THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY
AT THE GLOBE BUILDING,
CORNER FOURTH AND CEDAR STREETS.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATE

DAILY (NOT INCLUDING SUNDAY.)
1 yr in advance.$8 00 | 3 m in advance.$2.00
6 m in advance. 4 00 | 6 weeks in adv. 1 00
One month......70c.

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
1 yr in advance.$10 00 | 3 mos. in adv..$2 50
6 m in advance. 5 00 | 5 weeks in adv. 1 00
One month......85c.

SUNDAY ALONE.
1 yr in advance..$2 00 | 3 mos. in adv....50c
6 m in advance.. 1 00 | 1 m. in advance.20c

TRI-WEEKLY—(Daily—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
1 yr in advance..$4 00 | 6 mos. in adv..$2 00
3 months in advance....$1 00.

WEEKLY ST. PAUL GLOBE.
One year $1 | Six mo., 65c | Three mo., 35c

Rejected communications cannot be preserved. Address all letters and telegrams to THE GLOBE, St. Paul, Minn.

Eastern Advertising Office--Room 517 Temple Court Building, New York.

WASHINGTON BUREAU, 1405 F ST. NW.

Complete files of the GLOBE always kept on hand for reference. Patrons and friends are cordially invited to visit and avail themselves of the facilities of our Eastern Offices while in New York and Washington.

THE house of representatives has decided to increase the duty on diamonds. This seems to be a blow aimed directly at the newspaper profession and the hotel clerks.

THERE are 14,531 employes of the city of Chicago, every one of whom is supposed to have a pull. It must indeed be a strong pull when the officeholders pull all together.

THE king business still remains lucrative in Europe. The king of Saxony, although a rich man, receives a salary of $750,000 a year, and yet he is sometimes seen wearing a wilted shirt collar.

BISHOP GABRIELS is about to establish a summer school at Ogdensburg, N. Y. The pupils in attendance will be expected to bestir themselves "when Gabriels blows his trumpet in the morning."

IN RUSSIA theatrical audiences express disapproval of an actor by throwing dead cats at him—a less noisy but no more effective practice than the American one of treating him to catcalls.

CHARLIE MITCHELL says he was whipped because Corbett was the best man. The acknowledgment will be indorsed by the community generaly, and it may be said that Americans as a class are better than Englishmen.

LIQUOR selling will be a cash business in Iowa hereafter. The supreme court of that state has just decided that the saloonkeepers cannot collect bills for liquors sold by them. "Old Trust" is indeed dead among the Hawkeyes.

THOSE who regard this government as niggardly towards the old soldiers may change their opinions when they learn that the pensions paid here amount to more than twice the amount paid for like purposes in all the rest of the world combined.

THE midwinter fair at San Francisco is now open to the public, and there is every indication that the attendance will be good, but not sufficient to warrant the great expectations of its projectors. It is now thought that if it pays expenses it will do well.

THE first free public school ever established in the world was at Dorchester, Mass., in 1639. The site of the school is very properly to be marked by an enduring monument, yet its best memorial is the tens of thousands of schools now maintained throughout the country.

A MEDICAL expert testified in the Coughlin trial at Chicago Friday that kidney disease was the cause of Dr. Cronin's death, and could not be induced to admit that his having his brains battered out accelerated that event. It is the testimony of such fool doctors as this one that brings the profession into public ridicule.

THREE are 71,884 railway employes in the state of Illinois—an army that can and frequently does make itself felt at the polls, and is no doubt potent in preventing the enactment of laws detrimental to the interests of the corporations. With such a host at their backs, it is no wonder that they do pretty much as they please.

THE bungling manner in which Murderer Painter was hanged at Chicago Friday shows that the officers of the law are sadly in need of practice in this work. There are over half a hundred murderers now confined in the jail there, and a sufficient number might be had from among them to enable the hangman to perfect himself in his profession by practice.

ANY attempts to defeat or delay the contemplated issue of bonds in order to meet the treasury deficiency will do no good. If the secretary of the treasury has no right, as some claim, to issue those bonds under existing laws, a law can easily be passed that will give him the necessary authority. In the meantime the country will be greatly embarrassed, and may be compelled to serious loss before a new law can take effect.

THE extreme cold of the past has been felt more seriously at the East than here. In Minnesota the atmosphere is so dry that the people do not suffer as much at 30 deg below zero as the people of the East suffer when the mercury registers but 5 deg below. The glorious climate of Minnesota is invigorating both in summer and winter, and is more desirable than the article dispensed where greater humidity exists.

THERE was much similarity between the fate that befell Capt. Wilson, of the British army, at the hands of Lobengula's rebels and that which overtook Gen. Custer on the Little Big Horn. Both thought they could effect an easy rout of the savages, and fell into an ambush where every man in the command was slain. The savages of Africa are apparently not lacking in the craft that distinguishes their red brethren on our Western plains.

THE honors shown to Prince Bismarck on his return to the favor and presence of the German court were those seldom accorded to men in any condition in this age. They remind one of the triumphal entrance of a Cæsar to Rome after a campaign of conquest, rather than of the return of an infirm old man, long exiled from royal favor. It was not the return of the prodigal. The boot was on the other foot, for the exile returned at the entreaty of him who had driven him forth from the ancestral roof. When Napoleon returned from Elba he was met by an enthusiastic body of armed men who besought him to lead them once more to glorious victory. Bismarck was greeted by a peaceful populace who gloried in other achievements than those of arms, but yet had no hope of being again benefited by the genius that had directed former triumphs, for the sad fact was appreciated that the prince's days of activity are over. The reception must have warmed the cockles of his old heart and set the blood coursing through his veins with something of its old-time fervor. And no one will begrudge Prince Bismarck the gratification that so remarkable a demonstration must have given him.

AND now there is another hen to be heard from. The grand jury meets tomorrow.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

The gambling instinct is one of the most active in human nature. It is developed early in life. Almost before a boy has learned to prattle he has learned to gamble or to offer to lay a wager. "I'll bet you" is the first expression he learns, and he uses it constantly, and understandingly, too. The boy is proud of his knowledge on some given subject, and is ready to risk the little he possesses upon the correctness of his information. The youthful games he indulges in tend to stimulate this propensity. He plays marbles "for keeps," spins tops, flies kites and does many other things for a forfeit, and as he approaches manhood he comes to look upon hazards of all sorts as a legitimate part of the strife for existence.

Of course, he early learns various games of cards. He is warned against them by his parents, but stolen apples are sweet, and the pleasure he derives from his furtive games of euchre or seven-up are intensified in proportion to the risk he runs of detection and punishment. As he grows to manhood he finds every congenial company with a deck of cards. He travels on the railways, where he sees gentlemen and ladies whiling away the tedium of travel by a social game. There is generally something at stake—the suppers or refreshments. They play in the sight of everybody on the train, and their banter and good-natured laughter keep the passengers in the best of spirits. They lose and they win with equal sang froid. Sometimes the close observer sees that there is money at stake, which is passed surreptitiously from hand to hand. These people stand high socially, intellectually and in the business world. They are excellent teachers for a wide-awake American boy, and he is an apt pupil. He has taken one more lesson in gambling, and his bark will soon be fully launched upon the sea of hazard whose waves are tumultuous, and beneath whose surface many rocks lie hidden and menacing to the precious freight of hope, of ambition, or of love.

The young man enters upon a business career. He is early impressed with the importance of sagacity in his dealings with others, and he sees its fruits all about him. This successful merchant made his first start in business by a lucky investment in wheat, or bought a few options in a bucket shop that brought him a small fortune. He naturally thinks he is as smart as they, and perhaps has an advantage over them in that respect. He never thinks of the wrecks that surround him on all sides—men who have speculated and lost not only the money they possessed, but their ambition and their honor. He plunges into the vortex that has swallowed up millions before him, and ten chances to one he follows the great majority into the abyss of ruin. He may succeed for a time. Luck may favor him by fits and starts. Each winning arouses in him a desire to win still larger stakes. He risks his all upon the turn in the market and he loses it. In a few days he is forgotten. He is as one of the countless derelicts in the ocean of humanity.

But business ventures are not called gambling. The name is not a pleasant one, and the merchants on boards of trade and on exchanges of various sorts resent being called gamblers. Yet they are such in as legitimate a sense as the men who risk their money on the turn of a card or the hazard of a die. But there are few men who do not indulge in the latter vice. They seldom acknowledge it outside of their own circle. They will admit that they play cards, but "only for amusement." Of course the game would be insipid if there were no stake, and "just to make it exciting" they wager a dollar or two on the result. The habit is a growing one—never stationary. Winner or loser, the tendency of the average man is to increase the size of the stake, and the sittings become more frequent as time progresses. A little game of draw poker is such a pleasant means of passing the tedium of a long winter's evening that it may be pardoned occasionally. It is pardoned—or at least the persons participating pardon themselves and each other with ever-increasing frequency and freedom. The pastime frequently becomes a mania, and all other business is abandoned for the allurements of the gaming table.

Few appreciate the extent—the almost universality—of this great and growing vice. It is not confined to any particular class or condition of society. The day laborer no longer thinks of buying the glass of beer with which he refreshes himself after his day's toil. He shakes dice for it, and runs the risk of having to pay for the drinks of others as well as his own. The church members are not exempt from its contagion. The clubs are convenient resorts where gentlemen can indulge in a game without interference from the vulgar multitude. The horse races, the billiard tournaments, the prize fights, and all other sporting events give ample opportunity to bettors, and every year there are additions to the list. Games designed merely for diversion become popular fads, like base ball and football, and for a time maintain respectability, but ultimately they relapse and become as disreputable as the brace faro lay-out—games that are "thrown" whenever it suits the interests of those having money at stake upon their results.

Here is the giant evil of the century—a constantly growing and menacing evil, which threatens to destroy the fabric of society. Who will devise and apply the remedy?

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

The appeal of the native people of Hawaii on behalf of the rights of their deposed queen, and pleading for a vindication of their own right to self-government, which is contained in the latest correspondence submitted to congress by the president, should not pass unheeded. It is a plea for justice from a people conscious of their own weakness, yet suffering keenly because of their inability to redress the wrongs that have been perpetrated upon them. It is simple, yet eloquent; passionate, yet free from anger. The Hawaiians "appeal for justice and redress to the impartiality of the American nation, in whose honor, integrity and love of fair play we have so long and patiently trusted. As peaceful and law-abiding citizens, ever ready to submit to the constitutional rule of the majority, we ask that, in the place of the present temporary usurpers who are hostile to the native race, our own government, in the person of Queen Liliuokalani, be restored to us, with a new constitution, more equitable to us than the one that was wrested from the late King Kalakaua in 1887 through the force of arms."

It must be humiliating to every true American to be compelled to acknowledge that such an appeal is necessary. It has long been our proudest boast that we were the friends and defenders of the oppressed of all nations. Our laws have been framed with extreme liberality towards those who sought our shores as a refuge from the exactions and injustice to which they were subjected abroad. Time and again the influence of our government has been sought and freely extended to the victims of despotic authority. The Jews of Russia, Austria and Italy and the Christians in Turkey and China have been saved from persecution through the influence of our diplomatic representatives abroad, acting under instructions from the department of state.

For the first time in our history the American people seem to be bent upon the perpetration of a wrong that, if committed by a foreign power, would arouse our indignation and call forth an angry protest. An American official has conspired with the enemies of the government to which he was accredited, and has overthrown the government of a friendly nation at the behest of a few foreign adventurers, and seems bent upon justifying the wrong committed on grounds of expediency. It is not for a principle that we are bent upon degrading ourselves. There is not, and never has been, a contention that the Hawaiian people desired the establishment of a republic on the islands they inhabit, nor has there been an attempt to erect a republican form of government upon the ruins of the monarchy. The provisional government is not republican, either in form or effect. It is the government of a cabal of adventurers, organized for purposes of public plunder and spoliation. No native Kanaka is a member of the government, nor is any member of that junta a naturalized citizen of the country, acknowledging allegiance to its constitution or obedience to its laws.

The instincts of manhood seem to have been strangely dormant in the United States since the beginning of this controversy. Ordinarily the American is the first to demand fair play among combatants. He will fight one who attempts to bully a weakling at the drop of the hat. He will run any personal risk in the cause of justice. And yet something seems to have dulled the moral sense of the community in this matter, for we find men boasting their devotion to moral rectitude openly defending acts that are infamous and policies that are antagonistic to every conception of true Americanism and moral uprightness.

It is too much to expect that there will be a moral awakening. Partisanship has usurped the throne of justice, and the pitiful appeal of an outraged people will be utterly disregarded. And history will record the treatment of the Hawaiian people by the great American republic as the crowning infamy of the century.

THE editorial leader in the Pioneer Press yesterday was headed "Chaos." It was hardly necessary for the P. P. to occupy a column to explain the condition it has gotten into by defending the "imprudent indiscretion" of a fifteen-dollar alderman. The headline tells the whole story.

A PERENNIAL DELUSION.

There seems to be some direct connection between hard times—financial depression—and the immortal, ever-recurrent theory that things terrestrial are on the eve of a sudden, impromptu and unavoidable collapse. We are in the midst of a most tremendous financial and industrial depression. The second advent theory in spiritual matters is again becoming rampant. Let political economists and religious theorists lay their heads together and see if there may not be established some scientific reason for this kinship between these two incidents—the one a painful, substantial, material fact, and the other an immaterial, occult, visionary theory.

Mankind, and the destiny of the human race, has been entrusted to a small globe which swings through space, accompanying one of the medium-sized fixed stars which people and enlighten a universe that is boundless in extent. We human insects—great only in our sublime and limitless egotism—came from we do not know where, and our future landing place can only be guessed at. We are subject to certain apparently fixed laws—moral and physical—which are only dimly comprehended by the wisest. From the cradle to the grave, and probably afterward for an indefinite period, we are at school, listening to the guesses of every man and woman who may be able to persuade us that they are competent to teach.

This being so, there is no lawful objection to any poor human worm pretending to prophesy that the grain of sand which we call the earth is on the eve of a great and sublime change; that the fountains of the great social deep are to be broken up; that wars of the most destructive character are impending; that earthquakes, cyclones and a varied assortment of portentous cataclysms are upon us; and that finally, in a few months, or a few years, or a few centuries, the devil is to be finally chained, and a great and sublime peace settle down upon this erstwhile wicked and unrighteous world. History tells us that the life of the race has been cruel and sanguinary. Science indorses history, and asserts that human life, in both its moral and material aspects, has been a hard, perpetual and wearisome struggle. It would be comforting to be assured beyond peradventure that there was soon to intervene that millennial period of rest which all races in all ages and climes have longed for; and, the wish being father to the thought, have believed to be approaching.

The other day, in Michigan, a company of enthusiasts began to sell all their worldly goods at hard-time prices, bestow the proceeds on the poor, and prepare for the rest promised in the Scriptures to the people of God. In New York, too, and Ohio, there seem, from the newspapers, to be whole communities giving themselves up to the ecstasy of pious anticipation of an immediate opening of the pearly gates of a long-promised New Jerusalem. These people have been, and are reputable citizens—honest, laborious men and women, who have never before manifested any symptoms of insanity. It is pitiful that in these days of books, and schools, and scientific societies, such abnormal mental idiosyncrasies should be developed and coddled to a disastrous maturity.

The writer knows no more than any other common man what the future has in store for the people of the earth. In this respect the wise and the foolish, the adult and the infant, the sage and the idiot are upon a common intellectual level. But there is fair reason to believe that the earth in its diurnal revolutions will bring us the seasons of sunrise and sunset; that in its circuit around the sun we shall continue to feel the cold of the winter's wind, the warmth of the genial spring sunshine, the torrid heat of the dog days. In the social and political sphere there is no reason to suspect otherwise than that during countless centuries in the future governments will rise and fall, parties succeed each other, the accretions of human experience bring more wisdom to the race, and everything go on after the same old fashion.

God, as a rule, does nothing in a hurry. Deity has plenty of time. It is only man who fails by making haste. The old world, as a specimen of His handiwork, is scarred and seamed by time. It took years running up toward the millions to create the coal deposits alone. It is hardly possible that these are to be destroyed before they have served the purpose for which they were created. They may be, but the chance is against it.

It is hardly worth while to reason with a religious fanatic—one who is thoroughly convinced that he talks personally and familiarly with God. It is some comfort to feel that the man who actually believes himself to be divinely inspired cannot today, as in the past, materially harm his fellows—unless his fellows are foolish enough to absorb the doctrines of the false prophet. Time was when those persuasive arguments, the ax, the faggot, and the thumbscrew were in the hands of the honest disciple of certain religious doctrines. It is no wonder that the gentle exponent of spiritual unity, with such arguments, induced multitudes to follow him. What is remarkable is that today any considerable number of people, otherwise perfectly sane, should, unless compelled to, consent to believe in that form of shallow religious absurdity which proclaims the immediate overturning of all social and religious institutions.

The second coming of the Master will be through the gradual growth of love, faith, mercy, and perfect uprightness. The spiritual temple would not be worthy of the habitation of the pure in heart if it were not builded by the labor and the love and the tears and the triumphs of the elect. Let us follow Him devoutly; but let us not sell all that we have at one rash auction sale, nor enrich the poor till we are quite certain they are the poor of God.

IT IS rather cool for the comptroller to interfere with an ice bill when he allowed that celebrated Maybell stationery bill to go through. Perhaps Mac objects to taking ice in his.

CHICAGO AUTHORS.

As a city grows in wealth the natural tendency of its population is towards the cultivation of literature and the literary arts and sciences. Men and women of genius and cultivation flock to the centers of commerce and finance, for there they know they will find appreciation and the more substantial reward of their industry and talent—money.

It is but a few years since the people of the literary world laughed at the idea of Chicago ever becoming a center for the world of letters. No such good thing could come out of the Nazareth. The people were too deeply engrossed in the pursuit of money to pay heed to the struggling novelist, the ambitious essayist, the impractical poet, or the dreaming musician. The few adventurous spirits who first launched their thought-freighted barks upon the sea of humanity in the Western metropolis were but ill-requited for their toil. But they paved the way for the success of those who should follow after them. Franc Wilkie, Everett Chamberlain, George P. Upton and a few others were among the pioneer authors of the vigorous young city. They met with but a cool welcome, an indifferent success, although their productions possessed a high order of merit.

Within the last ten years a coterie of literary men and women residing in Chicago have risen to a respectable plane, if not to eminence, and are now able to assert themselves and their rights to recognition among the best authors of the land. In the domain of fiction Opie Reed has perhaps attained the greatest reputation. He has published half a score of novels, mostly treating of some phases of Southern life. His style is quaint without being grotesque, humorous without being ludicrous, graphic in the simplicity of its descriptive picturesqueness. Prof. Matthews is an essayist of acknowledged superiority, well versed in both science and literature, and his contributions in the domain of the liberal arts have received a wide recognition. He has also essayed the role of the novelist with great literary, if not financial success. Le Roy Armstrong has published two books of wide circulation—novels with a moral—"An Indiana Man" and "Washington Brown, Farmer." Both display talent of a high order, a style somewhat unconventional, yet attractive, the more so as one becomes acquainted with it. He does not moralize; he tells his story in simple, homely phrase, but the truth it teaches comes home to the reader with a force that is irresistible. John McGovern has achieved fame more by the excellence of his standards than by his versatility; Mrs. M. E. Holden ("Amber") has become famous for her merciless excoriation of all shams, as well as for the purity of her ideals, and touches a chord of human sympathy in her every sentence; Miss Lucy Monroe has established an excellent reputation as a literary and musical critic; Miss Harriet Monroe as the world's fair ode writer; Eugene Field, as a wit and poet; Ernest McGaffy, as a humorist and satirist; Sam T. Clover, as a dialect poet; George Horton, as a sentimental versifier, and a score of others, excellent in their respective fields, and all likely under favoring conditions to attain eminence.

There is one commendable trait of the Chicago literary coterie that we look for in vain in Eastern circles. There is an entire lack of jealousy of each other's success. If a Chicago writer makes a palpable hit, those who are his competitors are the first to congratulate him, and are sincere in their expressions of delight. There is a community of feeling between them that can be likened only to the relations that exist among members of a human family. There is also a local pride—a belief that whatever assists one to fame will assist all the others in the same direction. The prevailing sentiment was well expressed by one of the set recently, when he said: "We may envy the gods, but unless we help each other we can never hope to attain to their felicity."

The West feels a deep interest in the struggle of the Chicago literary colony for proper recognition.

THROUGH fear of offending the orthodoxy of the churches, the president of the Smithsonian institution has determined to expurgate from the report of the proceedings of that body two lectures delivered by eminent scientists dealing with psychological phenomena. The lecturers did not pretend to have definite knowledge of all these phenomena, but pointed out how existing beliefs might be affected if their truth were established. When Hugh Miller discovered from his geological researches that the world had been in existence for millions of years before the date of the alleged creation of the human race, he was denounced as a heretic, and his "Testimony of the Rocks" was interdicted to all Christians. Since that time, however, this same book has been recognized as the best proof in existence of the authenticity of the Scriptures. Galileo suffered for declaring that the world was round, and Newton was ridiculed for exploiting the doctrine of gravitation. The lessons of the past should teach the intelligence of the present age that science oftener corroborates and elucidates revelation than it conflicts with it. These are not the days when expurgation should be practiced or tolerated.

NORTH DAKOTA BRIEFS.

A correspondent writes the Jamestown Capital urging ex-Senator Casey for governor. Mr. Casey would give the state a splendid administration.—Casselton Republican.

Mrs. Lease objects to being referred to as an Amazon. The Amazon river, it will be remembered, has a mouth larger than that of any river in the world.—Fargo Republican.

The Republican party (in Iowa) may take up prohibition on its own account, but certainly not through any debt of gratitude to the Prohibition party of that state.—Jamestown Capital.

Of all the expensive sinecures upon the taxpayers of the state the railroad commission is the worst and gives the least return for the money it grabs from the state treasury.—Jamestown Capital.

From observations made by the government observer at Bismarck, we learn that in the week which ended last Saturday the temperature was 151 degrees, in all, above the average for the same week in the past twenty years.—Mandan Pioneer.

Factories are resuming operations, and every indication of an approaching bright business era appears. The country is recovering from the shock of the John Sherman-McKinley panic, and the first effects of the reaction are becoming noticeable.—Grand Forks Plaindealer.

St. Paul seems to be in dead earnest to entertain the next national encampment of the G. A. R., and St. Paul can do it to the Old Vet's taste. The Commercial club seems to have struck a popular cord in advocating this matter. There is no better place to gather.—Fargo Forum.

Hard times, low prices for wheat and the constant babel of the partisan press are having their effect on the people. Now comes the information that the Jamestown asylum is overcrowded and cannot receive another patient. An insane asylum would be a desirable retreat for many this year.—Devil's Lake News.

The editors of North Dakota have borne the political burdens of this state—not one of whom has ever been honored since statehood. Before the next election why not get together and insist on recognition on the tickets? The farmers, the lawyers and all the other fellows catch on, why not an editor or two?—Fargo Forum.

It seems that the announcement of Gov. Shortridge at Wahpeton that he must be considered entirely out of all calculations for the successorship was made in good faith, and so accepted as a finality by the public. The governor has not had a thornless path beset with raptures and merry vocalism of happy birds. His health has been so far impaired, too, that he could not outlive the rugged strain of another campaign, and hence has wisely concluded to seek retiracy and peace, which alone private life can vouchsafe.—Grand Forks Northwest News.

THE THREE P'S,

"Pity, Piety and Politics," at the People's Church Today.

Rev. Dr. S. G. Smith announces as his subject at the People's church this morning "Pity, Piety and Politics." The discourse will probably be a continuance of the same line of thought so vigorously expressed by Dr. Smith last Sunday. In that discourse he vigorously criticised our city affairs, and the Pioneer Press as well for defending them. The P. P. having assailed Dr. Smith during the week past for his last Sunday's effort, his subject announced for today is indicative of a response which will be lively. For a vigorous speaker and thinker like Dr. Smith it is but little effort to demolish any arguments of the decrepit P. P., and really it is hardly worth while to waste one's intellect on such a subject. Still the GLOBE would suggest that those who desire to hear some vigorous pulpit utterances be present at the People's church this morning.

Come Into the Fold.

Lake City Graphic-Sentinel.

February 15 and 16 are the days set for the editorial convention to be held in Minneapolis, at which time every paper in Minnesota should be represented, not for the banquet but to have a voice in the meeting and help to come to some definite action on certain matters. Come in, and swell the number and raise your voice for or against the subjects for discussion or forever hold your peace. Don't stay at home and then try to kick because something was not done that you wanted done or vice versa.

The Star Joins the A. P.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—The Kansas City Star today signed a ninety-year contract with the Associated Press, and this paper is now a full member, heretofore it had been a client. They have abandoned all their relations with the United Press. The Star is one of the most influential and best known afternoon papers in the West.

OLD SONG—NEW WORDS.

[Air, "On the Bowery."]

I went into a Seventh street car,
Fractured my skull with the jolt and jar;
Sat by the stove to absorb the heat,
Old Mr. Chillblains got there with both feet.
Said I to the "con," with a good deal of ire,
"Why in hades don't you build a fire!"
Said he, "It went out—'twill be back pretty soon"—
I'll never go there any more.

Chorus—
Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry,
I said some things—some pretty hard things
Of Tom Lowry, of Tom Lowry,
I'll never go there any more.

A talkative German was sitting near me,
Struck up a confab and made very free;
Told me stale jokes that I'd heard before;
Just then the "con" put his head in the door.
"Chestnut!" he yelled, then the German arose;
"This eenzult," cried he, "I don't stood to propoze."
He went to the platform—I heard a dull thud—
He'll never go there any more.

Chorus—
Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry,
He said some things, some very bad things,
Of Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry.
He'll never go there any more.

Soon the conductor asked for my fare,
I gave him a "transfer" without blot or tear.
"This is for Rondo," he said to me;
"You'll have to put up or get off, you see!"
I said, "Not muchy, that 'transfer' goes."
"Then you will go with it"—the con's grit rose.
He pushed up the window and bundled me out—
I'll never go back any more.

Chorus—
Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry,
I said some harsh things, some awful tough things,
Of Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry,
I'll never go back any more.

I brought a suit in the district court,
Swore that my spine was made two inches short;
Asked for big damages, thousands and more,
Hired a lawyer to bellow and roar.
"Dismiss every fear," the attorney said;
"I'll win with hands down;" but, mark you, instead,
The case was dismissed on the pleadings, just think,
I'll never go there any more.

Chorus—
Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry,
My hair I tore, and I cursed and swore
At Tom Lowry, Tom Lowry,
I'll never go there any more.

—Michael Joseph Donnelly.

MANNERS.

Whoever enters the service of the public in any capacity, high or low, should at least simulate civility when the quality is not inborn.

For so much is gained by the simple exercise of good manners that it is an ever-recurring surprise to find persons wholly perverse in the matter of such an attractive and easy means of advancement. In public positions great or small the person who sets out to be curt and scant of civility puts a veto on his career, and is purblind to the possibilities of development in his own character—if he would only believe with Emerson—that "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices." It is queer that many of the persons who have to do with the multitude in public buildings are those of rampant peculiarities, who regard them as indispensable to the effective transaction of business, and who could not be prevailed upon to modify or suppress them for a substantial consideration.

The individual having an exalted estimate of himself, with the uplifting tendency always on the rise, should never in any stress of fate incarcerate such a soaring ego in the narrow confines of some small situation serving the public. He crowds his working associates in the narrow sphere, and he bores and bothers the people who have business with him by the ridiculous assumption of what he is not—even in his own mind's eye. "Manners, properly speaking, regulate our words and actions in the routine of personal intercourse," but assuredly with the man of pervisive ego there is no regulation possible, for manners are out in the cold.

Only obtuseness, or, above all, the firm appointing "pull" of such an employe keeps him in place. Otherwise his superior official, behind his bulwark of obtuseness, hearing complaints of neglect and arrogance from time to time, might be moved to follow an immortal precedent furnished by one Laurence Sterne in "Tristram Shandy."

When, presumably, the buzzing of the fly became too pronounced in the room, Uncle Toby was considerate enough to put it out of the window, with the memorable remark, "The world is big enough for thee and me!" Mark you, he said the world—not the room, for small as the insect was, it needed all out of doors for the scope of its annoyance.

The superior official seldom lingers in an atmosphere that is not congenial to his ease-craving temperament—so no one's ego is likely to disturb him—and perhaps, too, as is often the case, he is flattered by noting an imitation of himself by the employe, as if seen through the big end of an opera glass.

If the public employe, with his o'ertopping ego is distasteful enough, he is a mild nuisance to the being who has a small place and just fills it, in an institution where the public is constantly coming and going. The clerk with the towering valuation of himself is careful not to belittle it before the public, although he may be dictatorial and presumptuous, and often ridiculous.

Nevertheless, he is watchful enough to play his part, such as it is, consistently and seriously. Such a disposition is regarded as the crowning excellence of farce acting—to play it with impassioned earnestness. But the being who just fills the small situation has no idea of acting any part. The routine literalness of his own nature is enough for his purpose. He seems to hate his little job, and appears to be wholly animated with the unflagging desire of making the crowd passing before him each day suffer for the virulent grudge he bears the world, either by a hypnotic remoteness of expression in regarding his victims, by slights, and, finally, by contumelious words of direction how to assist him in earning his little stipend with the least effort to himself.

This queer impulse of our common nature, to fall upon the innocent in our exacerbation of spirit when matters go wrong with us, is a hazardous, and, in Paris at least, a punishable offense when carried to extremes. A few weeks ago, according to the correspondence of the London Telegraph, in that fair city, where good Americans expect to go when living, and when they die, as the Boston proverb ends it, a party of young men were attempting many grotesque feats on wagers. One, more rashly emulous than the rest, bet 6 francs that he would empty twelve tumblers of wine with each stroke of the clock at midnight. The glasses were in a row before him, and with one in hand he awaited the signal, but when the clock had struck twelve he had only emptied four tumblers. He put down his money and went out, followed by a customer of the cafe, who was merely looking on, and was, moreover, a perfect stranger to him.

He rushed upon the unlucky man and attacked him with so much fury that he bled profusely, as he deposed when his assailant was arraigned in the police court, given a sentence of two months' imprisonment and a fine of 50 francs. The judge was wholly impervious to the prisoner's defense that he had been drinking and did not remember the occurrence, and the inference was that a leisurely respite of enforced reflection was necessary to learn the wisdom of bearing pecuniary losses with equanimity.

Once Robert A. Smith had an opportunity to deal summarily with the truculent being in the small place serving the public, and he had a chance to rank with this French judge only for a constitutional benignity which death alone can quench. His honor was standing by the elevator in the court house one day talking to a friend while the elevator waited for him, with the small stipendiary inside. Impatient at the slight delay, and perhaps at the thought of how many people were escaping the usual gauntlet, he exclaimed: "If you two old duffers want to talk, go and stand somewhere else!" The elevator man started to move it, but a restraining gesture from the mayor halted it, until the the coloquy ended, and he stepped inside to go to his office. When the small stipeudiary reached his bourne on an upper floor, the elevator man told him who one of the old duffers was. "Well," said he, "I suppose I'll have to give him pie," which he proceeded during the day to do, in such a remarkable fashion that the mayor was constrained to ask him if he had no respect for old age.

"None whatever," said the naive apologist, "except in public position."

"Now," said the benignant magistrate, "I have heard many complaints of your bad manners, and your unfitness for your place. I have verified them all in my own person, and for that reason you can go this time, but see to it that you behave better hereafter."

Now, unlike the action of Uncle Toby with the fly, the only wish left to hopeless exasperation, in this instance is—that with the unending invention of automatic appliances, which has measurably bated human help—some ingenuity may compass a mechanical agency to do away with the retributive service of the small stipendiary who hates his job, and works off his hatred on the people who are tolerant when toleration is wasted, and yet complaining when complaining is ineffectual.

SANCTUM SMALL-TALK.

It is suggested that the governor of Colorado may call out troops to corral the fugitive members of the state senate.—New York Telegram.

The G. O. P. altered the tariff five or six times without howling, but when the Democracy undertakes it it seems the case is altered.—Philadelphia Times.

There are some very patient Democrats who would like to have President Cleveland try his hand at cutting off Republican heads.—Washington Post.

The new brand of senatorial courtesy seems to require that presidential nominations shall be dictated as well as confirmed by our house of lords.—Detroit Free Press.

Did Mr. Bissell read the reports of the billiard championship matches? If so, will he try to carrom on the coat-tail buttons of the Republican postmasters.—St. Louis Republic.

Joe Manley as chairman of the Republican national committee means the continuation of that party in the ranks of the government unemployed.—Omaha World-Herald.

The business of a criminal judge is to pass sentence. It is no part of his function to lecture prisoners or read them moral homilies before sentencing them.—New York Herald.

The unanimity with which J. Scott Harrison's rejection passed the senate would seem to indicate that the Harrison presidential boom is not popular in that body.—New York World.

Mrs. John L. Sullivan controls her husband with an Indian club. She hit him a New Year's biff the other day, and he has walked a chalk line ever since.—Atlanta Constitution.

It will grieve the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash to note that the recent mention of his name in connection with the presidency is looked upon generally as a joke.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Stead is still trying to elevate the moral tone of Chicago. His courage and hopefulness in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles are worthy of all praise.—Indianapolis News.

There are ambitious and still hopeful candidates who wish that even a fraction of the attention received by the Hawaiian trouble could be bestowed on the pie question.—Washington Star.

The income tax will go to pay the veterans who were getting only $16 a month when the payers of the tax were safe at home drawing heavy interest on government bonds.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

There appears to be considerable cash as well as good politics in Secretary Carlisle's bond issue, and that is a combination against which it is useless for the opposition to contend.—Baltimore Herald.

And now the Colorado dairymen want the tax on oleomargarine raised from 2 cents to 10 cents per pound. How would a tax on jelly, jam and other substitutes for butter fill the bill?—Omaha Bee.

If David B. Hill had the privilege of selecting a justice of the supreme court of the United States, there isn't a person in New York state who couldn't name the man he would choose.—New York Tribune.

Should the Cleveland Democrats nominate Mr. Hornblower for governor of New York, the torchlight and transparency industries of this country will boom from the hour the nomination is made.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If the Democrats as a part of their policy of demoralization expect by imposing an income tax to discourage the practice among Americans of acquiring an income they are barking up the wrong tree.—Philadelphia Press.

Sovereign stopping Carlisle—it's very amusing. Iowa's Prince Albert seems to think that his little office as head of an organization that has seen its best days entitles him to run the whole United States.—Des Moines Register.

It is not worth while to take Mr. Dole's bad manners and want of tact too seriously. The poor man has evidently become nervous and irascible, and has not even yet got used to being one of the powers of the earth. He may yet conclude that it is better to be civil.—New York Times.

The country will uphold Secretary Carlisle in this patriotic discharge of his duty, and will hold the Republican party responsible for wasting an enormous surplus left in the national treasury at the end of the first administration of President Cleveland.—Kansas City Times.

The proposition now pending to amend the Wilson bill by way of levying a small import duty upon raw sugar is strictly in accordance with the Democratic doctrine of a tariff for revenue, and while adding but one cent per pound to the cost of that article, would greatly increase the amount of the revenue originally estimated to accrue from the bill as framed by the committee.—Kansas City Times.

Pleased at the Decision.

Red Wing Argus.

Much as we sympathize with the farmers in their struggle against wrongs done them by the wheat ring, and believing them to be as worthy of special favors as any class that can be mentioned, yet this law being a piece of special paternalistic legislation, we are greatly pleased with the court's decision. Paternalism in all its insidious forms is incipient socialism, and is one of the most dangerous phases of our political life.

One of the Family.

Ralph Steele, an aged negro, who was born on A. A. Steele's place, near Eutaw, Ala., ninety-eight years ago, lived in that family all his life. He waited on four generations of the family. Not only was he present at the birth and burial of every member of four generations of the Steeles, but he dug the graves of every one of them.

No Enthusiasm.

Sherburne County Times.

Who will succeed Senator Washburn? is a query that is being asked to some extent. The answer that he will probably succeed himself does not create any great degree of enthusiasm so far as we can learn, although the state has no reason to be ashamed of the record of Senator Washburn.

Prevailing Stringency.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Burglar (gruffly). You money or your life.

Jones (sleepily). You'll find some bills in the drawer there. Thay're all in but the butcher's. I might send you that. Good night!

Two Good Reasons.

Chicago Tribune.

"No, George," she said, "I'll take your arm, if you please. My book of decorum says nobody but a cad or an usher ever grabs a lady by the arm. Besides," she added, "it's begun to take."

Guessing the Name.

Life.

Wife of American Minister—Dear me, Mr. Penrose, who is that beautiful Rusrian in the shockingly decollete gown!

Mr. Penrose—I think that must be one of the Orloffs.

Discretion in Chunks.

Rochester Record and Union.

Mayor Wright, of St. Paul, declines a renomination. Judging from the way the GLOBE and ministers have been showing him up, he must have been acquiring wisdom in great chunks.

A Case of Economy.

Puck.

Mrs. Dolan—Ye towled me ye was only goin' to take wan drink. Dolan—Yis; but Oi found out th' price was fifteen cints or two fur a quarter. It's not me wud let slip a chance to save foive cints fur you and the childers!

BALDWIN NOT DISTURBED

BY THE ASININITY OF A LOT OF DULUTH HOODLUMS.

HE GETS A SORT OF OVATION

From the Members of Congress—In an Interview Maj. Baldwin Says That He Is Cheerfully and Honorably Supporting the Principles of the Democratic Party.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—A brief paragraph in the morning papers stated there had been an effort among the Democrats in Duluth to burn Maj. Baldwin in effigy because of his position on free iron ore. When the Sixth district representative entered the house he became the recipient of much attention, and warm congratulations were poured upon him by leading Democratic members. Foremost among those who spoke words of encouragement to him were Bourke Cockran, Wilson of West Virginia, Warner, Breckinridge of Kentucky, the speaker, and Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky. The congratulations took the form of an ovation, and one not understanding its cause would have thought Baldwin was a fresh bridegroom, proud father of a first born, or had inherited a million. Mr. Fletcher, of Minneapolis, was the only Republican who approached him. He shook his hand, looking like a whole funeral procession, and remarked: "I'm damned sorry for you, but I told you boys would behave like hell if you didn't vote to protect their interests. I know 'em better than you do, major, and they act awful if you get 'em mad." After the New York papers arrived it was learned that the outrage had been perpetrated by Republicans, and that interference of the police alone prevented a riot. Minnesota Democrats in Washington were glad that their Sixth district brethren were standing up to the rack, and asked for an interview. Maj. Baldwin said:

"I am not at all surprised at the result. The gamblers in iron lands and busted real estate boomers are driven desperate. Rest assured of this, no Republican who is a good citizen and a gentlemen has had anything to do with this outrage. I am more convinced than ever by this act that I have taken the side of the people against the monopolists, gamblers and speculators in voting for free iron ore. I have no apologies to make; no excuses to offer; no explanations to vouchsafe. I was elected on a Democratic platform pledged to tariff reform. I am cordially, cheerfully and honorably supporting the principles of my party and thoroughly convinced that by so doing I am acting the part of a patriot and an honest man. I wish you would reaffirm my entire conviction that no respectable and honorable Republican should be held responsible for this miserable business. Many of my warmest personal friends are Republicans, and I want them to know that I do not hold them responsible for so gross an outrage."

Then a pleasant smile stole over the major's face, and he concluded:

"I don't even blame the poor thoughtless devils who were actively employed in it. They did not know what they meant by it, and I am particularly glad there was no one injured."

CAPT. HAWKINS' POSITION

He Has Been Misrepresented in the Papers.

To the Editor of the Duluth Herald.

In your issue of Jan. 18 I notice that you have inserted an item from the Minneapolis Tribune headed "Opposed to Free Ore," etc. The article purports to be an interview with myself in which I declare myself as opposed to "free ore." This is clearly a mistake on the part of the writer thereof, to whom in friendly conversation I mentioned that the protective Democrats of Duluth, in connection with the Republican party, were circulating a petition in opposition to the removal of the tariff upon iron ore, and that the same would be largely signed throughout the iron ranges and the city of Duluth.

I did not during this conversation above referred to, nor have I at any time expressed my sentiments as being opposed to free ore, but at this time take the opportunity to place myself on record as indorsing the Wilson tariff bill now under discussion in the halls of congress and expressing the hope that the same may become a law. The writer closes the article by stating that it is understood that I may myself be a candidate against Maj. Baldwin for congress. I do not know from where or from whom this understanding is derived. Certainly not from me, as I am a staunch political friend of Maj. Baldwin, and, believing him to be a faithful and honest Democrat in his convictions, and an efficient and tireless worker in the interests of his party, I shall cordially and heartily work for his renomination at the next Democratic congressional convention of the Sixth district.

Will you kindly give this communication space in your next issue, and oblige yours truly, H. H. HAWKINS.

Thomson, Jan. 19.

Easy Divorces.

Sioux Fall Press.

The Minnesota supreme court has decided that a sufficient ground for divorce is "a systematic course of ill treatment, consisting of continual scolding and fault-finding, using unkind language, studied contempt and many other pretty acts of a malicious nature when sufficiently long-continued and when producing sufficiently serious results." Shortly it will be held sufficient for a divorce if the wife has cold feet or if the husband snores. It is a painful fact that modern facility in securing divorce, and the increasing tendency to take advantage of it, are among the most threatening dangers to the social fabric, as they weaken family organization, which is the basis of society.

A Party Man.

Indianapolis Journal.

Briggs—I wouldn't be such a partisan as Watts for anything.

Braggs—I didn't know he was much of a party man.

Briggs—He is, though. Why, if a split were to occur in his party he actually would mistake it for the crack of doom.

THE SWINE AND THE FLOWER.

I shrank to meet a mud-encrusted swine,
And then he seemed to grunt, in accents rude,
"Huh! Be not proud, for in this fat of mine,
Behold the source of richness for your food!"
I fled, and saw a field that seemed, at first,
One giant mass of roses, pure and white,
With dewy buds 'mid dark green foliage nursed.
And, as I lingered o'er this lovely sight,
The summer breeze that cooled that Southern scene
Whispered, "Behold the source of Cottolene!"

—M. E. Wilmer.

One of the features at the Press club literary evening at Capt. Castle's, Friday night, was the phonographic entertainment kindly contributed by J. H. McGilvra, who represents the phonographic interest in this section. Four or five selections were given and they were hugely enjoyed by the gathering.