wild West show during the carnival is not exactly clear when it is remembered that the legislature will be in session at that time.

IT IS not thought that the famous Spanish bull-fighter who comes to this country laden with fame and fortune, could prosecute his calling with much success in Wall street.

THE advertising columns of the GLOBE will contain unusually interesting serials and short stories during the coming week. You can't afford to neglect reading them.

IT IS the boarder who best remembers the dining-room girl next Saturday morning who will get the largest slice of the Christmas plum pudding. "A word to the wise."

THE advertisers are doing most of the contributing to the newspapers these days, but it is a season when a good deal of latitude must necessarily be allowed them.

THE Irish tenants who are receiving large abatements of rent from big-hearted landlords, could not have Christmas more satisfactorily celebrated.

THE Pittsburg ball club directors think they have been swindled, and the people who have seen the nine play are not disagreeing with them very hard.

PROF. SWING calls the ballet "a love song without words." It has not been so very long since the venerable professor was young himself.

HE DROPS INTO POETRY.

A Tribute to Maj. Blethen From a Fellow Poet.

Chicago News.

Every now and then the St. Paul GLOBE refers editorially to the poetic talents of Maj. Alden J. Blethen, the manager of the Minneapolis Tribune, but these references are always in such a playful vein that we are forced to conclude that perhaps the GLOBE does not really believe that Maj. Blethen can write poetry. We are not prepared to argue either that the major has written poetry or that the major can write it, but we are prepared to maintain that the major ought to write poetry, and this implies, we think, a poetical ability on his part. Maj. Blethen is no raw, uncultured Westerner; he was born amid the refining influences of Maine civilization, and his youthful mind was stored with useful and ornamental knowledge. Arriving at maturity, he displayed so great erudition and such unusual didactic qualities that he was called to the high and dignified vocation of pedagogy, which vocation he pursued for a number of years with distinction, as many young men now in the West, but formerly his pupils, will cheerfully testify. We have heard a number of these young men say that their most vivid remembrances of Maj. Blethen's career as an instructor was his apparent fondness for the classical poets, as manifested in his translations and versifications of the same. According to the testimony of these enthusiastic witnesses it was the major's greatest delight to put into vigorous spondaic English the elegant periods of the Æneid and to adapt into the graceful, insinuating vernacular of Maine the stately lines of the Homeric epics; the Horatian odes came in, too, for a share of the major's versatile attention, and for the edification of his younger pupils this gifted scholar once put into quatrains and set to music the whole of Andrew's Latin Lessons. Our first acquaintance with Maj. Blethen was when he was conducting the business department of the Kansas City Journal, and we became at once an ardent admirer of the scholarly style in which he served up advertisements to his readers in the Missouri valley. Through all his announcements of the arrival of a fresh invoice of hosiery at Bullene, Moores & Emery's; through his advertisements of a new patent of pillow shams at Abernethy & Orrison's; through his revised railway timetables—in short, through every literary work which he spread before the public in the advertising columns of his paper there percolated and trickled and meandered a vein of poesy as distinct as any creek put down on the township maps of Jackson county. We made up our minds some time ago that a bird sang in Maj. Blethen's heart, and a pretty steady perusal of his "e o d t f" and "d & w t f" contributions to the Minneapolis Tribune has confirmed us in this belief. Then again, the major's daily life—his public and private walk before men—is a poem in itself, and one which could be studied with profit, we think, by his contemporaries in the Northwest.

MONTANA DISPLEASED.

Gov. Leslie's Appointment a Disappointment, But He Will be Well Received.

Helena Independent (Hauser Organ).

While this policy may please the president it will not please the people of the territory, who are entitled to some consideration for the cordial endorsement they gave the administration last November by nearly 4,000 majority in favor of the return of our Democratic delegate to congress and the election of a Democratic legislature on joint ballot. It is a clear violation of the plank in the platform which pledged that territorial nominations should be selected from among its own citizens, a policy which had heretofore prevailed here under this administration for the first time in the history of Montana. Inasmuch as we could not have Maj. Maginnis, or some other representative Montanian, to succeed Gov. Hauser, we may well be pleased with the wisdom of the president's choice. Gov. Leslie is an able man and will do credit to the high office to which he has been called as the executive head of this great and growing territory, an infinitely larger field than he occupied when he was governor of Kentucky. Let us look to the bright side of the picture and trust that our disappointment will not be as poignant as we had anticipated. Let us give the new governor a cordial greeting and welcome him as a new citizen who comes to cast his fortunes with our bright future.

A St. Paul Newspaper Man's Experience.

Atlanta Constitution.

The practical joke that he played on E. V. Smalley, the newspaper correspondent, was characteristic. It was a tremendous joke in its way, and it gave a color to everything that Smalley afterwards wrote about the South. The occurrence has already been related in these columns, but it is worth alluding to here if only to recall to mind the colossal prank.

Smalley was sent South by some Northern newspaper, probably the New York Tribune, and he went to Washington-Wilkes for the purpose of having an interview with Gen. Toombs. He stopped at the hotel, but Gen. Toombs took him in charge and forced on him every attention that the most lavish hospitality could suggest. Smalley was more than charmed. He has recorded his impressions of his visit to Gen. Toombs, and my recollection is that he paid the highest possible tribute to his host's wonderful powers of conversation. During Smalley's stay, he happened to mention the ku-klux klan. Instantly Gen. Toombs turned to him with gesture and tone of most seriousimport.

"My dear sir," he said, "I am glad you have mentioned this. It has been on my mind, but I hardly knew how to approach the subject. Your allusion relieves me."

Thereupon Gen. Toombs proceeded to inform Smalley that the ku-klux controlled that entire region, and was a most powerful organization. "They have had your visit here under discussion," he went on, "and I am expecting a visit every moment from the grand cyclops."

"The "grand cyclops" came at last in the person of a meek-eyed little Hebrew, the proprietor of a dry goods store, who Toombs had sent for. There was much conversation, but, so far as Smalley could see, no allusion to the ku-klux. Finally, when Franklin rose to go, Gen. Toombs followed him out into the hall, and stayed talking with him there for some time. When the general came back into the parlor there was a very serious expression on his face. He walked back and forth and then sat down near Smalley.

"That man," he said, "is under obligations to me, but he absolutely refuses to give you a pass out of this town. There is but one way out," the general went on, "you must take my carriage and drive through the country to the railroad, and then get away as best you can." The carriage was ordered, and Smalley drove away, and to this day he is unable to appreciate the colossal proportions of the joke of which he was the victim.

A Complete History.

Milnor (Dak.) Free Press.

If you desire a paper every day in the week, one that gives all the news and is fearless, impartial and reliable, the St. Paul DAILY and SUNDAY GLOBE is what you want. Each issue is a complete history of the world for the twenty-four hours previous to its printing. The editorial comments are able and to the point, and the special departments for a year make a valuable library in themselves, worth far more than the subscription price of the paper. The world lives and moves, particularly the "Northwest" part of it, and the GLOBE keeps up with the procession.

Reduce Pullman Fares.

Norman County Index.

The St. Paul GLOBE takes the initiative in a warfare upon the Pullman Sleeping Car company and the exorbitant charge of $2 per night for a birth, and wants the legislature this winter to regulate the matter. By all means put the rate down to $1, at which figure the company could still make profit, and it is an open question if profits would not be increased by increased patronage.

Continued Improvement.

Sibley County Independent.

We cannot help but notice the continued improvement of the St. Paul DAILY GLOBE. It evinces no lack of enterprise, is full of news given in a palatable style, and is fast gaining an enviable prestige in the whole Northwest. The Sunday issue, generally containing from twenty to twenty-four or more pages, is a model paper and should be found in every household.

A Family Paper.

Devil's Lake News.

The SUNDAY GLOBE, of St. Paul, is one of our most welcome visitors. It contains a resume of all the latest news, and is full of general interest. Its literary department is ably edited, and altogether we know of no paper in the Northwest that so thoroughly fills the requirements of a family paper.

Newsy and Reliable.

Valley City Times.

The St. Paul DAILY and SUNDAY GLOBE, under is present management, is the foremost newspaper northwest of Chicago. Its Dakota department makes it especially of value to residents of the territory. It is both newsy and reliable.

The President's Duty.

Henry Watterston in Courier Journal.

It was his duty to execute the civil service act as he found it, no more and no less. It was not his duty to make it cover an area never dreamed of by those who made it. In doing this latter he perpetrated an injustice to his party, which had been excluded from official recognition for a quarter of a century, and, at the same time, he proposed a complete revolution in the most important function of government. Surely, in so serious a matter, dissentient Democrats cannot be expected to acquiesce in silence.

Why She is Thankful.

Kansas City Times.

Some time ago the Times innocently asked what Canada had to be thankful for at this period of the year. The question has stirred the Dominion to its profoundest depths. We are happy to announce that one of the things Canada has to be thankful for is the presence of an American congressman with $30,000 in hard borrowed money.

St. Louis Aldermen From Home.

Kansas City Times.

As characteristic of aldermanic tastes it is narrated that when Mayor Kumpf asked the visiting members of the St. Louis council what points of interest they would like to visit first they arose and cried as one man, "The breweries!"

Congressional Use of Corkscrews.

Atlanta Constitution.

An item of four dozen corkscrews is among the entries of expenses of the United States senate last year. We presume they were purchased for use at the time the senate was trying to draw certain information out of President Cleveland which he deemed to be private.

Nothing Impossible.

Mankato Register.

It is rumored that P. H. Kelly and Senator Sabin have reconciled their old feud, and will pull together in the senatorial contest next winter, with the avowed purpose of defeating C. K. Davis. Whether or not this be true, it would be a hard combination to fight, and nothing is impossible in politics, you know.

The Barrenness of Statesmen.

Chicago Times.

A New York paper says: "If the Hon. Joseph E. McDonald doesn't stop talking, almost before he knows it he will have told all he knows." But still Joseph is better off than most statesmen, who don't fairly begin to talk until after they have told all they know.

A Defense of Carnegie.

Chicago Mail.

Carnegie, the great iron and steel millionaire, began his life as a messenger boy. It is necessary to note this because the impression has gone abroad that he was a Distrect telegraph boy. He was not. Andrew got there, and D. T. boys never do.

One of Old Tecumseh's Blessings.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Old Tecumseh" has eaten many a mean meal of victuals in his war days, but he'll work away the taste of them now. He is very popular in New York with dinner-givers. The square meals of life are not its least blessings.

The Overworked Chicago Editors.

Atlanta Constitution.

Editor Elder's Chicago magazine is out in an attack on Chicago editors. There will be no reply, for Chicago editors are very busy just now settling the Bulgarian question.

An Impartial Witness.

Preston Times.

While we have no sympathy with its politics, we are compelled to say the GLOBE is by far the best newspaper in the Northwest.

A Secret Session Joke.

Utica Observer.

The policy of secret sessions in the United States senate is again the subject of senatorial debate. It ought to be sparkling, because it is a case of Mumm.

What Suggests It.

New York World.

Jay Gould's idea of the presidential "bee" is doubtless suggested by the sting in those judicial decisions.

Democratic News From the South.

Atlanta Constitution.

The boys are getting into the pastures at last.

A CONFESSION.

Of all our passions this, to love, is human,
And will, more than all the others, bless.
Is it a sin to love a married woman?
Then it is a sin I must confess.

I love her, yes, again I say, I love her,
And her love I have contrived to win;
Ah! 'tis joy to say the sweet words over—
'Tis a sin I even revel in.

Since I've loved her I have been a new man,
Tasting for the first the truth of life,
Yes, although she be a married woman—
But this married woman is my wife!

—Tid-Bits.

Pretty Ways of Dressing the Home.

The spicy fragrance of evergreens, balsams, cedar and fir pervades the city, and bright scarlet holly-berries in their setting of glossy pointed leaves, with English mistletoe, laurel and great tufts of scarlet poinsetta leaves are to be seen on every hand. Wreaths and stars, bells and garlands, are beginning to adorn the many

homes of rich and poor alike, and the daughters of the household are busy with pasteboard, needle and muslin making up designs for Christmas decorations.

"So many people imagine that Christmas decorations require an outlay of money," said a young lady the other day, "but we have quite pretty stars and wreaths at home, and only spent $5 on all of them."

"Evergreen wreaths are made in the same way, you see," she said, displaying two large ones. "These I am going to place in the dining-room windows, with a crimson star in the center of each one, made out of pasteboard and covered with scarlet paper, put on with flour paste. Then I fasten each point with a bit of wire to the wreath."

To make a Christmas bell cut the shape out of stiff pasteboard and cover with a padding of cotton batting and dark-green paper muslin. Then sew on laurel, holly or evergreen, pointing the leaves downward. Holly bells are very handsome. A bow of red ribbon is tied to the top, and a cluster of the berries without leaves is fixed to the center of the bottom to form a tongue. These bells are very artistic placed under the hall chandelier with a long rope of evergreen attached to the top and fastened at the side of the parlor door or to the newel-post. Small ones placed on wreaths or points of stars are also effective.

Stars are made in the same way, the leaves on each spike pointing towards the end. When made of everlastings they are placed very close, and look more finished with a border of holly leaves.

Made a Slight Mistake.

Merchant Traveler.

Billy Sellers, a traveling man, was waiting for the St. Louis girl he was going to take to the theater to put on her wraps.

"Ah," said he, as he strayed toward the center table. "I see that some of your folks are admires of the manly art. To whom do these boxing-gloves belong?"

"Will you be kind enough to hand me my ear muffs, which you have in your hand," she returned icily.

A chilliness then arose between them, which has not yet been dispelled.

THE TRAMPS' LYCEUM.

When President Blatz, of the Tramps' lyceum, called the meeting to order last Wednesday night, he said, "D—n that gas."

The gas was dimly burning, and Blatz protested that the American citizen was no longer accorded his rights, and "ther d—n gas company," he said, "wants $3 fur erbout 8 cents worth ov gas, and I don't purpose ter stand it. We air free Ermerican citizens and entitled ter jest as much gas as them folks what live up on ther hill an' wear slick clothes, an' we need jest as much ov it in our business as they do."

Just then the gas flared up, and, assuming a look of importance, Blatz said: "Yer see, boyees, we do hev considerable influence. There must hev been sum member ov ther gas company standin' at ther telephone an' overheerd whut I jest said. Thar's nuthin' like bein' indurpendent ef thar is holes in yer clothes, boyees."

There was a good attendance that night, and President Blatz was in a cheerful mood, for somebody had decorated him with a somewhat fogged Prince Albert coat and vest, and across the breast of the latter he had stretched a chain made of old key rings, interlinked from which dangled a round tin charm, on which was printed, "Canned Succotash." Blatz had found the charm on the top of a fruit can, and had used it to render his appearance more striking. He might have had a watch hung at the end of the chain, but it was noticeable that he never pulled it out to ascertain what the hour was "Boyees," said he, after the lyceum had settled down and the windows had been opened to let out the tobacco smoke and the scent of old leather and mildewed clothes, "boyees, to-night we're ter hear from Clothesline Williams, a prominent member ov our lyceum, whose fust name gives an inklin' of his specialty. Clothesline, you will please take the floor."

From a dark corner of the room Clothesline came out, and, walking up to the presidential barrel, turned his back on Blatz and faced the audience. This treatment looked very much like disrespect to Blatz, and picking up his ax handle he swiped Clothesline in the small of the back and whispered: "Stand out ov my light yer chippy face er I'll knock er hole in yer gall."

Clothesline quickly stepped aside and prepared to speak. He looked splendidly, having improved much in appearance since last winter He was very fleshy and wore clothes that set off his rotund figure to good advantage. When he opened his mouth to speak, however, it was noticed that his upper teeth were absent.

"Speakin' erbout times, fellers," he said, "I had ther softest layout last summer yer ever heard tell on. I've had some purty tall seasons in my life, but I never struck anythin' that could bergin ter touch my experience last summer. I floated off down ter Texas when I left here in ther spring, an' down near Galveston one night I run ercross er clothesline that wus full ov outside male fixins. I reckon there hed been er funeral thar, fur thar wus crape on ther doorknob an' it struck me that they hed put ther clothes ov ther corpse out ter sort ov air, an' bein dead, I knew he wouldn't hev enny further use fur them, an' I dressed myself up in 'em. They war just ther fit an' when I sized myself up in ther lookin' glass ov er serloon thet night I cum purty near havin' ter git sumbody ter interduce me ter myself. I wus ther slickest lookin' chap in ther purfession an' I concluded ter travel just as hard on my shape as I could. I put up at leadin' hotels an' passed myself off fur er Western capitalist in different towns in ther state fur erbout two months, when one day I struck er small point called Beanville. It hed erbout 3,500 inhaburtants an' was er purty flourishin' place. I wus walkin' up town one afternoon when I passed er feller thet it struck me looked er good deal like myself. I inquired who he wus an' found out thet he wus ther mayor ov ther town. I walked erlong er little further when er man passed, an', touchin' his hat, said: 'How'd do, mayor?' Thet settled it. I knew thet I looked like ther mayor an' I wus struck with er red-hot desire ter play mayor myself fur erwhile. I found out where his office wus an' called on him one day an' told him I wus from New York lookin' fur some place ter locate er tannery an' thought very favorable ov Beanville. He treated me like er king an' I invited him down ter my room at ther hotel one day ter talk over matters an' drink er bottle ov champagne. He cum down. When I got him in my room I locked ther door an' knocked him down with er chair. Then I tied his hands an' feet an' gagged him an' put him in a small room thet opened off my bedroom an' which I used as er private erpartment ter transact business in. Yer see them fellers at ther hotel thought I wus er millionaire. Fur er week I had ther darndest picnic yer ever heerd tell ov. I rode eround in carriages. Issued permits ter show ter circuses an' pockited ther money. I hired er private secretary and moved my office inter ther finest buildin' in ther town an' had it furnished at er cost ov about $1,500 an' stood off ther furniture dealer. I had more drinks poured inter me than I ever hed before in all my life. All this time I kept the real mayor bound an' gagged in my room I'd go to ther hotel as usual an' hev my victuals sent up to my room. I'd remove ther gag from ther mayor's mouth an' stand over him with er chair ready ter kill him if he yelled, while he eat. I'd let him walk eround er little ter sort ov limber up, then I'd bind an' gag him argin an' go out an' eat an' be ther mayor ergin. It hed run two or three days over er week an' I had pocketed erbout $2,500 in one way an' ernother, when one mornin' er little pale-faced woman with er kid in her arms came inter ther office an' comin' up ter me threw her arm eround my neck an' begun ter cry all ther time callin' me dear husband an' askin' why I hed deserted her. This sort ov staggered me, but I knew it wouldn't do ter make er bad break then an' I told her thet I'd got tired ov her an' didn't propose ter live with her agin. This purty near broke ther little woman's heart an' she took on so thet I was afraid my private secretary would mistrust sumpthin' an' I hustled her into my private office, where I kissed her a few times an' played with ther little kid and finally told her ter go home an' I'd come back that night or ther next day an' live with her. This seemed ter satisfy her, an' after kissin' me she left. I knew I'd got ter git out thet night or I'd be caught an', I took ther train in ther evening fur Mexico with purty near $3,000 in my inside pocket. A couple ov days after I red in ther papers how ther doors ov my rooms hed been bursted in an' ther whole thing found out. I went to ther Pacific coast an' up ter Washington territory an' erbout ther country ter here, an' I spent ter last ov ther mayor's money in Jimtown, Dakoty, fur er glass ov beer. It wus ther greatest streak ov luck I ever hed, an' I'll never forgit ter time I wus mayor ov Beanville."

Clothesline took his seat amidst wild applause, and when he was comfortably fixed on the floor, everybody offered him a chew of tobacco, and he took a bite from each plug to be accommodating.

"Pensive Pete was ter hev give us er talk," said Blatz, "but he aint showed up yit, an' we'll hev to excuse him, I suppose, but I reckon we'll catch him erbout next Wednesday night, an' will adjourn till then."

CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thought's endeavor,
I would go where the children play,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grows willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—Boston Pilot.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Campbell Divorce Case as Seen From This Side of the Atlantic.

History of a Domestic Disagreement Which Has More Money Than Morals In It.

How the Pink of Newspaper Perfection Was Caught With a Filthy Letter.

Something About Madame Fursch-Madi's Quarrel With Messrs. Thomas and Hock.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The Campbell divorce case, which is scandalizing nearly the whole of the known world, causes nearly as much excitement in New York as in London. We are "so English, you know." The great Atlantic is between us and the British islands, but in society affairs and interest in contemporaneous politics, New York seems to be almost as close to London as to St. Paul. The American interest in the Campbell case has been stimulated by the announcement that Lady Campbell is the daughter of the notorious, and not altogether unsalacious, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, who was a pioneer in this country in forbidden social philosophy. Mrs. Woodhull's sister, Tennie C. Coafflin, used to keep a kind of clairvoyant or spiritualist establishment in Cincinnati, which had a rather pretentious and inviting front, but innocent people passing that way didn't know what was going on in the back office.

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Well, it is a mistake. Lady Campbell is not a daughter of Mrs. Woodhull. She is the daughter of a man named Blood—but not the Col. Blood who used to be Mrs. Woodhull's "guide, philosopher and friend," if nothing more. If there is not a kink in the writer's memory, Blood, the father-in-law to the present scandal, lives in Ireland. He is a man of large means, though without the title or station of the family into which his daughter married.

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Nine-tenths of the American people do not understand the divorce case from the beginning. They only jumped into the newspaper accounts when the reports of the trial became racy, and have not taken the trouble to go back to the beginning and take up the thread of the story. Lord Colin Campbell is the son of the Duke of Argyle, a direct descendent and successor of the famous Duke of Argyle who erected the scratching posts in Scotland. Hence, when you back against the door-jam to scratch your back, somebody invariably remarks: "God bless the Duke of Argyle." The present duke is a man of exemplary character and dignity, but he is poor; and his son, Lord Colin Campbell, is as poor as his father in purse, and is not rich in morals. At the time of his marriage Lord Colin tried to induce Blood to make a legal settlement on him, but failed. Blood settled what he had to give—which was a large fortune—on his daughter, and her husband has not been able, up to this time, to get the money from her. If he wins the divorce case he will take her money outright, and will not be obliged to pay her alimony. So the divorce case is a question of money, rather than morals.

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Lady Campbell is not, to say the least, prudent, but the impression that she is much better than her husband in every respect is rapidly gaining ground. Much has been made of her association with the Duke of Marlborough. Nothing calculated to maintain a divorce has been proven in this connection, but the tesimony must impair the lady's reputation. The Duke of Marlborough is one of the worst men in England. Some Americans who lived a long time in England, and who made a patient study of the English aristocracy, tell me that the Duke of Marlborough is even worse than the newspapers say he is. Indeed, the papers cannot tell the story and go through the mails. He is utterly depraved. He practically lives in the London houses of ill-fame when he is not in more disreputable resorts in Paris. His lewdness goes below the point that may be even hinted at. For a woman to recognize him on the streets or in other public places is to place her character in jeopardy. For a woman to return his bow is as dangerous to her as for man of family to respond in public to the leer of the lowest strumpet that stalks the streets.

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All New York has been agog over the publication in the Tribune of one of the filthiest letters that has been brought out in the Campbell trial. It was bad enough for all the papers to tell such things as how Dr. Hicks testified that he had made an examination of Lady Campbell and ascertained that she had never been a mother; but this was purity and politeness themselves in comparison with the dreadful publication in the Tribune. The letter was filthy; it was almost obscene. It may have been important to introduce it in the trial, but it is a marvel that it should have ever found itself in print anywhere. It must have disgusted the sharks and cuttle-fish in the brief time it took to flash it under the sea.

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The explanation is made that the offensive letter got into the Tribune without the knowledge of Whitelaw Reid, the editor; that he didn't know of it going in, etc., and would certainly have arrested it had it come under his eagle eye. Certainly. Nobody supposes that Mr. Reid stays up all night to revise proofs. He might get out a better paper if he did. But how did his trained editors let the vile stuff pass? But so it goes. The papers professing the highest places of morality give the public the worst doses. The Cincinnati Enquirer long had the name of being the most sensational and salacious paper in the West, but its neighbor, the Commercial Gazette, "double discounts" it in off-color publications. There is a code of prudery in the New York papers that prevents them from giving the news, and the Tribune is the principal stickler for the code. The New York papers will not permit the reporters to call crime against virtue more than an assault. They will not allow even the phrase "criminal assault." So when you read that a man over on the Jersey flats assaulted a woman, you do not know whether he intended to rob her of her money or her virtue.

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Speaking of the editor of the Tribune. He is now the master of the most extensive residence in New York, and has the finest newspaper building. His situation is very unlike it was when he ran a country hebdomadal at Xenia, O. His full name is Jacob Whitelaw Reid, but he long ago dropped the first name for picturesque purposes. The bigoted partisanship of his paper offends Democrats, and under circumstances of this kind you can still hear him referred to occasionally as Jake Reid.

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Nearly everybody seems to sympathize with Madame Fursch-Madi in her row with Theodore Thomas and Stage Manager Hock. It is generally believed that she knew more about the opera under rehearsal at the time of the difficulty than all the rest of the American opera establishment together. Hock's quarrel with her was grevious, and it is a great pity she was not able to throw him off the stage instead of the chair over which she stumbled. Theodore Thomas showed his characteristic tyranny in the matter, but it appears now that he will get the worst of it.

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Madame Fursch-Madi stands high among operatic artists. She first came to this country about the year 1871, and sang in French in New Orleans for a whole season. She had mezzo-soprano roles in grand opera. To be successful in that line she must have been 25 years old—more likely 30. She is probably now well up toward the half-century notch in life. When in New Orleans she was Mrs. Madier, and her husband was so insanely jealous and suspicious that they were some time afterwards separated by divorce. Madame Fursh-Madi is now, in private life, Mrs. H. Verle, and is as much esteemed in private as in public life.

A Chinese Banquet.

New York Sun.

Excise Commissioner Andrews, who has for years been ambitious to eat a regulation Chinese dinner, ate one last night, and thinks that he will be able to get out to day. Wong Chin Foo was his host. Dressed in an American derby and overcoat and other American things, Wong led the way to the Chinese chop house at 14 Mott street. The commissioner was in evening dress. He brought two New York friends to help him, and when they had mastered the chopsticks they drove right through fourteen courses of dinner without quailing. It took nearly three hours, and this was the bill of the performance:

1. Tea, served in costly china cups.
2. Cake.
3. Lichee nuts.
4. Sweetmeats.
5. Roast duck.
6. Roast chicken.
7. Boned ducks feet fried with mushrooms and bamboo shoots.
8. Chicken bones fried in lard until the bone was soft as the flesh, and dressed with Chinese sweet pickle, ginger and celery.
9. American pike fried, with mushrooms and water lily potato.
10. Cuttlefish, with Chinese sweet turnips and saifun beans.
11. Tehowmien macaroni, flower stewed with chicken, celery and mushrooms.
12. Chinese sausages, composition uncertain.
13. Citron soup with shrimp.
14. Lotus seed and appricot seed soup.

Commissioner Andrews washed it all down with three kinds of Chinese wine. One was the nomaidayo pear wine, the second a white wine distilled from rice, and the third Chinese gin made of appricot seed

SOCIAL SPOILS.

Cabinet Ladies Claim An Honor By Right of Precedence,

But the Advantage of Numbers Lies With Senate Ladies.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—The ladies of the cabinet and the ladies of the senate are living together in peace and amity at the capital. To say that there is the slightest ripple of feeling manifest upon the calm surface of official society caused by the question of the ranking of the two official bodies, raised by the passage of the Hoar bill, would be to misrepresent the situation. There is much difference of opinion in the matter, but that is to be expected. It is certain that the ladies of the senate wish for themselves the immunity from returning calls that the cabinet ladies enjoy. It is now remembered that Mrs. Blaine

NEVER MADE VISITS OF CEREMONY

to any one when Mr. Blaine was in the senate. She sent cards upon all occasions. It is told of Mrs. Carlisle, the wife of the speaker of the house, who remarked when the cabinet ladies decided last year to return calls by cards, that they were making a great mistake. Mrs. Carlisle now says they should not be expected to send cards. In any case it is a meaningless formality. It is related that when Mrs. John F. Stockton's husband was here as senator from New Jersey that she always regarded the cabinet with contempt, did not call upon the ladies, and characterized them as "creatures of the hour." The ladies of the present cabinet are not disposed to take steps in the matter. They think the question should be settled according to the apparent legal rights in the matter, not by feeling or tradition, but right. It is interesting to know that the bill changes the order of precedence in the cabinet. The new order ranks the officials as follows: Secretary of state, secretary of the treasury, the attorney general, the secretary of war, the postmaster general, the secretary of the navy and the secretary of the interior.

THE SENATE LADIES

who have been seen expressed an opinion most frankly. Mrs. Teller, of Colorado, concedes that the first call to the cabinet should be made by the senate. Mr. Teller was secretary of the interior under the late Gen. Arthur, and Mrs. Teller knows whereof she speaks. The cabinet ladies received a hundred-fold more calls in a week than the senate ladies do, and in that day the cabinet ladies had to make some fifty-two—there were that many senate families in the city—before returning one of their own calls, and found it most laborious. Mrs. Sherman, of Ohio, has also been on the cabinet side of the question, and thinks it more practicable that the senate ladies should make the first call. Mrs. Sherman has been in Washington thirty-two years. Mrs. Morrill, of Vermont, who is second in point of time only to Mrs. Sherman, cannot see that the new bill changes the ranking in any particular. The senate has the power of confirming, and, therefore, takes precedence of those they make or unmake, as it were. Mrs. Don Cameron said immediately that it was quite right that the cabinet should take precedence. They do so actually, and should in theory of etiquette as well. Mrs. Voorhees, of Indiana, and Miss Voorhees said the idea of giving the cabinet precedence over the senate is

ABSURD AND SILLY.

They thought that if the president wished to so honor the members of his official household he should make a special proclamation to that effect. The matter lies in his hands entirely. Mrs. Sherman felt that the secretary of state should write a decision on the case, and is willing to abide by that. Mrs. Cockrell, of Missouri, said it had occurred to her that the bill might make a change in the social code. "I am a stickler for all that pertains to the dignity of the senate, and would be the last to make an unwarrantable concession; but as we are neither senator nor member of the cabinet for life, I presume we might waive mere personal considerations and decide this

MOST MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

If the senate, however, should make the concession, why should not the supreme court, for the same reason, do as we do? They are not nearer the throne than we." Mrs. Cockrell hopes the stability of the government will not be shaken by the discussion of the question. Mrs. Endicott, wife of the war minister, and Mrs. Vilas have already made some of the senate calls. Mrs. McPherson, of New Jersey, and Mrs. Eustis, of Louisiana, have signified their willingness to conform to the new law by making first calls upon the cabinet ladies. The end is not yet, but it is clear that the women must decide it. One strong aggressive woman on either side could carry the day for her followers. It was Miss Kate Chase who changed the judiciary from third to second place in official rank.

HAMLINE NOTES.

Mr. A. Higgins is recovering from his long illness.

F. A. Farrar, of '90, was suddenly called home on Thursday by the illness of his father.

J. H. Beck, of '90, will spend his vacation as a telegraph operator on one of the St. Paul railroads.

A very large and attentive audience greeted Bishop Foss on Friday afternoon in the chapel to hear his lecture on his "Recent Observations in Europe."

A number of students who have been absent a part or the whole of the present term are arriving for examinations. Miss Bennett, of '89, arrived on Saturday, coming in time to enjoy the sophomore festivities.

The sophomores, on the invitation of one of their classmates, Mr. S. F. Kerfoot, went sleigh-riding on Saturday evening. On arriving home they partook of a hearty supper and spent a pleasant evening at the same gentleman's rooms. The soph's motto is, "Better Late Than Never."

The term examinations, which have been looked forward to with some dread by the new students, are now in progress. They began last Friday and will last until Tuesday noon, when one of the most successful terms Hamline has ever seen, will close. Most of the students will go home for Christmas, taking with them their classmates and friends. Miss Good, of St. Paul, will spend the holidays with Miss Sterling, of Red Wing. Miss Richardson, '89, will go to Northfield, and Miss Palmer, '90, to Minneapolis.

On Friday evening officers were elected by the Philomathean and Amphictyon societies. The results were: President, J. C. Marshall; vice president, J. A. Sutton; secretary, J. Lathrop, these three also forming the executive committee: treasurer, E. A. Carrol; chaplain, R. Simmons; critic, J. H. Beek, of the Philomathean. Of the Amphictyon: President, G. W. Empey; vice president, R. H. Wright; secretary, E. E. McBrea; treasurer, J. Arwood; executive committee, W. G. Follensbee, H. H. Norton, C. D. Foss, Jr.; critic, S. F. Kerfoot; chaplain, E. H. Ellsworth; marshal, W. Wallace; librarian, F. W. Dewart. These societies have prepared fine programmes for the first gathering in winter term, by which they expect to captivate the new and unwary students.