THE DAILY GLOBE

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14.—Weather: For Minnesota: Light showers; south winds.
For Wisconsin: Fair, except light rains in extreme eastern portion; warmer in extreme northern portion; east winds.
For Iowa: Light showers; south winds.
For North Dakota: Light showers; south, shifting to west winds; cooler Sunday night.
For South Dakota: Generally fair, preceded by showers in northeast portion; winds shifting to west; cooler Sunday night.
For Montana: Generally fair Sunday; west winds; cooler in eastern portion.

TEMPERATURES.

Place.	Ther.	Place.	Ther.
Boston	44	Jacksonville	74
Chicago	59	Montreal	60
Cincinnati	66	New Orleans	78
Denver	70	New York	69
Detroit	58	Pittsburg	64
Galveston	76	St. Louis	66

A CHICAGO man has been fined $25 for hugging his wife. It is terrible to think of what his punishment would have been if he had hugged some other man's wife.

TWENTY persons are applying for saloon licenses in Des Moines. They are evidently overdoing the business. They should bear in mind that the legislature is not in session all the time.

MINNESOTA does not appear in the list of gold-producing states during the last year; but after the Rainy Lake gold fields have been developed we will be able to boast with the proudest state on the continent.

A CHICAGO man has invented a device by which the garbage of the city may be utilized for fuel. Those who have held that the aldermen of that city were of no use on earth may soon find that they have been laboring under a delusion.

FOUR MILLION DOLLARS in gold were shipped to Europe last week. No alarm is felt in financial circles, however, as our stock on hand is far above the necessities of trade. We can spare a few millions more without the slightest inconvenience, if we get its equivalent.

A KANSAS man has sued a whisky-cure doctor for damages, claiming that the cure incapacitated him from work. Of course, whisky had the same effect upon him, but he prefers to be made incapable of attending to business by budge rather than by its antidote. There is no accounting for tastes.

THE French presidential election will take place in November next. President Carnot is not a candidate for re-election, and upon whom the choice will fall it is at present difficult to conjecture. Of the probabilities, President Dupuy, of the chamber of deputies, at present seems to have the best prospects.

THE action of the Georgia Baptists in opposing a constitutional amendment which shall recognize the Deity is prompted by a spirit of genuine patriotism. These men think religion and the state should be kept separate, and deprecate the injection of anything into our organic law that will tend to lessen its influence over every citizen.

THE pall of dense black smoke that hung over the city yesterday, obscuring from vision the loftiest buildings at a distance of three blocks, was another evidence of the "reform" the Republicans have effected in our city government. The taxes have increased to such an extent that people can no longer afford to burn hard coal, but are compelled to use the cheaper and nastier grades.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, of the Hawaiian islands, is said to be now anxious for annexation to the United States, in order that she may obtain the pension proposed by ex-President Harrison. She evidently labors under the impression that Mr. Harrison had a right to grant the pension at his own sweet will, and that he is still potent as a dispenser of the public bounty, even though he is out of office. Lil should be undeceived by her friends.

IT IS shown by recent investigations that nearly half of the incorporated companies in the state of Illinois are amenable to prosecution and the forfeiture of their charters under the anti-trust law passed in 1893. There are about ten thousand corporations doing business in the state, half of which are organized in violation of law. The attorney general proposes to bring suit against all of these and compel them to abandon business.

FEW people realize how strong a hold superstition has upon the community. Many men who scout at all superstitious notions avoid starting on a journey or engaging in any new enterprise on Friday. Statistics prepared by railroad officials show that there is less travel on Friday than on any other secular day of the week. Experienced travelers are so well aware of this that they sometimes do not take the trouble to secure a Pullman ticket on Friday, as they are pretty sure to find an empty berth.

THE labor troubles in Chicago, which have been threatening to suspend all industry in the building trades, will probably be adjusted by means of arbitration. Employers and employes are alike dissatisfied with the present aspect of affairs, and the conservative among them are disposed to repudiate the counsel of the hotheads on both sides and agree upon a compromise that shall be mutually advantageous. The evils that would follow a general strike or lockout at this time are fully appreciated, and every effort will be made to prevent a resort to either. The outlook is most encouraging.

THE verdict of $15,000 rendered by the jury in favor of Miss Madeline Pollard in her suit against Congressman Breckinridge will be generally regarded as a just one. The culpability of the defendant was abundantly proven and shamelessly admitted. But some difficulty will probably be experienced in collecting the judgment, for the colonel has no property upon which a levy can be made, and his salary as congressman is exempt from attachment. Perhaps his present wife may come to his rescue if she cares as much for him as his friends pretend. At any rate, every expedient will be resorted to by the prosecution to make him come to time.

THE report, elsewhere noted, that Col. Davidson was likely to withdraw at the request of the Republican candidate, was circulated before the colonel had received the fourth nomination at the hands of the Prohibitionists. The situation is different now. Doran is hopelessly out of the race, and the real fight is between Smith and Col. J'am. It is true the colonel has the most nominations, but Smith will have the most votes. If any one retires, Doran ought to decline in favor of Col. Davidson. Doran's vote will be even smaller than Cullen's. The P. P. was about right in saying it was "Dr. Wheaton or defeat."

YOUNG MEN TO THE FORE.

The voters of St. Paul have one thing to congratulate themselves upon, and that is, the Democratic party has in its nominations for the present city ticket chosen young, strong and intelligent men for the offices that demand young, strong and intelligent men to fill them. The GLOBE calls especial attention to the nomination of J. J. Parker for assemblyman at large. Mr. Parker is a young gentleman, who as an insurance agent, a position of the most delicate and difficult character, earned a wonderful reputation, and with it a fortune. He is a man whose whole interests are in St. Paul, and who has time enough at his command to devote sufficient of his work to the city to insure his best energies for its benefit, and we can assure the people that he will do all we say for him.

The GLOBE also calls the attention of the voters to the nomination of Judge Alfred S. Hall for the position of judge of the municipal court. Judge Hall is a son of Judge William Sprigg Hall, who came to St. Paul in 1855, and was elected to the position of judge of the court of common pleas when that court was first established in St. Paul, and who held it until his death. His son, the present nominee for the judgeship of the municipal court, is a young man born here, and of more than ordinary attainments as a lawyer, and who has had experience as a judge for several years on the same bench to which he now aspires, as assistant judge, before the present organization of the court. The GLOBE can say conscientiously to all voters in St. Paul, cast your votes for J. J. Parker and Alfred S. Hall.

Another young man on the ticket is Clarence E. Robb, city ticket agent of the Great Western railroad. He has grown up in this city from childhood to man's estate, and few have a wider circle of acquaintances, and none more friends. He is one of the candidates for assemblyman, and eminently fitted for the place by his ability and integrity.

The selection of John Wagener as a candidate for city treasurer (which is elsewhere more fully noted) was another fitting recognition of the rising young men of St. Paul.

The selection of such active, vigorous young men as these for their candidates was a master stroke by the Democratic convention, and shows to the young men who are members of the Democratic organization that merit is appreciated and that they do not have to reach the period of gray hairs before obtaining positions of public honor and usefulness.

The young men of St. Paul will recognize this recognition, and cast their votes with the triumphant Democracy.

IF THE Republicans cannot offer but $50 for the Prohibition nomination it shows they have no faith in their success.

MERE IDIOCY.

The Pioneer Press is embarrassed with a curious difficulty in treating the Democratic nomination for city treasurer. This distinguished mark of Democratic confidence was awarded to John Wagner. But which of the John Wagners? There are four of them in the city directory, to wit: John Wagner, laborer, bds 108 Como avenue; John Wagner, laborer, res 424 West Minnehaha; John Wagner, wagonmaker for Peter Haupers & Son, res 574 Thomas; John Wagner, bds 574 Thomas. Is either of these the John Wagner who was selected for the soothing compliment of being beaten by Charles L. Horst? Or is there still another John Wagner, whose modesty has evaded the scrutiny of the directory men? And if so, how many more John Wagners are there? And if one of them shall be elected, which of them will it be?—Pioneer Press.

Possibly it might be unconstitutional to pass a law forbidding the existence of idiots, but there ought to be a statute in their behalf forbidding their making an indecent exposure of their idiocy. If such a statute was in force, the above paragraph would have been excluded from the columns of the P. P. by the manager after the editor had written it.

It so happens that Mr. John Wagener, who is one of the best-known and active young business men in the city, spells his name Wag-E-ner, and the brilliant genius who indited the above paragraph argues himself unknown by pretending to be unable to identify one of the oldest and best-known and respected families in the city, whose names have been in the city directory (correctly spelled) ever since there has been such a publication.

John Wagener, who bore the title of junior until his father died, is the son of one of the oldest and best known residents of St. Paul; and since the death of his father and his succession to the large business interests his father had founded, he has proven himself a most thoroughly competent business man—one whose ability and integrity have never been questioned.

The large estate of his father was handled with skill, and one of the three branches of business his father had established—the fuel trade—he still continues. Born in St. Paul in 1862, educated in the schools of the city, he is decidedly a home product, and well worthy of the position of city treasurer, for which his host of friends have selected him.

The business men of St. Paul know, honor and trust him.

It is to his credit in every way that the P. P. does NOT know him.

AND STILL THEY COME.

The Prohibitionists having nominated Col. J'am Davidson for mayor, he now soars above "The Great Triune," whose candidate he already was, and becomes the "Quadrilateral Apostle of Light" in the present campaign.

He seems to be Four of a Kind, concentrated in a Mass of One.

It can be said in his behalf that he is honest and sincere in his convictions, and would carry out his ante-election pledges if he had a chance.

That recognized fact renders it certain that he will not be given the opportunity.

Still, as a concentrated Quadrilateral, he can do a good deal of rattling around, and his oratory will eclipse that of the combined Trinity of Statesmen—Jock Vandiver, Dar Reese and Ed Rogers.

With renewed assurance of distinguished regard, the GLOBE welcomes the Quadrilateral to the field which now contains seven candidates for mayor—four in one.

The municipal league and Pioneer Press still have their candidates to put in the field. If they are wise they will also concentrate on Col. J'am and make him the Sextuple Standard Bearer.

F. B. DORAN and his friends must rate the Prohibitionists as a cheap lot of unprincipled men. One of the delegates to the Prohibition convention last night said the Republicans had offered $50 for the Prohibition nomination. Rev. Morgan saw that hand and went him several better by saying another party had offered one thousand dollars for the position. While both offers were rejected, the Prohibitionists must feel a marked degree of contempt for a man who only offers fifty dollars for their nomination. That is away below market rates, even in hard times.

TWO STRONG NAMES.

The GLOBE expects during the present local campaign to very thoroughly call the attention of the public to the various candidates presented for the suffrages of the people.

Among the older men and old residents of the city, there are no names on the Democratic ticket which commend themselves to the voters more than those of William A. Van Slyke and H. J. Strouse, who are two of the candidates for the assembly.

Mr. Van Slyke needs no introduction after a residence of over forty years in this community, and all of that time in active business. His experience in the council, of which he has for many years been a member, makes his services invaluable to the public.

Mr. Strouse, though not so old a resident as Mr. Van Slyke, has for very many years been one of the best citizens of St. Paul, and his selection is an honor and strength to the ticket.

That both of these gentlemen will be elected is assured in advance. The people need just such talent in the council as these gentlemen can supply.

A COMMON-SENSE POPULIST.

The Populist governor of South Carolina has almost succeeded in precipitating a revolution in the vain endeavor to enforce a state law, paternally severe, for the regulation of the liquor traffic. The Populist governor of Colorado came very near involving that state in armed rebellion while trying to remove certain officials who were personally offensive to his excellency. The Populist governor of Oregon and the Populist governor of Kansas have each succeeded in making a holy show of themselves on sundry occasions by the awkward and unseemly manner in which each has met certain public duties presented for solution. Populists, as a rule, run strongly after amateur statesmen. The more ignorant, willful and uncouth the fellow is who aspires to lead this newly coined party, the more certain he appears to be to command support and achieve success.

The man who aspires to high position should possess, above every other attribute, the virtue of tact. The term "ruler" has no American meaning. The title "governor" is merely honorary, the fact being that our theory of government proclaims, first of all, that the people are self-governing, and that the chief citizen of the state is chosen merely to execute the laws. In the performance of that duty, too, he is expected to use tact first, then judgment, and finally courage. Our theory of government also grants large privileges to minorities. It is the province of the majority to control legislation, and place laws upon the statute books; but when any one of those laws is vigorously opposed as unjust to individuals by any considerable minority, the powers of executive officers are expected to be wisely used, so that the feelings of the opponents of the law may be respected in the necessary enforcement of an unpopular law.

Amateur statesmen are very liable to abuse the powers placed in their hands by a thoughtless or fanatical majority. Tact is a quality gained only by long experience with public men and public duties. All power has its limitations, and the executive power of an untrained man accidentally chosen to exalted public office has very much greater limitation than it has actual force. A governor, for instance, chosen by two-thirds of the people of the state, does not necessarily represent even a majority of the people when he proceeds to the verge of avowed revolution in enforcing an unpopular law. The moment an executive officer makes a show of physical force he antagonizes every merciful sentiment even in the bosoms of the very men who voted for him. And just at the moment when force seems most necessary, the trained statesman interposes tact—conciliation, reason, persuasion, good temper and personal self-control— and while sailing close to Scylla contrives also to avoid Charybdis.

In discharging public, as well as private functions, physical force is the first resort of fools and the final expedient of philosophers. All men may be led to discharge their duties if the hand that leads them is inspired by patience and kindness. Few men in America can be driven without making the driving process so altogether expensive as to be practically valueless.

There is one Populist governor—Gov. Shortridge, of North Dakota—who has thus far possessed a sufficient allowance of tact and good sense to prevent him from making a national spectacle of himself. Gov. Shortridge is a plain, honest, intelligent farmer, who has in former years made a living by actually cultivating a real farm. Like all of the other Populist governors, his election was largely accidental, and exceedingly unexpected to himself, as well as his friends. But he was elected, and since his inauguration has gone about his executive duties, modestly, quietly, unobtrusively and sensibly. His head has retained its normal size. He has not striven to adorn his official functions with unnecessary frills and furbelows. He has not felt called upon to press the execution of statutes which were unpopular in his state with a large section of his fellow citizens to a point beyond human endurance. In short, he has permitted the people of North Dakota to be and remain self-governed—according to the American theory of government.

The GLOBE attributes the manly and sensible course pursued by Gov. Shortridge largely to the good fortune of his early training. Before he became a Populist the North Dakota chief executive was a sterling Democrat, trained in the ethics of Jefferson and Jackson. Then, too, he is a man with a kind heart, plenty of conscience, and a wide knowledge of the philosophical fact that it takes all sorts of people to make a state. He instinctively respects the rights of the minority, and manifests no chronic disposition to uproot the existing industries, the business and the traffic of his state for the purpose of planting a new crop based upon entirely different theories and principles.

When Gov. Shortridge concludes to return from chasing the ignis fatuus of impossible reform through the swamps and morasses of theory, the Democratic party will cordially welcome him back to the pleasant valleys and purling streams of Democracy.

COXEY'S GRAND MARCH.

The grand march of Coxey's army on Washington is nearly at an end. Gradually its ranks are being decimated by voluntary and enforced desertions. In every town through which it passes it leaves a few reminders of its tramp in the shape of fresh inmates of the jails and the workhouses, and its great rallying cry of "Bread and Booze" has lost its potency to attract recruits. It is now a scattered, irresponsible mob, held in partial communion only by the impulses that govern a flock of carrion crows. The question of whether or not any portion of the army will reach Washington depends altogether upon the capacity of the jails in the towns en route from present headquarters.

Coxey himself is said to be sorely disappointed at the ill-success of his adventure. He knew the prevalent discontent among workingmen in consequence of their enforced idleness, but he did not realize that the American workman, employed or unemployed, is a man of common sense, guided by moral impulses, controlled by a love of peace and public order. He is not easily moved by the appeals of fanatics, and except among the exceptionally ignorant there is seldom a resort to violent methods for accomplishing an end. He is a believer in oratory and the efficacy of protests. This is a failing of all Americans in whatever condition they may exist. We have more orators in our midst than there are hairs on a dog's back, and orators, too, of no mean ability. But with all his amiable weaknesses, the American workman is no fool. The man who goes fishing for gudgeons will have to sit on the log a long time before he catches a string of genuine workmen. They do not bite at the bait he has to offer.

The tramps who compose Coxey's army are a different race of beings from those the "general" hoped to capture. They are vagrants by instinct and education. They will not work when they have a chance; they prefer to live by beggary and petty larceny. They would rather eat a roast pig filched from a convenient wayside pen than sit down to the most abundant repast ever served at a festive board. They would rather become sodden and besotted on rot-gut whisky than quaff the rarest vintages in the world gotten by legitimate means. The vagabond instinct is uppermost in them, and has gotten such a hold upon their natures that it can never be eradicated.

It is an insult to American workmen, employed or unemployed, to speak of this army of vagabonds as workmen. They do not belong in that category. They are the scum of the earth, regardless alike of their own wellfare and the rights of others—birds akin to the buzzards that fatten on the rotting carcasses left in the pathway of civilization. Fortunately the movement in question did not assume the importance it at first threatened. It has never risen above the level of the ridiculous—has never been more than a roaring farce. It will serve its lesson, however, for it will teach the demagogue of the future that it is useless to attempt to catch birds of the species referred to with chaff. The honest workman knows too much, and is too firmly grounded in common sense and moral principle, to be carried away by such tomfoolery.

A FRIEND has called the attention of the GLOBE to the fact that a person named Wright was not even mentioned at the late Republican city convention. None so poor as to indorse or do him reverence. And still his party ask another lease of power to repeat the dose.

IT WAS "HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT."

The Boston Herald, which has been among the Democratic papers which approved of the concessions made to the policy of protection in the Wilson bill, says of the speech Tom Johnson made to the Iroquois club in Chicago last week that "this gathering of 600 of the prominent Democrats of Illinois applauded to the echo in a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm the statement that the Democratic party was doomed to defeat because a number of its congressional representatives were bargaining with trusts and private interests in the forming of a new tariff law instead of acting in obedience to the wishes of the people declared in 1892. * * * It was a question which should be supported, the party or the principle, and, singularly enough, in a gathering made up largely of Western politicians, when this issue was presented, the principle rather than the party was sustained;" and it adds that "it seems to us that this is a highly significant incident."

There are plenty of straws flying that are equally significant. There has not been a Democratic speech made anywhere for the past five years, in congress or on the hustings, in which ultra free trade opinions were declared, that they have not evoked the loudest applause. It is a common remark of Republicans to Democrats that as long as the question between the two parties is simply one of a difference of a few points more or less of protection, they will stay with their party, but if the Democrats ever swing out for free trade they will go with it.

The New York Times is another of this class of papers which is beginning to sense the direction of popular opinion. It was the Times that insisted strenuously that Mr. Cleveland had kicked the tariff plank of the Chicago platform from under his feet and repudiated it. It is the Times now that sees in the elections of this year not a reversal of the decree of '92, not a dissatisfaction with any act of the administration, but a disgust of Democrats with the shameful surrender made of the potentialities of reform secured in 1892. This admission marks a long step taken in less than two years by this leading paper.

The sober truth is that Democrats everywhere are convinced that danger lurks in any kind of a tariff; that any such tax is a constant inducement to selfish assaults on congress for an increase; that the entire history of tariffs written in the laws of any country cursed by them, is that they grow in size, with spasms of reduction caused by an aroused popular opinion, only to increase again when public attention wanes or is diverted to other topics, under the impact of the selfish interests which find profit in them. Democrats are more and more asking themselves if it is right to tax what men eat and wear, their shelter and their fuel, and omit from the burdens the real and personal wealth of the country, and whether there is possible any settlement of these eternal tariff disputes short of the elimination of the tariff itself.

But the little cabal of trading, trafficking collar-and-cuff senators in Washington who imagine that public opinion takes its direction by their gracious senatorial courtesy know nothing of the deep current of the public mind. They are like the nobility of France, who went merrily on with their frivolities unwitting and unmindful of the smouldering fires gathering force in the masses, who existed in their minds only to supply the upper classes with means to gratify their gaieties, until one day the flames broke forth and France ran red with the blood of the oppressors. If these modern Catalines care to look for them, they can find hundreds of instances fully as significant as the applause the Iroquois club gave to the radical and truthful statements of Tom Johnson.

THIS seems to be the Republican idea of the market:

Aldermen.......................$15
Mayors.......................50
Board of equalization (four days' service).......................84

Better put 'em all in a jack pot, and then open the pot.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The report of the senate committee on foreign affairs relative to the Nicaragua canal scheme is prepared, and will be submitted in the course of a few days. The report is, in some respects, an extraordinary one, and should not be permitted to go unchallenged. The report says that "the action taken by the senate up to the present time in encouragement of the work created the belief and excited the desire of the country that the canal would be speedily constructed under the immediate auspices of the government of the United States, and with the use of its credit."

The only action thus far taken by the senate has been merely speculative and anticipatory. That body has not taken any steps which in the slightest degree commit it to the assistance of the scheme. Bills in its aid have, it is true, been presented, but so also have bills for the creation of an aluminum currency, for the encouragement of aerial navigation, and for the construction of a railway to the moon. It would be just as reasonable to claim that the government was committed to the subsidizing of these schemes as to the Nicaraguan canal scheme.

The government has had a satisfying, though not a gratifying, experience in the direction of subsidizing private enterprises. Its debt on account of the bonds issued to the Pacific railroads still amounts to $64,623,512, and the government has paid in interest on these bonds $97,996,200.66. Of this interest only $27,111,406.46 has been repaid by the companies. The entire debt of these companies, it is now probable, will have to be paid ultimately by the government, which will have no recompense save in the way of the transportation of the mails and troops and supplies—a trifling sum to receive in return for such an immense outlay.

Senator Morgan expresses the opinion that it is improbable that the treasury of the United States will ever be required to advance any money, either for the construction of the canal or for payment of interest on the bonds, even when the canal is in process of construction.

People with long memories will recall the fact that the same claim was made on behalf of the Pacific railroad subsidies. And yet how miserably have these promises been fulfilled! Instead of liquidating their obligations, the railroads have been constantly increasing them from year to year, until no hope exists that they can ever be paid, or even materially reduced. Indeed, it would be a saving to the government if it should donate to the companies outright all the bonds issued for their benefit, provided the companies would pay the interest.

It is proposed that the government shall guarantee the bonds of the canal company to the amount of some two hundred millions of dollars. Such guarantee would be equivalent to a donation of the entire amount to a syndicate of capitalists engaged in the enterprise. No one with common sense undertakes to claim that the government would receive any adequate return for such an expenditure. Our interoceanic trade is comparatively small, and would not be materially increased by the opening of this highway of commerce. Other nations would gain far more proportionally. Great Britain especially would be benefited. Her commerce in the Pacific is a hundred-fold greater than ours, and her merchantmen would be chiefly benefited by the opening of the canal. Such being the case, it is but fair that that nation, and not the United States, should bear the cost of its construction.

The claim that this is an American enterprise, national in its character, is all fol-de-rol. Americans, it is true, are promoting it, but not from patriotic motives. They are in it for the money that can be got out of it, and for no other reason. If they thought a government subsidy could not be obtained, they would abandon it instantly. It can never be made a money-making enterprise otherwise. This is a self-manifest proposition.

It would be an act of folly akin to criminality for the government of the United States to impose the burden of debt demanded by this combination of adventurers upon the taxpayers. If there were compensating advantages in sight there might be some palliation for such an act; but there are none. The only prospect in view is a continuous expenditure of public moneys for private benefit, with the ultimate probability that a foreign power will own and control the canal.

Unless the members of the senate have gone daft, they will not entertain a scheme of the nature referred to. The nation has no money to throw away in foreign parts upon enterprises designed merely for individual benefit, and which are certain to be absorbed by foreign capitalists, if not by foreign and hostile powers. Senator Morgan can devote his talents to a better use than the attempt to foster such an enterprise. The country wants none of it.

WHAT "Good Republican" was so reckless as to propose to squander fifty dollars to secure another nomination for the Republican candidate for mayor? Mr. Doran is in bad enough shape as it is. He must have some enemy.

OUR RATE OF PROGRESS.

Changes come so gradually in the order of evolutionary progress that one fails to note the rate of the movement except when one comes across some note of a condition out of which we have long since grown. Today women are owning property, buying and selling, married women treated as femmes soles, given statutory right to sue and be sued, and, if she labors, to receive her wage and use it for herself as she will. What girl or married woman today but would think slavery at hand should some parent or husband step in between her and her employer on pay day and coolly and lawfully appropriate to himself her earnings?

And yet fifty years have not passed—it was in 1847—that Lowell wrote, in one of those charming letters of his whose pleasure Norton has made it possible for all to share with their first recipients, that "the only further use I shall put Hosea (Bigelow) to will be to stir up the legislature at the next session on the subject of allowing women to retain their own earnings." And this was in Massachusetts, even then throbbing with the appeals of the abolitionists for liberty to the black men. Ideas of freedom are contagious, and when men begin to entertain them there is no telling to what subjects they will extend. Contemplation of the slavery of the blacks, the proposition that their enslavement was wrong, coupled with demands for their freedom, set men and women to thinking of and discovering other relics of slavery; and in the barbarous right of a husband to demand and have the wages of his wife they found a slavery differing only in a worse degree from the slavery they were attacking. When the history of the woman's movement is written, the agitation for the freedom of the negro will be found as its genesis.

MEDILL'S PANACEA.

Editor Jo Medill has made a discovery. Rather, he has rediscovered a discovery that some other man made long ago, and which got lost in the medley of discoveries which have deluged the world in this blessed century. Some years ago the editor of the Tribune found out that he wasn't as vigorous as of yore, that his hair was whitening and his joints were losing their limberness, and that aches and pains were taking up their abode in them. Joseph, as the constant readers of the Tribune know, is of an inquiring turn of mind and given to investigating unusual phenomena, and this novel change in his own especial domain started him off on an investigation why this was thus.

Asking his physician why these things were, the learned disciple of Galen told him that it was because he was getting old. "But why should I get old?" persisted the inquisitive and unsatisfied editor, and the doctor gave it up. Not so Joseph. He ransacked his library and all the village libraries in Chicago for some book which discussed this very interesting question, and found no light out of the past. He started his bookseller on a hunt among the libraries of the country in a fruitless search. Then he turned his search light on the bookshelves of Europe. Finally, after many years in response to his inquiries there came to him an English book written by some one with a long string of capital letters after his name, indicating that sundry learned societies esteemed the writer worthy of association with them. This forgotten book was devoted to proving that the arch enemy of life after the period of adolescence was reached is lime; simply nothing but lime.

The book came and saw and conquered Medill. It revealed to him the secret of all his ailments; it pointed an unerring finger at the source of those rheumatic twinges in his joints; it demonstrated that old age is nothing but a surcharge of lime encrusting the nerves and muscles and vital organs, just as it encrusts the tea kettles and the boilers of our engines. It is carried by the blood into all parts of the body. It is deposited in the joints, driving out the lubricants which smooth their action and make them supple, and causes a friction which results in pain and in difficulty of motion.

But how escape the deluge of lime? It is in everything. The water we drink has it in varying proportions; it is in the bread we eat, the potatoes we love, the meats we relish, the vegetables which give variety to our tables and tickle our palates—all have their due proportion of this destructive substance. Nature has impregnated everything with it. She has scattered it through the soils and the grasses, and plants send out their roots and suck it up in their sap and mix it in the corn and wheat so deftly that it is inseparable. When we see what care the old dame took to get lime into us, and learn now what mischief she works in us with it, we almost regret that the author of Medill's book was not born at a time when he could have counseled Nature; and if he could not have prevailed on her to forego liming the human race, he might at least have put mankind on their guard untold centuries ago, and saved us all these miseries of our later years, when the lime we needed in youth to build up the framework of bones becomes not only useless but positively injurious.

Mr. Medill pondered long on the remedy. It is probable that he may have contemplated an appeal to that omniscient power, the congress, for some act of protection against lime—a supposition only rendered probable by his well known advocacy of the power of that body to make everybody rich by taxing them. But whatever he may have contemplated, what he did was to hie himself off to California and have an analysis made of the water, which, to his chagrin, he found contained thirty grains of lime to the gallon, as against only nineteen in the waters at the six-mile intake at Chicago. Then he found a lake up in the mountains which look down on his Southern retreat whose waters were fed by the melting snows, and which, as Nature had neglected to provide a means of evaporating lime, were free from it. And here is the veteran editor, with his lime-encrusted joints, drinking the limeless waters of his mid-heaven lake, and gradually diluting the lime in his system with it, and by Nature's processes ridding himself of it, and regaining, as the lime departs, his youthful suppleness.

But for all the rest of us poor mortals, tied by our empty purses to a lime-mixed diet, what relief is there? We cannot go to California; we cannot flee to the mountains nearer us; we can't even afford to have the lime-free waters brought from mountain lakes to us. We might, indeed, eat snow in winter if the smoke ordinance were enforced and we could have snow and coal dust on separate plates; but what good would that do if we had to take in lime with everything we ate and drank during the remaining months? There seems no escape here, and all that is left is the hope that in the next world there will be no lime.

THE experience of the state of South Carolina as a grog-shop keeper will probably be sufficient to deter other states from making the attempt to run the liquor traffic. The government has responsibility enough already, without endeavoring to assume the duty of supplying its citizens with distilled poison and incipient crime.

A COXEYITE ELEGY.

[Scene, Pittsburg. Time, lately.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
The lamplighter begins to light his lamps;
The workman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the earth to Coxey and his tramps.

The officers are really out of sight,
And every man a liquid fullness bears:
The street car onward wheels its droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings tell of nickel fares.

Beneath the corner light—the lamp post's shade,
Where heaves the bum in many a moldering heap;
He's sick from drinking bourbon, second grade,
And fain would woo the sweet restorer, sleep.

Can storied urn or animated "bust"
Back to their senses call these blooming chumps?
Can unkempt beards provoke the driving gusts,
Or dirt suggest a ducking 'neath the pumps?

Large their undertaking, tho' mayhap well meant;
Columbia some recompense in keeping hath;
They gave to her (against her will)—a scent,
She'll give to them ('tis all they need)—a bath.

—Michael Joseph Donnelly.

STAGE MANAGER AND ACTOR.

Between whiles, when he is not absorbed in raking in the profits, Mr. Henry (Broadrib) Irving gives condescending talks to assembled Harvard professors and students, as well as to the lesser intelligence of the American people. His amiable self-complacency overlays all his public utterances, but withal he is careful enough and vigilant enough never to omit coupling journalism and the stage. "Journalism and the stage," he says, in giving forth one of his "Impressions," "have always been more or less in sympathy with each other. As they have progressed this sympathy may be said to have grown into an alliance in the best interests of civilization. As exponents of the highest thought of the greatest writers, as educationists of the most comprehensive character, the press and the stage are, I think, two of the most powerful institutions for good in our times, and represent the greatest possibilities in the future." He then dilates on how closely they are associated, these two institutions, artistically and commercially, and blandly hopes the time will come when criticism of the work of the stage will be considered one of the most serious features that belong to the general and varied composition of a newspaper.

Serious is the quality that the soul of Henry Irving most craves, because only for a few years has he known the peace of playing without ridicule and derision. He was the histrionic guy of London, and excited no end of fun. Punch caricatured in a half-page cut Lady Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett-Ashmead, Irving's generous friend and patron, as receiving warning from her servants. When she asks the cause for leaving, "Cos, mum, we cawn't hany longer pass hour heveninks hout ha-seeing of Mr. Hirving hact. Your leddyship gives hus parses, hand hinsists hon hour going to the Lyse-seeum."

It is still a mooted discussion whether Mr. Irving is really much more than an eccentric actor, who is a great manager. When the plain truth is written about him in the press the summing up of his merits is substantially the same in London as in New York. One metropolitan paper, in a recent resume of the Irving season, declares that he can have no beneficent effect on American drama, and has never pretended to. So far as the writer knew, the only thing ever learned from him is the use of thin colored silk instead of glass to screen a stage light. And, finally, that while Mr. Irving is a fine artist, there is a great deal of humbug in the great public show of appreciation of his art.

The London World's excellent critic, William Archer, in a notice of the Lyceum "Lear," says: "Irving now talks so he can be understood, but does not move the spectators at all." Notwithstanding the occasional outbreaks of truth, Mr. Irving manages to keep the press on his side as the joint partner "in the best interests of civilization," and commercially it is a productive process.

While England alone in the past had only two men—Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt—according to the estimate of Mr. Irving, who had the thought and study, feeling and knowledge to sympathize with the intention of the artist, and to enter into the motives of the actor himself, criticising his conception according to his interpretation of what he desires to express, it is lucky for Mr. Irving that he lives and flourishes in this day rather than in Lamb's or Hazlitt's, because they wrote of actors, and there is no praise of the stage manager any more than of the prompter.

Neither in Hazlitt's "Plain Speaker," nor in the "Essays of Elia" is there any attempt to inflict stage properties into any correlation with the actor's merits.

It is doubtful whether either of these writers could have written at all about the later-day English actors, from Macready to Irving. They not alone admired and praised with memorable and enduring appreciation the players of their time, but they loved them because they embodied the genius of the drama in the most adequately human and affecting forms.

Those players threw a spell over their audiences which was felt away from the stage setting. When Lamb's friend Jem White saw Dodd one evening as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the following day, on recognizing the actor in Fleet street, he was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical knight of the preceding evening with a "Save you, Sir Andrew." Dodd, entering into the spirit of the address, with a courteous, half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an "Away, fool."

Has there been a personation on our boards for a long time that would move us to a spontaneous greeting of the sort? Hardly. All sentiment is extinguished with the footlights, and for the actor there is seldom any enthusiasm—least of all, is there any warm personal appreciation that would inspire such a tribute as Lamb's to William Robert Elliston, or Hazlitt's to Mrs. Siddons? It is not in the popular run of the stage profession today to evoke such eloquent and delightful records.

In New York there is wonderment at the ecstatic praise of Mounet-Sully's beauty, genius and greatness by French critics. That city finds him acceptable in "Œdipus" and passable in "Hamlet," with marked Gallic extravagances, and still there has been considerable praise of Irving that is equally mystifying to the world remote from the metropolis. Criticism is labored and exaggerated. There is no glow of irrepressible satisfaction. It is simply "business" through and through with a perfunctory straining to convince that there is high and glorious art in gorgeous stage-fitting.

As are the actors whose main thought is the scenery and properties, so are the writers who are forcing public conceit to the æsthetic standard of appreciating these things almost equally with the actor, who is lauded as manager more than as player.

In fact, modern dramas are mostly constructed, seldom inspired, to force the full splendor of theatrical properties in a few situations which afford the fantastic actor scope for his eccentricities.

There is scarcely more than a gossamery thread of plot, too frail to sustain any life-like acting, and the effect is the thinnest imaginable subterfuge that ever cheated the ear. Some queer person in history, biography or society in the past may be pressed into theatrical service merely because he suggested possibilities in counterfeit presentment that become the golden opportunity of the whimsical player who introduces vagaries of his own in acting the part until absurdity is predominant throughout.

For much of this business the influence and success of Irving in this generous land are recognizable.

If the Englishman has prospered from such a derisive beginning into regarding himself at the head of the only profession of an impressive account in the world—as an "educationist of the most comprehensive character," there is no harm in some of the natives trying their ingenuity in the same way, and even of ultimately assuming the lofty Irvingesque attitude of showing colleges and the literati an intellectual side without scenery.

It will be a slow, incommensurate gain for the native, since our histrionic and musical pets must have the foreign seal of approbation to please ultra fastidiousness. Yet one of the natives is making his way with such persistency, and likewise with the unforgetting, possibly unforgiving, quality as well, for recalcitrant or candid critics, that he can give a back spang in a speech after a long absence, which is a novelty in reprisals worthy of being worked into a play, so effective did he make it. Altogether, he and his Beau Brummell are interesting enough to write about hereafter.

GLOBE, 4-15-94.

LADIES, LISTEN!

WE were glad to see so many friends at our opening yesterday—old friends—friends who have dealt with us for years; those who know us and those whom we know—those who trust us and those whom we trust. New friends were there, too (who we hope to make old friends), and the occasion was one of genuine pleasure to us in meeting both old and new. If there is anything of any kind at any price at any time that you want to furnish your home with, do not hesitate to talk it over with us. Our time is at your disposal, and in looking over what is offered, you are in no way obliged to buy. If we haven't got just what you want we don't want to sell, as it is our aim not only to make you a customer, but to keep you as such. We furnish the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries of home.

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