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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—For Iowa and Minnesota: Generally fair; west winds; warmer in Iowa and eastern portion of Minnesota. For Wisconsin: Fair; south to west winds; warmer. For Dakota and Montana: Local snows; brisk west to northwest winds; falling temperature, except in eastern portion of South Dakota.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 6:48 p. m. Local Time, 8 p. m. 75th Meridian Time.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations.

Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.	Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.
St. Paul	29.96	20	Havre	29.88	34
Duluth	29.90	18	Miles City	29.98	36
La Crosse	30.06	18	Helena	30.20	34
Huron	29.90	24	Calgary	29.80	38
Pierre	29.98	22	Med'e Hat	29.82	34
Moorhead	29.74	26	Qu'Appelle	29.72	26
Bismarck	29.84	32	Sw't Cur'ent	29.88	30
Ft. Buford	29.86	32	Winnipeg	29.56	20

—Below zero.

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

THE AMERICAN DIVORCE.

A few days ago the district court of Ramsey county granted a divorce to a woman who had been married but six weeks. We Americans assert with great pride that ours is the country of the home and fireside, and firmly believe that morality in Europe is in a putrid state. But had this occurred in any nation of the old world, it would have created a sensation. In St. Paul the newspapers gave it a mere paragraph, and nobody stopped to read it the second time. It may be that in this particular case the woman was united to a drunken brute, who bestowed upon her kicks instead of support; but nobody took any time to inquire about that, or, in fact, to give a second thought to the case. The November calendar of the district court contained eighteen divorce cases. And yet Minnesota is not considered loose upon the divorce question. It certainly is not in comparison with South Dakota, Michigan and many other states. In South Dakota a divorce-seeker gains a standing in court after living in the state three months, and mere incompatibility of temper is sufficient ground for the proceeding. As a result thousands of people flock to that state, remain the required time, secure their decrees and return to their true homes. A husband in St. Paul becomes infatuated with another woman, tells his wife that he has a big business deal in South Dakota which may detain him several months. The wife waits patiently for his return, and when the expected time draws nigh prepares a loving reception for him. Then the terrible news breaks upon her that he is no longer hers. The home and fireside are desolated, and left in a gloom which will never rise.

It is folly to say that the security of the marriage relation lies in love, for if this were true lovers would continue devoted to each other without the nuptial tie. In France, where the marriage ceremony is very commonly ignored, it is found that not one per cent of those who live together without wedlock remain long together. Nor is this practice in France indulged in only by low people. A very large per cent of the intelligent, industrious and honest element resort to it.

It is popularly asserted in this country that those who seek divorces are mismated. If this were true, considering the vast number of divorces which are granted daily in the United States, it would tend most strongly to show that marriage is a failure. If it is so difficult for men and women to become mated satisfactorily, marriage must be in the way, instead of a promoter of our social happiness. But it is not true.

The experience of mankind has proved conclusively that the bond of marriage is necessary to hold the parties together through all the freaks of feeling to which circumstance gives rise. A trifling misunderstanding is suppressed by the tie; without the tie it would have grown to an insurmountable barrier.

A very large per cent of our divorce seekers act through a perfect understanding with the parties concerned. In these cases it is most invariably the wife who applies for the decree. The husband says to the wife, "You apply for a divorce and I'll not resist." In states where incompatibility of temper is a ground, this is a very easy transaction. If the marriage tie is to be severed so easily, why have it at all?

Americans are led astray on the subject of divorce by a sentiment of chivalry. The man who abuses a woman is despised. Many women are united to drunken and otherwise unworthy husbands, and the chivalrous sentiment has led us to easy divorce laws for the protection of such But we have gone too far.

It is time the people were aroused to the fact that our divorce laws are cultivating lechery, and leading to the destruction of our firesides and social organization, and that the time is rapidly approaching when the legitimacy of a considerable portion of the rising generations will be questionable.

Senator PETTIGREW, of South Dakota, favors a national divorce law. Of course, the power of states to make divorce laws cannot be taken from them and given to the federal government without a constitutional amendment. If such an amendment were passed, here would be an end of people becoming temporary residents of states for the sake of securing divorces. Then, if the law passed by congress should include a provision prohibiting the defendants in divorce cases from marrying again, we would have 99 per cent less divorce cases and a vastly greater number of happy firesides. The woman who has a brute for a husband would still be protected, and when she procured her divorce she would stand as a benefactor to womankind, for the brute would be disqualified from foisting himself upon another woman.

THE SENATORSHIP.

It is beyond dispute that nine-tenths of Minnesota Republicans belong to the BLAINE, or conservative faction of the party. They are opposed to extreme McKinleyism, to the force bill and to billion-dollar extravagance. They realize that the country has suffered from the reckless radicalism of the HARRISON-MCKINLEY-DAVENPORT policy, and that Minnesota, with its vast agricultural interests, has especially suffered from excessive tariff taxation. Therefore a man who upholds McKinleyism in its utmost impositions, who gives his support to the repudiated force bill and votes for federal bayonets at election booths, and who persistently encourages the criminal extravagance which occasions a deficit in the treasury notwithstanding the enormous revenues accruing from excessive taxation—such a man, we say, is representative of the tenets of the controlling faction in the national Republican party, but unrepresentative of the principles and desires of Minnesota Republicans.

C. K. DAVIS is such a man. He is in entire accord with the national policy of his party—the policy which turned BLAINE down and led the party to the most disastrous defeat ever suffered by any political party in this country. But he is not in accord with his party in this state. If Minnesota Republicans desire merely to send a faithful servitor of MCKINLEY, of DAVENPORT, of the Pacific railroads and of corporation interests in general to the senate, they will re-elect C. K. DAVIS. But if they desire to send to the senate a man who will be representative of themselves, and who will put the interests of Minnesota before the interests of the mill owners of Rhode Island, they will not send C. K. DAVIS back to Washington as his own successor.

NO 25-YEAR LEASES.

Gen. PATRICK A. COLLINS, of Massachusetts, expresses his belief that the Democratic party will hold power for a generation. The GLOBE hopes not. It hopes that no political party will ever again hold uninterrupted power for so long a period in this country.

The experiment has been tried once, and it has proved disastrous. The party of SUMNER and LINCOLN and SEWARD has degenerated into the party of QUAY and DUDLEY and DAVENPORT. Too much success did it. Too much and too long-continued power resulted in deterioration, corruption, venality. It is the universal lesson, learned in every age and clime since and before it was taught in the decay and fall of the Roman empire.

A sense of security in power almost invariably leads to the abuse of power. It lulls the political conscience into dangerous desuetude.

We want no more twenty-five-year leases of power in this country. Dame Democracy is a trifle hungry just now, but she knows that overfeeding is bad for the digestion.

HERE'S A HOWDY-DO.

A question of thrilling international importance is up for decision before the Paris courts. It is no less than a question of precedence between South Dakota and the Dutch in the divorce business. A Holland court granted a divorce to the Chevalier DE STEURS, and a South Dakota court granted one to the chevalieress. Now the two high contracting parties to this disunion have met on the supposedly neutral territory of France for the purpose of determining whether South Dakota has any rights which Holland is bound to respect, and vice versa. The custody of the child, sole and unfortunate relic of the doubly dissolved matrimonial alliance of the DE STEURSES is the specific point in controversy. Holland said the chevalier should have the child, and South Dakota gallantly insisted that the chevalieress should have him or her or it (the sex being an after consideration not spread upon the minutes). Now Paris has been appealed to, like its namesake of Trojan fame, to settle the discord. The case has been set for trial on Jan. 22, and meanwhile the world can only hold its breath and await in harrowing suspense the issue of this dire conflict between nether Dakota and the Netherlands.

THE UGANDA QUESTION.

Two weeks or more past the cable has brought us driblets of news that GLADSTONE is threatened with overthrow by his policy in this matter. The correspondents over there seem to take it for granted that Americans are thoroughly posted in all English matters, hence they have failed to give information of what this question is. As nearly as can be learned at this distance, it is about this: A commercial company of Englishmen holds forth in the eastern part of South Africa, covering the Uganda country. The British government has been protecting the interests of this company with troops stationed in prominent localities of the territory. Germany and France are looking with wistful eyes toward that country; at least, that is the suspicion of England. The Conservatives have tried to make it appear that GLADSTONE'S policy will include the withdrawal of these troops, thus leaving a clear field for Germany and France to enter. Mr. GLADSTONE has, however, come to the front with the assertion that he has at no time announced any such policy, and that the question is merely under consideration by the new government. It looks as though the Conservatives have been too previous with their onslaught upon the new government.

THE GLOBE protests that it isn't fair to BENJAMIN HARRISON for the New York Herald to print his last message and GEORGE WASHINGTON'S farewell address in parallel columns. The country may be a trifle disappointed in BEN, but it never expected him to strike the gait of the father of his country.

A NEBRASKA politician is now accused of saying "had went," and the press of the country is proceeding to ring the changes on this trivial circumstance. We protest that this grammatical particularity has went too far. Are we in a free country, or where are we at?

SOME of our exchanges are concerned about the future residence and career of BENJAMIN HARRISON. It is all simple enough. He will just go quietly back to Injiany, take a box seat in the corner grocery, whittle a stick and talk it all over with the boys.

IT TRANSPIRES that Editor SHEPARD'S business manager takes red pepper with his brandy. This explains the mystery of how he braces himself for the strain of close association with such rampant piety.

BEFORE SANTA CLAUS goes prowling about St. Paul after dark, we advise him to stick a six-shooter in his belt and a bowie knife in his boot, and be ready for burglars and footpads.

THE DAVIS shouters remember WINDOM, and reflect that this is an iconoclastic age, that idols are easily smashed, and that theirs is only of common clay.

THE C. K. DAVIS strength is in a condition of alarming inflation. It will no more stand pricking than will a scintillating soap bubble. Watch and see.

CURRENT CHAT.

Said a sport-loving gentleman, in talking of the Moth-King wrestling match: "After seeing these athletes at work one can easily understand the idolizing of gladiators in the heroic days of Greece. Wrestling on a padded floor is surely the essence of pure combatative sport, leaving out betting on the result. Any parlor in St. Paul might have been the scene of that long struggle, so far as the wrestlers were concerned. And any one who admires tests of power and endurance, as every properly constituted man and woman does, might watch the exhibition without a blush or a fear.

‡↔‡

"It is a pity, in my opinion, that this sport is not more publicly developed in all its human beauty. Recall the scene: A generous square of white, strong canvas nailed down over a thick bedding of sawdust; a score or two of men surrounding it on three sides; in front hundreds of gleaming, expectant faces. At one side of the stage sits a rather handsome, bulky, but trim and agile youth, smooth-faced, with no sign of nervousness, barring a somewhat anxious gleam in the eyes. Enveloped in a sweater he looks like an extra player on a base ball or football team waiting a call for his services. Across the stage is his opponent, sitting with his legs extended, looking confident and easy, but watchful as a fox. He also wears a sweater, which deceives the careless looker as to his real upper-body development.

‡↔‡

"Presently the referee is agreed on and interviews the men to establish a mutual understanding as to rules, points, etc. The sweaters are removed on the settlement of preliminaries, and the wrestlers advance to the center of the padded square. There is no hurry, no rush to close quarters. As they shake hands let us size them up a bit. The older, but taller and lighter, man is swarthy, slightly bald, with mossy breast, lithe and springy of step, handles himself like the master at the game he undoubtedly is, and every fiber of his frame looks alert and ready. The legs are long and a trifle thin seemingly, but the feet are moving quickly, and with a sure rest on the cloth. The upper body is satisfying to a critical eye, above the loins palpitating with muscles that will not ache under strain of the engagement; branching from the powerful shoulders are two arms that have stood the test of hours in contests with highly developed athletes in many parts of the world. Charles Moth, dark-faced, with small black mustache, restless eyes and in position to play for hold, looks fit to last through many hours of trying play.

‡↔‡

"Reaching out his hand to the German is an entirely different type of perfect manhood. The head is of good shape, the face engaging in repose, eyes well set and kindly in expression. Gleaming white flesh, of marmorean firmness, covers great clusters of muscle and sinew which go to make up a trunk good to look at. The arms are shorter than Moth's, though stouter; the upper body is much heavier and the legs more pillar-like, but the feet lack something in sinewy movement and hold that is very noticeable in the other man. Attached to the waistband of his black trunks on either side are the British and American colors. The old wrestler disdains sentiment; the young athlete caters to it enough to please those who love a flag. As he stands with the right hand grasping his opponent's, the left swinging at ease, Jack King looks the ideal Anglo-Saxon gladiator—quiet-looking, confident in men, with courage enough to outlast even great bodily strength.

‡↔‡

"The men begin to play for hold at once, with open hands smartly catching each other about the body, arms and neck. Presently the two heads come together, and from now on the contest has a good deal of headwork in it, intellectually and in reality. A few feints, breaks and fruitless grips bring the interlocked men to the canvas, and here the cat-like play of the tawny-skinned veteran is seen to perfection. Kind-looking as a kitten, King makes reaches, clinches and locks, but Moth knows every trick at this game of giants, and several exciting turn-ups win deafening applause, in recognition of the powerful play of the one and the agile, lightning-like work of the other. The darker body begins to perspire freely, and the hard, white fingers of the heavier man slip, slip, from every hold that is not bound by a lock. Around and around, head to head, arms never at rest, the chords of power ever at high tension, not uttering a word, the wrestlers move, with hands clasped over each other's necks when not on all fours. An hour and fifteen minutes with no fall allowed, though King has thrice put Moth one shoulder down by grand efforts of strength. Then a rip in the carpet gives chance for a rest.

‡↔‡

"Friends in readiness take possession of the parting men and vigorously slap and rub the muscle centers with open hands. Arms outstretched and legs extended full length, the wrestlers look a bit worried in wind, but bear little sign of exhaustion. With the rip sewed, the referee calls time, and once again the men shake hands. There are a few minutes of work with both standing, then the white-skinned chap gets a partial grapevine pauses a moment, tightens the twist a bit, both gather themselves, and the spectators can forward excitedly. Pipestem limbs I would break here, but not the interlocked, trained legs of these physical wonders. Closely locked, every chord straining, the two men become one in a hot, quick and exciting movement. King has the call for a moment, while the action is yet incomplete, but Moth has all his wits about him, and turns when to turn seems impossible under the impetus of the giant who grips him, reverses position like a flash, an arm shoots out, legs untwine, the white skin of two ox-like shoulders presses the canvas for a moment right in front of the eyes of the crouching referee, and Moth has won a fall.

‡↔‡

"That moment's hot work has set all hearts beating, but on catching their breath the spectators send up a shout of acclaim for the victor, mingled with cries of "No" from some who were not as close as Referee Barnes when man and canvas came together. Again the slapping and rubbing process is gone through for ten minutes, and when they meet this time King's head is aching. His eyes betray the fact, but he gives no sign. A long series of quiet but dangerous movements are now witnessed. Then the man with the colors at his waist goes into action. Struggling for position in the stout chap's embrace, Moth goes down. He falls hard on one shoulder, but that wonderful head and neck are his safety, as he spins over. King has raised his weight for a moment and his opportunity is lost. At another time he lifts the tricky German bodily, with no seeming effort, but the latter has taken possession of one of those admirable legs in a close wrap and he must perforce be let down. On the canvas he is safe, and though the younger man tries many a move to secure a leverage he is balked at every turn. It is a wearying game of watch and wait now, and after resting inactive for many minutes the men agree to call it a draw. No one was hurt, no vicious work was done, but one of the greatest contests of its kind was recorded, and every spectator was as well satisfied as the Romans who demanded the blood of the gladiators."

THE scenes in the French chambers as, day by day, the Panama scandal gets additional disclosure, shows that French statesmen of this day have about the same moral fiber as those in the days of TALLEYRAND had.

DYRENFORTH hasn't brought down much rain in Texas, but his dynamite gives tone to the Democratic celebrating.

LINES TO FRIENDSHIP.

[Written for the Globe.]

Here's a health to thee, L. G.—
And here's another, too,
For in thy genial face I see
The lines of friendship true.

II.

When I lift the crystal glass
To quaff the sparkling wine,
Whene'er my lips it pass
I'll drink to thee and thine.

III.

And when I've drained the lingering drop
That to its base doth cling,
Nor then, nor ever, shall I stop
Or cease thy praise to sing.

IV.

And when again I meet you
I'll grasp the flowing bowl,
I'll drink a health to greet you,
Yes, drink with all my soul.

—J. R. McM.

LAUGH WITH THE GLOBE.

They were out just a week on their bridal tour.

She—My own, do you find me just everything you expected me to be?

He—Yes, my love, a thousand, thousand times more than I expected, and there is only one thing in the world concerning you that troubles me.

She (alarmed) — Oh, Charlie! what can that be?

He—I am in the fix the boy was in that had the cake. He wanted to eat it and couldn't and keep it.

***

They were a country pair at the circus, he holding by the hand the girl he won at the last spelling school of the winter season by "licking the bully." They paused some moments looking at the sacred cow as she licked her calf affectionately, then passed to an elephant with a huge pair of tusks over its mouth, and a baby elephant standing by its side.

She—Jerry, how on earth kin that critter lick its young?

He—Why, gosh dang it, with its trunk, ov course, Sal.

***

Dr. Fairburn (to the janitor)—Ole, what do you think about that man at Owatonna who drank a quart of alcohol and died?

Ole—Vall, ai tank a hav' e porty veak stomik.

***

"What's your line?" asked a Chicago traveling man of a New York traveling man at the Ryan.

"This," said the one addressed, as he drew from his pocket a long string, indicating that he represented a twine house. What's your line?"

"This," said the Chicago man, as he drew from his pocket a long sausage skin. And it was a fact that his line consisted of nothing but sausage skins, which he sells to manufacturers of wienerwurst and other sausage.

***

"I kin allus tell how much a man is wuff from th' size ov his tip," remarked a colored waiter at the Ryan hotel, as he picked up 10 cents from one plate, which was just deserted, and 50 cents from another.

"Of course," said the gentleman still at the table who was about ready to drop his tip. "That's easy to tell. The man who dropped the 50 cents is a rich man, and the one who left the 10 cents is probably a dry goods clerk who lives on a small salary."

"No, sah; hit's jes' 'zactly th' oder way."

***

Guest (who has sent the waiter back several times to change dishes, and is still kicking)—I wish the chef—

Waiter (hastily)—Yes, sah; yes, sah; I bring um in.

Guest—How will you do it?

Waiter—On toast, or any way to please you, sah.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

A short time ago a magazine whose ambition exceeded its circulation advertised a piano to be given for the first correct answer to the following: "If 300 cats eat 300 rats in 3.0 days, how many cats will it take to eat 100 rats in 100 days?" In an unlucky moment for myself and friends, I determined to find the answer, and for the time being became changed from an intelligent member of society into little short of a lunatic.

—¡—

I intended to solve the problem in about five minutes. Alas! minutes melted into hours. I neglected my dinner, my supper, and even forgot to go to bed. I tried it by fractions. I tried it by decimals, I tried it by algebra, I got desperate and called in the aid of my neighbors; we studied and studied until at last I dreamt cats and ate rats. Individuals, trees, horses or rattlesnakes became but so many rats or cats to my disordered imagination. We bought 300 apples and tried to imagine ourselves 300 cats, but we only made ourselves sick with no satisfactory result. I went around muttering, "cats, rats, rats, cats," until I was worn to the bone. Then we formed a select "Rat and Cat Society," and after hard work, decided that logical reasoning proved the answer to be 14¼ cats, and implored the editor to forward the piano immediately, even offering to provide the other three-fourths of the unfortunate cat to clear the editorial office of rats, if he would hasten his reply.

—¡—

Upon receiving notice that we had made a mistake the members of our society, who had survived the disappointment, set out to catch rats and cats to prove that we were correct. After making a business of hanging around roofs and back fences with bootjacks, old shoes and pop-guns for many nights we had succeeded in catching ten sick-looking cats, when my ten-year-old niece returned from school and found the correct answer in ten minutes. Two of the select R. and C. society had committed suicide and four had taken to drink, the remaining members looked shaky, but are slowly recovering their health. But we all have our opinion about a paper that would publish such a simple problem and expect educated people to "come down" to it. All we have to show for our work is the twenty-five cents we make by selling our cats to the sausage factory.

SHE PLAYS THE PIANO.

There's a lady above me who lives in a flat;
I wish that the demons would take her.
If I put it too strongly in speaking like that,
I'll amend so that Satan may shake her.
She doesn't care "shucks" if I register kicks
And blacken the air with profaning,
To her little piano she cleverly sticks,
Tho' the neighborhood's pining and paining.

(There she goes.)

Ting tum, ting tum, ting tum, ting.
Ting tum, ting tum, ting tum, ting.
(She sings "Maid of Athens.")

"Mai dof Athen zere we pa-r-t,
Gi vo gi vme back my h-e-a-r-t.
(Ting, ting, ting.)
Or since tha tas lef tmy breast,
Kee pit now aud ta kth rest.
O hear mi vow (ting, ting, ting.)
Befo ri go (ting, ting, ting.)
Ohe rmi vow befo ri go-o-o-o-o!"
(Something breaks.)

She murders Beethoven and Mendelssohn, too,
In a style very much Jack the Ripper.
And Chopin and Mozart she'll gleefully woo
When her mood is inclined to be chipper.
Romanzas and nocturnes are five o'clock teas,
While rondos she gobbles for dinner.
You can talk as you like, and remark what you please,
But the girl in this flat is a winner.

(She's at it again.)

Ting, ting, te ting, ting, ting, te ting,
Tiddle, ding, de ding, ding, ding, ding.

(She warbles "Sally in Our Alley.")

"Aw vall, thelay, deesin our land,
There znone likepre ty-Sallee-ee-ee-ee,
(Ting, ting.)
She is the da-a-rling aw vmy heart,
And she liv, zdown-in, our a-allee-ee-ee.
There znot a mai den in our land
Tha tsaf so swee tas Sal-al-ee, ee, ee,
For she zth darlin' aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw vmy ha-a-a-a-art,
And she liv, (ting), zdown in, (ting), our a-a-lee-ee-ee."

Paderewski, the Pole, is all right in his way,
And impossible music can handle,
But compared with the girl in the flat he's a jay.
And against her he can't hold a candle.
The music ain't sweet or pathetic withal,
But the noise is so diff'rent and roomy
That I cannot help liking the dame for her gall,
And the Fates that escorted her to me.

(Ah, a song; we'll listen.)

"On Sunday night we take a walk,
On Monday we take beer,
On Tuesday night we take a bath,
And so from year to year. [Horrors!]
On Wednesday we play poker,
On Thursday night we roam;
But there is no flies on Gallagher
When Mary Murphy's home."

I've mentioned a few of the ballads she yells,
Just to show the extent of my patience,
And the very best part of my nature rebels
'Gainst this scourge of all peoples and nations.
But a blessed, particular solace I've got,
When she pummels and plunges and bellows.
I often retire to the rear of my lot.
And warble and garble, as follows:

(As sung by Dave Martin and T. H. Carter.)

Comrades, comrades,
Ever since we were men,
Sharing each other's clap-trap,
Booming old Grandpa Ben.
Comrades when Blaine spoke at Ophir,
Frying whate'er might be fried;
When danger threatened, the measly old wildcat
Was there by my side.

—M. J. DONNELLY.

LEARNING STENOGRAPHY.

I didn't realize that I was a remarkable character until I went to a shorthand college; then I couldn't shake off the feeling that I was not exactly like the other scholars. I struggled long and painfully with the problem and finally solved it. It was not because I was more accurate or rapid than the others, but I didn't chew gum. While that class of forty-four female and two male jaws wagged in perfect harmony I felt an outcast and a stranger. It was a beautiful sight to see those jaws work so steadily and evenly. I am surprised that some Yankee inventor has not put this perpetual motion to a good use: I have studied them, and think with a little training we could dispense with steam and electricity and use jaw power entirely. After I had been at college a week I began to live and dream in shorthand. I attempted to write my sister a letter in long hand, one sentence of which read, "a peas ov pie to et," and the rest was about as intelligible. About that time Charlie asked me to go for a drive; I demurely answered, "Upper case, capital letter I space, will space, be space, delighted space, lower case held down strike period," and looked up to find him with both eyes sticking out of his head and looking as if he was prepared to take to his heels if I opened my mouth again. It suddenly dawned upon me what I must have said, and only my prompt explanation that "I thought I was typewriting" prevented him from thinking I needed a straight jacket and a keeper. The next few weeks were nightmares of little black letters, inkribbons and a wild struggle to spell by sound in shorthand and according to the dictionary in copying it, and I was beginning to doubt my sanity, when I luckily awoke from my delirium to find I had graduated.

—¡—

My first position was with two lawyers, and after I had written their first letter it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented them from falling on my neck and weeping tears of joy. They had employed sixty-five different stenographers, but had finally given up all hopes of punctuation in despair, except periods; Somehow periods seemed to be the strong point of all sixty-five. They had approached the sixty-fifth with a faint hope beaming in their mild blue eyes, and humbly asked her "if she thought they could have a question mark added to their machine," whereupon she arose in her wrath and scornfully remarking, 'She hain't come there to be insulted," departed. They had also concluded it was the unruly machine that couldn't be made to spell correctly. The popular belief that lawyers are very gentle and credulous creatures is the only way I can account for the way that office was besieged by book agents and Sisters of Charity. When they saw one coming they used to make a dive for the vault, generally upsetting inkstands, chairs and stenographer, if they impeded their headlong flight, leaving me to pick myself up and politely inform the visitor "the gentlemen had just stepped (?) out." I got used to that, but one day when they saw a fascinating female with red curls and "Grant's Life" under her arm approaching, they shut themselves in so securely that I was twelve hours finding a locksmith that could pick the combination. The air in the vault was azure. I resigned, returned to my home and indulged in a fit of nervous prostration for a month.

—¡—

Then I went into the office of a nice, elderly gentleman of sixty, who proposed to me in a week. I left, after telling him "I was already supplied with a century plant at home, whom we called Grandpa." My last position was with an impecunious newspaper. I stuck to it until its death, which occurred in three weeks, and I was left minus position and salary, and all I had to show for my work was a bundle of ancient newspapers. The pictures in them were doubtless very fascinating to one who was well fed, but were quite inadequate to subdue the cravings of hunger, and my credit was getting poor, so I gave it up and married Charlie. I advise other girls to try coal heaving or woodchopping; that is light work compared to being a typewritrix—excuse a "poet's license" for coining words, but I consider that the proper name for the female motive power of a typewriting machine.

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I have since inquired as to the fate of the rest of my class; twenty-five are taking in washing, two have taken in husbands and plain sewing, the two males sell crockery, and some are really stenographers, mostly looking for a job.

What I went through is not easily forgotten, and to this day I find myself murmuring to the baby, "Capital Darling, space comma, Mamma, space, loves, space," etc., etc."

HE CALLED THE TURN.

On the morning of the last election day the schoolma'am of one of the rooms in the Harrison school asked for an expression of her children, who averaged about ten years in age, as to whom they thought would be elected, Harrison or Cleveland.

"I think Harrison will be elected," said she. 'Now, all you who think as I do, please arise."

Every child arose except one little boy of ten years. And when she called for the vote on Cleveland he alone jumped to his feet.

"Why, Freddy, I am surprised." And this remark of the teacher resulted in every scholar making life miserable for him the remainder of the day.

But the next morning when the news that Cleveland was elected by an overwhelming majority broke, the exultation of Freddy, as he walked into school, can be better imagined than described. He was the cock of the walk, and is to the present time looked up to by all the school, even the mighty schoolma'am sinking into insignificance beside him.

LOCAL LACONICS.

"Chief Garvin Denies," says an evening paper. Analyze it again, son. Chief Garvin does not deny. He simply states that he has not received any offer of appointment from Governor-elect Altgeld to the wardenship of Joliet. This denial has nothing of the robust character pertaining to Mayor Wright's oft-repeated assertion that his first great detective force had come to stay. Yet the whole thief-taking outfit was scattered while yet the reporters' ears were tingling with the reverberations of the ringing tones in which the "kunnel" denied the GLOBE'S statements of fact.

‡↔‡

It would not be strange if Mr. Garvin should go back to rule supreme in the stone-walled corral which is the great institution of Joliet. And in his denial the chief unwittingly gives the reason. At the time Private Joe Fifer was first elected governor of Illinois he was distinctively the candidate of the "stalwarts" of the Republican party. No sooner was his election assured than the hunt for place began in hot earnest. No bets were overlooked in the way of official position, and even mild-mannered partisans of the triumphant party who were in office found themselves in danger of removal.

‡↔‡

Mr. Garvin, as warden of the prison, had a splendid reputation as a disciplinarian, but his standing with the politicians was not very firm. Besides, he was thought by many to have a natural leaning to Democracy, being a clever, honest and efficient public servant in the place he had grown into. Many aspirants were soon seeking the lucrative position Garvin held, and some of the newspapers ranged themselves on the side of the warden as against the politicians. Despite all opposition, however, Fifer named an active, powerful politician for warden of Joliet prison, and, if the writer remembers correctly, Garvin was again placed as deputy warden, a position he had left when Warden McClaughrey went to a new-idea reform school.

‡↔‡

No wonder then, aside from politics, that our chief of police considered Mr. Atgeld would make a better governor than Mr. Fifer. No wonder, either, that he makes public mention of the fact that he, an office-holder under a Republican administration, gave what influence he possessed to the election of a Democratic governor in a state where he was, in slang parlance, "given the worst of it." Thus far it is only talk, says the chief, concerning his appointment to the wardenship. What else could it be, thus far, Mr. Garvin?

‡↔‡

A disciplinarian of established reputation who is very well pleased with the way things are going on in the police department of St. Paul at present must be easily satisfied. Since "Kunnel" Wright blundered into the mayor's office, he has made from sixty to seventy-five removals and changes in the force, many valuable and well-trained men being discouragingly shifted around. Denials and decapitations have become the distinguishing marks of Mayor Wright's rule at the city hall. And he goes right along at his own game like a little man, despite the kicks and frowns of the men who have heretofore been the bulwarks of the Republican party in Ramsey county. And yet Chief Garvin says he is satisfied. He would not be if he thought he had to stand it long.

‡↔‡

Another contestant has quit in disgust. Karl Simmon has had a recount of votes cast in the Ninth ward, and, taking counsel of his better sense, has become satisfied the people did not want him as a legislator Mr. Simmon is large enough and handsome enough to stand a beating at the polls, but is was, no doubt, a bit galling to get dumped after building up such elaborate schemes to divide the Democratic strength.

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We will give **A SEAL CAP FREE** with each Fur-Lined Mink, Otter or Beaver Coat sold. With any other kind of Fur Coat we will give your choice of either Beaver, Otter or Natural Seal Gauntlet Gloves. Our Men's Coats are fine and marked close. January, February and March are the months here when one needs a heavy coat, and the above offer ought to be inducement enough to keep us very busy in this department. It means fully a 10 per cent reduction from a line of goods of first-class qualities already marked at our close prices.

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We offer our whole stock of elegant Fur Muffs and Boas at above discount for this week, which will enable you to get from us first-class, well-made articles, properly made, at less prices than the trashy stuff you will find in this line in dry goods stores, which goods are cheap in name only, as they are, with few exceptions, goods that no furrier would buy or sell at any price. We have the finest lot of Choice Bear and Black Marten Sets we ever showed, and taking advantage of this offer you can get elegant Xmas presents at very low prices.

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DEFECTIVE PAGE