THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1887.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—1 a. m. indications: For Michigan and Wisconsin: Warmer and fair weather, followed in Wisconsin by local rains, southerly winds, veering to westerly. For Iowa, Eastern Dakota and Minnesota: Local rains, rising, followed by falling temperature and variable winds, generally westerly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, May 28.—The following observations were made at 8:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Observation.	Bar. Height....	Ther. Exposed....	Change in 24 hours	State of Weather....
Duluth..........	29.92	....	....	Fair.
St. Paul..........	29.86	70	+4	Cloudy.
La Crosse..........	29.92	66	+2	Cloudy.
Huron..........	29.88	64	....	Fair.
Moorhead..........	29.78	58	....	Cloudy.
St. Vincent..........	29.76	66	+4	Fair.
Bismarck..........	29.82	72	+4	Clear.
Buford..........	29.90	68	+2	Clear.
Custer..........	30.02	64	*10	Clear.
Helena..........	30.10	70	+6	Clear.

*Lower. +Higher.

DELAY IN SECURING PARKS.

In the United States senate, Feb. 19, 1867, Senator B. GRATZ BROWN, of Missour, proposed "That a tract of land in the District of Columbia, along and adjacent to Rock creek, shall be purchased by the United States for the purposes of a public park." The tract comprised 2,700 acres.

Senator BROWN stated that the land could then be obtained at an average price of perhaps less than $200 an acre. His bill was not passed and has not yet been passed, because congress was not educated up to a proper appreciation of parks. But a movement is now on foot to secure the land for a park, and the government will probably pay a million or two dollars more for the land than it would have cost twenty years ago. Senator BROWN advocated his bill in a short speech filling less than three columns of the Congressional Globe, but which, as a piece of English prose, seems to me equal to anything from the pen of WASHINGTON IRVING. I quote from it as follows:

"I suppose all members of the senate are familiar enough with the environs of the city to know the beautiful and romantic valleys of Rock creek. The character of the ground around and adjacent to that stream is exactly suited to the purposes we desire. It has running water; it has rugged hills; it has abundance of varied forest timber; it has a native undergrowth blushing with beauty. It has the tangled vine and clustering wild flower, and quiet mosses gray with age, and indeed a thousand imprints of native adornmen that no hand of art could ever equal in its most imitative mood. Moreover, with so much of attractiveness in its present uncultivated state, it has likewise every capacity for adornment and development, and can be made with less expense than almost any spot of equal area I have ever seen within reach of a great city, one of the most beautiful resorts in the world. * * * Mr. President, I had intended, when presenting this subject to the consideration of the senate, to have remarked somewhat freely upon the influence such surroundings are calculated to exert upon those who come hither from all parts of this great nation to bend their minds to the dismal science of law-making and of government. Those who for any length of time have undergone the wear and tear of such life as this, who have all their energies run to brain, and all their souls fused into politics, need not be told that anything which holds out hope of either mental or passional relief is seized upon with avidity. How necessary, then, that all the ennobling influences of nature—the scenic splendor of shifting views, the life and animation of gay concourse, the uprisen majesty of the forest, the intoxicating gladness of spring flowers, the laugh of the heavens through the playing branches, the shimmer of the waters, the songs of birds, graceful forms, inspirations—should be abundantly grouped around this nation's capital."

Senator BROWN then gave the dimensions of some of the famous European parks, as follows: "Hyde Park, 380 acres; Regent's park, 372 acres; Windsor Little park, 300 acres; Windsor Great park, 3,500 acres; Richmond park, 2,250 acres; Phœnix park at Dublin, 2,000 acres; Garden of Versailles, 3,000 acres; Bois de Bologne, 2,158 acres; English Garden at Munich, 500 acres; the Prater at Vienna, 1,500 acres." He might have added almost fifty others. Such facts and arguments support the policy of securing as many acres as possible for park purposes along the banks of the Mississippi—say in the vicinity of Minnehaha—without delay.

C. C. Andrews.

THEATER FIRES.

The Parisian theater horror, which resulted in the death of 200 people, will probably have a salutory effect in causing a thorough inspection of every theater in this as well as other countries.

Not only should particular attention be given to the matter of providing sufficient exits, if they do not already exist, but there should be precautions against fire lacking in no detail whatever. Had there been a regular fireguard in the Parisian theater and sufficient exits, the fire might have been smothered in time and the people would have all escaped. The Parisians have no doubt learned a lesson of the utmost value, but they have paid a fearful price for it. Most theaters in this country, too, are veritable fire-traps. Those built within recent years, it is true, are generally as nearly safe as it is possible to make them, but those of an earlier date are usually very much open to criticism. The St. Paul opera house is very much above the average, but in regard to provision against fire and in the number of its exits, it is still susceptible of improvements. Even though a strong fireman or two remains behind the scenes during every performance on the outlook for fire, there should be even greater care exercised. An iron fire curtain ought to be provided and hand extinguishers placed at hand among the inflammable scenery.

In any theater which is not proof against fire a good many people take chances every year, and nothing which will add to their safety, as well as comfort, ought to be neglected.

CLERICAL RIP VAN WINKLES.

It seems an anomaly that whatever bitterness growing out of our unfortunate sectional strife that still remains should be confined almost exclusively to those whose mission it is to preach peace on earth. The late discussions in the respective general assemblies of the two great Presbyterian bodies in this country relative to an organic union of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches developed the fact that the opposition to union was almost exclusively based on sectional prejudices, and this opposition was confined wholly to the ministerial delegates. The laymen were ripe for organic union, and argued it with a religious earnestness and patriotic eloquence. But the preachers, or a great many of them, seemed to be under the impression that the war between the North and the South was still in progress, and that it would be treason to entertain such a proposition. There may be two ways of accounting for this anomaly. One is that the preachers, as a class, did not do any fighting when the war was going on. The men who never smell gunpowder during a conflict are the most bloodthirsty after the battle is over. A second reason is that as a rule the ministers do not keep pace with secular affairs as they should do. They become so much absorbed in their theological studies and work that they lose sight of the world around them. In the rapid progress of events the world marches right away from them and they are not conscious of it. That is why those clerical RIP VAN WINKLES stood up in the recent Presbyterian assemblies and made themselves ridiculous by discussing issues which this progressive generation has almost forgotten. They had been taking a theological nap of twenty years' duration and didn't know that all the old political conditions had passed away and all things have become new.

COAL HOLE COVERINGS.

Upon the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, the jury in the case of ADAMS vs. McALLISTER and others yesterday, in addition to rendering a verdict for large damages, felt impelled to ask the court to inform the city authorities that the present coverings of areas and coal holes in the city of St. Paul are ordinarily unsafe and of improper construction. This is a fact so patent to the ordinary observer it hardly needed a suggestion from the jury to call public attention to it. It may be possible, however, that a notice of this kind served by a court upon the authorities, may have a beneficial influence in bringing about a change in respect to this matter and render street pedestrianism measurably safe. The people of the city can better afford to defray the expense of construction safe coverings for the areas and coal holes than to pay the damages that are liable to occur from the rattle traps now in use.

HETTY GREEN'S TRIUMPH.

Mistress HETTY GREEN is at present the most self-satisfied and self-complacent woman in the world. She has good cause to be. Single-handed and alone she has met the redoubtable railway magnate, HUNTINGTON, and his shrewd associates in mental combat, and worsted them.

Though her name may be GREEN, there is nothing verdant and unsophisticated about the valiant HETTY herself. She is exceedingly well versed in the ways of the wicked world, particularly that part of it that centers in Wall street, as several worthy gentleman have discovered to their cost. Mr. HUNTINGTON was engaged in the congenial occupation of wrecking a railway. In the pursuance of that pleasing diversion he offered the various holders of the bonds of the road about one-tenth of what their holdings were worth. The alternative being the receipt of nothing, the bondholders philosophically accepted the situation and his offer at the same time. Not so the astute HETTY. Her bonds amounted to about $3,000,000, and their possession was absolutely essential to Wrecker HUNTINGTON in order to complete the deal. That was HETTY'S opportunity. She flatly refused to enter the combination. Entreaties were of no avail, and if Mr. HUNTINGTON desires to attain entire success in his wrecking operations he will have to pay Mistress GREEN the full value of her bonds. The shrewdest male manipulator of railway securities could not have more successfully outwitted his sharp opponents than the witch of Wall street has those who sought to play her for a verdant old woman, easily gulled. She has demonstrated that there is a new field for the exercise of woman's wit, but, as it is one which involves the possession of millions before it can be tried, it is not likely to be very thoroughly cultivated. She has shown, too, that if the courts are powerless to check the rampant railway magnate in his mad course, one lone woman can undertake the task. Considering the humility thus brought upon HUNTINGTON et al. through this, their first defeat, through her efforts, Mistress GREEN deserves the esteem of her countrywomen and countrymen.

The GLOBE thinks she has done well, and, with all due deference, would like to have her consider herself patted upon the back.

O'BRIEN'S CRUSADE.

It is a debatable question whether Editor O'BRIEN has benefited the Irish cause or not by his visit to Canada and his personal attack on the governor general of the Dominion. There are some reasons to believe that O'BRIEN'S crusade has been beneficial. But the benefit is more perceptible in the states than it has been in Canada. On this side of the line there are none of the prejudices in favor of the mother country which exist in Canada. Neither are there selfish considerations to influence the people of the states. Consequently, Mr. O'BRIEN was looked upon here more as the representative of the Irish cause, and Lord LANSDOWNE was regarded as representing the Tory party. Naturally the sympathy of the people on this side of the line were more in sympathy with the agitator. The fact that the representatives of American journalism attended Mr. O'BRIEN on his travels and were victims with him of the assaults of the mobs, only served to enlist our sympathies more strongly in behalf. But so far as Canada is concerned it was different. When Mr. O'BRIEN went into the Dominion and announced that the purpose of his coming was to make a personal fight against Lord LANSDOWNE the pride of the people was touched, and it was the most natural thing in the world that they should stand by their ruler. It is true that the Irish agitator made it uncomfortable for Canada's governor general. But if his purpose was to build up an Irish party in the Dominion he missed his mark. It is altogether apparent that he has weakened the Irish cause in Canada. But it has probably gained corresponding strength in the states, which, after all, is probably of more benefit.

OUR BREATHING SPOTS.

Though the Twin cities do not possess many extensive breathing spots within their limits they are vastly more fortunately situated with regard to great natural parks easy of access than the majority of the world.

A score of lakes, surrounded by shady woods and refreshing glens, can be reached in a short ride from the city, and form breathing places unsurpassed. And it is coming about that St. Paul and Minneapolis people are annually appreciating the lakes better. They begin to see that nature has been wonderfully lavish in bestowing her gifts upon Minnesota and that it is a good thing to take advantage of nature's munificence. Hundreds of people will probably make an exodus to the lakes to-day, weather permitting, and enjoy a season of brief but thorough rest mid cooling groves. That is as it should be. They will return tired, of course, but it will br a healthy fatigue. They will sleep sounder and get up Monday morning feeling more refreshed because of it. Every one who possibly can should spend at least one day of the week out of the city. It is not necessary to go to one of the fashionable hotels at a popular lake resort, though that is pleasant enough, for those who like that sort of thing; but just as much solid enjoyment can be obtained and even more benefit secured, by a brief stay at some one of the less frequented but equally attractive lakes. And don't go selfishly alone.

Take your wife and babies with you, if you happen to be blessed with such, and if you are not, take your sweetheart, and if you haven't a sweetheart, get one; there's a lassie for every lad, the Scotch inform us. In any event, if you are suffering from lassitude, weariness or overwork, try the lakeside cure. Our word for it, you wont regret it.

YOUNG JUDGES.

The name of Attorney General GARLAND having been prominently canvassed in connection with an appointment to the supreme court bench to fill the vacancy occasioned by Justice WOODS' death, that gentleman announces in most positive terms that he would not accept the office if it was offered to him. Immediately after the death of Judge WOODS the GLOBE urged upon the president the necessity for appointing a young man to this high position. In stating his reasons for declining to go upon the supreme bench Mr. GARLAND places himself in exact accord with the GLOBE'S views. He says that he is too old to perform the duties of the position satisfactorily, although he would have fifteen years' service before he could be retired under the law. Mr. GARLAND says that the duties of the office of justice of the supreme court are so important and exacting the appointee should have a fair and reasonable prospect of at least twenty years of unbroken labor before reaching the age named by law for retirement. The work that is done in that court is done for all the years to come, and it goes very far toward moulding and fashioning our institutions.

COLEMAN E. BISHOP has, in the Chautauquan for June, an exceedingly readable article on the Black Hills. Many Eastern readers will learn from it, for the first time, that wonderful as that region is, pretty nearly as much gold has gone into it as has come out of it.

IT IS said that negotiations are now pending looking to the purchase of a BLAINE organ at Columbus. It is not thought that the position of editor-in-chief will be tendered to Mr. SHERMAN, even though the paper is to be conducted on his native heath.

MISSOURI Republicans are trying to make capital against Senator COCKRELL by circulating stories among his constituents about the grand house he is building, which is none the less a mean way of fighting, because it is the Republican way.

SEVERAL hundred people visited the GLOBE building again last evening, and were highly delighted with all they saw. Notwithstanding their hearty compliments the GLOBE is not a bit conceited, but continues to revolve for all.

ENGLAND is gathering in the trade of Mexico, which ought to belong to this country. John Bull commercially is wide awake; Uncle Sam is sleeping, with not even one eye open, so what are we going to do about it?

THE mikado of Japan has issued a decree compeling Japanese women to adopt the European style of dress, and the milliners and dressmakers are thinking of making him an honorary member of their society.

THIS is a generous nation. It will not expect its president to maintain a conscientious regard for veracity during the entire time his fishing expedition is in progress—nor in telling about it afterward.

WITH both the president and Col. LAMONT away, the politicians will be compelled to take a season of rest, while CLEVELAND and his first assistant on their return will have gained fresh vigor in resisting their assaults.

HUNDREDS of people never knew that St. Paul was such a beautiful city until they viewed it from the top of the GLOBE building. Come next Saturday evening and see for yourself.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND deserves all the compliments paid to his astuteness. He got into the woods and away from the shops several days before his first wedding anniversary.

THE fact that Col. PADDY RYAN has issued a challenge for a prize fight to Mr. KILRAIN leads us to believe that the colonel's San Francisco saloon is not paying.

NO DOUBT if JAKE SHARP were permitted to supply the missing juror in his boodle trial he would be quite willing to defray all the attending expenses.

THE big barbecue they had in Chicago wasn't a marker to the roast n; Chicago's boodle aldermen are getting in the newspapers of that city.

THE GLOBE is not given much to bragging, but the person who cannot enjoy his or her SUNDAY GLOBE to-day must indeed be difficult to please.

A GOOD many men in New York might have been better spared than the 1,300 horses burned to death in the recent great fire.

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

The colored man was on hand at the national drill last week. He was there quite numerously. If there is anything particularly attractive to a negro it is a military parade. The colored man is an enthusiast by nature and his soul is stirred to its depths by the sound of martial music and by the sight of waving banners and flashy uniforms.

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The colored man was not only a looker-on at the national drill, but he was also there in the ranks, doing his level best to keep step with his white brother. And the singular part of it is that the colored military companies did not come from the North. They came from the South, principally from Virginia, were in battalions and regiments along with the white companies, and were under the command of an ex-Confederate soldier. When such things come to pass it looks as if the much talked of color line had no substantial existence in fact.

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The Washington belles are as discriminating as they are beautiful. A straw vote taken among them the other day as to which state contributed the handsomest looking lot of soldiers at the national drill resulted in a large majority for Minnesota. Our boys blushed a little when they heard the result, but were not a bit stuck up. They knew it all the time.

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Mrs. LANGTRY—Why didn't I charge BERNHARDT prices? Oh, you must remember that Mme. BERNHARDT is playing a farewell engagement, and I expect to come back to St. Paul. I am satisfied with my engagement here, and I feel flattered by the kind reception I received. Now that I own real estate in St. Paul I feel at home in this city. I expect to make America my permanent home, just where I have not decided, but probably the choice will lie between New York and St. Paul, with a posibility of having a home in each city.

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Manager KEOGH—Do you know, my dear boy, you have a deuced fine town here? I am stuck on it just as much as Mrs. LANGTRY. It is a marvel to us English people, who are accustomed to old things, to see so much young greatness in this country. London, with all its centuries of historic renown, cannot beat the GLOBE building in the way of a newspaper establishment.

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Now that MODJESKA is to follow so closely on the heels of BERNHARDT and and LANGTRY there will be the fullest opportunity for us to judge by comparison of the respective merits of the famous dramatic trio. There has been a story current for years, and for which there was no foundation, that MODJESKA was the daughter of a Polish prince and was cut off without a shilling because she went on the stage. She was the daughter of a Polish music teacher who lived in Cracow.

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MODJESKA'S maiden name was HELENA OPIDO, and her father gave her a Greek name because of her small Greek head, which pleased his artistic sense. Her parents were poor, and had a hard struggle to support the large family of which HELENA, or HELCIA, as she was called in the Polish tongue, was the youngest. Her first husband was her guardian, a man much older than herself, and she married him because her mother told her it was her duty to do so. His name was MODRZEJEWSKI, the substitution of the letter "a" makes it feminine, and MODRZEJEWSKA is really the spelling of the name we have abbreviated into MODJESKA.

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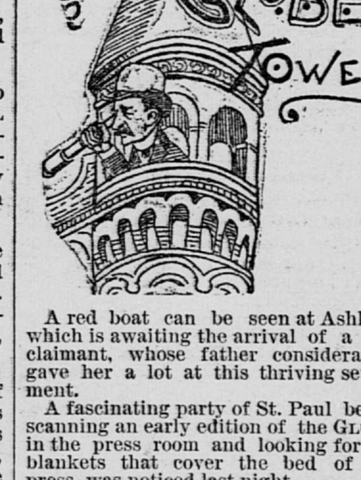
Her last husband was the Count CHARLES BOZENTA CHLAPOWSKI, a young Polish patriot and journalist, who fell desperately in love with Mme. MODJESKA the first time he saw her, and she with him. It was a case of love at first sight, which resulted in a most happy marriage.



A red boat can be seen at Ashland which is awaiting the arrival of a fair claimant, whose father considerately gave her a lot at this thriving settlement.

A fascinating party of St. Paul belles scanning an early edition of the GLOBE in the press room and looking for the blankets that cover the bed of the press, was noticed last night.

E. H. Elliott was seen last night on the summit of the Indian mound at Dayton's Bluff taking in the panorama and some fresh air.

Jim Goldrey at the Ryan looking for some one to play pool with him after midnight.

An elderly lady with a Bible and hymn book looking for the "chapel" meeting of the compositors on the GLOBE.

Will Caby was observed with a magnifying glass and double mirrors looking for the first shoots of a spring mustache.

Dick Camden with a handful of bargains in real estate—A rare occurrence.

Judge John C. Bullitt was seen with fishing net and tackle looking for new fish stories.

Daniel Henderson, Jr., can be seen daily making a corner on provisions for the approaching summer encampment of the Matoskas at White Bear lake.

Enforce the Laws.

Lanesboro Journal.

The encouragement given by the people and newspapers of St. Paul and Minneapolis to brutal slugging matches and prize-fights—the latter especially on Sunday—has resulted, according to the St. Paul GLOBE, in so demoralizing the St. Paul boys that they have organized slugging societies, and ten or fifteen-year-old boys fight regular prize contests for $5 purses. We do not wonder that it is proving too much for decent people to stomach. The laws of Minnesota are sufficient if their administration was not a huge farce.

Favorite Sabbath Diversion.

Mankato Register.

The denizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis are again enjoying their favorite Sabbath diversion, the prize fight. They had a big one on an island near Fort Snelling, and Monday's papers give whole column accounts of it. They are a festive lot down there, and seem to consider themselves fully civilized, too.

Who Pays For It?

Lake Crystal Union.

We would like to know, if it would not be considered impertinent, who pays the expenses of the governor and militia of this stase and their invited guests to Washington, D. C., to attend the grand encampment blow-out in that city? These inquiries naturally force themselves on the minds of the people.

An Issue in Politics.

Morris Tribune.

Each succeeding governer of Minnesota is asked to pardon the Younger brothers. These Youngers will become an "issue" in state politics yet, unless all cranks are vigorously frowned down every time they try to create sympathy for these cool-blooded murderers.

Capt. Braden for Governor.

Hokah Chief.

Capt. Braden denies the soft impeachment that he is after the governor's chair. Just the same, Braden will be our next governor.

BREEZES FROM THE LAKES.

The First Faint Breath of Balmy Summer Awakens the Landlords at the Summer Resorts.

They Are Prepared for the Influx of Visitors Who Will Come to Open the Season.

White Bear Will Be Crowded, and There Will Be Plenty of Pleasure and Enjoyment.

White Bear Lake.

RARE good times are promised this season at the summer resorts. This week will virtually open the season at White Bear, and from all indications it promises to be a very lively one. More permanent guests have secured quarters at the hotels and the cottages have been occupied earlier than ever before in White Bear's history as a summer resort. Mr. Leip promises an innovation in the way of a large bath house with 100 feet frontage on the sandy beach near his hotel, which he expects to have completed by the 15th of June. A competent swimming master will be engaged, and those desiring to disport themselves in the angry surf or learn the art of swimming will be given an opportunity. The management of the Chateaugay contemplate giving a series of dancing parties this summer; this, in connection with the Matoska hops, the dances at Leip's and the barge parties, promise abundant amusement to those who love to "trip the light fantastic." The Matoska club will be settled in their Dellwood club house by next Sunday, and, with their seventy-five members, will do their share towards contributing to the season's gayety.

There are but few rooms left at the Williams house which have not been engaged. The register for the past week has the following names: S. C. Sanborn, John L. Merriam, Mrs. John W. Merriam, Mrs. Merriam, James Pilkey, Joseph Siebel, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, Frank M. Williams, W. P. Blackman, F. J. Cordo, A. Drezmal, H. E. W. Schuette, F. C. Delano, Miss Vitt, Mrs. J. A. Mumford and Douglas Wright, all of St. Paul; H. T. Meyers, J. P. Meyers, Troy, N. Y.; C. B. Coff, Myra Coff, A. H. Howard, William Helwig, White Bear, and Park von Wedelstaedt, St. Paul.

The Leip house at Cottage park presents a neat, clean appearance, and everything is ready at this popular hostelry for the Southern trade, which generally makes this house its stopping place. George Meares, of New York city, will flash his diamonds from behind the clerk's desk and answer the same old questions that make life a burden to a hotel clerk at a summer resort. Mr. Meares arrived Wednesday, and this is his fifth season at the lake. Alonzo W. Nichols has been re-engaged as head waiter. For the week just past there was registered at the Leip:

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Schulze, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Schurmeier, H. Burgess and wife, Edward C. Jones, O. R. Fox, Joseph Murray, C. H. Bennett, G. R. Smith, A. L. Haman, G. Johst, J. M. Goldsmith, Ernest Wolf, F. J. Lightbody and wife, F. A. Jacobs, J. F. Murray, J. S. Murray, Park von Wedelstaedt, Judge Simons, Alex Metzger, G. T. Johnson, J. F. Wilson, G. A. Johnson, John G. Basen, Will H. Cremer, Mrs. Sarah Hall, Mrs. J. Redmond, A. M. Kavanaugh, of St. Paul; G. Siebold, St. Louis; J. Bohn, Chicago; C. J. Kreibohn, St. Louis; F. W. Heuser, St. Louis; J. Kremer, Milwaukee; George Meares, New York city; William Schuber, Stillwater; Phil J. Meyer, Ossian, Io.; William Strippelman, Chicago; Katherine Kavanaugh, Milwaukee.

Joseph Greene and Frank Drew, the present proprietors of the Chateaugay, promise to make their hotel second to none at the lake. Mr. J. Rodrigue has been engaged as manager.

The hotel register bears the names of Dr. W. W. Day and wife, J. G. Fountain and wife, Louis E. Fisher, J. C. Robertson, Henry D. Leng, W. D. Wood, E. M. Reid, F. L. Bancroft and wife, Fred Brooks, R. P. Greenwood, James Griffin, A. Peterson, J. N. Kidder, wife and daughter, of St. Paul. George A. Thomas, Sioux Falls, W. B. Willum, Stillwater. Miss Annie Pettibone, Duluth, John A. McGinnis, Ashland, William Bowman, New York city, James McIntyre, Boston, James Weir, Duluth, F. Brown, Hinckley.

The Matoska club will give their opening dinner to their present and old members, on next Saturday evening. It will be a complimentary affair. The officers of last year have been re-elected. C. J. Harper has been engaged to preside over the culinary department, and George W. Casey as head waiter. A number of associate members have been admitted during the week and the following is a list of both active and associate members: J. C. Robertson, president; Harry D. Lang, vice president; William A. Lang, treasurer; C. A. Severance, secretary; E. A. Gray, George C. Chase, Ernest Birchall, W. D. C. Smith, R. W. Eager, George R. Henderson, H. R. P. Hamilton, W. D. Adlum, C. G. Glass. Associate members: Gov. C. K. Davis, Hon. C. D. O'Brien, Hon. Oscar B. Hillis, Frank Warner Cutcheon, A. A. Hopkins, R. A. Grange, Walter Hewitt, Dr. W. W. Day, W. J. Romans, Lawson Lindsley, William Matheis, A. H. Hopkins, Charles P. Nash, George A. Theobald, A. D. Timmerman, Park von Wedelstadt, Robert C. Wight, Dr. E. H. Whitcomb, Dr. Andrews, Edward W. Pease, Howard H. Galusha, B. W. Freeman, E. A. Brown, Dr. J. H. Emmert, L. D. Ross, Dr. E. H. Pugsley, Emil J. Sturtzel, James H. Gruber, A. S. Willoughby, E. C. Dougan, M. W. Randle, W. E. Hefferman, Henry Schroeder, Harry F. Wood, W. D. Benson, Frederic P. Siddall, Sam J. O'Leary, C. S. Bartram, C. E. Robertson, Spencer Merrill, Ralph Martin, F. A. Jenkins, Charles H. Grundy, E. F. Van Gorder, Harry Musser, W. J. Byers, William Perkins, Charles Finehout, A. W. Tidmarsh, F. W. Guthier, T. D. Blakely, E. O. Ober, W. J. Kenna, Walter Barnwell, F. W. Guthier and Leslie P. Richardson.

RIPPLES ON THE WATER.

Mrs. E. E. Kidder and daughter, of St. Paul, will spend the season at the Chateaugay hotel.

Louis M. Hastings, a St. Paul attorney, is in his lakeside cottage.

John Matheis and family will move into their cottage this week.

William Kenna and John J. Kenna will spend the summer at the lake, having engaged rooms at the Williams house.

Arthur Clark and family have engaged a suite of rooms at the Williams house and will take possession this week.

Mr. Farwell, of St. Paul, will occupy the Kelly cottage this summer.

Ralph Wellington and Sam Hart will commence tent life this week.

Charles Snyder and wife are in their new home recently completed on the lake front, near the Matheis cottage.

C. D. O'Brien and family are in their summer cottage.

Maj. Norris and family, Gen. Whistler and family, J. M. Goldsmith and party, A. B. Coblentz and family are among the late permanent arrivals at the Leip house.

O. H. Musser and family, of St. Paul, are at the lake for the summer.

Miss Merta Trowbridge, of St. Paul, will again summer at the lake.

J. H. Allen, of St. Paul, has leased the Murray cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lightner are occupying their summer home on Manitou island.

Capt. E. D. Comings, of the Dispatch, will exhibit a number of noted pieces of fireworks, such as "The Bombardment of Alexandria," "The Destruction of Pompeii" and others, some time during the summer. Whether the pyrothenics will be exhibited from the land or from the barge Clare E. Miller has not yet been decided.

The Duluth road will put on a new time card to-day.

A board walk is to be placed between Cottage Park station and the Leip house. This will fill a long-felt want.

The Dispatch commences its regular trips to-day, and its silvery whistle will again be heard disturbing the echoes of the lake and inviting pleasure-seekers to view the beauties of nature for "50 cents all around."

Deputy Grand Master Folsom visited White Bear last Monday.

Miss Sarah Conroy took home one of the largest strings of fish caught in the lake this spring.

W. H. Converse and family have taken possession of their cottage.

Dr. W. E. Wedelstadt is doing the bachelor act this year, and keeps open house for the benefit of his bachelor friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Baker have rented one of J. E. Bueries' cottages for the season.

Mrs. Hewitt, with her entire household, has occupied her cottage at Dellwood.

Mrs. S. M. Cary has taken up her stand at her old residence on Spirit island.

A. S. Cannon and family have rented the cottage on the corner of Clark avenue and Second street.

Judge George B. Young arrived at the lake Thursday evening. His cottage is near the lake.

J. A. Getty & Co. are building an addition to their store.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Blair are at their cottage on Bald Eagle lake.

Neil Conklin, train dispatcher, has placed his door plate on the Dennert cottage on Clark avenue, and will reside there for the season.

The railroad crossing at Fourth street has been badly blocked during the past week, owing to the large number of cars shifted into the yard. S. A. Johnson, station agent, and Frank Conroy, yardmaster, have their hands full keeping things straight.

Mrs. Steadman, with her entire household, has taken a cottage on the south shore.

Elliott Bros. are camping on J. C. Murray's grounds.

E. R. Gibbs Post 174, G. A. R., will have charge of the exercises on Decoration day. The post will proceed to the cemetery in a body, where, after singing, which has been carefully reheared for the occasion, a speech by Maj. Newson, of St. Paul, and other appropriate exercises, the work of decorating the graves will be proceeded with. Music has been procured from Stillwater.

The postponed game between the Chicago Stars, of St. Paul, and the White Bear club, will be played this afternoon.

A. H. S. Perkins, of the "Breeze," contemplates building several cottages at an early date. He has certainly come to stay.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Preparations For the Opening of the Season in Two Weeks.

Although the large hotels on the lake do not open formally until the middle of June, yet the lake and her people are showing many signs of life, and the indications are that the present season will be a very prosperous one in every sense. The hotels generally are undergoing repairs and making additions which are called for by the expected increase of patronage. Already many of the lake cottages are occupied, and daily new arrivals are commenced. The steamers are rapidly being gotten up into condition, and already many are plying between the important points on the lake, especially the smaller steamers.

Excelsior expects a busy season and a much increased growth by the entrance of the Manitoba road. By June 1 this road will be completed and by the 10th ten daily trains will be run. Her five hotels, White house, Longview, Stetson, Sampson and American, have been undergoing repairs ann will in a few days open. At Wayzata the Gleason house has opened and some of the latest arrivals are Mrs. F. M. Barrow, Pontiac, Mich, J. M. Daily, of Minneapolis, and F. E. Wheeler and wife.

At Maplewood Messrs. Phepps B. House, E. Lytle and C. M. Jordan have taken up abodes in their summer cottages, and at Northwood Messrs. R. D. Warner, Col. Ripley, J. C. Colt, C. A. Robinson, F. W. Schultz and the Misses Williams have done likewise. Hotel Lafayette opens on the 12th of June and Lake Park on the 15th, the latter under the management of Mr. Harrington, of Indianapolis.

At Lake Park and other points many families have entered their cottages, Among those at Lake Park are Judge Young, J. L. Spink, C. W. Cyphers and Miss Tompson.

At Cottagewood there are Messrs. A. H. Couchman, C. J. Bragdon and F. K. Pierce.

At Zumbro Heights, T. M. Campbell and Mr. Babcock, and at Howard's Point, Messrs. W. Merrill and Keith, of Minneapolis.

A Curious Coincidence.

Detroit Free Press.

He was an exile, poor fellow, and glad to meet a man who knew of the parts from whence he hailed.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I lived in New York myself for four years."

"And then you went to Milwaukee?"

"Yes, sir; that's where I landed next."

"Strange to say, it was that city I struck myself after leaving New York. Fine town, Milwaukee."

"Yes; I was quite sorry to leave there, but business erelong carried me to—"

"Denver."

"Yes, sir, you're right, Denver. Now, there's a booming city—regular stem-winder. Ever been to Denver?"

"Yes, siree. Denver is a pretty slick sort of a place. Didn't stay there long, eh?"

"Just a few days, long enough to become quite in love with the city. I went to Kansas after leaving there."

"Kansas?" (referring to his note-book.) "Yes, that's right; you were just twelve hours ahead of me there."

"Well, seems to me, stranger, we have traveled pretty much over the same ground. Curious coincidence, ain't it?"

"Ye-es, 'tis a trifle funny, mate, but the best of the joke has to follow. We now go to New York. After all New York is the only place worth living in. Any objections to exchange cards? There's mine."

It reads:

JACK PHIPPS,
Detective,
New York.

"This is my warrant for your arrest. Embezzlement; that's it. Curious coincidence, ain't it?"

Lord Lansdowne.

MONTREAL, May 28.—It was current on the streets to-day that Lord Lansdowne will be invited to take part in the queen's jubilee celebration on June 21, and that steps will be taken to give him an enthusiastic welcome. Some of the Irishmen say there ought not to be any trouble if he comes to this city. An officer of St. Patrick's society, however, said if the governor general showed his face he would be hissed and rotten egged, as Mr. O'Brien had united the French and Irish, and they will not stand Lansdowne's presence.

WHY SHE SIGHED.

"Why looks my love so wan and sad!
Why is your face so pale?
Your voice was once so blithe and glad,
But now you only wail.
Oh, tell me why you feel so bad—
And why your sighs exhale."

She sadly looked him in the face,
A tear-drop in her eye,
For anguish showed its painful trace,
And as she made reply
One hand did swift her belt displace—
"It's pickles mixed with pie!"

—Cleveland Sun.

WHILE THE GAME GOES ON.

Pictures From the Grand Stand at the West St. Paul Base Ball Grounds This Season.

Some of the Regular Spectators, Without Whose Presence the Game Can Not Go On.

Various Remarks Heard at Critical Points in Any One of the Northwestern League Games.

How Murphy Stole Home—It's Easy to Explain Away Any Game After It's Over.

At 3 o'clock the gong fastened to the grand stand at the base ball park is struck once. Immediately after nine men wearing knickerbocker suits leave a bench to the right of the home plate and take positions in the diamond and outfield. These are the visitors, for the visitors' bench is at the right of the home plate, and they practice first. Here the real interest in the game begins, and, in the absence of the official each man in the grand stand appoints himself umpire and captain pro tem., and proceeds to size up the players during the fifteen minutes of practice. At this stage of the game Henry Nichols is present. So is Ramsey Crooks, also Judge Flannigan and Jim Doran. Al Flournoy comes a few minutes later, and Whitney Wall follows directly. The chances are that Mayor Smith is present, though since he has been made mayor he has less time than is desirable to devote to the national game. Before the fifteen minutes of practice are over, Cal Stone has in most instances come within hearing distance of the reporters' stand and bet $2 with M. J. Roche that the visitors will win. Pat Rasche has settled down for his two hours of solid enjoyment and George Nettleton has secured three bags of peanuts and if ready to hear "play ball." Fifteen minutes after the first tap of of the gong another jerk is given to the string and immediately the St. Paul team leaves the bench at the left of the home plate and takes the positions lately held by the visitors. Then it is that the crowd, which has grown to pretty respectable proportions in the grand stand, begins to size up the game.

A VER BATIM REPORT

of just what is said in the grand-stand, with punctuation marks indicating just how it is said, would make a pamphlet about 8vo., 100 p., of mighty interesting reading. No sooner is a ball batted to Cleveland at the short field than five or six voices cry out:

"Now, Cleve!"

"Bet he makes a wild throw!"

"It never would do to make such a fumble as that in the game."

"Look at Crooks at second."

"Will Sowders pitch to-day?"

"What's the matter with Pickett's hand?"

"That must be a twenty-ounce glove Legg has on his left hand."

These are some of the remarks that are interspersed between the cries of the gamins of "lemonade, ice cold." "Peanuts, a nickel a bag to-day!" "Score cards 5 cents," etc., etc.

At precisely 3:30 o'clock John Barnes crawled down under the grand stand and, for the third time, pulls the string attached to the gong, and a moment later the St. Paul men come in from the field, the umpire sets his teeth together for the death struggle of nine rounds which he is about to have with the grand stand, a new white Spalding ball is taken from the red box, examined by the umpire and rolled down to the pitcher's box. After giving the pitcher time to spit on his hands and rub the ball once or twice in the fine sand of the pitcher's box, the cry "play ball" rings out on the air and a silence comes over the grand stand. As a rule this silence continues until the first batsman knocks a "pop up" to crooks who gather it in, or the umpire and the pitcher have secured a combination of three strikes and four balls, so that the next ball delivered will settle it some way. At this stage the remarks break out about in this fashion:

"Now wait for it."

"Bet he strikes out."

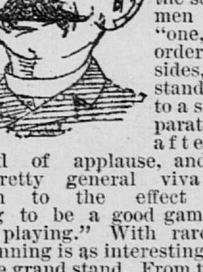
"He's a good waiter."

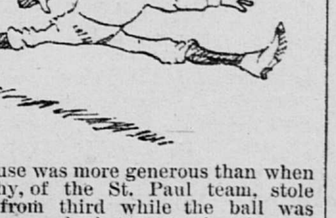
"The last ball should have been a strike."

"That umpire's no good."

"Make him hit it."

By this time thd pitcher has delivered the ball, and the chances are the man dies at first base. Then there's a faint ripple of applause, and as the second man on the score card steps up to the home plate John Barnes makes a big figure "1" on his score card. All Manager Barnes attempts to do during the game is to keep track of the batting order, furnish new balls when the old ones are fouled over the fence, and smile when he sees a big "gate" and the St. Paul men leading the score. If the men go out in "one, two, three order" on both sides, the grand stand settles down to a stage of comparative quiet, after the first round of applause, and there is a pretty general viva voce vote taken to the effect that "It's going to be a good game, or "That's ball playing." With rare exceptions one inning is as interesting as another in the grand stand. From the comments made a stranger might easily size up the home team either as sure penant winners, who are elegant gentlemen and first-class ball players, or as having a sure thing on the last place, and being a lot of wood choppers who have no business doing anything around a base ball park except to keep bats or take tickets at the gate. If the bottom facts were known the remarks on the merits of the players depend largely on which way the particular persons who make them happen to have bet their money. There has been no occasion on the St. Paul grounds when





applause was more generous than when Murphy, of the St. Paul team, stole home from third while the ball was being passed between the battery points. There was a picturesqueness about the act that called out spontaneous yells and cheers. Murphy's natural gait between the bases is such as to give him a way-up record among sprinters, but on this occasion he outdid himself. When he had gotten under good headway his legs and arms marked parallel streaks across the diamond. His head was down and he had the general appearance of a man reaching for something with both hands and feet at once. As he neared the home plate his head dropped lower toward the ground, the dust began to fly faster, he seemed to be doing some kind of a contortion act, where his legs were hung at right angles to his body. The crowd began to yell when he was half way home. At each step it yelled louder, and when in a cloud of of dust he sat astride the home plate, the spikes in one shoe pointing toward St. Anthony Hill and those in the other towards the South St. Paul stock yards, there was such a roar went up that the umpire had to put pebbles in his mouth to prevent himself from catching the enthusiasm and joining in the applause, while Capt. Stockwell, although he saw another run for his team, simply said: "It's all foolishness to take such chances." When Murphy started, the coacher at third had bent forward and yelled "Go," like this:

When the game is over, if the winning team has a lead of not more than fyur runs, then one-half of the spectators begin to tell the other half just what particular play it was that lost the game.

Each man has his own theory.

"If it hadn't been for that muff in center field," says one, "when those three runs came in, we'd have had the game."

"No. If the umpire had have called that last ball a strike as he ought to, after two men were out in the seventh, instead of giving a base on balls, we'd have had it sure," says another.

"They would not have made any runs in the fifth if the wind hadn't taken that long fly just where the fielder couldn't get his hands on it," says a third, "and they wouldn't have had any lead at all. That was what lost the game." And so it goes. Each man knows how the game was lost, each man sizes up the players according to his bets, nearly all of them find fault with the umpire, and every one could have drawn a diagram instructing the men how to play in order to have won the game. This information is all given out on the corners and in the public resorts, and not one of the thousands of St. Paul enthusiasts apparently think for an instant that the men he is criticising are intelligent people, who know their business pretty well and are drawing good salaries for doing it to the best of their several abilities.

DEATH!

[By Sarah Bernhardt.]

I have a great love of death.

I am sure I do no not show this strange affection half as much as the world thinks.

An actress must necessarily think something about the end of existence, for she is so often called upon to portray it.

No thoughtful artist who has spent her years in studing the mysterious moment when the soul leaves the body, without peeping beyond the portals that lead to the other life.

When one has begun to think on death, there are but two ways of acting.

We can put our hands to our ears, shut our eyes and run away from the monster.

Or else we can look calmly into the hollow eyes of the Death's head and accustom ourselves to that which must inevitably overtake us.

No truly great actress can dispense with a special study of the death agony and all the moods and feelings which lead up to the supreme moment.

If I have succeeded at all as an artist it has been because of this study.

An artist does not often analyze the methods by which a result is attained.

The public never understands this process of study, and does not sympathize with it.

All art is founded upon observation and experience.

A woman who has never loved cannot give substance to the emotion on the stage.

One must even be capable of hate to give the great roles their significance.

To attempt to make the great tragedies sound, with real feeling, there must be the awful reality impressed upon the mind and taking possession for the moment of all the faculties.

The study of Death is an art by itself and a very difficult art.

The painter has living models before him, and here experience is the smallest element which he must take into account.

He sees with his eyes. He is not called upon to see with his soul.

It is perfectly true that I have slept in a coffin. It was a very valuable experience. Nothing so thoroughly taught me the resignation of death as this apparently crude experiment.

A coffin is the modern symbol. It is a horrible object, and all our associations of childhood have made it stand for death.

To sleep in a coffin in darkness is almost to die.

In the morning you are surprised to be alive.

I carry my Death's head with me. I have it among my effects.

I have ceased to use it. You may smile. It has been a valuable property of my art, and I prize it for the very reason that others see in it only a caprice.

A caprice! How else than by a caprice is it possible to enter into experiences forbidden, except to those who have passed to their graves?

Caprice is the foundation of art, and under its showers grow the flowers of genius.

I have intimated that it is quite as necessary to study the moods which precede death as death itself. I might say that this is the only study.

We never really die upon the stage, and only melodramatic actors attempt to make anything of death scenes, more than is absolvtely necessary.

The most perfect death preceded by imperfect modes of feeling would be an absurdity.

There is always a road to death, and one must know that road well to get there on the stage.

Among my stage deaths I count "Fedora" as an extremely unsatisfactory one.

M. Sardou has not given me enough time to die.

I have been compelled, therefore, in spite of my convictions, to indicate more strongly than I like, the symptoms of poisoning.

But if you have noticed me well you will have seen that the determination to die is made apparent early in the act and even emphasized.

This is what an artist must do when the text is not sufficient for the purpose.

Now, "Camille" is a great death.

The nature of the story happily helped out somewhat mediocre talent of the son of M. Dumas.

By the very nature of the story, the death is a prolonged one.

In addition I must concede that it is very natural.

I know that too well.

My sister died just such a death.

Can any one not an artist conceive the pleasure of playing such a part; acting slow death upon the stage?

It is the highest artistic delight possible to a great artist, and you can easily see, if you stop to think, that these deaths must necessarily be more artistic than those which end in contortions. And these latter are mere gymnastics; whereas such deaths as occur in plays like "Camille" require great knowledge and great art.

To make what is simple interesting, this is the true opportunity of genius. Nothing is gained by false originality, or feats of strength are better in the circus than on the stage.

I have devoted two of my modest works of art to death.

I suppose I made these two pieces because I had something to express in them.

My painting, the "Young Girl and Death," was drawn from a model, all but the face, and, of course, Death.

I cannot paint well. I do not pretend to do so. But my strong sympathy with the subject gave, I believe, the proper expression to that young girl's face.

It is absolute innocence.

Death has her in his grasp, and, happy thing! she does not know it.

My other work—the piece of sculpture, "After the Storm"—is well done.

I am a fair hand at sculpture, and this time at least, the clay responded to my touch.

Look at the mother's face, drawn with grief, and wrinkled with age.

She casts a stony look at her dead son, and suffers that which no one can see.

She knows Death, because she lives.

—Sarah Bernhardt.