THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, NOV. 20, 1887.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, Nov. 20, 12:15 a. m.—Indications for the twenty-four hours commencing at 7 a. m. to-day: For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Warmer, fair weather and light to fresh variable winds. For Minnesota: Warmer, fair weather; light to fresh variable winds. For Dakota: Warmer, fair weather, followed in northern portions by local snows, and light to fresh variable winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 19.—The following observations were made at 8:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer...
Marquette.	29.68	22	St. Vincent	30.20	20
Milwauk'e.	29.60	16	Fort Garry	30.20	4
Chicago...	29.60	18	Minnedosa	30.16	14
Duluth....	29.96	12	Ft. Totten.	30.00	14
St. Paul..	30.04	10	Bismarck.	30.24	16
La Crosse..	29.94	12	Ft. As'b'ne	30.28	28
Des Moines	30.04	18	Qu' Ap'lle.	30.16	8
Omaha....	30.16	20	Medic'e H.	29.80	44
Yankton..	30.12	20	Helena....	30.30	26
Huron....	30.20	14	Ft. Smith..	30.20	36
Moorhead.	30.12	28	St. Louis...	29.96	26

THE JAIL LOCATION.

Judging from the earnestness with which some persons are discussing the various propositions for the location of the new county jail, one is led to suspect that there might possibly be a real estate deal involved in the selection of a site. One disputant contends that the jail must be located in close proximity to the new court house, while another is equally clear in his belief that it must go to some suburban or interurban locality. A consensus of public opinion shows a fairly equal division of sentiment concerning the matter, and the arguments on the respective sides appear to be equally balanced. If precedent counts for anything in this dispute, then the proposition to build the jail in the close neighborhood of the court house has the advantage. From time immemorial it has been the custom to do so. It also may be stated with fairness that this custom grew into existence because of the convenience of having the two buildings in close proximity. Ordinarily the county finds it economy to use one piece of ground for all the county buildings. Then again, the jailor is ordinarily the janitor of all the county buildings, and it suits his convenience to have them within easy reach of each other. These conditions apply to country towns which have been selected for the county seat, and if St. Paul were a village there would be no dispute over the matter. But it so happens that St. Paul has grown into a great big city, and the arguments which would have applied with conclusive force ten or twenty years ago are not so logical now. A jail is not the most desirable building in the world to have in the heart of either the business or residence portion of a city. So far as the desirability of location is concerned, there can be no question but that some out-of-the-way place would be preferable. But then comes in the question of convenience and of having the public buildings so located as to expedite the public business. Can this be done with the jail a mile or two miles away from the court house? The jail in Washington city, which is the model institution of the kind in this country, is located many miles distant from the court house. Prisoners are carried to and from the court house in a close van, which is guarded, when necessary, by a detachment of mounted police. One can readily imagine, however, the trouble that might arise from having the jail too far away from the court house during a trial which excited so much popular interest as the trial of the Chicago anarchists. It is hardly possible that the Chicago incident will ever find a repetition in Ramsey county; still it is important to weigh all these considerations in determining the question of a proper site for the new jail.

It is not so much a question of location that should bother the minds of the authorities who have the construction of the jail in charge, as it should be one of what kind of a jail building we are to have. Practically it makes but little difference whether the jail is located near to or remote from the court house. But it is important that, wherever it may be located, the building shall be a sightly one. Nor should all the pains and money be expended in making the exterior ornamental. We should cut away from the traditional idea that a jail must of necessity be the precinct of gloom and foul air. There is no reason why light and fresh air should be excluded from a prison building, while every instinct of humanity reasons in favor of admitting an abundance of both. It is in this respect that the Washington city jail of which we have spoken is a model. While there is nothing suggestive of elegance or luxury in its appointments or furnishings, still the Washington jail presents as bright and cheerful and neat an appearance as the ordinary counting room or business office. Without regard to where it may be located, we insist that the new jail when built shall be a credit to Ramsey county.

THE BEST COSMETIC.

The latest production of that prolific authoress and experienced woman of the world, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is "On the Use of Cosmetics." The article has gone the usual rounds and, attracting the attention of thousands of women, has led to more or less discussion as to the efficacy of the different modes of treatment which she advises.

Without prejudice to the different brands of paint, powder and pomatum which the different disputants commend or condemn, we beg leave to differ with all of them. There is but one effectual beautifier of the female face and form divine, and that is Nature. She is a chemist who fashions her tools more cleverly than the most expert of all the cosmetic manufacturers, and she does nothing but first-class work either.

It is only necessary to follow the directions, which are just as explicit as though printed on a bottle containing a more or less poisonous substance, and the desired result will be achieved. Is it that the anxious maid would possess a clearer skin or a more ruddy complexion? Then Nature has the remedy at hand. Vigorous exercise, sound sleep, abstinence from late hours, with their accompanying dissipations, and an abundance of cold water frequently applied, and if it is in the nature of things the rosy hue will be forthcoming.

Mrs. Wilcox and her school may be very learned in the use of the chemists' beautifiers, but Dame Nature knows more than any of them. And it is a pity that Dame Nature is just the one from whom the average girl is unwilling to learn.

CANADA WANTS ALL.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, English commissioner to settle the fisheries troubles, is in a state of mind. Canada has given him pretty plainly to understand that she doesn't think much of him in the first place, and that in the second, unless the fisheries question is decided her way, she will secede from Great Britain and go into the government business on her own account.

Mr. Chamberlain naturally doesn't want to be the means of the mother country losing more colonies, nor does he want to rest under the implication of having assumed a given line of conduct quite unjustified by the facts through coercion on the part of Canada. Hence Hon. Joseph's perplexity. Canada is quite unwilling to consider any proposition which does not give her the lion's share. The only thing left, then, is for the home government, as represented by Mr. Chamberlain, to advise complete reciprocity and commercial union.

We don't need Canada very much, but if our fishermen have taken a fancy to Canadian fishing grounds, they might as well be gratified, even if we are in return giving Canada the best of the bargain in inviting her to assume reciprocal trade relations with us. Our high tariff friends might not like such a union, but we are traveling rapidly toward that point where the opinions of our high tariff friends, when compared with the opinion of the entire country, will amount to very little.

Or better still, let Canada get rid of her huge debt and then come completely over into the sisterhood of states. There will then be no difficulties over fisheries or anything else, and our northern neighbor would discover the elevating tendencies of good company. This suggestion we especially commend to the careful consideration of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

THE CARNIVAL.

The time for the carnival opening has been definitely fixed for Jan. 25. Between this time and that date nothing should be left undone to make it the most successful of the carnivals already held, and a model for all future affairs of the kind. The object of the carnival, while, of course, being the conferring of rational outdoor enjoyment in winter to the people of the Northwest, has another significance.

The carnival is a far-reaching and excellent advertisement of St. Paul, not only with those whom it brings to the city, but also with others, to whom word of it may come. Therefore, if we are to have a carnival at all, let us get the most out of it and make it as widely known as possible. There is much virtue in advertising properly distributed, and advertising is exactly upon what the ice carnival must rely for its success. There should be no town or city in the country whose people will remain ignorant of the carnival and its attendant festivities. In the South and East the advertising should be particularly vigorous, for the West is likely to be pretty well informed already, and arrangements should be made with the different railroads for excursion rates even from the coast.

The present winter will give the St. Paul carnival managers an excellent chance. Montreal has decided not to hold an ice festival, and there will, therefor, be no rivalry in that direction. There are indications that the coming carnival will be more interesting than any yet held. Now, let all the world be informed of the fact, and be invited to come and see for themselves.

CONSERVATIVE ST. PAUL.

In an exceedingly interesting and able article prepared for the New York Post and printed in a recent issue of that paper, Mr. O. G. Clay, of this city, refutes a number of misstatements made by the Eastern press, editorially and otherwise, regarding St. Paul.

The gist of the assertions was to the effect that prices of property in this city were on a "boom" basis, that they were forced by speculation to an entirely unwarranted altitude, and that in the nature of things the bubble must soon burst. Mr. Clay, who wields a very trenchant pen, very spiritedly points out the delusion under which the authors of these statements were laboring. In comparison with such cities as Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Omaha, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Toledo, Cleveland and several others, he shows that in but two instances are the prices of St. Paul property higher; while, compared with the others, some of them cities of even smaller population, St. Paul prices are vastly less, showing that this city is nothing if not conservative.

He shows, too, that since the days of her infancy, when she had less than 20,000 inhabitants, St. Paul has never had a "boom," in the sense that Kansas City and Omaha have been booming. Her growth has been constant, healthy and natural, not a bit in advance of the rate warranted by the legitimate conditions. She has simply obeyed the law of supply and demand in the matter of property values, while in other cities prices have been forced up to a point suggested by what those places might be at some time in the future. In a few words the rapidly growing business of the city is reviewed, and, with an explanation of the existing conditions, is demonstrated the reason why a continuance of the same favorable state of affairs may be looked for without a resort to the unwholesome methods of the boomer.

Such articles, exhaustively refuting the allegations of ill-informed writers, are of incalculable benefit to the city, and the writers of them deserve the heartiest commendations. We trust Mr. Clay's example will be readily followed when the opportunity offers by other wide-awake citizens. It is difficult to stop a lie once put in circulation, but it is well to throw every possible obstacle in its way.

The Illustrated History of Minnesota, a handbook for citizens and general readers, is a compact little volume written by T. H. Kirk, conductor of the Winona Normal school, and published by D. D. Merrill, which will well repay perusal. It is a concise and interesting history of the state from the days of the voyageurs to the present time, profusely illustrated and supplied with copious explanatory notes. It is well worthy a place in every Minnesotian's library.

The amusing comedy of personal warfare which Messrs Howell and Grady are playing in the columns of their joint paper, the Atlanta Constitution, must bring about a good many additional readers of their paper. And maybe that's the reason they are playing it.

Helena will welcome a party of distinguished St. Paul men to-morrow and the affair is bound to be a success, as it is understood the welcome will include every conceivable brand that can be called for.

Gen. Sheridan reports the remnant of soldiery which we call an army to be in good condition. It will now be again carefully packed away in cotton until the time for the next annual report.

Mrs. Cleveland will hold a class reunion at the White house of her schoolmates. The date of Mrs. Cleveland's graduation is so recent that she can do this with impunity.

Freddie Gebhardt will not fight Dude Hilliard. It seems he discovered that this particular dude had an uncommonly hard pair of fists and knows how to use them.

We are anxiously looking in our Eastern exchanges for the appearance of an alleged joke to the effect that the late belligerent Indians are now ready to eat Crow.

Apropos to the Sunday morning remember that winter is at last upon us in earnest, and that the poor in many instances are without fuel to keep themselves warm.

There are said to be 45,000 criminals in New York. The large list of candidates for every office that becomes vacant in the metropolis is explained.

Jay Gould has gone on to the London stock exchange. Obituary notices of the London operators will be published at the ordinary rates.

The clerk of the supreme court at Washington gets as big a salary as the president, but he doesn't have as much fun with the office seekers.

It's the wise railroad agent who now publishes his notices of California excursions in display type.

The coal dealers, thin or thickly clad, are the ones who enjoy the cold weather the most.

St. Paul's new weather bureau manager is evidently intending to make his arrival felt.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A Minneapolis Editor Makes an Asinine Blunder.

To the Editor of the Globe.

The old axiom that "one fool creates many" is strikingly illustrated by the editor of the Tribune in the following paragraph in Thursday's issue of that paper, viz.:

In its article on Minnesota, Chambers' Encyclopedia says the principal cities are St. Paul, St. Anthony, Stillwater, Winona and Hastings. Its agricultural statistics are the moth-eaten figures of 1869, and its other facts are equally venerable. The Farmington Tribune is entitled to a vote of thanks for calling attention to the fact that in buying Chambers' Encyclopedia for public school libraries the state is investing in a last year's bird's nest.

Herein he shows his complete ignorance of the fact that the country editor is far behind the times in possessing an old, superannuated edition of Chambers' encyclopaedia, and is probably not aware of the fact that a new edition of Chambers' has been published by P. F. Collier, in which the discrepancies he complains of do not exist. In view of the fact that the great reading majority of the public look to the newspapers for their general information, is it not a gross imposition upon the public for such an ignoramous to decry one of the best publications of the day simply because he is behind the times and is innocent of the knowledge that one of the most important works to grace an editor's sanctum in not in his possession? Let him untie his purse strings and devote a few moments to the next book agent who calls upon him with the new edition of Chambers' encyclopædia, and he will largely increase his source of information. If the learned editor of the Minneapolis Tribune is so easily scooped by the antiquated editor of the Farmington Tribune, what is to become of the poor Tribune? Their vote of thanks will not be given to either of said papers if they cannot furnish more reliable information than they give in this instance. JOHN D. HARDE.

Will Simplify Matters.

Fergus Falls Journal.

The removal of Judge Collins and Hon. D. B. Searle from the pale of politics has done much to simplify the selection of the next congressman. The two conspicuous candidates left are Judge Stearns, of Duluth, and Senator Comstock, of Moorhead, who live in the extreme eastern and western points of the district. However, they may find middle ground in the person of ex-Gov. Barto, of Stearns county, a county which has always got there with both feet.

Mr. Merriam's Chances.

Albert Lea Standard.

The state fair for the first time in its history came out several thousand ahead. W. R. Merriam was the mainspring of the fair, and there is no denying it, it helps his chances for becoming governor. That Merriam would make a respectable governor no one can doubt, but Albert Scheffer or John L. Gibbs would be much more certain to be elected.

No Old Fogy Notions.

Austin Democrat.

The Globe is the brightest and most popular newspaper in the Northwest. Its columns are always replete with live, interesting reading matter. It is prompt, lively, newsy and handsome. It is the representative of people now on earth, and has no old fogy notions in its make-up.

A Grand Work.

Waterville Advance.

Bishop Ireland, who is making a tour of the state confirming children of the different Catholic parishes, usually manages to circulate a temperance pledge among the boys and young men. In this the bishop is doing a grand work for humanity.

WHEN.

Old winter has come with his mantle of white,
Long delayed, he is with us at last;
The sere yellow leaves have been scattered about
By the keen, chilling November blast.
But the birds will return and renew the sweet songs
That they sang in the summer and fall;
They will warble and chirp the dear lays we love,
When the cable cars run in St. Paul.

The jingle of sleigh bells will cease to annoy,
The June bug come back to his home,
The prodigal son will grow homesick at heart
And swear never more will he roam;
The cur that delights to devour your heels,
The ant up your trousers to crawl,
Will strike a new deal and give up the old "biz,"
When the cable cars run in St. Paul.

The beat who's been standing you off with his nerve
Will pay up the debt that he owes;
The effeminate youth with the down on his lip
Will shave off the fuzz that there grows;
The "sassiety" people will all go to church,
And quit both the opera and ball;
All chewers of gum will be looked on as "bum"
When the cable cars run in St. Paul.

The man who makes jokes and retails them at length
Will be heard with applause and delight;
The dude with a bang and the lady with slang
Considered by all as just right;
McGill will put Stordock and Reed in a room
To pummel each other and maul;
The site for a jail will be settled for good
When the cable cars run in St. Paul.

The subject of base ball will cease to excite,
Slugging matches will be tame and not draw,
The saloon men at night will turn off all light
Just at 12 as according to law;
Ig Donnelly will prove William Shakespeare a fraud,
Mike Doran will have the first call,
"Doc" Day, you will see, will give place to "Bill" Lee,
When the cable cars run in St. Paul.

Pat Kelly will join in the carnival craze
With the rest of the boys just for fun,
Fred Richter will caution the fellows on watch
To keep a close eye on the gun,
Joe Spiel will resent every practical joke
That they play on him up at the hall;
Our town will shake hands with the village above,
When the cable cars run in St. Paul.

M. J. D.

A FOOL'S WISDOM.

There is a very breezy young lady of literary tastes living on Summit avenue, who thought the acme of her desires had been attained when she was introduced to Charles Dudley Warner, who has been paying us a visit. After clasping his hand she commenced the conversation with the inquiry:

"Oh, Mr. Warner, don't you adore Browning?"

Mr. Warner murmured in reply that the section of country he came from thought something of the mystic poet.

"We," she continued, with much emphasis, "think that he scoops the whole lot."

***

This reminds me of the story told on a certain other young lady who started an art conversation with Charles Noel Flagg by observing quite learnedly that the "rococo" effects of Oriental painting were not attained by Western artists. Looking at her for a moment to assure himself that she was really talking art, he replied:

"Dear Miss B——, rococo is very good, but the effect can only be obtained through a glass, wine-stained, and then gazed at after dark."

She talks art now with her mother, and avoids all reference to 'rococo.'"

***

They were making their toilets for Thursday night's charity ball. Her dress was alarmingly low cut, and as he gazed on her exposed area of bosom, shoulder blades and neck, he inquired:

"Is this not a charity ball, my dear?"

"Yes, why?"

"I was going to suggest that if it was you should harmonize your dress with it."

"How?"

"By making it cover a mulitude of sins."

***

Eli Warner, despite the fact that he pulls the strings at the state capitol that operate the manikin in the governor's room, has enough enemies to make him uneasy if he ever stops to recognize the fact. One of these, speaking of him the other day, said:

"I had a quarrel with him once, and while we were using hard words to each other I called him an obstinate little dwarf. He wanted me to apologize, claiming that I had insulted him, so I said:

"'I withdraw the assertion that you are obstinate, but hang it, sir, you will always remain a runt.'"

***

It is scarcely a year ago that I had a conversation with D. B. Searle (Gov. McGill's latest judicial creation) in the course of which he said that he was a candidate for congress from the Fifth district in 1888. I understand now that his elevation to the bench has only changed his plans this much—that he will postpone his congressional aspirations until four or six years from now. His withdrawal from the fight of next year simplifies the situation but little. Judge Stearns may have the congressional fever ever so bad, but Duluth isn't big enough yet to dictate nominations to the Red river valley and the St. Cloud sections. They, with the assistance of Brainerd, can dictate who shall succeed Knute Nelson. While even the Pioneer Press admits that McGill consulted the politicians in appointing a St. Cloud man to the bench, he did it without accurate knowledge as to how the heavy German vote of that section feels toward him. Fifty appointments could not bring that vote back to him, nor to the Republican party. The German voters are looking pretty steadily at the diminished profits of their breweries, and the tendencies toward whisky drinking that are increasing, and they realize that this loss, imposed upon them to catch Prohibition votes, is due to Gov. McGill and his party.

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It is a significant fact that four months of the operation of the high license law brings from the dealers in whisky, brandies and alcohol the assertion that business is much better (25 per cent increase) since the law went into effect than before. There is a remarkable demand for cheap grades of whisky from all parts of the state. On the other hand, except in the very largest breweries of St. Paul and Minneapolis, there is a continued decrease in the production of beer. That is a logical solution of the high license problem. The number of saloons are diminished. There is less demand for beer and a great increase in the demand for whisky. The wholesale liquor houses are increasing in number. The breweries are diminishing. If an Irishman drinks at all he usually drinks whisky. When a German drinks he takes beer. There are 10,000 Irish votes in the state and over 30,000 German. From the above statement a child might figure out how many of these 40,000 votes the Republican party will have next fall. There is absolutely no hope for that party next year, unless it stoops to conquer by toying with prohibition.

***

What a somersault this will necessitate may be judged by the fact that Gov. McGill, Stanford Newel, W. R. Merriam, Joel Heatwole, D. B. Searle, the Pillsburys, and all the other party leaders do not believe in prohibition and would never think of advocating it, except as a matter of party expediency. I understand that they have mapped out two courses for the campaign, one of which will be adopted when the fight begins. The first is to incorporate in the Republican state platform a plank advocating the passage by the next legislature of a constitutional prohibitory amendment; this to be voted upon by the people before it can take effect. The other course is to let prohibition entirely alone, and to ask from the people endorsement of their high license policy, which they will claim has revolutionized the liquor traffic in the state. That the people may understand that the Republicans are not joking in proposing to adopt prohibition, I quote from an editorial of Gov. McGill's organ the following, written in 1885:

"To-day we sheathe the sword. Let the prohibitionists have their way."

This was written under the spur of the defeat of the first high license bill, and on the assumption that no one but the liquor dealers defeated it. Now the cry will be, not against an "oppressive oligarchy" of liquor dealers, but "Let the prohibitionists have their way to save the Republican party."

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Dan Moon has about as hale and hearty a father-in-law as I think any St. Paul jobber can present for public admiration. He is Col. Olin, of Rochester, and he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on the 9th of October, and on the 10th of that month observed the fifty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. He trots around with great spryness, and when I saw him in St. Paul last week he was discussing President Cleveland's reception and sheep-raising like a man of fifty. While speaking of his married life he said:

"Fifty-five years is a long time, but my wife moves around livelier than I do. She is seventy-three, but when I hear her step it almost seems to me that she is again the girl of eighteen—her age when we were married."

***

But very few of Prof. Oftedal's friends in Minneapolis are aware of the fact that in 1881 he came very near being the Democratic nominee for governor of this state. At that time there was a general feeling among the Democratic leaders that a strong effort should be made to divert the Scandinavian vote from the Republican party. It had been tried with slight success in 1871 and '75, by the nomination of a Norwegian for one of the minor state offices. But in 1881 it was partially agreed upon that a Scandinavian should be nominated for governor, and secretly Prof. Oftedal's name was proposed. Undoubtedly he would have been chosen, and the fight commenced then that was afterwards postponed until 1883, but for the reason that the one man upon whom his nomination practically depended missed his train and reached St. Paul too late to form the necessary combinations with the delegates to the state convention. Gen. Johnson was nominated and the Republicans had 28,000 majority.

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I hear as gossip, and not authenticated by Mr. Heatwole or Gen. Flower, that the Republican state central committee, unofficially, has come to the conclusion that John Sherman will be nominated for the presidency. That means, they say also, a campaign of bloody-shirtism, which is very good for old-time Republicans in Minnesota, who may have incidentally had strong secesh views twenty-five years ago, and gave to the negro the same toleration that they did to a rattlesnake. One member of the committee has been heard to say that in his opinion Gen. Tecumseh Sherman would be nominated. This member was not Mr. Heatwole, whose journal quite diplomatically straddles the fence, and, while publishing truisms as to what a man's moral conduct should be, ogles with equally distributed smirks Sherman, Lincoln and Blaine.

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There is a pretty good story told on Heatwole in connection with the trip of the Republican committee last fall into the wilds of the Fifth district in search of alleged Democratic election frauds. He received after the departure of the committee a telegram from one of them with Western Union spelling. Practically it was undecipherable, and he and Gen. Flower racked their brains trying to make it out. Heatwole was positive that it had been worded that way so as to reveal to only the faithful in St. Paul some great discovery of corruption. He based this opinion on faith, because he could not find a key to the mystery. Finally it was sent back to the Western Union with the request that the sending office be asked to repeat it. This was done, and Heatwole then read this message addressed to him from one of the supers of the committee:

"Forward my laundry."

BY A FOOL.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

There has been a commingling of bad and good plays at the Grand last week. The "Michael Strogoff" performance the first of the week was the weakest of the many weak attractions that have been seen here this year. Roland Reed, the popular comedian, played three of his best comedies during the last half of the week to good houses. Reed is Raymond's legitimate successor and will be recognized as such. He deserves credit for providing himself with such an excellent supporting company.

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During all of the present week the Boston Ideal Opera company, with the popular favorite, Zelie de Lussan, as principal prima donna, will be the attraction at the Grand. The company is so well known in this city as to need no mention farther than the announcement that it is coming. The repertoire for the week will be: Monday evening, "Daughter of the Regiment;" Tuesday evening and Thanksgiving matinee, "Victor, the Blue Stocking;" Wednesday, "Bohemian Girl;" Friday and Saturday, "Carmen;" Saturday matinee, "Adina, or Elixir of Love."

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"The Daughter of the Regiment" will be presented to-morrow night with the following cast: Marie, Mlle. de Lussan; Tonio, Frank Baxter; Sergt. Sulpice, W. H. Clark; Bruno, C. Bainbridge; Corporal, J. C. Miron; Countess of Berkenfelt, Miss Helen D. Campbell; Babette, Miss Louise Edgar. Miss Helen Campbell, the new contralto of the Boston Ideals, was trained and put upon the stage by Mme. Cappiani. She has everywhere this season been praised for the quality of her voice and the pleasing character of her acting.

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It will be gratifying to St. Paul opera lovers that there is to be a new opera in the Ideals' repertoire. "Carmen" is not a new opera, but it will be new on the St. Paul stage, having never been sung here. The plot is a simple one, but the music is superbly grand and difficult. The plot is briefly outlined as follows: Jose, a brigadier of dragoons at Seville, is waiting the arrival of Michaela, a peasant girl, with a letter and purse from his mother. A band of girls arrive at the cigar factory opposite, and Carmen, the prettiest and most coquettish, throws him a bouquet. Jose falls distractedly in love. A quarrel ensues among the girls in the factory. Carmen, declared the assailant, is ordered to prison. She fascinates the luckless brigadier till he connives at her escape and is himself placed under arrest for it. Carmen returns to her wandering Gypsy life and tempts Jose, who meets her outside the walls, to desert. He refuses, but, quarreling with his superior officer about Carmen, is forced to join the smugglers. Carmen's love grows cold. Escamillo, the popular toreador, woos her, while the jealous Jose departs to visit his dying mother. Carmen is faithless. She goes with Escamillo to the bull fight at Seville. Jose pursues her, and, frantic at her desertion and avowed affection for Escamillo, stabs her to the heart.

The Boston Ideals will not play a return engagement here this season. As this will be the only opportunity to hear this favorite company it is reasonable to expect that the week's engagement wil be a successful one and will be made a social event of importance.

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Sackett & Wiggins commenced the work of remodeling the Exposition rink last week, and will soon have it fitted up as a theater hall. The remodeling is being done under the supervision of Architect Wood, who promises to make an amusement hall of it that the city will not be ashamed of. It is understood that when completed the new theater will be run in combination with the Hennepin Avenue theater in Minneapolis, just as the two Grands of the Twin Cities are now being run. It is expected to be open for business by the beginning of the new year.

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Ed Hilton is making a phenomenal success of the Olympic this season, and has been doing it by playing attracting attractions.

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Dr. Joseph Parker's lecture on "Gladstone" at Market hall to-morrow night promises to be one of the rarest literary treats that St. Paul ever enjoyed. Dr. Parker has a world-wide celebrity as a lecturer, and there is no question but that he will fill Market hall with an audience of St. Paul's most cultured people.

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The National Opera company is working its way toward St. Paul, and will reach here by the 19th of next month. The company, as reorganized under Mr. Locke's management, has made a brilliant success. Its engagements in the Eastern cities have been in the nature of musical ovations.

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"The Bostonians," the lopped-off wing of the old Boston Ideal organization, has been playing the past week in Detroit. Manager Pond seems to have been learning some of the tricks of his old tutor, Manager Foster, as he is flooding the newspaper offices with prepaid telegrams containing the announcement of that hoary old chestnut, "Standing room at a premium and triple encores."

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Nobody ever heard of an army officer going on the stage, and yet the Detroit Free Press is authority for the statement that amateur theatricals, of all forms of amusement are most in favor at frontier posts, where many of the officers and their ladies have obtained no mean proficiency in depicting the joys and sorrows set down by the dramatists. The frontier stage setting is of most primitive style. Wings of roughly painted cotton, drops of army duck, flies of quartermaster's tarpaulins and properties from the military quarters make up the stage paraphernalia.

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Mrs. Langtry is something of a speechmaker, as well as an actress. When called before the curtain at Toronto the other night she recognized the compliment in a very happy little speech. After thanking the audience for their cordial reception and making some complimentary allusion to Toronto, Mrs. Langtry said: "There is another reason why I am interested in your city. I have a dear brother buried in St. James' cemetery, and I don't like to think of him as being among strangers. I want you all as you pass to drop a flower on his grave, for my sake." In the burst of applause that followed an irrepressible young man in the gallery cried, "Bravo, my beauty!" to which the Jersey Lily replied with an impulsive gesture and a "God bless you all" as she disappeared.

MEN WHO TALK.

Hon. A. R. McGill—Warden Stordock had a conference with me on the subject before he turned over the affairs of the Stillwater penitentiary to Deputy Westby, and we agreed upon this course as the proper one to be pursued. It was the understanding that in the event of the criminal charges being sustained official decapitation would follow, and the warden appeared perfectly willing to abide by the decision of the courts. When the commission was appointed to investigate ex-Warden Reed, there was no thought of an examination of Warden Stordock, but subsequently, when charges were preferred against the latter, the scope of the commission was enlarged to embrace him also. Just what they will report I am at a loss to know, although I have been told that the various members of that body are now engaged in the formulation of the document; in fact portions of it have already been drafted. It will be necessary for the members to come together for joint action, and it is possible that they may be ready to submit their findings during the ensuing week. Whether or not, in the event of the charges against ex-Warden Reed being sustained, criminal proceedings will be instituted against him, I cannot say at present, for that would not only be manifestly improper, but premature. But I shall endeavor to deal impartially, with an eye single to the best interests of the people, no matter whom the report may hit.

C. A. Lounsberry.

Editor Lounsberry, of the Duluth Evening Journal—Knute Nelson's friends in the Fifth district take it for granted that he means what he says when he declares he is out of politics, and hereafter will content himself by depositing his ballot on election day, and are favorable to Judge Stearns as his successor in congress. I have always been a friend of Mr. Nelson's and have stood up for him on every occasion, and if he is out of the field I am a Stearns man, with Hartley as second choice. And this seems to be the sentiment in the district among all classes of people. At the risk of being called biased I can not refrain from putting in a peg or two for the Zenith City with a view to calling attention to its wonderful progress. Matters are crystallizing with us now, and in the course of a year or two they will be established on a sound basis. It is only necessary to state the class of buildings that are now being constructed to give a good idea of the substantiality and prospects for the future prosperity of Duluth. Brown stone, granite and pressed brick are the principal materials used for our business blocks, and some of the buildings completed or under way now are the First National bank, a five-story, brown stone and brick structure, which has just been turned over for use and cost $100,000; the Spaulding hotel, with the first floor of brown stone, now up to the second story, and will go four stories higher, which will cost $250,000, and the Equitable Life Insurance company, of New York, has completed arrangements and adopted plans for a five-storied business block, the cost of which will be $150,000. These buildings are only samples of a few that it is proposed to adorn Duluth with, and I have not recounted any of the projected improvements in docks, warehouses or manufactories that capital will be invested in. Our facilities now are better than Chicago for unloading and shipment, for a boat can come up to our docks with a load of 2,500 tons of iron, discharge cargo, and be loaded the same day with 75,000 bushels of wheat. This is not boasting, but a fact that is demonstrated daily; whereas at Chicago, after a freight boat leaves the lake for the discharging depot, it frequently requires three days to unload. With the immense mineral resources that lie at our very doors, it is my impression that our population of 30,000 souls will not be very hard pressed for a means of livelihood, and we are only in our infancy yet. The water power with a fall of 175 feet is fully equal to if not better than Minneapolis, and farsighted men, quick to appreciate the advantages of our situation, are taking the opportunity to prepare themselves for a marvelous growth of the city of which Proctor Knott may be called the patron saint.

Congressman Rice.

Hon. Edmund Rice—It is correct that I belong to the Rice family of the East, having been born in Vermont and spent a portion of my life in Massachusetts, where nearly all the male members of the family are called deacons. My resemblance to Representative William Rice, of the Worcester, Mass., district, has been frequently commented upon, and while at Washington last winter I was frequently mistaken for him by many of his constituents who were visiting the capital.

I do not count upon much progress being made this winter in regard to the tariff reduction, although it is certain to be agitated, but the session will undoubtedly be a lively one owing to the numerous issues involved.

I think the president will make a very wise choice in sending Secretary Lamar to the supreme court, the position being one that is suitable for him in every way. He is a student and a man of thirty years' political experience, who will do honor to the place and make a most impartial justice.

Postmaster General Vilas would be eminently proper and efficient as secretary of the interior, for he is a Westerner and knows exactly what the people of that section demand and their needs. We want one of our own people in the interior department, owing to the numerous land, railroad and other questions of similar import that come before that bureau, and which require that the secretary shall be one who has a practical and thorough knowledge of Western interests. There is no use in stirring up the question of titles to property after thirty years have elapsed, as has been the policy of Gen. Sparks, of the land office; for if his methods were to be enforced we might as well go back to the time that America was discovered, when the Indians were the sole proprietors of the soil. Such efforts only agitate the people unnecessarily, depress business and do no earthly benefit to a soul. Besides, it is too much to expect of an administration of four years that the records of those that preceded it for thirty years should be overhauled, and for what? Merely to satisfy the cravings for notoriety of a single individual who has proven himself a crank on the land policy of the government, as he terms it.

I trust we have had an end of such controversies as the one that has recently transpired between Secretary Lamar and Land Commissioner Sparks, and that the latter's successor will be a capable, intelligent, energetic official, who will work for the good of the people and throw aside the devices of a demagogue.

President Cleveland's administration has been a strong one in every respect, and he is not going to jeopardize his past success by trusting to incompetent men. While I am not personally acquainted with Hon. Don M. Dickinson, who has been named as the successor of Mr. Vilas, I am told that he is a vigorous, practical business man and one who will make the post office department a model bureau, although he will find that Postmaster General Vilas has made matters very easy for his successor.

George R. Finch.

G. R. Finch, of Auerbach, Finch & Van Slyck—Business has been pretty quiet in our line for some time past, owing to the continued good weather, which has made it unnecessary to make very extensive purchases. But the advent of cold weather will create a boom, and every branch of trade in St. Paul will feel the movement. During the past week there has been a marked increase not only in quantity, but in the quality of dry goods purchased, and in the heavier articles some of the sales have been very large. Reports from the country show that the farmers are through with threshing, and have had a very successful season generally, so that money will be plentiful in a short time, and a most prosperous business season the result.

Col. Alvaren Allen.

Col. Allen, formerly of the Merchants Hotel—My reason for declining a re-election as vice president of the Carnival association was principally because at the time it is proposed to have the celebration I will be absent from St. Paul with my family. But no one will do more to promote this object than myself, for I am convinced that nothing could be proposed that would do more to advertise and make St. Paul attractive to people at a distance than the ice palace and carnival.

Matters are progressing very favorably and gratifying, looking to the accomplishment of this purpose, and I believe that the crowds in attendance will be greater than ever before at those entertainments, and especially as we no longer have cause to fear Montreal as a rival in this respect.

W. H. Ryder.

W. H. Ryder, of Salisbury, Md., the seat of the lumber trade of that state—Gov. Jackson, who has just been elected in Maryland, during recent years made numerous and fortunate investments in real estate in the vicinity of St. Paul, Omaha and Kansas City, and I have been looking after some of them and may locate here myself. The inauguration of Gov. Jackson will take place the 11th of next January, and the Democrats of Maryland are preparing for a grand ovation at Annapolis on that occasion, as a celebration of the brilliant victory that they have recently achieved. So far as the salary goes, Gov. Jackson will not need it much. Maryland pays her chief executive $4,500 per annum, but Gov. Jackson enjoys an income of $50,000 a year from his lumber interest in Maryland and North Carolina. By the way, he was in St. Paul a few weeks ago and had a most enjoyable visit, and since his return home he has never ceased to sing the praises of the hospitable Westerners with whom he came in contact.

WHISPERS.

Talking recently with Assistant Secretary Thompson, of the treasury, the Whisperer was given an inkling of the fact that the bed of a high public official is indeed not one of roses. When any important financial movement is under discussion the secretary of the treasury and his assistants are fairly hounded for information. "There is, let me tell you," said Secretary Thompson, "entirely too much 'one man power' about the position of secretary. I don't care how good, how conscientious or honest the man holding the position may be, he has entirely too much power centered in him for the good of the people and democratic government. Not that he need be dishonest to bring about a lamentable state of things. A single false step made quite within the powers delegated to him by law and with the best of intentions might raise a storm of confusion that would do incalculable damage. It is too great responsibility to burden a man with. And if it should happen—a thing quite conceivable—that the office is occupied at any time in the future by a dishonest or incompetent man, just think of the havoc that might be occasioned. Why, during the September flurry in Wall street, when I was temporarily in charge, I could have fairly lined my pockets, and that, too, without infraction of the law, while there were men who would have given small fortunes to have known a day ahead what we intended doing. The system is wrong and should be changed."

Secretary Thompson is a white-haired gentleman, smooth and ruddy of countenance, with a manner which makes a friend of every one with whom he comes in contact. He was one of the most popular governors South Carolina ever had, and has transferred his popularity to Washington. He is a Southern gentleman of the old school, and the soul of honor and integrity.

But aren't there lots of men in the country who would have profited by it if they had held his position?

After chatting thus pleasantly Gov. Thompson turned to a gentleman who had came in to call on him. He was a man tall in stature, robust in figure, with grey hair and side-whiskers ornamenting his well-shaped head and handsome face. One leg was gone, and he needed no formal introduction to make known the fact that it was Senator Wade Hampton, with whom time has dealt indeed kindly. His visit was not purely a social one. He had a friend—a good Democrat of course—and this friend wanted a government position. He had come to consult with his old time friend, Gov. Thompson, about the matter. The lists of vacancies were scanned at once. A position was discovered which did not come within the civil service rules. Word was sent to the appointment clerk and Senator Hampton's friend was entitled to draw a government salary almost as quickly as one could say it, all on the score of personal friendship of course; but the secretary had the senator's word for it that the government was gaining an efficient employe, and Wade Hampton's word is as good as his bond.

But, as many office seekers know to their sorrow, it isn't often that easy.

Traffic Manager Wickes, of the Chicago & Northwestern, came up to St. Paul the other day to attend an auction sale of lots. He bought one or two, and is convinced that Chicago offers no better field for real estate investment than choice pieces of St. Paul realty. In conversation, the subject of young Bob Lincoln's chances for the Republican nomination for the presidency came up. "I think people will be surprised at the strength Lincoln will develop," said Mr. Wickes. "He is a man whose name is not his only merit, but his personal qualities are also excellent, and his ability is of no mean order. He is very much thought of by all who know him, and if he goes into the convention as a dark horse he will finish mighty near the front, if he doesn't come out ahead. We know Bob Lincoln well in Chicago, and we like him."

But that was before the New York election knocked the planks out of the son-of-his-father platform.

Apropos of politics Gov. L. K. Church, who was in the city Thursday on his way home from New York, was telling me something about the recent elections in that city. Nicoll, the defeated candidate for district attorney, he says, has lost the opportunity of his life. He had made a position which had brought him a large personal following, and which would naturally have forced attention from the party managers. But he did not submit to their decision that he must wait for preferment, and that sealed his fate. "When a man kicks against the party organization in New York," said the governor, "he might as well hang up his hat." In New York, organization means everything, and Nicoll is now a marked man. As a rebel, he will not again be treated with confidence by the party he deserted because of personal ambition. Had he waited, he would have been given the prize he sought in time, and might even have gone to greater heights. The Republicans in New York are ready to take Nicoll up again, but they realize their own weakness, both Doggert, the Brooklyn boss, and Jake Hess, the New York boss, having in my presence in the Hoffman house, the night of election, agreed in the statement that "the jig was up."

Perhaps Nicoll will get some consolation by flocking with Teddy Roosevelt, also a "a great defeated."

Even though the interstate commerce law has sadly decimated the noble army of deadheads, there are yet those who receive the prized piece of pasteboard entitling them to free transportation. One of these is a St. Paul gentleman who recently took the night train for Chicago. After the train was well under way the conductor, in due course, came around. He took the St. Paul man's pass, looked at it for a moment, and then curiously asked, "Where is your wife?" "At home, to the best of my knowledge and belief," said the surprised St. Paulite. "Then you can't ride on that," decisively remarked the conductor, handing him back the pass, which read, "Pass Mrs. A— on all lines," etc. "Oh, but I can," retorted Mr. A. "I would like to know how," said the conductor; "this calls for your wife, not for you." "Easily enough," answered Mr. A—; "are not my wife and I one, and that being the case, doesn't the pass apply to us jointly?" The question was too much for the knight of the punch, and Mr. A— rode to Chicago unmolested.

But that conductor must have been a pretty accommodating sort of fellow, mustn't he? THE WHISPERER.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

The Contribution Box.

Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, and there are but very few of him who treat the contribution box with that degree of generosity that it deserves. When you go to church, young man, go early. Don't wait until you think the contribution box has been passed and there is no danger of having to look it in the face with a blank stare. The majority of church-goers seem to have a supreme contempt for the contribution box. They enjoy the services hugely until the box is started up the aisle, when they hump themselves around sideways in their pew and look at the ceiling, or fix their gaze on the wall decorations and never look down until the box is past; then they settle down, fix themselves comfortably in the pew that somebody else is paying rent for, and enjoy the sermon from about the same standpoint that the small boy who has sneaked under the canvas enjoys the circus. I don't believe that any man can get a half-rate ticket to heaven, or cut down his transportation by figuring on an excursion ticket. There are those, however, who seem to think that if they mix up with the crowd that is surging heavenward they will be carried through the gates without their presence being suspected until they are inside. Some may manage to get in this way, but when the day comes for showing credentials things won't work very smoothly for those people whose only recommendation is that they are first-class sneaks.

Treat the contribution box kindly.

The contribution box is one of the main props of the kingdom of heaven. Every time the contribution box is stuck under your nose it asks you:

"Do you believe in Christianity?"

"Do you believe that churches are a benefit to the community?"

"Do you believe your parents, sisters, brothers, wife or children are morally better because they attend church?"

If you reach down in your pocket, pull out some money and drop it into the box, that means "Yes." If you turn your back on the box and look cross-eyed at the ceiling, that means "No."

No man need to be ashamed of the amount of money he puts into the contribution box. A little chunk of copper with an Indian's head on one side and "one cent" on the other, when given by a fellow who has it in his hand waiting for the contribution box to get to him and never thinks of it after he has dropped it in, is worth more in the treasury department of the capacious hereafter than a barrel of $10 bills given by a man who waits till he's asked for it and then gives it up as though he was performing an act that the Ruler of the Universe should fall at his feet and thank him for.

Give something!

Don't let a contribution box get by you without in some manner showing your regard for it. If you smoke, forego the pleasure of one cigar and put 10 cents in the box. You can't tell how long the influence of that 10 cents may be felt. If you are in the habit of taking, now and then, a light drink, let one sip go by default and drop the price into the box. When you come to die, you'll be so busy with more important matters that you'll forget all about the drink that you've missed in this manner. If you intend to go to the theater during the week, and think of a certain dollar seat down stairs that you want, put 25 cents in the contribution box and buy a 75-cent seat up in the balcony. You may not like it at first, but when you stop to think why you happen to be there, you'll enjoy the show just as much as though you were in an upholstered box down stairs. Those people who can buy tickets to the theater and circuses and refuse to patronize the contribution box had better stay away from church and give their seat to some fellow who isn't inclined to sneak his way into heaven and depend on his plea of poverty to get him a plush-covered seat at the right hand of the great I Am.

I wish to lay down a few rules that contributors to the contribution box will find of great value to them if followed out.

First—Before going to church remove all pieces of string from your pockets. This will save you the embarrassment of giving the congregation the impression that you are unraveling yourself, when you feel around for your money.

Second—Do not allow yourself to pass through the church door with old pant buttons, shingle nails, et cetera, in your pockets, for you are always sure to pull each one of them out before you strike your money.

Third—See that you have not put your chewing gum in the same pocket with your change. This precaution will save time, as the collector won't have to wait for you to pick the gum off the 5 cent pieces and dimes.

Fourth—It is always best, where a person is able to do so, to have a suit of clothes made especially for wearing to church. These clothes should have but one pocket in them. This would enable the wearer to make immediate connection with his money. Where ordinary, everyday clothes are worn, a man feels in every pocket he's got before he finds his money. This can be proven beyond a reasonable doubt.

Fifth—Everyman who desires to be a liberal contrib tor to the church should avoid trustingthe matter to his wife. Hats come too high to permit of a woman contributing more than a nickel to the box at any one time.

Sixth—Always think of the contribution box the last thing before you start for church. You will find that this is not half as embarrassing as to think of it the first thing after you get into the church.

Hang Around the Bottom.

Young man, don't waste your time trying to get to the top. You have undoubtedly been informed ere this that there is plenty of room up there, and such is a fact, for but very few men have been able to climb that far and keep their grip.

Don't strive too hard to be president of the United States, for if you do the chances are strongly in favor of your going down into the grave a disappointed man, with a wasted life for a shroud.

There are a great many honest, shrewd, successful men who have never been president of anything larger than a debating society.

The majority of men are hovering around the bottom, young man, and that is a good place for you to stay. You won't feel lonesome if you decide to do this for some time to come. Just hang around the lower rung of the ladder and attend strictly to business. Don't bother your head about the top. If there is a reserved seat for you up there the first thing you know you will be occupying it. Don't try to force yourself into it, and, above all things, don't go out between the acts.

Keep busy. Attend to your knitting. Don't get discouraged because your back aches, but saw wood.

The majority of men who get to the top nowadays do so by standing on other fellows' shoulders, and if that's the way you've got to get there, it will be a great deal more to your credit if you stay down near the bottom and furnish shoulders for the other fellows to stand on.

There's an argument in favor of the bottom; there's no danger of your falling off.

Those men who climb to the top are kept busy scheming how to hang on.

About ninety-nine out of every hundred men who reach the top get dizzy and fall down before they've been there a year.

The fact that Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter argues nothing. If you split rails it is no sign that you will be president. If a man gets to be president, it is no sign that he has split rails. If you have any rails that need splitting go to work and split them with an ax, and not with a selfish motive.

You can hang around the bottom and be a mighty sight better man than the majority of those at the top.

Keep your eyes on your work. If a man's work is on the ground and he keeps looking up, he will never amount to anything.

Don't be too ambitious. Attend strictly to business and let the top come down and pull you up. TOM HOLMES.

A New Jersey man claims to have seen a woman in the moon. We fear he had been out too frequently to see a man in a saloon, and was so afraid of meeting his wife that he saw a woman in everything.—Lowell Citizen.