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TODAY'S WEATHER. Washington, June 9 .- Indications: For Minnesota: Severe thunder showers; cooler, except stationary temperature in extreme north and northeast portion; southeast winds, becoming west.

For Wisconsin: Fair in southern portion; severe thunder showers and slightly cooler in northern portion; southeast gales. For North Dakota: Showers tonight; fair Sunday; slightly warmer in the vicinity of Bismarck; variable winds. For South Dakota: Generally fair; southwest winds.

For Iowa: Showers tonight; fair Sunday; west winds. For Montana: Generally fair; probably slightly warmer in the vicinity of Helena;

TEMPERATURES Ther. Flace. .74-82 Mentreal. Chicago.... -Su New Orleans ... 82-86 New York.

.... 76-80 Pittsburg 78-82 St. Louis... VANDIVER is still in it.

DAR REESE held a very successful convention yesterday.

TIM REARDON appears to be a constiparty is in luck.

WHEN it came to a show-down between Van and Tim, Van got there. 'Twas ever thus in childhood's hour.

THE Michigan dentists enjoyed a banquet at Ann Arbor the other evening. The viands were said to be very tooth-

Now THAT the Republican board of party might as well continue the war by Rogers a chance to secure the German vote on the platform-"Down with the

THE South Carolina Prohibitionists have refused to nominate a state ticket, very sensibly concluding that a state which engaged in the business of saloonkeeping has no use for officials opposed to that traffic, either by govments or individuals. The field for prohibition in South Carolina is not yet

A MAN in Sioux City who was confined in jail there after the building had been condemned as unhealthful has brought suit against the city, laying his damages at \$10,000. The officials hope to escape paying, however, because the man is mortally sick. The case, however, is one that excites much popular sympathy.

THE coal strikers have resorted to dynamite as a means of carrying their point. They will find, however, that it is a boomerang, more likely to injure them than their antagonists. It is the argument of cowards and knaves, not the resort of honest men. By its use they will alienate all public sympathy and obscure whatever of justice there is in their cause.

THE Boston Herald, forecasting the reception by the house of the senate's evisceration of the house bill, says: "If points are to be yielded to the sugar tions, there is a trust called the American people whose interests deserve to be known and considered."

A DEPUTY MARSHAL in the Indian territory "got the drop" on Bill Dalton, the notorious outlaw, the other day, and he died with his boots on. There If a physician drinks liquor, smokes seems to be no doubt of the story this cigarettes, or participates in any other time, for it is well attested, and the remains have been fully indentified by public is apt to conclude that the habit those who knew the deceased well. Bill is harmless, and may therefore be inhas been a terror to the frontier for | dulged with impunity. It is with a many years, and his deeds of despera- doctor much as it is with a minister. doism would fill volumes. The country will be better and safer by his taking

"Poor Carlotta," the widow of Emperor Maximilian, the story of excesses not only harmful but demorwhose fate forms one of the most tragic | alizing. It is this that leads the clergy pages in history, is relapsing into in- generally-and very properly, too-to sanity. It is but little more than a abstain from card playing, theateryear since she recovered her reason, going, and many of the popular sports after having been a maniac ever since of the day. feared, will end only with her life.

THE refusal of Judge Horton, of Chicago, to occupy a seat on the platform at the commencement exercises of the good deal of invidious comment. Alpear that the governor's treatment of the anarchists is the prompting cause of his insult to that official, those familiar with the facts know that the animosity has a far more remote origin. Some years ago Gov. Altgeld, then a judge, brought suit against the city for damages to a portion of his property caused by changing the grade of the approach to one of the bridges. The case was tried before Judge Horton, who, although compelled by the law to give judgment to Altgeld, indulged in some very bitter and uncalled-for remarks as to the plaintiff's greed and lack of pub- are few owls in this vicinity who delight lie spirit. Altgeld replied in an open to make the air hideous by their hootletter, which was widely published, exthe ethics and precedents of the bench struck. Our people finish their business by attacking the character of a litigant before his court. It is certain that in homes. There are few evening enterthis case Altgeld had the best of it, for Horton was guilty of a gross violation | theaters attract limited audiences. of propriety. In view of the circum-

more than to motives of public con-

PARTY services are not always, but sometimes, recognized. Yesterday was one of the latter cases, when the Republican county convention nominated Dar Reese for clerk of the supreme court, sent Vandiver to the state convention and kicked Tim Reardon into the street.

EXIT TIM. It was a sad scene when Tim Reardon left the Republican party vesterday. To what depths that organization must have sunk when the great, the honorable constitutional exponent Tim Reardon cannot stomach it!

The applause which greeted Mr. Vandiver's excoriation of the Ninth ward statesman indicated that the convention was with him (Van).

When Reardon asked his Republican compatriots to repudiate the A. P. A. by refusing to select a delegate characterized by the Hon. Tim as a member of that organization, he met with no better luck than when he assailed Vandiver.

The convention was too much in accord with the A. P. A. as represented by Mr. Ness to repudiate him at the blathering Tim's demand, and Tim accordingly kicked himself out doors. The object lesson which Mr. Van-

diver's speech furnished concerning the bright and shining lights of the Republican party was forcible, because it was truthful. Mr. Vandiver is a hard-working repre-

sentative Republican, and when it came to choosing between him and Tim Reardon there was but one door open, and that was to repudiate Tim. Tim is not any handsomer than he was, but he knows more.

kicked good and hard. His sins have found him out.

THE conundrum which was going the rounds of the papers recently concerning the identity of J. L. Stack came very near being changed into another question yesterday with the word "where" substituted for "who."

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

The war on cigarettes that is being waged by the common council of Chicago, assisted by the press generally, will probably result in some good, even though it may not lessen the evil of tobacco-smoking. Some people are laboring under the impression that a crusade is being waged against the use of tobacco in a given form. Such a presumption is not warranted by the facts. It is not against tobacco that the recent ordinance was aimed, but against the tutional statesman without a party. The | adulterants used almost invariably by the manufacturers of cigarettes. The ordinary cigarette contains jimson weed, opium in large quantities, tannan, valerian and other deleterious drugs. It is difficult to cure a cigarette smoker of the habit. Even Dr. Keeley and other specialists who profess to have a specific for alcoholism confess that they are powerless to cure a man of inebriety who has become addicted to the cigarette. It is a habit that induces not only education has abolished German, the physical but moral degeneracy. A man loses not only control of his physical plaint from the description of the sympabolishing Kiefer. Why not give Ed | powers, but his moral perceptions become dulied and his intellect sluggish. The dire results of opium eating and smoking are perceptible in a degree in the confirmed cigarette smoker. He craves the narcotic at all times; occasionally it obtains the mastery over him, and he will obtain it at any cost of manhood. He will beg or steal for it. He will even pick up half-smoked stub ends from the gutters of the streets in order to satisfy his appetite. Nothing will serve as a substitute. The offer of a prime Havana cigar to a cigarette fiend is an insult. It is not tobacco that he craves, although he may think it is, but the deadly drugs he has been so

long introducing into his system. We have laws regulating the sale of poisons by druggists, but none which apply to tobacconists. Yet there is more injury caused by the sale of adulterated cigarettes than there has been since the making of drugs was first known. The boy or the man who smokes his first cigarette feels an exhilaration that is absent when he smokes a pipe or a cigar. The latter are sedatives; the former is excitant, and produces a nerve tension which, agreeable as a dissipation at first, soon becomes a necessity, just as the fumes of the juice of the poppy become indispensable to the

opium fiend. It is but recently that the attention of the medical fraternity has been directed to this evil. To the credit of the profession, the majority have united in denouncing the use of narcotics in this trust, to various iron trusts, to lead form by men generally, and especially trusts, to collar and cuff trusts and a by the youth. There are a few, howvariety of other influential combina- ever, who set a pernicious example by themselves indulging in the practice. They plead the necessity for an excitant. Of course, it is their own affair if they contract a pernicious habit, knowing full weil its evil results. But their responsibility is far greater than that which rests upon ordinary mortals. form of dissipation, the unthinking The latter may participate in enjoyments that, so far as he is concerned, are perfectly harmless, but which, if participated in by some others not as well balanced, would be apt to lead to

her husband's execution, and hopes. It is questionable if the prohibition of were entertained that she would die in the sale of adulterated cigarettes in Chithe complete possession of her facul- cago will work an immediate and subties. But brooding over the scenes that ! stantial reform. It may lead manufactbrought so much woe to her and death | urers, however, to use fewer adulterants, to the man she fondly loved has again and thus reduce the evils caused by brought on a delirium which, it is their use. It may, also, prevent others from falling into the habit who otherwise might fall easy victims. That the law will be evaded does not admit of question, but for the little good it will accomplish it will be heartily welcomed. Northwestern university has caused a If the evil cannot be cured it should be mitigated to as large a degree as possithough the judge tries to make it ap- ble, and the new ordinance is a step in the right direction. Public sentiment could contribute largely towards the success of the reform, and all business men should refuse to employ eigarette smokers or to transact any business

> WHERE was President Willrich when the German went out?

VOICES OF THE NIGHT. St. Paul is emphatically a quiet city after "Night has pulled her curtain down, and pinned it with a star." There ne after the midnight hour has betimes and betake themselves to their tainments in the summer season. The for a rest in a hammock upon a cool and stances, the judge's present conduct breeze-fanned lawn is much more en-

will be attributed to personal spite | ticing than the glare of the footlights in a superheated auditorium. And those who cannot afford the luxury of a lawn or a hammock are not denied the bone-

fits of fresh air. Our urban parks are fragrant with the odor of vernal nature, and the rustle of the leaves, stirred by the breezes, furnishes sweet music to the tired senses. It is so pleasant after a day passed amid the clatter of machinery or the hum of the busy streets to listen to sounds that bespeak a perfect rest and utter abandon-to float resistlessly, as it were, upon the current of a stream whose banks are garbed in green, dotted here and there with the brilliant coloring that nature scatters so lavishly

among her more somber raiment. The voices of the night in St. Paul are not numerous or startling. They do not command remark; they rather steal over the senses, and make their presence known as does a sweet perfume. The hum of the electric car heard in the distance does not seem discordant when tempered by a short disance, and the clang of the cable gongs seems but to denote the vigilance o people in another world. The shrill note of the night hawk, followed by the reverberation of his wings as he descends upon his prev is a reminder that all the world does not sleep simultaneously-that there are watchers continually on guard, even in the dominion of the animal creation.

Occasionally some merry carriage party rides by. There is music in the laughter that proceeds from the throats of the fair occupants, and the crack of Jehu's whip again reminds one of a watchful eye and a constant supervision of some one over a community given over to the delights of absolute rest. The court house bell rings out the hours and the quarters, and its tones do not seem discordant, as they did a few He knows what it is to be kicked, and | hours before, but rather the cadence of a restful song-a cheerful lullaby-a reminder that, although time flies, there is much of music in the world.

A band of revelers passes. Their conversation is loud and interspersed with ribald jokes and horrible profanity. Their merriment bespeaks a release from all restraint, an abandonment absolute and reckless to all that is vicious. Some are but striplings, with beards not yet grown, and under cover of the night seem to be determined to compensate by their excess of vulgarity for the circumspection they have been compelled to observe during the day. A howl of pain or drunken trenzy from the police station near by seems to check the merriment for a moment. Perhaps it may be a hint of what is in store for these gay youths; but with a jeer and an oath or a taunt to the unseen unfortunate the crowd passes on, and one breathes a sigh of relief when distance has blotted them from sight and hearing.

A physician's carriage rolls swiftly past. Perhaps there has been a terrible accident, and a score of human beings have been mangled in a railroad wreck or a boiler explosion. Or it may be that a mortal sickness has stricken some one on this beautiful evening, and that death is fighting for the mastery. It is an every-night experience for the doctor. Perhaps he whistles softly to himself as he grasps the nature of the comtoms given him, and perhaps he is plunged in the deepest thought, realizing the gravity of the case. Or he may be in ill hamor at the untimely call from his much-needed rest, and mutter curses upon those who never send for a physician except at hours when nature intended that he should have rest. And he has reason to grumble. It is a strange trait in men-and women, toothat they will endure the severest pains during the day and seldom think of summoning medical aid; but in the night the slightest distress seems to them to be a harbinger of approaching death, and the swiftest messenger is all

And yet we complain at the impatience sometimes shown by our medical attendants. The voices of the night are a sure involumes for St. Paul that the still air of darkness throbs so seldom with discordant and jarring sounds. Seldom does the crack of the revolver startle a neighborhood with the intelligence that murder has been done; only on rare occasions do the shriek of the wounded and the wail of distress resound through the gloom. Most of the voices that we hear speak of placid delight or keen, if boisterous, enjoyment. Even nature seems to have united with man in the effort to make the night peaceful and refreshing, for our storms break in the daytime, and our nights are marked by elemental repose. A night in Venice is not to be compared with a night in St.

too slow to reach the nearest physician.

THE subject of municipal reform on non-partisan educational lines is the topic upon which Dr. Tolman is to speak at the People's church tomorrow night. There is undoubtedly still room for his work in St. Paul, but what a bonanza he would have struck it he had come to our midst a year ago.

IF DAR REESE had been a German he would not have been endorsed by the Republican county convention yester-

'Tis better to be born lucky than a German. That is, if you belong to the Republican party.

No GERMANS need apply-to the Republican party. IN MEMORIAM.

[Baby Charlotte Prendergast, Died June 6

Only a little life gone out,

Only a vacant place;
Only relief from despair and doubt,
Only a missing face.

Only a tiny grain of sand Washed from the ocean's shore; Only a ripple on the strand, Perished forevermore.

Only a little budding rose,
Blighted ere yet in bloom;
Only the prettiest flower that blows,
Withering in the tomb. Only a little plat of ground, Only a faded wreath; Only a little grassy mound, And a little babe beneath.

Only a grief nor time can heal, Only a little cross; Only a sorrow they can feel

Who suffer such a loss. Only a blass for eternity,
Harken the promise given;
"Suffer the children to come to me,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."
—Michael Joseph Donnelly.

TO ELLEN. [Written for the Globe.]

I, lingering, trace
On Ellen's face
The touch of that strange, subtle grace
That warmly glows,
And gently throws
A spell o'er me, as from a rose! O wondrous fair!

Her naive, sweet air
Ignites the fire of Love's despair! Her hair's soft flow From brow of snow

Was made for love-touch, well I know! Dear eyes that shine With thoughts divine To win thy glance were wish of mine.
Alas, 'tis vain;
Life's dreams contain

For me but disappointment's pain : Atlanta, Ga. —Lollie Belle Wylie.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Last Sentence," by Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Mait-land," etc., etc.; Lovell, Corvell & Co., New York; illustrated by Albert

The profound impression produced by "The Silence of Dean Maitland"-the literary success of that year-led reviewers to predict great things of Maxwell Gray. But her subsequent works did not fulfill the prediction. They were action of the first volume. In this new book, "The Last Sen-

tence," the author has given of her best. The same vivid and realistic description of scenes and places, whether the bleak, sandy waste of Brittany, with its purple-gray lichen-embroidered druidic stones and moaning surf, or the white cliffs and gray downs of England, all are painted in such clear, true light has a picture of "The Kitchen Winthat they seem a present reality to the reader, and one involuntarily listens for the hum of the bees in the apple blossoms or the melody of larks in the

The characters of Dean Maitland and Cecil Marlowe have many points of resemblance. Both men of spotless reputations, good neighbors, loving husbands and fathers, loyal friends, yet cowardly, treacherous hypocrites. Both men, carrying the secret of their crime, rose from one position of honor to a higher until one was elected bishop, and the other wore for years the ermine of a judge.

If it were the writer's aim to show how despicable a thing cowardice and treachery can make a man possessed of all advantages birth and education can give, she amply succeeded. All grace of speech and manner, all kindly acts bore the blight of their guilt. The terror of the "Dies Iræ" was to them a daily realization.

Perhaps there is no personality in this book so lovable and charming as Dr. Everad of the earlier work, but Cynthia Marlowe, the innocent wife made miserable by the husband who loved her, and vet wronged her by his deceit and cowardice, is a fine character, full of a sweet graciousness and sympathy, and possessed of the finest sense of honor and truth.

The dramatic element of the story rises step by step, increasing in intensity until the climax is reached when Judge Marlowe-the father-puts on the black cap to pronounce the death sentence on his disavowed child. It is more thrilling than the dean's last service in the cathedral when he confessed his

How vividly the writer depicts the scene where Renee, the unloved and deserted wife, stands under the fir trees on Christmas eve, gazing in at the hall window of Cottesloe upon a cheery view of the family circle. The blazing logs illuminated the walls, hung with trophies of war and sport, all decorated with holly and mistletoe, and the merry faces of the family seated around the fire: her own husband leaning in a lover-like attitude over another woman's chair, clasping her hand, while outside of all the warmth and love she-his wife-stands, the piercing cold congealing the blood in her veins, and the falling snow burying her under its white dritt. "But as she looked, the fireside group grew vague and distant: the firelight changed to alter lights: it was her first communion. She had made her confession well; her soul was quite white, and she was very happy. The broken heart was at rest.'

"The Diary of a Nobody," by George and Wheedon Grassmith. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. This diary originally appeared Puck, and was considered a hit then. Since then it has been rewritten and added to to form the present volume. The records are written in the most matter-of-tact, soliloquizing way, full of a quiet humor which is very amusing. The reader is reminded of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." Mr. Porter, the dex to the character of a city. It speaks | writer of the diary, has the same childlike faith as the "New Pilgrim." the same unerring instinct of nature which made him weep over the grave of his poor dead relative Adam. He seems to look upon the world with sad, questiioning eyes, as if suddenly transported to this world from some far-distant planet. He is full of plans and schemes which invariably end in blunders and general unpleasantness, and this diary is a plain, unvarnished record of his

experiences A capital book to read aloud, or to fill

up spare moments. "Love Affairs of a Worldly Man," by Maibelle Justice. F. Tennyson Neely, Publisher, Chicago. Price, 50 cents. The author says "the plot of this book is not so much to convey a moral or a theory, as to depict how life's realities differ from ambition's cherished

dreams." Alvin Geoffrey-the Worldly Manwrecked his life in his youth by marriage with an actress many years his senior, out of an engagement and very poor. After six months of marriage she left him and returned to the stage, nam-

ing her allowance. Geoffrey, being thus well started for the part of a worldly man, with all the illusions of youth dissipated, his mother dead from grief and his father brokenhearted: with a Nemesis of his own invoking to attend his footsteps, to blight every enthusiasm and wither every hope, looks upon life as a thing dead and gone, having no further interest for him. In this state of mind he met Dutzia Gaynor, a young Anglo-

point the story begins. The different characters in the book persons. Geoffrey's two friends, the unknown characters. Mrs. Heatherton, unscrupulous and insincere, and Katie Romney, as pretty and as useless as a dainty piece of bisque, we have all met, and in the different scenes of the story they speak and act as such men and

women would in real life. Of course, Geoffrey missed the supreme happiness of life. It is the bitter irony of face to have a lifetime of hanniness so near and miss it by one hour's folly. Thus the world runs, and fact of life, is that "Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves," and although the world brings the iron, the fetters

are no less strong and galling.

ly. Boston. Price, 50 cents.

Philadelphia.

Books Received. Tait & Son, New York. Price, 50 cents.

"The Workingman's Wife," Translated from the German of Friedrich Friedrich by Hettie E. Miller. E. A. Weeks & Co., Chicago. "Union Down." By Scott Campbell. Arena library series, published monthODDS AND ENDS.

We Americans dearly love our jokes and puns, and even the sacred guild of authorship is not so exalted that the jaker dares not have his laugh at it and with it. One showed his irreverence when he asked the seiler of books if he had "The Woman in White," "All Alone," and "In the Dark," and blandly assured the vender of brain products, on his affirmative reply, that he had interesting stories, but lacking the Lacking the Lood Thing." Now Miss Harraden's power of delineation, or the deep view book, that has made her suddenly noted of character, as the impelling force to if not famous is made his shining mark. and he pictures a card table with stacks of poker chips on it, and labels it "Chips That Pass in the Night."

> Artists don't always preserve the eternal unities. They often put the milkmaid on the wrong side of the cow in their pastoral pictures, and here in the May cosmopolitan, Reginald Coxe dow," with a flower pot in the window and the kitchen table before it, with its top scrubbed into immaculate whiteness and-memory of our mother's kitchen defend us-the teakettle with its bottom swarthy with the soot of the stove's fire, sitting on a corner of it. The picture accompanies and illustrates a chapter of Howells' Altrurian dreams, to which he has given over-his common sense, and it may be that, instead of being a ludicrous blunder of the artist it is only his way of saying that in his opinion Mr. Howells' altruism is as out of place in this world of ours as would be a sooty-bottomed teakettle on a kitchen table top laboriously rubbed

One old darky in Mobile carried to his deathbed a higher opinion of the Yankees than he had before, because of a little incident in his life and mine. I was riding down one of the sandy streets of that city on a sand dune, just after our capture of it at the close of the war, when ahead of me I saw a darky drayman trying to urge his balky horse to take up the line of march. A few days before I had run across one of those paragraphs which the scrap editor likes to pick up and start on its informing travels among his readers, which said that a balky horse might be started by opening his mouth and throwing in a handful of sand. I rode up to the disconcerted drayman and said: "Uncle, get down and open his mouth and throw in a handful of sand; that will start him." He did as suggested; the astonished horse shook his head, and, after horse fashion, spat the sand out, and, obedient to his driver's "g'long," started off on a trot, with the darky ejaculating: "Bress my soul; dem Yankees knows eberything."

I read with interest the account given in the organ of the administration that has just retired from control of the city and its police, how appointments are made on the "foorce," because these reformers have a different way of doing things from the conservatives, and it is just as well to look at all sides of these matters. Once in a while one can pick up a good point even from them. I especially was curious to learn what they thought a policeman should be and not should do and not do: what good habits he had and ones he hadn't. All the questions on the blank seemed proper enough until I struck the one large attendance is expected. which asks him, as narrated by the organ, "whether he drinks, or chews and smokes tobacco." If a man uses tobacco, what difference does it make whether he drinks it or chews and smokes it, or whether he does one of these things or any two in conjunction. of all of them? And does a reform administration draw a line between drinking tobacco and chewing it, and does the drinking or the chewing debar a fellow from getting on the force?

Michael Mullen, of New Ulm, banker farmer and one of the straightest of Democrats, probably couldn't make a political speech to save his neck, but he can make a point with the sharpest of ends on it, and then drive the point in farther than all the fellows who can spout by the hour on the stump. Two years ago he ran afoul of a threshing crew of farmers, all Republicans but one or two, and as the campaign was on and politics catching, the talk soon drifted into the absorbing topic, and one of the farmers asserted that if Cleveland was elected it would shut up all the factories in the country. "Yes:' said Mullen, "we will then have free trade, and every shop will have to shut down, perhaps. Now suppose this happens and the shops shut down and the men are thrown out of work, how many of you men will agree to chip in \$50 a year to keep the shops running and the men at work?" No response. "How many wil give \$25, \$15, \$5?" "Won't give them a cent. Why should we? What do they give us?" were the answers. "You wouldn't give them a cent, eh?" retorted Mullen, "and still you fellows are all going to vote for a party which makes a law that makes the poorest man among you give more than \$50 a year to these same manufacturers. A bright lot of Americans, you are."

I wish Mr. Lowry would have signs painted in good bold-face type on the backs of the three rear seats of his open cars, which he has thoughtfully set apart for the use of men who smoke the weed delicious, reading: "These Seats Are Reserved for Smokers." It would save many a woman from an overflow of indignation at the "ungentlemanly brute" who takes a seat in front of her Indian girl, and loved her. At this and puffs his pipe or cigar, whose smoke the draft of the rapid car sweeps back are interesting as real types of living into her face. She doesn't know that these seats are assigned to smokers, and awkward, manly Von Vankendief, and Ais not aware that it is she who is doing the honest, blundering English noble- the ungallant thing by intruding herman, Sir Reginald Clittenden, are not self where she does not belong and trenching on the privileges of men. Most of us who go home to lunch or have to come back down town after dinner find solace for "the cares that dinfest the day" in the soothing pipe or cigar enjoyed while riding down town. and if we get into a car and find women filling the seats allotted to us, with plenty of vacant front seats, we are apt to think impolite and harsh things of the dear creatures, and say them when we get out of earshot. Possibly they although this absorbing story is but a don't know that they are interlopers on figment of a clever writer's brain, it is men's preserves, and if Mr. Lowry true picture of life's realitles. The would only give them notice that they moral of the book, as well as a deep are, we could then apply our objurgations more justly. I notice that on the Interurbans the conductors suggest to the women that they take seats forward.

Speaking of smoking, I do not think that it is as offensive to the women as it once was, that is if the tobacco is "The Green Bay Tree." A tale of tonee was, that is if the tobacco is today. By W. H. Wilkins, author of good, for poor tobacco, whether in a pipe or cigar, is an offense in the nostrils of all, men and women alike, and inevitableness of their environ mission that "I like the smoke of a good cigar," but I am inclined to believe that it is a frank statement of fact.

stimulants. The members of the local humane society swear vengeance on the managers of the race and the parties connected with it.

stimulants. The members of the local humane society swear vengeance on the local humane society swear vengeance of the loca

The period when they endured it is past, that when they pity it is fading out, but

I hope that the time when they will embrace it is vet distant, not because women should not smoke, for they should be allowed to indulge habit which affords pleasure any us men, but, as long as we are the bread-winners, we can't look with anything but apprehension on any increase of their expensive habits. It might have this compensation, however, that we would not get such vile eigars for birthday and other anniversary day presents. I ran across an entry in the diary of old Pepys the other day which showed that, in spite of King James' insistence fifty years before that the weed was pernicious both to morals and health, it was believed to be a shield against the attacks of the bacilli of the plague. Pepys writes on June 7, during the prevalence of the great plague: "This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors and, 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there, which was a sad sign to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of my self and my smell so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco to smell and chaw, which took away the apprehen-

sion."

When some grab-staked prospector, hunting the mountains for indications of hidden gold, strikes some last chance gulch, rich with deposits of ore, there ensues forthwith a stampede of miners from all the camps to the new field. Old mines are abandoned, placer diggings are deserted and there is a universal rush to get a share of the new-found wealth. There is something akin to this among the delvers in the field of literature. Some genius strikes a new lead in fiction, develops some novelty that tickles the dulled palate of the reading public, and forthwith ensues a rush of other writers into the new field to work its deposits and flood the public with the novelties they find or create James leaves the old paths of fiction and subordinates love and jealousy, virtue and raseality to character analysis. Howells strips from fiction the glamour of rank or station and develops the romance of the commonplace and the real, and each have numerous followers. The vein of dialect is struck, and immediately we are flooded with books in which the jargon of the negro, or the creole, or the mountaineer is made the leading feature, and all else subordinated to it. Bellamy dresses "the dismal science" in the frills and frumpery of fiction, and there is a mad rush of writers into the field of social economic fiction, and books issue from the press galore in which the social theory of the writer is plainly and always seen under the thin gauze of romance. Fiction in all these efforts at economics made easy is what the sugar-coating is to the pill-a palatable disguise for diagnoses of social ills and their conjectural remedies. P. J. S.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST.

The conference committee of the assembly and board of aldermen is called to meet Monday afternoon at 4:30. The Seven Corners Young Men's Democratic club will hold a ratification pienie

this afternoon at Banholzer park. A George Illingsworth, an old-timer around police circles, was up before Judge Twohy yesterday and received a sixty days' sentence for stealing a pipe valve.

Papers in the hearing of Fred Knauff. brought into the police court on a charge of incorrigibility, were certified to the district court yesterday by Judge Twohy.

F. E. Encell, a law student, of St Paul, starts out this morning on his bicycle for a journey through lowa to visit his parents at Lake City, Io. He will be absent two weeks. The steamer Sidney, of the Diamond Jo line, arrived from St. Louis early yesterday morning with a large cargo

of freight, and over seventy passengers. She returned late in the afternoon, carrying a large party of excursionists. Nothing was done in the aldermanic and assembly contested election cases in the district court vesterday. The Melady contest went over for a week, and the Sixth ward contest over alder man will be taken up by Judge Egan Monday morning on a motion to appoint referees.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Snyder is winning new laurels since she took up her residence at Sioux Falls. She and Miss Gertrude Sans Souci recently gave a concert at Aberdeen. The Aberdeen News paid both Mrs. Snyder and Miss Sans Souci the highest compliments in its account of the event. Miss Cecyl White, formerly of Moorhead, Minn., but now a resident of this city, returned from Washington, D. C., this afternoon, having just graduated from Mount Vernon seminary in this city. Her parents reside in the Saunders place on St. Peter street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Smith and son, of Holly avenue, returned home the first of the week from Madison, Ind., where they were called by the death of Mrs. Smith's father, William Pusey Inskup, a prominent citizen of that city. Mrs. W. A. Moore, of 184 East Fourteenth street, left Saturday morning for Smithville, Mo., accompanied by her father, for a three months' visit to rela-

Miss Helen Wagener, who has been visiting in Evansville for the last four months, has returned, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Dr. R. I. Hubert. Mrs. C. B. Mohaupt, of 711 Sims street, has returned from Duluth, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. C. Kuehner, for the past week. Hon. M. H. Lane, of Kalamazoo.

Mich., was looking over the Twin Cities for a few days of the past week as the guest of A. C. Thomson. Miss Gertrude Sans Souci went to Sioux Falls Thursday and took part with Mrs. Snyder Friday evening in a piano ecital at that place. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Twohy and family, of Dayton's bluff, leave for Montana this week, where they will

permanently reside.

Luke's today.

engaged by the Madison Chautauqua assembly as pianiste in the events of July 19, 20 and 21. Mrs. Sidney Black, from Kennett Square. Pa., is here visiting her sister, Mrs. M. C. Tuttle, 125 West Fourth

Miss Gertrude Sans Souci has been

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Cook have taken William B. Shaw's house, 271 Summit place, for the summer. Mrs. Marion A. Martin, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. William Tranter, 1066 Ross street. The engagement of Miss Flora Heller

to Rudolph Kohner, of Chicago, is announced. Miss Nelson, of Tenth street, leaves I'uesday for Litchfield for a month's stay.
Miss Sarah Mealey will sing at St.

Cowboys Will Be Arrested. CHADRON, Neb., June 9.-Warrants Tail & Son, New York. Price, 50 cents.

"The Dawn of a New Era in America." By Bushrod W. James, A. M.,
M. D. Published by Porter & Coates, Inevitableness of their environment inevitableness of their environment.

Telephone Suppressed girlis of all, men and women alike, and I have been sworn out for the arrest of the parties riding and owning the four horses killed in Thursday's 100-mile. norses killed in Inursday's and generally tolerate where they do not positively enjoy the fragrance of good tobacco. It may be some other the fragrance of the horses dying are various. Some think it was over riding, while others believe that it was from the effects of motive that is back of the frequent ad- stimulants. The members of the local

Chief Justice Coleridge, who has been eriously ill for some time past, is very The Hon, and Rt. Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Harvey, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, died yesterday in London.

The negotiations between Signor Crispi and Zelardi have been productive of no result, and the ministerial crisis at Rome continues. The president has approved the bills to authorize the Missouri River Power company, of Montana, to construct a dam over the Missouri river.

Mrs. Alice Ramsay, niece of Andrew lackson, died of pneumonia. She was a field nurse during the late war, and was born in 1846 in Algiers, La.

Emil Haberkorn, once husband of Actress Margaret Mather, died yesterday from consumption. He was leader of orchestras in the East and Los Angeles. George Gould has had an interview with the Prince of Wales, and they have arranged for a series of matches between the prince's cutter Britannic

and the Vigilant. The Vienna Fremdenblatt publishes dispatch from Budapest giving a report that the emperor has accepted the cabinet formed by Dr. Wekerle, includ-ing Herr von Szilagyi. Coxey, Brown and Jones will be re-

leased from jail Sunday morning, having served the twenty-days sentence imposed on them for their May day lemonstration at the capitol. The clerk of the committee on naval ffairs, of which Senator McPherson is

chairman, says the trouble with which the senator is suffering is an enlargement of the vein about the heart. The senator is at his home in Jersey City. Col. William Ward, commanding officer of the Ninth regiment U.S. A., was placed under arrest by order of Brig. Gen. Fitzgerald for failure to obey orders, and take the regiment to Van Cortlandt Park on field day, June 2. Gen. Schofield today received notice from the judicial officers of Wyoming that everything is quiet along the line of the Northern Pacific railway, and that the presence of troops is no longer necessary to restrain the Coxeyites from interfering with traffic.

The publishers of P. J. Tynan's book, The Irish National Invincibles and Their Times," have informed the St. | James Gazette, contrary to the state-ment of that newspaper, Tynan is very much alive, and the publishers are prepared to prove this fact.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Richard M. Thompson's eighty fifth birthday was made the occasion of a public celebra-tion. Ex-President Harrison was present, and was received with great enthusiasm. He made a brief speech, eulogizing the public services of Col.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Few Bright Gems Culled From the Commencement Exercises. And now, dear teachers. You have guided our footsteps over many a rocky path, etc. There can be no excellence without

We are standing now on the threshold of a new life. And wherever we go our hearts will Letter Presses, Office Carpets, Revolving the Loving Loving Chairs, Desks, Tables and every always beat lovingly for the dear old alma mater.

labor.

In the bright lexicon of youth which Fate reserves, etc.
As the poet wisely has said, etc. As the poet wisely has said, etc.
In after years when we look back, etc.
Many a time we have become discouraged, but you have come with exceeding patience, etc.

Our Payment Plan is not "Pay as you go," but "Pay as you use."

natience etc Let us then be up and doing. History relates that a little band of Spartans, etc. It isn't what you do, but the things you leave undone.
What constitutes a state? Not highraised battiements, etc.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a At times we have chafed under what seemed to us, etc.
Who will say that the hours spent here were not the happiest? etc. Though a short time will see us scattered over all the world, we will ever be true to our old class motto: "In hock, spitz pup, ta ra ra boom de av." Then we will learn that the knowledge we acquired under this roof, etc. The experience of men as well as na-

tions teaches us that, etc. I think it was the old Greek philosoher Xantippe who, being asked replied, etc.
The past is behind us: the future, etc. For after all, the child is father to,etc. We are about to realize the fondest

fream of our boyhood's aspirations. And now, farewell. M. J. D.

TEMPERANCE FOURTH. Distinguished Orators Will Be Present.

The Fourth of July temperance celebration is rapidly formulating into an immense enterprise. The grounds will be free to every one, and the speakers on the platform will include representatives of every shade of temperance be-At 11 a. m. Hon. S. M. Owen will deiiver the oration of the day on "The

Meaning of the Day." At 2 p. m. ex-Gov. St. John, of Kansas, will entertain the throng. Good Templar male choir of twenty five voices will sing. The interurban line passes the grove, and games, music, speeches, bands, etc. will make it a gala day.

Cycling Record Smashed. NEW YORK, June 9 .- The world's road cycling record was smashed by five men in the team contest today for the bicycle championship of Union county, N. J. The start was made at Elizabeht with a turn at Springfield. five miles distant. A collision occurred there between Charley Brown and L.E. Coyte. Brown was dismounted, but recovered and started again. The first man to finish was William Bettner, Elizabeth Athletics, 27:17 4-5; James Willis was second in 27:18; A. H. Barnett third in 27:18 1-5; A. H. Laggreer fourth in 27:25. The world's record was 27:26, made last year by James Willis over the Elizabeth-Cranford course. The wheel of forty-five points. The wheelmen scored a total

IN SCHOOL. [Written for the Globe.] It was in the old school room, Where the honeysuckle bloom Spilled its fragrance in the window, and the air, Laden with the breath of June; Woodland voices all in tune, Softly murmuring elfin music everywhere And the slowly slanting sun Rugs of gold bar trellis spun Here and there across the rude and And the girls and boys were dressed

For the public, in their best, While the villagers stood smiling at the It had come his turn to speak: Wiliful new boots timed a squeak
As he trudged with awkward boldness to the Yes, he knew his piece by heart;

He had rattled off each part; Had the pauses, too, and gestures well in hand. hand.
Then he made a jerky bow,
For the teacher taught him how.
And his lips were quickly parted to recite;
Fumblingty he chewed his thumb,
But still not a word would come;
Sequent wavelets splashed his cheeks a crimson bright.

Greater consternation when And bargain to trade feelings with him onic -Frank Magraw.

Chicago Policeman Shot. CHICAGO, June 9.- Joseph Oherha, a

FLASHES FROM THE WIRE. | night by by one of three men whom he attempted to arrest for throwing stones through the windows of passenger coaches. The murderer escaped.

> Information Wanted. The City Girl (summering in the country)-Oh, dear, what a cunning lit-The Farmer-Yessum. Its a year-

The City Girl (with interest)-Indeed? And-er-how old is it?

See Tuesday's Globe

for Prize Award! You Have Time Read This

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