MANITOBA MAGNATE

Daily Official Life of the Head of a Great Railway System.

Around the Clock at the General Offices of the Company.

The Procedure Necessary to Obtain an Audience With Officials.

Devotion to the Weed Permitted Only to the Heads of Departments.

PUNCTUALLY at 7:30 in the morning, the watchman at the building on the corner of Third street and Broadway raises the massive iron gate which separates the general offices of the Manitoba railway from the outer world, and from that hour until 5:30 in the evening, when the guarding divinity of the treasures within is once more lowered into place, a steady stream of humanity passes in and out of this permanent monument to the industrial resources of the great Northwest. Railway magnates, clerks, messengers and the general public follow one another up the broad stone steps and are lost to sight in the depths of the mysterious interior of the building.

There is a ponderous mass of mail to be distributed every morning; each letter must necessarily be consigned to its respective office before the arrival of the presiding genius thereof or his clerks. The messengers therefore arrive shortly after the building is opened; four carry their burdens to the company's postal distributing room, from whence it is taken to its ultimate destination. The incidental work of distribution has been accomplished with a speed acquired by long practice, but none too quickly. Awakened footfalls indicate that another day of labor has rolled around, and the constantly increasing arrivals show that punctuality is one of the golden rules of the Manitoba service. The officials of the road are at their respective desks before their subordinates have had an opportunity of exchanging comparisons on the events of the previous evening, and after a "good morning" of greater or less cordiality are engrossed in their work, oblivious to the outer world.

First Vice President and General Manager A. Manvel is among the first to arrive. His callers are numerous and importunate, and will begin to arrive before 10 o'clock. Much of the incidental business of his department must

PASS UNDER HIS SUPERVISION,

and the work must be laid out for the day before constant interruptions render strict attention to legitimate business impossible.

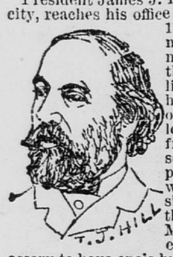
W. S. Alexander, the general traffic manager, is an early arrival, and shows that he appreciate the importance of a general supervision of the passenger, freight and baggage departments by being early in the field, in order to untie any knotty problem which may present itself for solution in any one of these offices.

General Ticket Agent F. L. Whitney is also hard at work before many less industrious people have finished their beauty sleep.

The various officials and heads of departments follow one another with great rapidity; each, in his turn, mentally calculating the work of the day as he pulls open the heavy outer door; the clerks reluctantly throw away their cigars on the threshold, and by 8:30 each component part of the homogeneous whole is engrossed in his or her respective duty.

The perfection of mechanism and the ideal in machinery is exemplified in the distribution of clerical labor in a large railway office. Each individual is responsible for a certain share of the burden which it is necessary for all to collectively bear. With the precision of clockwork the allotted duties are performed. Patient and passionless, obeying blindly, but never questioning, the routine work is disposed of. The click, click of the busy typewriters keeps pace with the ticking of the clock, and indelibly records the passage of time on the paper stretched beneath the nimble fingers.

President James J. Hill, when in the city, reaches his office between 9:30 and 11, and, looking neither to right nor left, goes to the elevator and is lifted one flight to his commodious offices, which overlook innumerable freight houses, a sea of tracks and a perspective of the winding Mississippi. Access to the magnate of the Manitoba is not easy, and it is necessary to have one's business subjected to rigid scrutiny before being favored with an audience. An individual having business with either the president or the general manager is directed to an anteroom, which is large, commodious and well lighted. On entering he will usually find that about a dozen men and women of all ages, sizes and conditions have preceded him. The Eastern capitalist is leaning gracefully against the long oaken table which is placed in the center of the room, and the



FARMER FROM THE INTERIOR,

who is willing for a consideration to grant a strip of right of way to the company, is comfortably seated in a chair. Both of the gentlemen, as well as the occupants of the room, treat the newcomer to a scowl, for they naturally fancy that he may be a favored one, and consequently receive precedence in obtaining an audience.

Each is, however, waited on in turn. Two bright, intelligent boys are on duty in the receiving room, and on entering each visitor fills in the proper spaces on the printed card, giving name, residence and a brief statement of the real or supposed business of the caller. One lad carries in the cards destined for President Hill, while the other officiates in a like capacity for General Manager Manvel. The cards, however, are not taken directly to the distinguished gentlemen for whom they are intended. They are subject to rigid scrutiny by an assistant, who passes mental judgment upon them, followed by a personal conversation with each applicant for an audience.

Many individuals who fancy that they have personal business at the fountain head of the Manitoba system should in reality transact their business in one of the other departments. All such are referred to the proper official with whom to confer. A few of the applicants are bent upon business which is of so transparent a nature that they are dismissed on one pretext or another, and when the wheat has finally been separated from the chaff, the favored few who remain are permitted to see the official on whom they have called—providing, always, that the assistant cannot lift the burden from his chief's shoulders. It is necessary to subject each visitor's business to an impartial inspection, else the heads of the company would be unable to transact any business during one hour of the twenty-four.

The president and general manager are indefatigable workers, and both may be occasionally seen in their offices until 11 of an evening. General Manager Manvel is usually to be found at his desk from 10:30 to 2:30 on Sunday, and all of the officials come down on the initial day of the week to see if there are any

IMPORTANT LETTERS OR TELEGRAMS

which demand instant and imperative attention. System is to be found everywhere. Each clerk is responsible to the head of his department, who is in turn under the orders of his superior officer. The authority of the president and board of directors is paramount, and every man in the company's employ reports directly or indirectly to them.

Some years ago orders were issued in the auditor's and comptroller's departments that in future no smoking would be permitted during business hours. This rule was gradually followed in each of the offices, and it is now an unwritten law that the use of the weed be dispensed with while on duty. "We cannot serve two masters," said an individual yesterday whose name graces the company's pay roll, "and we are enabled to save the money which would ordinarily be expended for cigars." Railroad boys are proverbially hard smokers, and the deprivation of their favorite enjoyment during a major portion of each day is necessarily hard to bear. Though the privates are forbidden indulgence in the seductive weed, the officials smoke with impunity. Perhaps it is not necessary to set a good example, as subordinates are so well trained that they know intuitively how to conduct themselves with decorum. Possibly it is necessary to proffer or receive a cigar from a man of whom you demand or tender a business favor; or possibly and probably with reputations for ability and integrity established it is unnecessary to emphatically mark the rounds of the ladder which must of necessity be climbed in order to fill an official position. Any or all of these causes may contribute towards producing this result, and although the officials smoke, and the subordinates expectorate, harmony reigns supreme and white-winged Peace spreads her protecting wings over the general offices of the Manitoba during each working day of the year.

HIS TOOLS CONVICT HIM.

A Wolverine Nabbed at Duluth for Burglary—Zenith City Dots.

Special to the Globe.

DULUTH, Minn., Feb. 9.—Capt. McLaughlin to-night arrested a man suspected of this morning's burglaries, who gave the name of John W. Russell, Escanaba, Mich. He claims to have remained in West Superior from Thursday until to-day, but he is known to have come to Duluth last night across the frozen bay in a hack. On him were found significant telegrams, and a drill that was sharpened at McLean & Crawford's foundry the day before the burglary. The captain is sure he is the man.

H. H. Babcock, treasurer of the Cloquet Patriarchial circle, has gone to Washington territory with $125 belonging to the order. Ever Everson and William H. Miller, who were seriously injured by the falling of a scaffold Jan. 10 at the Minnesota Car company's works, have filed suits for $30,000 and $10,000 respectively against the company. Everson will be a cripple for life.

THEY FOUGHT WITH PILLOWS

Danny Needham Knocks Out a Minneapolis Pugilist.

Danny Needham, the St. Paul lightweight, won another fistic encounter in the room of a club in Minneapolis last night. The fight was with pillows for a small purse, and was a very one-sided affair. Needham's opponent, a fellow named Harrington proving himself entirely unequal to the task of keeping up his end of the game. Needham knocked him out in five rounds and could have done it sooner had he desired. The fight was very unsatisfactory and no severe punishment was administered by either man.

A Congress of Public Charity.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 9.—A letter from Paris to N. S. Rosenau, secretary of the charity organization society of this city, announces that the French government has decided to call an international congress of public charity during the universal exhibition to be participated in by persons of all countries prominent in works of benevolence. One of the subjects to be discussed in special session is the methodical organization of benevolence, and Secretary Roseneau is especially asked to prepare a report on this subject.

Respited for Sixty Days.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Feb. 9.—Gov. Francis has granted a respite of sixty days to William Walker and John Matthews, the Bald Knobbers, who were under sentence to hang at Ozark on the 15th inst. The case of David Walker, chief of the Knobbers, is now in the supreme court, and Matthews, who escaped from the Ozark jail a few weeks ago, is still at large.

Belle Starr's Assassin Captured.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Feb. 9.—John Starr, cousin of Belle Starr, the outlaw who was murdered last Sunday, has arrived here with E. A. Watson, the assassin. Watson is a white man, thirty-two years old, and came from Florida a year ago. He quarreled with Belle Starr and threatened her life. Before her death Belle accused Watson of inflicting the fatal wounds.

Beheaded With a Razor.

MONTREAL, Que., Feb. 9.—William Holden was murdered early this morning in a boarding house on Jurors street by a man named McGrath, who was employed as a waiter in the Balmoral house. McGrath is a white man, but his wife has negro blood in her veins, and Holden called her nigger, whereupon McGrath sprang upon him and almost severed his head from his body with a razor. McGrath has not yet been arrested.

Victims of the Blizzard.

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 9.—Mrs. McNulty, aged sixty, and Annie McGuire, aged eleven, were frozen to death about 200 yards from their home, five miles from this city during the blizzard Wednesday last. Mrs. McNulty started to obtain aid from a neighbor's house for a sick lady, and an hour later Annie McGuire went in search of her, but neither reached their destination. They were found Thursday frozen to death.

Willard's Wise Measure.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 9.—In the the legislature to-day, Representative Willard's bill; limiting bequests for charitable or religious purposes to one-fourth of the estate, passed the house. The bill, appropriating $186,000 for the erection of buildings for the school of feeble-minded children, was made a special order for Monday afternoon. The senate devoted the day to considering several sections of the new election bill.

Another New Asteroid.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—A cable message from the European Union of Astronomers received to-day announces the discovery of an asteroid at the observatory of Nice. Its position was as follows: Feb. 8, 39.42 Greenwich mean time; right ascension, 9 h 40 min. 52.7 seconds; declination north, 10 deg 19 min 23 sec; daily motion in right ascension, 52 sec; inclination 2 min. It is of the twelfth magnitude.

A New Fast Train Service.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—The Chicago & Northwestern railway, in connection with the Union Pacific company, inaugurates to-day a special fast passenger train service between Chicago and Denver. The Northwestern is the third of what are termed the Missouri River lines that is now running through trains between Chicago and Denver.

*Fur*nished houses you can get If you advertise, you bet.

Why are your rooms vacant? An ad in the GLOBE will rent them.

MINNEAPOLIS TALES.

The Trouble a Brand New Hubby Had in Getting a Drink.

A Well-Known Newspaper Man in a Pike's Peak Picture.

The Popularity of the Present Administration in Certain Quarters.

A Woman's Way of Raffling Off a Ring—Wrinkled Wall Paper.

He was a very pleasant-looking young fellow, and he looked very proud and happy as he walked down Nicollet avenue with his sweet little wife on his arm. He stopped, looking pleased, however, when she pulled his arm and turned to go into a dry goods store, near Third street. He evidently didn't like dry goods stores, or it is possible that under the circumstances, he didn't care to meet some pretty counter girl inside; anyhow he didn't go, and when she said:

"Yes, Jack, please come."

He said, "No; you go in and I'll wait here. Don't be long, please."

"Oh, no, dear, I won't be more than a minute, but I wish you would come."

He wouldn't, however, and she went in alone.

Her minute grew to wonderful dimensions, and poor Jack began to get very nervous. He lighted a cigar, took a few vicious puffs at it, found it bad, stamped in a profane manner, and threw it away. Then he walked up and down in front of the store for a few minutes, looking first at this then at that. A street boy trying to drive a dog he had attached to a rickety sled kept him amused for a moment, but when the team had passed he turned impatiently and looked at the door. It was certain that Jack was getting impatient. He was looking across the street a bit later when a bright idea struck him. His eye had sighted the screened windows of a liquid refectory and "Richard was himself again." He looked back at the door again, but this time it was stealthily and as if his whole heart had changed, and what he had a moment before so ardently desired, he now wished to postpone until he could run across the street. His face was a steady as he looked from the door of the dry goods house to the door of the saloon and measured the ground with his eye as a small boy does when trying to calculate the exact danger that he runs in "skinning" over the little strip of open ground from the fence row to the coveted apple tree.

Once Jack stepped off the curb and started to cross the street, but the door of the store was opened to let someone out; he said something that sounded very much like "d——n it" and turned back. He really didn't dare run the risk, but he must do something. He stood still and swore quietly a few minutes, then he began kicking a telegraph pole, and by way of diversion made a vicious dig at a pug dog that passed by. He surely couldn't stand it much longer, he was scowling and biting his lips. He failed to recognize two ladies who bowed and smiled at him. Suddenly he started, two men had just turned into an alley close to him, and he remembered a quiet resort in the middle of the block, glancing hastily at the door once more he slid down the alley, and a few moments later returned wiping his lips, smiling and chewing vigorously on a mouthful of cloves. He took up his stand by the door, apparently ready to wait a month if necessary. He had just taken up his post when a voice, which he might have greeted before with, "Well, I hope you were long enough," said: "Why, where—oh, there you are, Jack, will you please take this bundle? Was I really long?" and Jack didn't tell her about the inward cursing he had done, but said, "Oh, no, dear," and they walked on.

† † †

Ariel C. Harris, once a well-known newspaper man in Minneapolis, was heard from in a somewhat unexpected manner not long ago. When he left Minneapolis no one here knew where he had gone, and for a long time his whereabouts remained a most profound mystery. Some days ago a party of Eastern gentlemen, who had been out West sightseeing and looking over the country, came to Minneapolis on their way home. While here they called upon a friend, a newspaper man, and, among other things gathered on their trip, showed him a picture they had had taken of themselves on top of Pike's Peak, Colorado. The gentlemen were all in a group, and looked as sweet as could be. When the newspaper man saw the picture he simply threw up both hands and howled, for there in the background stood A. C. Harris, just as natural as ever, with a handsome young lady on his arm. The gentlemen were somewhat at a loss to account for their friend's unseemly hilarity, and when it was explained to them, said that they had met a young fellow named Harris, accompanied by a lady who he said was his cousin, on the top of the peak. He had not said anything about ever having lived in Minneapolis, and none of the gentlemen had ever thought anything more about the matter.

† † †

The popularity of this present reform and clear-headed-business-methods administration can be judged from the following circumstance. A canvasser for the new city directory called at a First street north hotel the other day: "Do you want a city directory this year?" he asked.

"That's that!" yelled the proprietor. "Does Oi want a city directhory? Wull, yez hev yer gall wid yez. Fwhoy, do ye think Oi'll patronoise this administrashun to the extint af ivin' it wan pinny of me money by boyin' a directhory! Here'sayez spyin' police watcnin' af me so Oi can't guv a boarder a drink on a Sunday, an' me a payin' a thoosen a year; an' yez fenced the town in, an' yez robbin' the taxpayer; an' yez loin to the wurkin'min. Git out o' here or Oi'll shwally yez. An' bad luck t' ye on this foine winter's marnin'; that's all the good there's in the town any moor."

† † †

I heard a little story a few evenings ago which goes to show that many of the so-called raffles run by women are simply confidence games of the worst sort, calculated to catch the dollars of susceptible young men who allow their sympathy and good nature to get away with their good sense.

Some time ago there was a lady employed in one of the county offices, who owned a peculiar and valuable ring. She determined to raise some money on it, and so had a lot of raffle tickets printed, which she sold to every one who would buy at $1 per ticket. It took some seventeen or eighteen months to dispose of all the tickets, but the drawing finally took place. The ring was won by the ticket held by J. R. Corrigan. The day after the drawing the lady went to Anthony Kelby, Mr. Corrigan's father-in-law, and gave him a long song about how she wanted to get her ring back again, asking if Mr. Corrigan would not help her find all the people who had bought tickets, so that she could return them their money. Mr. Kelly's heart was touched, and when he saw Mr. Corrigan he told him that the proper thing to do would be to return the ring to the lady. J. R. did so, but did not get back the money he had paid for the ticket. No one else got their money back either, and since then several of the gentlemen who held tickets have sworn off on taking tickets in raffles of any kind, even if a lady does run them.

† † †

A Nicollet avenue saloon is being papered with sky-blue Lincrusta-Walton touched with gilt on the edges. The paper is wrinkled as it is put on so as to give it the corrugated appearance that is just now the fad.

"Say, them fellers in there don't know how to paper," said a rural visitor to the bartender as he stopped at the lunch, after an inspection of the back room where the paperhangers were at work.

"What's the matter?" asked the bartender in surprise.

"Why, they're spoiling your paper; wrinkling it all up," said the delegate from Hopkins' station.

"Oh, that's all right," returned the spirit juggler. "They iron it out, you know, just like your wife would a shirt."

The explanation was satisfactory.

A CHEERFUL BON MOT.

Ready-Made Verses for the Afflicted, Warranted to Fit All Sizes.

"Did you ever see a memorial card?" asked a recently bereaved Minneapolis widow of a sympathizing friend.

The friend had heard of rival undertakers, florists, and even ministers, leaving cards with the family of the deceased, and soliciting patronage. "Memorial cards must be a new freak. What are they?" she asked.

"I'll fully satisfy your curiosity," said the charming widow, with a faint, pathetic smile. "I have now four different varieties. Each mail brings a new one."

The cards were of heavy, black cardboard, with gilt beveled edge, about the size of a cabinet photograph. On the face was a decorative pattern, with the name of the deceased and date of death in the center of the card, sandwiched between verses of what might be called poetry, if the reader had an elastic imagination. Some have a suggestion of the gospel hymn which, in spite of its absurdity, is usually so dear to the Christian heart. The following is a sample:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast.
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
* * *
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care.
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.

The card is accompanied by a circular which informs the bereaved ones "that it has lately become a beautiful custom in the United States upon the death of a relative to present each member of the family and friends with a memorial card," the enclosed card being suitable for album, easel or other cheerful parlor decoration; concluding with the information that the card is sent for inspection, and friends are under no obligation whatever to keep it. It may be returned or retained by sending 25 cents in payment, reduced rates being quoted for large orders. A list of verses is also enclosed, from which friends may select ones to their taste. Friends may furnish original poetry for the adornment of memorial cards by the payment of 50 cents extra, to cover the loss from that breakage of type and wear upon the printing press which original poetry usually entails.

The enterprising firms seemed to be scattered all over the East, as the cards came from Philadelphia, New York, Trenton, N. J., and Pullman, Ill. They all forgot to enclose stamps for a return of their cards, which in the case quoted were liable to share the fate of manuscript whose return postage is not provided.

A bill collector from the undertaker happened in, and was asked what he knew about such cards.

"The memorial card business is a comparatively new phase of American industry," he said. "These companies study the death lists, and by sending a sample while the family are still plunged in woe, they often get a liberal order. Their price gives a large margin of profit to the company, say about 75 per cent."

"Do people really like to have such tokens of grief decorating their parlors?" asked one.

"Some people don't think memorial cards, framed coffin plates and funeral wreaths in good taste. But that class are in the minority. Most people like ostentatious funerals and weddings. Such events give them social prominence. Mementoes of affliction in the shape of cards are considered quite a delicate token of remembrance by most people."

Having succeeded in collecting the balance of his bill, the undertaker's agent took his leave with alacrity, leaving the widow and her friend to discuss memorial cards, heavy crape and the other paraphernalia of fashionable woe.

AT THE LIBRARY.

A Study of Human Nature in Dusty Alcoves.

A person who has nothing to do, and finds it hard work, recently climbed a flight of stairs from a back alley and found himself within the hallowed and historic precincts of what is known as the Athenæum library. If dust, cobwebs and draughts are indications of antiquity, then one might suppose that this library had been established a short time after Noah emerged from the ark and began to lay the foundation for our modern civilization. But the building isn't really so very old. It only looks that way, and the librarian consoles the chronic grumbler by assuring him that a fine new library building is being erected on Tenth street; and, even if he doesn't live to see it finished, doubtless posterity will enjoy its benefits.

In spite of its disadvantages, the library reading room isn't the most unpleasant place to spend an afternoon. The dingy tables are spread with magazines and papers, including all the best periodicals of England, as well as of this country. Visitors may sit and read all day if they choose. At the same table may often be seen the mechanic in his working clothes, with his dinner pail and tool box at his side; the minister looking up material for his Sunday sermon; the professor deep in some scientific research, and occasionally the professional book-worm, who reads just for the pleasure of reading, and never is known to make any use of his information.

At the tables reserved for ladies, school girls sit with woe-begone faces cramming for essays or historical recitations, when they had much rather be skating in Central park. Sometimes a society girl comes in to spend a few minutes, skimming over Scribner's or Harper's, while waiting for mamma to finish some tiresome business. She makes such a dainty picture in her soft silk gown, heavy furs and wide-brimmed hat, that the masculine visitors are apt to forget their reading and steal admiring glances at her as she demurely bends her head over the magazine. She knows that everybody is admiring her, but is so accustomed to receiving that sort of homage that she takes it as her due.

The parvenu society woman looks over the leading magazines as a disagreeable duty. She wishes society wouldn't persist in discussing literature. She doesn't know anything about it, yet here she has to spend several hours in the week trying to get some notion of the articles which are sure to be discussed at the afternoon tea. The most amusing visitor is the literary young lady. Her eyes have that wistful, pathetic eagerness, as though she always sought something and it ever escaped her. She has a notion that the librarian ought to be a walking compendium of all the historical and philosophical works that were ever printed. Only yesterday the literary girl said to the librarian:

"I have to write an essay for our psychological society comparing the different systems of moral philosophy, of which the world has any history. Won't you please get me some books on that subject and mark the passages which might help me. I havn't time to read all those books, but I want to write an essay which will be profound, you know—not one of those light, frivolous articles which are so common."

Then she sat and read a society magazine, while the sweet-tempered and obliging librarian endeavored to find something to suit her requirements.

IN LABOR'S FIELD.

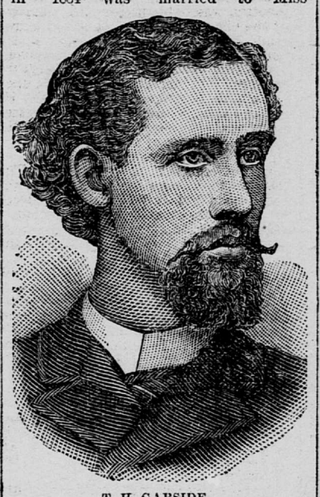
Prof. T. H. Garside, the Scientific Socialist, and His Theories.

He Advocates Education as the Means of Salvation For Workingmen.

Some Little Effort Being Made to Secure Legislation for the Workingmen.

Various Meetings of Industrial Societies and Matters of Local Interest.

Prof. T. H. Garside, the socialist who has been lecturing in Minneapolis during the past week, is a man who has a wide-spread reputation as a writer and speaker on industrial and economic problems. He was born in Scotland, Oct. 9, 1853, and received his early education in that country, afterward graduating from the University of Upsala in Sweden, and from Heidelberg in Germany. For several years after finishing his collegiate studies, he taught mathematics and philosophy in private colleges in Sweden. He removed to this country in 1882, and in 1884 was married to Miss



T. H. GARSIDE.

Emma Marie Goldman, at Baltimore. In Philadelphia he was professor of mathematics and moral philosophy in one of the leading colleges. During the last nine years he has lectured and written almost continuously on socialism and humanitarianism.

In appearance he is tall and slender, having blue eyes and light curling hair worn rather long. The forehead is that of a student and thinker, being broad and full.

When asked his theory in regard to socialism he replied: "I am a scientific socialist, having arrived at my present conclusions by an exhaustive study of the forms of government, both of ancient and modern countries. I find that socialism is of ancient origin, and its growth and successive epochs can be traced in the works of classical writers, but I most emphatically advocate the education and enlightment of the masses by all peaceful means, and never countenance nor advise resorting to physical force or violence of any sort. Such measures only retard the development of intelligent thought on economic questions."

His lectures throughout the week have been well attended, and the arguments are couched in language so forcible and elegant that his hearers are well entertained, even if they do not always agree with the theories advanced.

Prof. Garside has published several works dealing with theological and philosophical matters. He is preparing a review of present economic conditions and their probable results, entitled, "The Crisis," to be published within a few months.

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS.

Something Being Done in the Way of Labor Legislation.

The Painters' and Decorators' Protective association will hold an open meeting at the Labor Temple Wednesday evening for the discussion and explanation of industrial questions. J. P. McGaughey and others will speak. A good musical and literary programme has also been prepared.

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The members of the Ladies' Protective association are busy selling tickets for their benefit at the People's theater, which begins to-morrow evening, Feb. 11, and continues throughout the week. The Ladies' association receive half the proceeds of all tickets sold by themselves, and are under no expense except that involved in the printing of the tickets. A committee of ladies are visiting every assembly and trades union in order to give all an opportunity to aid them in adding a neat sum to their co-operative fund as a result of the week's benefit.

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Although organized labor succeeded in having fourteen bills passed during the last session of the legislature, yet there is fully as large a number on the tapis this year. A few of the bills have already been presented before the house and referred to the proper committees. The joint legistative committee from both cities are diligently watching what progress is being made, and will, from time to time, wait upon the proper committees in order to give any explanation or information that may be required in regard to the measures proposed.

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The Social Science institute discussed the "single tax" last Sunday evening. A large attendance helped to render the discussion a lively one. Not all were agreed that the single tax would accomplish all that it claimed. The discussion will be continued this evening.

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A meeting of the officers and directors of the building association was held Friday evening. Reports showed an improved financial condition, and it was decided to remove the office of the association to the Labor Temple in order to facilitate the transaction of business.

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The mass meeting to discuss the eight-hour movement will probably be held in Harmonia hall. The committee is endeavoring to secure a good speaker from the East and a good programme will be provided.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The Secular union meets at 412 Nicollet avenue this afternoon.

The Minneapolis Secular society meets at 421 Nicollet avenue, rooms 12 and 14, this afternoon at 3 p. m. Prof. T. H. Garside will deliver an address on "Priesthood."

W. L. Grant, of 318 Sixth avenue north, died yesterday, aged thirty-five years, and will be buried to-morrow morning from the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Harry M. Perault was arrested yesterday on a charge of passing forged checks on two or three parties. He was arraigned in the police court and held to the grand jury in $300.

It is announced that M. P. Brewer has consented that his name be used as a candidate for judge of the district court, to fill one of the two positions on the bench, created by the new law.

The Seneca society was incorporated yesterday by C. A. Hanscom, E. H. Heffell, John E. Theleu, John P. Vos and others. The society is organized for the mutual benefit of the members.

The directors of the homeopathic hospital, with the committee on arrangements for the coming entertainment, will meet at the residence of Dr. Lawrence, 815 Third avenue south, Monday evening.

The February meeting of the New York association will take place at Curtiss hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, at 8 o'clock sharp. An elegant programme has been prepared for the entertainment of the members and their friends.

Articles incorporating the Red Wing-Sheboygan Lime company were filed yesterday by F. J. Lynne, H. L. Braesch and Fred Heckrich, Jr. The company has a capital stock of $50,000, and will engage in the manufacture of lime.

The local freight office clerks of Minneapolis will give their first annual ball at Armory hall, corner of First avenue south and Eighth street, Monday evening, March 4, 1889. The music is to be furnished by Thyle & Ringwall's orchestra.

A Minneapolis edition of Munsey's Weekly is now being issued, with Gen. M. Lee as manager. The paper is handsomely illustrated after the style of Life, and affects the social and personal field. The second number issued is a very handsome one and fairly interesting.

The following council committees are booked for the coming week: Monday, public grounds and buildings, fire department and police, gas, ordinance, paving, ways and means and underground wires; Tuesday, claims, waterworks; Wednesday, license, roads and bridges, street grades and additions and salaries; Thursday, health and hospitals.

TEACHES A VALUABLE LESSON

Bill Nye Pauses a Moment to Relate a Steamboat Incident.

On board a steamboat the other evening a strange thing occurred, which teaches a valuable lesson. It is just a simple, unchronicled fact.

A shy young man decided to abandon a venerable pair of trousers to their fate, having just secured a new pair as he went on the boat. So he said to himself, I will just drop them out of my cabin window into the remorseless tide and all will be buried in the great, calm bosom of the old Parent of Waters. He rolled them up carefully and shied them far, far out over the gunwale of the boat near the bow. As they sped through the air they unfurled with a soul-piercing plunk. They filled with air and looked, as they strunk on the crest of the waves, like a man stooping over to peer down into the depths of the tide. A nervous woman about midships heard the impact of the abandoned trousers, and, looking down with a shudder, said:

"Me Gawd, a human being has went to his account." She then became the author of a loud yelp, and all hands rushed to the guards with the cry of "Man overboard?" that awful cry, which once heard can never be forgotten. A hundred hands with boat-hooks and cat-fish openers ran to the lower decks, and, amid the cries of women and the quick-drawn breath of pale men, a tall roustabout jabbed the drowning man in the vitals with a jaiber; and, while fainting passengers looked the other way, he pulled out the now collapsed trousers and found on the inside of the waistband the name of the owner, also the leg and waist measurement, together with the name of a St. Louis tailor. Then they began to hunt over the boat and in the dregs of the river for the man who had occupied the trousers aforetime, and that shy young man's name was in every mouth, and he didn't dare to come down for his breakfast, and his jet black mustache, which could be distinctly seen when he left St. Louis, from very fright turned around and went back again.

BILL NYE.

WHAT IT WILL MAKE.

How Much Bread A Barrel of Flour Will Turn Out.

The American Analyst thus sums a baker's profits, or what a barrel of flour is worth when made into bread. A baker will toss a barrel of flour into a trough. When he tosses 104 pounds of water on top. A quantity of yeast is added, and then the jolly baker has 300 pounds of dough to oparate on. The 300 pounds cost him $5. In short order the dough is turned into "twists," high loaves, pan loaves and other styles of the same quality. The oven's heat reduces the 300 pounds of dough to 260 pounds of bread. The baker sells his bread at the rate of four cents a pound, or at an advance of over 30 per cent of what it costs him. There are 1,400 bakers, great and small, in this city, and to them is committed the trust of supplying bread for 1,300,000 persons. There are many bakers in the city who make 1,300 loaves of bread per day and sell it for from $80 to $150, or at a net profit of $40. Little money is lost in the business, and most bakers do a cash trade. It is very seldom that bakers fail. The business is steady, reliable and attended by very few risks, unless incompetent workmen.

A Dramatist's Legacy.

New York World.

"Zitka" furnishes a sad tale, and one with a moral to it. William Carleton, the author, did not live to see it produced. He died by his own hand after a desparate struggle with poverty. He despaired of ever seeing his work placed upon the stage, and he ended the battle with adversity by the favorite method of men who lack the courage to look misfortune unflinchingly in the face. The manuscript upon which he had placed such high hopes, and a young daughter for whose sake he should have lived, were confided to the care of friends. "Zitka" was the child's only inheritance, and the friends set about to have the play produced. They were successful, as Carleton might have been had he striven a little longer, and from being a penniless dependent the girl became the owner of a property which affords her a tidy income. The royalty still goes to the orphan, and so long as the piece is before the public she will want for nothing.

Want a Change of Venue.

NEW YORK, Feb. 0.—The hearing in the appeal of Messrs. Ives and Staynor for change of venue, in the suit of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad company for the recovery of $2,500,000, which was begun yesterday before Referee Green, was continued to-day. Reporters were excluded at the request of counsel for Mr. Ives. The referee will continue on Monday.

SO SAD.

A certain young damsel named Rive
Keeps writing till every one grieves,
But whoever looks
Through the list of her books,
Soon finds that they're nothing but leaves

Still the author, fair Amelie Rives,
Keeps busily garnering sheaves,
One poem t' other day
Brought five thousand, they say.
Too little! She fell among thieves.
—Time.

ST. JACOBS OIL
FOR NEURALGIA.

Neuralgia and Paralysis—Nov., 1880—Cured.
Springfield, Tenn.
My wife suffered 18 months with neuralgia and paralysis. I had to move her in bed, and could find no relief. By the time she had used two-thirds of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil she could walk.
JOS. P. MURPHY.

From Same 6 Years Later—Permanent Cure.
Springfield, Tenn., Oct. 17, 1886.
My wife was paralyzed and could not walk a step. Before I used a bottle St. Jacobs Oil she was about the house. She is now entirely well; does all the house work and milking too. JOS. P. MURPHY.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

J. L. HUDSON
CLOTHIER!

There has not been a day since Jan. 1, '89, but what 75c has had the purchasing power of a dollar in our entire Clothing Stock. This will not continue much longer, as we are not only getting tired of giving away all our profits, but we can't afford to sell goods the year around that way.

Looking over the Ready-Made Clothing field, and keenly alive to the good points that we have seen, we see no way for you to get as good Ready-Made Clothing as we sell; nor any such a stock to select from. If you do not save the twenty-five per cent it is your own fault.

Ladies, our Children's Department is full of novelties in Kilts, both one and two-piece; in Knee Pants Suits, two or three-piece. In Boys' Suits we show you every style—Sacks, Cutaways, Prince Alberts, in every mixture. Everything thoroughly dependable. Hundreds of both Knee and Long Odd Pants. Save money on your Boys' Spring Clothing NOW.

Gentlemen, our every-day Dress and Business Suits at $11.25, $12, $13.50, $15, $18.75 and $21 are the same as we have sold thousands for at $15, $16, $18, $20, $25 and $28. Never have such values been shown. Don't miss the opportunity of buying your Spring Suit at cost.

Handsome Prince Alberts in Coats and Vests or Suits, in medium weights; just the thing for all the year round. Professional men, make a note of this, and make $15 take the place of $20.

Young men wanting handsome Silk Vests for business or full dress, or Full Dress Suits, should buy now, as well as those needing a nobby 3 or 4-Button Cutaway or Sack Suit.

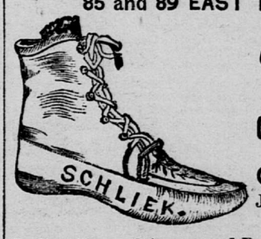
We have talked a great deal to you on the subject of TROUSERS, but cannot talk too strongly. Nothing shows the values we give in that department as well as the number of customers that patronize it and are so well pleased. You can't buy such Trousers of other Clothing merchants at any price.

In concluding, we say buy to-day, if you have the need. Buy to-day if you'll need the coming year. We own the merchandise this morning; you may own it any day this week. Spring Furnishing Goods and Hats arriving daily.

J. L. HUDSON,
Ryan Building, Cor. 7th and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

REMOVAL!
THE
OLIVER BAKER
CARPET CO.
Have Removed to the Three-Story Building,
Corner Third and Cedar Sts.
CARPETS, DRAPERIES
AND WALL PAPER.

SCHLIEK & CO.,
85 and 89 EAST THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL.
Importers, Jobbers and Dealers in
CANADIAN MOCCASINS!
See our Light-Weight Overshoes!
New Styles in
Gents' Dress Shoes and Waukenphasts!
Large Line
Gents' Patent Leather Shoes!
Just Received, Large Stock Edwin C. Burt's
FINE SHOES FOR LADIES' WEAR.



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