THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 1 a. m.—For Wisconsin: Rain, followed by fair weather, fresh to brisk southerly winds shifting to northerly, and cooler, followed by warmer weather. For Minnesota: Warmer, rain, followed by fair weather, and light to fresh northerly winds. For Iowa: Colder, followed by warmer weather in the western portions, light to fresh northerly winds, and rain followed by fair weather. For Dakota: Warmer, fair weather, and light to fresh southerly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

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

Place of Observation.	Bar. Height....	Ther. Exposed..	Ther. Change in 24 hours.	State of Weather....
Duluth	29.80	44	*2	Rain.
St. Paul	29.82	48	*18	Rain.
La Crosse	29.80	64	†20	Rain.
Huron	30.10	38	*4	Cloudy.
Moorhead	30.00	40	0	Cloudy.
St. Vincent	30.04	34	0	Cloudy.
Bismarck	30.12	36	0	Cloudy.
Fort Buford	30.04	36	....	Clear.
Fort Custer	30.10	42	†6	Clear.
Helena	29.04	42	†8	Clear.
Fort Sully	30.16	38	*2	Cloudy.
Fort Garry	30.04	36	....	Cloudy.
Minnedosa	30.02	36	†6	Cloudy.
Qu'Appelle	30.06	32	†2	Cloudy.

*Lower. †Higher.

ST. LOUIS CATCHING ON.

Scarcely had the excitement attending the Grand Army encampment and the president's visit died away until St. Louis opened up a vigorous crusade against the free lunch counter. The fiat has gone forth in that saintly city that saloons with a free lunch annex shall be banished into the regions of innocuous desuetude.

The free lunch counter marked an era in the progress of American civilization. It first came into being as a commercial necessity. In the days when there were no boards of trade or stock exchanges or club houses, the free lunch counter was established as the general rendezvous for the business men of a town, who assembled at the noon lunch board to discuss ma ters of trade and finance while the inner man was being refreshed. New Orleans claims the distinction of being the first American city to introduce this primitive chamber of commerce, which soon afterward grew into popularity throughout the entire Southwest.

That epoch in our civilization which made the free lunch counter a commercial necessity belongs to the past. The deterioration of the free lunch from what it was in the good old days when the banker and the merchant were its devotees is evidence of the decline of the institution. Then the cup of coffee was made of the fragrant product of Java, and was not the distilled essence of chicory and logwood, as it is nowadays. The soup that was set up on the free lunch counter in those days was a credit to the terrapin from which it was made, and not the feeble imitation of dishwater that it now is. But with the rise of the board of trade and the club house the free lunch counter began to disappear, until to-day St. Louis is the only town of any pretensions that still clings to this reminiscence of a past civilization. The present crusade in favor of its abolition is doubtless the result of St. Louis people being brought in contact with the ideas of modern civilization by the recent influx of strangers to that town. The Grand Army encampment took people there from all parts of the country, and many strangers were attracted to the town by a desire to see the president and his wife. It was from them that the St. Louisites learned that free lunch counters were out of date and no longer fashionable. When they heard how that in Chicago, and in St. Paul, and in other progressive cities of the West, commercial affairs were managed by properly organized commercial bodies, with a commendable desire to catch up with the times, the St. Louis people set vigorously to work to wipe out the free lunch system. It is going to produce a great revolution in the saloon business in St. Louis, but notwithstanding that fact, if the St. Louis newspapers are to be relied on as a fair exponent of public sentiment, the free lunch counter must go. Hereafter when strangers visit the quaint old town which stands some twenty miles below where the muddy waters of the Missouri rush in conjunction with the clear and placid Mississippi, they will have to put up at a tavern and pay for their whisky straight.

MARYLAND INDEPENDENTS.

The opposition papers talk about the independent movement in Maryland just as if they expected it to pan out into a Republican victory. The independent movement is an old trick in Maryland politics, and as it has never amounted to anything in the past there is no special reason to suppose that it is going to amount to anything now. It is a lamentable truth that it has occurred in Maryland just as it has occurred in Minnesota and other states where party majorities are overgrown, rings have succeeded in getting hold of the party machinery, and the party is often run more for individual benefit than in the interest of the public welfare. It is a notorious fact that Senator GORMAN is supposed to be at the head of the Maryland machine, and every independent movement that is inaugurated is ostensibly for the purpose of overthrowing the GORMAN machine. That is the ostensible object of the usual Maryland independent movement, while in reality the independent leaders have only been the puppets of a Republican ring, which is still more offensive than the GORMAN machine. So that when it has come to making choice of two masters the people of Maryland have contented themselves with making choice of the most respectable of the two. In the present instance, however, the independents are deprived of an excuse of waging an independent warfare on the ground of opposition to the GORMAN dynasty. The Democratic party of Maryland, in state convention assembled, disposed of the GORMAN machine by rejecting its candidate and nominating a gentleman for governor who has never been identified with any political machine. Senator JACKSON, the Democratic nominee, is a clean man, with a spotless record, and there is no possibility of his defeat.

If for any reason the Democratic ticket in Maryland should be defeated at the approaching state election, it would be purely on local issues and would have no bearing on the presidential election next year. Maryland is as reliably Democratic on national issues as Kentucky or Texas. If the Democracy were defeated on the GORMAN issue it would only be a blessing for the party. There is nothing so healthy for a boss-ridden party as an occasional defeat. Still it is always better when it can it be done for a dominant party to purify itself as has been done in Maryland. Unless the Minnesota Republicans apply the same processes of self-cleansing, there is no question but that the next state election will result in a complete wreck of the whole machine, even if it does involve the utter defeat of the party. These are times when the mass of the voters are exceedingly conservative, and think more about the means for securing pure government than they do about party ascendency.

A POPULAR DEMONSTRATION.

It should be understood that the CLEVELAND reception is to be a popular demonstration in the full sense of that term. There is to be no partiality nor favoritism. Opportunity is not to be given to any one person to the exclusion of another to get near the president nor to have his ear. The occasion is not to be one of axe-grinding, and if there is anybody with a particular scheme, political or otherwise, in view, who proposes to take advantage of the president's visit to St. Paul to bring any influence to bear upon Mr. CLEVELAND, he will be disappointed. The president has left all the cares of office behind him. He doesn't want to be bothered with importuning schemers, nor do we intend to let him be. The demonstration in his honor to-morrow night will be a public expression of the popular esteem for both the man and the office he fills, and every citizen of Minnesota will have an equal chance in the ceremonies. The committees to whom have been entrusted the duty of preparing for the reception have kept this idea in mind and have arranged everything without any exclusiveness about it. As a matter of course, where there will be such an immense throng of people congregated together there must be some systematic arrangement of details to prevent confusion and disorder. This is as far as the committees have gone, and they could not have done less and have performed their duty. So, then, every person in St. Paul to-morrow night, without regard to party, sect, race or color, may consider himself or herself on an equal footing so far as participating in the demonstration of paying respect to the president of the United States and his admirable wife is concerned.

GOULD'S GREED.

JAY GOULD's attempt to absorb the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company into his own great monopoly is raising a buzz around the old man's ears that ha didn't expect to hear. There has been no event in the history of the country since the days of President JACKSON's anti-national bank crusade that has aroused such popular commotion or created such a flutter in business circles. If it was Mr. GOULD's expectation that his late deal would intensify the feeling against his monopolistic greed and his purpose to unload his monopoly on the government at watered prices, that has all been anticipated by the universal outcry in favor of the government establishing a postal telegraph system in opposition to the GOULD monopoly. Now that popular excitement is at fever heat, it is an opportune time for the masses of the people to move in the way of impressing upon their representatives in congress the necessity for prompt congressional action in regard to this matter. This nation is entirely too big to be controlled by one man, and a man of Mr. GOULD's sagacity ought to understand it.

MORE MONOPOLY.

Another telegraph company absorbed by the Western Union is the story borne westward by the wires, and now the only rival that JAY GOULD's mammoth monopoly has is the United Postal Telegraph company, owned by Bonanza MACKAY. With Pacific Mail steamships, the telegraph and leading railroad lines in his grasp, no wonder GOULD is at once the terror and scourge of Wall street. We need not look to a reduction of telegraph tolls under the existing arrangement, but rather an increase to meet the demands upon the watered stock of the Western Union, and, as usual, the public will suffer. Some sanguine individuals claim to see in the new purchase an advantageous disposal of GOULD's holdings to the government of his telegraph interests. Such a consummation is devoutly to be hoped for, but it will hardly be reached this side of the millennium.

PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

The children must not be overlooked. The pupils of the public schools and of all the private schools will have a holiday Tuesday. Now, let it be arranged to have them congregate for a review by the president and Mrs. CLEVELAND, and let it be at some point where it can be made a creditable affair. The GLOBE has already suggested Summit Park as an appropriate place. If not there let it be at some point on Summit avenue, near the Lookout, or whatever place may be deemed best. But do not crowd the little ones away down to the foot of Third street, as has been suggested, where there will be no room for a review, and where the little ones will be in danger of being crushed to death by the crowd.

SOME prejudiced partisan thinks he discerns in the flying trip of the president through Illinois a desire to snub Commissioner of Pensions BLACK in his aspirations for vice-presidential honors with a view to adding the weight of the administration's influence to a boom for Postmaster General VILAS. Such talk is the veriest rubbish, for in the first place, President CLEVELAND is not going to disintegrate his cabinet, as he will need his trained lieutenants during his second administration, and the friends of Gen. BLACK need not take alarm at the action of the president in spending several days with one of the members of his official family. To be sure there is a growing sentiment favorable to Democratic ideas that may in the next national election turn Wisconsin and Minnesota bodily into the CLEVELAND column, whereas Illinois is wedded to its idols, and nothing that the president or his advisers can do will prevent its giving its electoral vote to the Republican nominee.

THE most tangible evidence of a city's prosperity and stability is shown in the erection of business blocks such as are now becoming so frequent in St. Paul. Strangers visiting our city never fail to comment favorably on this feature of the future metropolis of the Northwest, and declare that the men who thus invest their money are the true public benefactors. All over the business portion of St. Paul gracefully proportioned, stately blocks are tending upwards, and the city is changing its appearance gradually, until in many places it is becoming as compact as some of the larger Eastern cities. By all means possible these improvements should be encouraged and continued, for there is room enough for all who desire to carry on a lucrative business in the Saintly City, and this fact is being appreciated materially by Eastern capitalists.

CHICAGO keeps up its reputation for originality, if we may judge by the actions of the city council last Monday in discussing the reception to the president and Mrs. CLEVELAND. One of the assemblymen, PAUL C. DENNIS, was opposed to a reception at which dress suits alone would be proper, saying, "We don't want it high toned, for if it is, we won't reach the Democracy. I ain't got no complaint to make, but I want it so any Democrat can go and see the president whether he wears a silk-tailed coat or a red flannel shirt." This assemblyman did not know, possibly, that the president makes no distinctions, but welcomes all alike who pay their respects to him. But Chicago must do something out of the usual run of things, and that assemblyman ought to have been muzzled before the meeting.

THE supreme court of the United States will convene at Washington next Monday, and it is understood that counsel for the condemned anarchists will be on hand with arguments looking to a reversal of the decision of the state courts of Illinois. Although there is a vacancy caused by the death of JUSTICE WOODS there will probably be no delay in hearing what Messrs. PRYOR and BLACK have to say for their clients, as it is in the power of the court to give such a case precedence on the docket over other causes. So that by the end of next week we may expect to have this vexatious problem disposed of and Chicago can complete preparations for vengeance against the murderers of its police.

THE Methodist church that Gen. GRANT formerly attended at Washington was the scene of a most enthusiastic outburst Sunday evening, when Parson NEWMAN made reference to the circulation of petitions for the condemned anarchists. He declared that the villains whose hands were red with the blood of defenders of the public peace and safety ought to have been hung long ago. This is the same doctrine and energetic mode of expressing it that made Parson NEWMAN so strong in Gen. GRANT's opinion, and by many he is regarded as the worthy successor of BEECHER, whom he very much resembles.

THE mercantile community of St. Paul is warned against a new and dangerous counterfeit silver dollar which even imposes upon bank tellers. It is composed of antimony heavily plated with silver, and the only way to distinguish it is by the ring. Genuine dollars sound mellow and soft, while the spurious have a high, thin ring. Balancing a coin on the middle finger of the left hand and striking it on the edge with another piece is a very sure way of testing its genuineness.

COL. FRED GRANT, who wants to be secretary of state for New York, is beginning to find out that a politician's lot is not a happy one. Some colored men have raked up an old story against him that while at West Point he said: "No d—d nigger should graduate from that institution while he was there," and they will not support him in his aspirations now.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, the president's sister, has begun her labors as a teacher of history in a New York private academy for young ladies, and will take in the period between 1492 and her brother's administration, and she will make these pupils understand her before she is through with them.

SUNDAY SILHOUETTES.

JOAQUIN MILLER is writing a versified "Life of Christ." It does seem that the Son of Man suffered enough indignity at the hands of the Jewish Sanhedrim, without having His history mangled by the long-haired poet of the Sierras. In view of the immense amount of literary rot that Mr. MILLER has already turned out, all of us, in a proper spirit of reverence, might join in the prayer: "Father, if possible, let this cup pass."

* * *

Everybody has heard DANIEL WEBSTER's story of the New Hampshire parson who put on a pair of pants in which the wasps had built a nest and did not make the discovery until he was in the pulpit. He had just announced the beginning of the text, "The spirit of the Lord is in my mouth—" when the pesky little fellows got in their work, and the sentence was concluded with the exclamation, "and the devil is in my breeches!"

* * *

A St. Paul clergyman found himself in nearly as embarrassing a position as the New Hampshire parson when last Sunday he appeared in the pulpit wearing a pair of fall trousers which had been hanging in the wardrobe during the long summer vacation. The wasps had not found them out, but a motherly old mouse had. She had spread a nice warm couch of sealskin pluckings in the right hand pocket of the trousers, into which an even half dozen of one-day old micelets had been tucked away. It is a favorite gesture of the clergyman in question when about to approach a climax in the sermon to thrust his right hand in his trouser pocket and elevate the left with the fore finger extended.

* * *

It so happened on this particular day that ELIJAH's translation was the theme. The good prophet had been followed by the eloquent preacher until the climax of the ascension in a chariot of fire was reached, when the clergyman thrust his right hand into his trouser pocket. The audience, who had been hanging on the burning words of the orator, were no little startled by the sudden collapse of the uplifted left hand, the index finger of which was in the act of pointing to the gates that were being lifted up to let the prophet in. The expression of a momentary pang shot across the preacher's face as with a convulsive jerk the other hand was brought up from the pocket. A glance at its contents, a quick squeezing together of the hand, the light thud of something dropping behind the pulpit, an amused smile on the face for a second, and then the glowing theme was resumed. Only those who sat on the front row in the amen corner heard what the preacher said when he discovered the mice in his hand. "Well, I'll be dog'goned!" was sufficient.

* * *

The usual church prayer for the president of the United States will be uttered to-day with unusual fervency. The most ultra opposition partisan would not for the world have anything happen to keep the president away from St. Paul to-morrow night.

* * *

Is it right to ride to church on Sunday? Isn't it wrong to keep the hostler and the liveryman and the street car driver in service on the Sabbath? These are the questions that a strict Sabbatarian has propounded to the GLOBE for answer. We have had occasion to say before that this is a newspaper establishment and not a divinity school, and we are not prepared to answer off-hand every theological query that is fired at us. We take it for granted that it is right to ride to church on Sunday, and that it is not wrong to keep the hostler, the liveryman and street car driver at work. We say this much, not from any actual knowledge we possess, but because the unco' righteous people who are opposed to the Sunday newspaper never evince any scruples about riding in a carriage or a street car on the Sabbath day. They do it every time rather than walk.

FLOWER SONGS.

I.

Hark 'ee, pretty Golden-Rod, leaning o'er the brook,
How I wish that at your face I might catch a look!
Yet you'll never let me peep, tho' I know 'tis fair,
Hid completely out of sight by your yellow hair.
Shake those sunny tresses back, why are you so shy?
None to see except myself and a butterfly!
'Tis so still and shady here where the willows nod,
Won't you let me have one peep, pretty Golden-Rod?

II.

Sleepy little Gentians, it is time to rise,
For the sun is climbing fast up the rosy skies,
And the happy brooklets are laughing where they leap;
Don't you hear them in your dreams as you lie asleep?
Lift those fair, fringed lashes up, shut so very tight,
Hiding from your sweet blue eyes all the golden light.
What can you be dreaming that you slumber so,
Sleepy little Gentians, I should like to know?

—Gertrude Alger.

MEN WHO TALK.

Judge C. E. Flandrau.

We shall go right ahead with the sale of the effects of the Minnesota Thresher company, and try that appeal case of the opposition afterwards. If the courts decide in favor of the appellants, why, there is no sale, and that is all there is to it. But we know very well that the sole object of the appeal is a game of bluff, and we are prepared to meet any such demonstration. There is no question in my mind that the full bench of the state will concur in the order made by one of its members fixing the 27th inst. for the sale of this property, hence we do not intend to postpone our proceedings at the instance of Mr. PORTER or his followers. All the details were carefully gone over at the recent hearing in Stillwater, and if we were to talk forever we could not make any plainer the necessity for the sale of this property under the most advantageous conditions, and this can be accomplished on the date named in the judge's decision.

Representative Edmund Rice.

The main object that I had in view in opposing the proposition to place President and Mrs. CLEVELAND in separate carriages was, that the public might have an opportunity of seeing our distinguished guests together. Besides, this would prevent any confusion as to the identity of Mrs. CLEVELAND with other ladies that might be in the procession, and strangers visiting St. Paul on the occasion of the reception could return home certain that they had seen the mistress of the White house. On the other hand, if an idea proposed had been carried out Mrs. CLEVELAND would have been in a carriage behind that of her husband, and there might have been a further unavoidable separation by a large concourse of people. All this, however, has happily been obviated, and our people will be enabled to greet the president and his wife simultaneously.

Mayor Smith.

There is a great difference in the St. Paul fire department of to-day compared with the system that was in operation, it seems to me, only a few years ago. I remember that I negotiated for the purchase of a double-decker hand engine, which was a very primitive affair, and used to obtain water from cisterns when there was a fire. Five thousand dollars in bonds of the city of St. Paul were sold by me to a Pittsburg firm at 95 cents flat, and with the proceeds the engine in question was obtained.

By the way, I heard a pretty good story on Chief BLACK to-day, illustrative of his passion for getting to a fire early. A few nights ago there was a fire in a stable attached to a Summit avenue mansion, and naturally there was a great deal of excitement in that locality. One of the neighbors, in describing the scene, said: "As for Chief BLACK, he was on the spot long beforethe engines arrived."

This was not a very difficult task. for the chief's house was not a block away from the fire, and he had not retired for the night when the alarm sounded.

Capt. Edward S. Bean.

All the carnival clubs have been placed under my command for the reception to President and Mrs. CLEVELAND, and the boys must not complain if I give them a little taste of military discipline. Naturally I will not expect them to show the same proficiency in marching that my boys of Company D do, but the display next Monday evening will not only be creditable to our city, but a genuine surprise to our guests on that occasion. No, I have not heard anything from Chicago relative to my challenge on behalf of Company D, and, as the only company at Chicago that was with us at Washington could not attain a better position than ninth, I do not fear that our laurels will be snatched from us in a hurry. But we are in earnest in our proposition to drill the company that secures first prize, and we will not have any trouble about the purse either. I regretted very much that I could not take my company to Chicago, but the boys could not obtain two holidays in one year, and hence we must content ourselves with a challenge to the winners at the encampment.

P. T. Kavanagh.

Real estate has been very quiet, but it is only the calm before the storm, and during this month I expect a big revival of interest in this subject. At present people are too much engrossed in the president's visit to pay much attention to business, but as soon as that is ended matters will resume their normal condition, and real estate will again be uppermost. No very large sales have been reported thus far for October, but a number of offers are pending, and merely wait closing up a few trifling details to be consummated. I do not take any stock in the statement circulated that prices have been held too high for St. Paul real estate, for the demand certainly should regulate the rate, and this I think has been the case thus far here. All the real estate men that I have conversed with, and they are a legion, agree with me in this opinion, and the subsequent sales of real estate here will show their determination on this basis.

Chief Detective O'Connor.

I do not anticipate any great influx of crooked people next week, but with a desire to be on the safe side we have taken all the precautions possible to detect the presence of these unwelcome visitors. Since the president entered Chicago we have had one of our men looking over the crowds, and any suspicious characters have been carefully noted for future disposition if they should give us a call. But St. Paul is not a very congenial place for crooked people and we do not allow such people to linger very long with us. Just as soon as a man undertakes any new tricks here he is pretty apt to bring up at the hall for investigation, and if he cannot give a satisfactory account of himself he has about twenty-four hours left to make his escape from town. This was demonstrated only a few hours ago, when a fellow who apparently put dollar bills inside a small package of soap was hauled up by one of our officers on the charge of blocking up the sidewalk. Nobody else complained against him, but the officer told him if he repeated his operations he would lock him up and confiscate his stock. That ended it. He has gone.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

The MESTAYER-VAUGHN combination did a fairly good business during the past week with their new play, "Tobogganing." While the play is not "a howling success," still there are many meritorious points in it, but in many respects it could be vastly improved by making changes in the cast. Like all of MESTAYER's productions, there is so much in the performance depending on the skill of the performers that it will not be until the management secures a better company to present it that money will be made out of it.

* * *

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon" will be the attraction at the Grand the present week. The engagement commences Tuesday night, as Manager SCOTT has signified his intention to refresh the patriotism of the opera house force by allowing the whole outfit to attend the president's reception, and consequently the Grand will not be open Monday night.

* * *

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon" is a farcical comedy somewhat after the "Parlor Match" style, and is very funny. It possesses a well defined plot interspersed with clean and wholesome humor and is brim full of vitality and action. The play has never been seen in St. Paul, although it has been on the stage for five or six years and has had a successful run in the Eastern cities. FOWLER and WARMINGTON, well-known theatrical managers, are the proprietors, and the cast includes the equally well-known comedy artists, WILLIAM BLAISDELL, FRANK KENDRICK, H. C. BROWNING, ADELE BRAY, EFFIE ALTON, ADA MELROSE and ROSE ALTON.

* * *

After such a long run of light plays it will be an agreeable change to St. Paul theatergoers to have the genuine dramatic treat promised next week by the appearance of MARGARET MATHER in some of her best roles. Miss MATHER will play all next week at the Grand and her repertoire will include "Romeo and Juliet," "The Honeymoon," "Lady Macbeth" and "Leah, the Forsaken."

* * *

"The Bostonians," under the management of Barnabee, Karl and MacDonald, made their debut as an opera organization at Worcester, Mass., last Monday evening in "The Poachers," an adaptation of Offenbach's, "Les Braconniers." A special dispatch from Worcester to the Boston Herald says: "Musically, this evening's performance was one full of merit, and the new company gave great satisfaction throughout the opera by the excellent vocal work done by its members. The audience appeared to be about one-half Boston people, and many notable representatives of the Hub's musical circles were seen on all sides. Each of the principals received a most hearty greeting, and the ladies all had elegant floral tributes."

* * *

RICHARD MANSFIELD is creating a sensation in divinity circles with his new play, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." No less than four prominent New York clergymen made it the subject of their last Sunday sermons. Rev. Dr. EATON says that he does not remember ever having seen a dramatic representation so powerful in its moral effects. While Mr. MANSFIELD's "Dr. Jekyll" seems to please the preacher, it does not commend itself to the favor of the Eastern dramatic critics. They assert that there is too much pschycology in it for successful dramatic effect, and consequently it is lacking in vitality of action.

* * *

AIMEE is dead and JENNY LIND is dying. Thus two of the brightest stars have disappeared from the stage firmament. JENNY LIND has been out of public view for a long time, yet the world continued to claim her as its own. PATTI, alone of all those who were most distinguished in grand opera, survives. As PATTI never grows old she is likely to be with us a long time yet. But PATTI can never occupy the warm place in the public heart that JENNY LIND filled. PATTI is mercenary, and sings for $3,000 a night. JENNY LIND sang not for time, but for all ages.

* * *

JOHN R. ROGERS, the husband of MINNIE PALMER, retires from the management of Miss PALMER's company on the ground that he is getting tired of being twitted with sponging on his wife. As there are quite a number of managers who are looking after the business affairs of their wives, while the latter are playing star parts, Mr. ROGERS' conduct has been severely criticised in theatrical circles. The result has been a spirited newspaper controversy through the columns of Truth, the recognized dramatic organ in New York, in which it is made to appear that many of the female stars owe a great part of their stage success to the business qualifications of their husbands. It was notably so in the case of MINNIE PALMER, whose husband, Mr. ROGERS, is one of the shrewdest business men in the country, and has amassed a snug fortune for both himself and his wife.

* * *

Mr. PADDOCK, the husband of MAGGIE MITCHELL, has never been a deadhead in his wife's theatrical enterprises. EMMA ABBOTT, ANNIE PIXLEY, VERONA JARBEAU, MODJESKA, and quite a number of actresses whose names are equally familiar to the public have male partners who look after the box office receipts while the ladies are doing the star act on the stage. It doesn't necessarily follow that because an actress has a husband that the husband deadbeats his living out of his wife's savings.

* * *

LOTTA has probably been the most successful lone hand actress in the profession. She has never had a manly bosom on which to lean for counsel and guidance. Still she has piled up her cool millions all the same. But LOTTA has been blessed with a thrifty mother, who knows how to economize as well as the best of the business managers. Old Mrs. CRABTREE looks after her daughter's earnings, and has never made a bad investment.

* * *

"Mr. FLORENCE is our joint business manager," said Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE whenked as about the business management of their company. "Dear me, how it makes my head ache to look at figures. If there is anything in the world I do despise it is counting up and making arithmetical calculations. I let Mr. FLORENCE do all that, and at the end of the season he always turns over to me my share of the profits. After thirty-odd years of happy married life I think I ought to be willing to trust my old man, don't you?" A bright smile lit up the face of the confiding wife, and just at that moment the "Governor" stalked into the room to inquire of Mrs. FLORENCE if she had thought to order panned oysters for the after-performance lunch.

* * *

FRANCIS WILSON, the comedian of the Casino company, was accused by Manager ARONSON of acting dishonorably because he hired out during vavation to play a leading comedy role with MCCAULL's Opera company. Mr. WILSON has furnished the New York press with a statement in which he vigorously defends himself against ARONSON's charge. He says that his last contract with the Casino expired last May, and his new contract did not commence until September. He had no vacation. The time between May and September was his own, and he had a right to dispose of it just as it suited himself. As long as ARONSON had no claim on his time or his professional skill from May to September he fails to see how his engagement with MCCAULL was tinged with dishonor. The general public will coincide with Mr. WILSON. Because a manager hires an artist for a specified time is no reason that the artist should always wear the manager's collar.

* * *

The new theater boom appears to have gone the way of all the earth. Like many others of its kind, it died "a bornin." Among the many reasons assigned for the failure of the projected enterprise was the difficult in securing an eligible site. There seemed to be an opionion among connoisseurs that the most suitable location for a theater building was at the corner of Fifth and Wabasha, but this lot was picked up by the Germania bank before the theater builders got around to it. Unless Mr. BICKEL would consent to put a theater in his new bank building there is not much prospect for one at a very early day.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S COMING.

Mrs. CLEVELAND's visit to St. Paul to-morrow will be an event of unusual local interest. After an absence of many years she will return to the scenes of her girlhood days. FRANKIE FOLSOM left St. Paul a winsome maiden of tender years, without even a thought of ambition. To-morrow she will come back the wife of the chief magistrate of the greatest nation on earth.

* * *

Her return to these scenes of her childhood should be made a happy one. Everything that can be done ought to be done to make her feel that the people of St. Paul appreciate the honor she has reflected upon the city that was once her adopted home. Her greeting should be one that an overjoyed family would extend to a loved member who has been away a good while, and comes back to the old home circle to find the love just as warm in the hearts of the old folks as when she went away.

* * *

Arrangements have been made for the personal comfort of the first lady of our land during her short visit to her old home. A committee of most excellent ladies has been selected to look after Mrs. CLEVELAND personally, and to see that she receives proper attention. Another committee of ladies will attend to the work of decorating her rooms, so that there will be no lack of attention in these important matters.

* * *

But there is one other matter that ought to be considered in all these arrangements. There are a number of ladies in this city who were the companions of FRANK FOLSOM during her girlhood days. They were her schoolmates and playmates. Doubtless Mrs. CLEVELAND remembers every one of them, and every one of them remembers her. One could hardly imagine a more agreeable feature of her return visit to St. Paul under such conspicuously eminent circumstances than the privilege of once more looking into the faces and clasping the hands of those dear companions of childhood days, who romped with her in their childish gambols in Irvine park, or sat on the same hard benches with her in the old school house on Fifth street.

* * *

It is because of the opportunity for this pleasant revival of old memories and the renewing of old associations that the GLOBE ventures to make the suggestion that all the ladies of the city who were FRANKIE FOLSOM's childhood companions be invited to occupy the stand with Mrs. CLEVELAND in Bridge square Monday evening.

Minnesotians Suited.

Elk River Star-News.

Judge John P. Rea, of Minneapolis, walked away with the office of commander of the G. A. R. at St. Louis, being elected by a handsome majority on the first ballot. While Minnesotians will naturally feel proud to have such an honorable office come to the state, all feel that it could not have been placed in better hands than those of Judge Rea, who has hosts of friends wherever he is known. A better selection could not have been made, and certainly not one that would have suited Minnesotians better.

A FOOL'S WISDOM.

It is surprising how many men who write ignore the blotter, and what ridiculous things they do to dry a wet sheet or to correct an error. I am convinced that Judge SIMONS, of the district bench, used a slate when receiving his common school education. When writing rapidly and an error occurs in the putting down of his thoughts or opinions, he does not blot the same or cross it out, but with a twist of his thumb he rubs it quickly, creating in place of the mistake a comet with a well developed head and a tail like the streamers on a band wagon.

* * *

The dog show lately held in St. Paul and the increased popularity of pugs since then have brought to the city a new occupation, which as I read the poster is called the "Dog's hair restorer." Dogs, like men, frequently have dissipated tastes which cause a sad loss of hair. Sometimes the ravages are confined solely to a loss of the color of the hair. A St. Bernard of a fine black color after a couple of years of late hours and irregular meals will find his hair turning brown. It is to remedy these evils that the dog's hair restorer has made its appearance. I am told that he has two scales of prices—one very high for treating the dog alone, and one very reasonable for treating both the dog and its mistress. You pay your money, etc.

* * *

Capt. SANDERS, of state fame, has many stories to tell of his Florida experiences. One of the best is this: "At St. Augustine I saw something that I don't believe was ever done in any other part of the United States. A cat ran out into the street, and in front of a young negro boy. The boy picked up an orange and threw it at the animal with such force that he killed it." At this point the captain stops and looks at his victim to see how he is standing it. Then he goes on: "The Florida country is so sandy that the grass will not grow and the cows have nothing to feed on. These cows are very small—say about the size of one of our Shetland ponies. On the bottoms of the rivers there grows a rich moss. The cows, having no grass, seek this, and in doing so become aquatic in their tastes. They swim and dive with great ease, and in their water lives have but one enemy. That is an eel about three feet long that attaches itself to their bags and extracts all the milk." Capt. SANDERS relies on O. B. TURRELL, of Redwood Falls, to verify all of his statements.

* * *

As characteristic of the man I heard told last week the following story of JOHN W. ARCTANDER. It will be remembered that he was attorney for E. ST. JULIEN COX in the famous impeachment suit. In preparing the defense of his cliant Mr. ARCTANDER remembered that somewhere and sometime in his life he had read that the English courts had held that drunkenness was not a cause for impeachment. Where he had got hold of this information he could not tell. But he at once purchased all the English law books that he could and which might reveal anything on the subject, and sat down to read them. He commenced at the beginning and read night and day until after a long search he found the point and had a precedent on which to work for success. Despite this profound research Mr. ARCTANDER lost his cause, but a man who will investigate the law like that is not as a rule unsuccessful.

* * *

Among the Scandinavians the art of application, as instanced in the above case, is by no means a lost one. Last winter the familiarity of Lieut. Gov. RICE with parliamentary rules occasioned great surprise among those who knew him least. That he, a foreigner, should be better posted in parliamentary practice than even the American members on the floor did not cease to be a wonder during the session. I was told afterward that Mr. RICE had gained this knowledge by midnight study while he was a young man. He was poor, but ambitious, and when through with his daily toil would spend his nights over books which would aid him to become, not only a successful business man, but an educated public citizen. This may be a romance; even if it is, there are only one or two Scandinavians in the state who are superior to Mr. RICE in their attainments.

* * *

The conundrum most frequently asked in the Second district is, "How was JOHN LIND elected as a congressman?" Mr. LIND is a Swede; he lives in a county populated almost wholly by Germans; the district that elected him is not a Scandinavian one. The English-speaking vote of the district has a large majority over the Scandinavian. Mr. LIND is a high protective tariff advocate, while the district would give a majority for free trade any day. What elected him? Ex-Senator WILKINSON was in St. Paul last fall a short time after LIND's nomination. He consulted several prominent Democrats as to how LIND could be beaten. One of them told him that this could only be done by filling the district with speakers who would advocate free trade as against LIND's protection. I do not think that even this would have beaten Mr. LIND, but it would have scared him. That he did not get such a scare he may owe to the fact that the Democratic leaders concentrated their energies upon the First, Third and Fourth districts.

* * *

Mr. LIND will never have 10,000 majority again in the Second district. The German vote in the Minnesota valley is leaving the Republican party so rapidly that it is hardly possible that the panygerics of Bishop IRELAND will bring in sufficient Irish proselytes to compensate for the loss. There are about 110 breweries in the state. One hundred of them are owned by Germans. From personal knowledge I can say that the average number of employes about these breweries is twenty. That is, there are 2,000 converts to low license for malt liquors and opponents to the police regulations of the party whom men like Mr. LIND represent. But these hundred breweries control also from three to over 300 saloons each. Or, in round numbers, there are 1,000 saloons in the state that owe their existence to the breweries. They, too, naturally oppose the present high license law. As a matter of fact, high license is playing the greatest havoc in the German beer-drinking communities. It is diminishing the output of the country breweries, and in one or two cases has forced a brewer to the wall. While it has closed up many saloons in the German country settlements, it does not appear to have diminished drinking. It has driven trade from the local breweries to those of the Twin Cities. As a German citizen of Scott county said to me the other day: "When I want my beer now I come to St. Paul. I buy my beer here and ship it home. Last year I bought it at home, but high license has forced our brewery to close." It is true that while high license has been in operation in Minneapolis for three months and diminished the number of her saloons, the output of her great breweries has increased. I ascribe this to the fact that the country breweries are being driven out of business and the trade is forced to the patronage of Twin City establishments. This result is consistent with the operations of high license in the past in other localities.

* * *

VAN LEUVEN, of the Spring Valley Vidette, has brought out Congressman TOM WILSON for the United States senate in 1889. He does this with the glowing endorsement of Mr. WILSON's exposure of House File 157, and calls on the other Democratic editors of the state to keep the ball rolling.

BY A FOOL.

An Early Prediction.

Two Harbors Iron Post.

Mark our prediction. Charles A. Gilman will be heard in the next state campaign in a manner that will make the ringsters and wheat ring who opposed him squeal for mercy. After our redoubtable Gilman is through with them they will all have to wear two overcoats to make a shadow. They have already been condemned by the people and Charles A., the Upper Mississippian, will execute their political death sentence without gloves.

Prison Taffy Works.

Albert Lea Standard.

The editors of the Prison Mirror evidently expect to win the favor of Warden Stordock by indirect stabs at ex-Warden Reed. They are likely to succeed in this much better than Stordock does in winning the good opinion of fair-minded people of the state by his shameless attack on Capt. Reed. In that effort his sycophantic but treacherous friends inside the prison walls may serve him a temporary purpose, but his course must in the end run the gauntlet of an honest outside public opinion. However, Stordock is only a pitable instrument of another's sinister purposes. We are informed on good authority that foro six month's prior to the investigation of ex-Warden Reed, Gov. McGill was continually pressing and nagging Stordock to begin it. He evidently expected to make for himself political capital in the role of an uprooter of evil, and as a reformer. It would be more appropriate for the Prison Mirror to operate taffy works for the benefit of the fraudulent governor.

SOME GLOBULAR THINKS.

WHEN HE WAS BORN.

An uptown family boasts of two sons, which are very bright little fellows. The eldest is eleven years of age and the youngest has just turned his seventh year. The youngest came home from down town the other day, where he had been with his mother on a shopping tour. When he came into the house and saw his brother, he said very excitedly:

"Oh, Johnny, I saw a whole store full of flags, just like that one papa put out when George Washington was born."

Johnny looked at his young brother in disgust. "When George Washington was born," he said, with a laugh. "George Washington's been dead a long time. You mean on George Washington's birthday."

The little fellow straightened up and with an injured look replied. "Well, if George Washington's birthday ain't when he was born, when was it?"

A LONG FELT WANT.

He wore a broad-brimmed hat and his breath smelt like sour olives. An ugly looking revolver hung over the edge of his top boots, and his general make-up indicated that he was from the wilds of Montana. Stopping in front of a Third street hardware store, he turned and went in.

"Give me er paper ov eight-ounce tacks," he said to the smutty-faced clerk who glided up to him. The tacks were handed him and tearing open the paper, he turned the contents down his throat. Smacking his lips he said, "That ar cums nearer strikin' ther spot than ennything I've drunk sence I left Miles City. Ther whiskey down this way don't seems ter strike me nohow. Guess yer might ez well guv me er dozen er so papers ov them ar tacks ter kinder coax my appertite along till I git back ter Montany."

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

The faith cure doctor took the hand of his patient and looking into his eyes said:

"I can cure you."

Patient—Are you sure?

"Very sure. All you've got to do is to believe. Just believe you're cured. That's all."

"All right, I'll try it. Good day."

"Hold on a minute my man, didn't you forget something?"

"What?"

"The fee. I charge a dollar a visit."

"Oh, yes. Well, believe. All you've got to do is to believe that I've paid you and it'll be all right."

THE REASON WHY.

Mr. Sharp sat by the fire reading the evening paper and smoking a cigar. Mrs. Sharp stood by the window admiring a rosebush that had just put forth several blossoms.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sharp to her husband, "do you know why my rose bush is like two prize fighters?"

Mr. Sharp removed the cigar from his lips and softly replied that he never could guess conundrums.

"Give it up?" chirped his wife.

"Yes."

"Because it has come to blows."

HAD A JOB FOR HIM.

St. Paul Coal Dealer (to his athletic son just home from college)—Well, my son, how did you get on at school this season?

Son—Famously. I got so I could put up a 100-pound dumb-bell seventy-five times without stopping.

"You can go to work in my office to-morrow morning early."

"What to do?"

"Put up the price of coal."

SHE WAS USED TO IT.

Irate St. Paul Father—Daughter, when I passed the parlor last night I saw John sitting on your lap.

Daughter (calmly)—O, it's nothing to have a man sit in your lap when you get used to it.

Astonished Father—O, ho! and how long have you been used to it, miss?

"Ever since the street cars began to run."

THEY'RE GROWING WEAK.

Old Veteran—I just got back from the G. A. R. encampment.

"What kind of a time did you have?"

"Splendid. First good cry I've had since the last reunion."

THE STYLE IN DAKOTA.

Presiding Elder to Dakota Merchant—Can you tell me where Rev. Mr. Masher lives?

"He lives two blocks up this street, but he ain't at home now."

"Not at home?"

"No; he's away on a vacation."

"Did he take his wife?"

"No, he took mine."

THEIR SPIRIT LIVES.

Simply a bunch of faded flowers,
Culled from Flora's fragrant bowers,
Sent o'er miles of land and sea,
Telling a sister's love for me.
Simple? Ah, yes, but they ne'er could be,
These emblems of love and purity,
More precious were their petals gold,
Or their value wealth untold.
Though dead they speak; their spirit lives
And to the soul its message gives.
The fragrance of the rose to-day,
Hovers o'er the withered spray
As fresh and sweet as when it bore
The bloom of youth in days of yore,
And though its beauty now has fled,
And though its stamens now are dead,
Its spirit form with love attune,
With my soul holds sweet commune
And breathes of blessings from above
And that great boon—a woman's love.

TOM HOLMES.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11,

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