M. JONAP, ST. LOUIS

A Missouri Rabbi Arrested on the Charge of Insulting Women,

AND LODGED IN A CELL

He Was Running After a Very Comely Young Mulatto Girl

WHEN OFFICER MURNANE

Took a Hand in the Chase and Won Easily in a Canter.

At 11:15 o'clock last night Rev. M. Jonap, of St. Louis, presumably a Hebrew rabbi, was arrested at St. Peter and Fourth streets by Officer Murnane. The prisoner was charged with disorderly conduct, having devoted a portion of the Sabbath evening to annoying women passing in the vicinity of the locality. The actions of the Rev. M. Jonap were peculiar; they were extremely rude, in fact. His present incarceration is due solely to indiscreet advances made to a comely mulatto woman, who, unfortunately for the presumed rabbi, did not reciprocate.

Officer Murnane's official eye was riveted on the St. Louis divine as he observed him stop the woman on Wabasha street, near Fourth street. A hasty conversation ensued, which was abruptly terminated by the object of the Rev. M. Jonap's admiration suddenly running away, with him in quick pursuit. The race was interrupted by the alert Murnane, who very quickly placed the imagined gallant under arrest.

When the prisoner was assisted in the central police station his appearance attracted instant attention. His slightly unsteady gait indicated that the Rev. M. Jonap, of St. Louis, had been enjoying a Sabbath evening.

His demeanor was characterized by a supreme dignity which would have won the instant admiration of Kaiser Wilhelm. He was considerably exasperated by his arrest, and continually remarked in imperfect English, "For what they bring me here for I do not know." Yet he

MADE NO REPLY

when Sergeant Daily curtly informed him he was there for insulting women. Interrogatories propounded to the prisoner were answered tersely and abruptly. He refused to divulge his name and place of residence, and curtly admitted that he was married. He announced his age as forty-eight.

The attire of Rev. M. Jonap was decidedly unclerical, savoring rather of the race track than a pulpit. On his head, covered thickly with matted hair of black, a silk hat, long since new, sat with a rakish air, while a long dark colored ulster with up-turned collar hung upon the shoulders of the clerical offender. His pantaloons extending well over a pair of overshoes dangled precariously as if held in check by a decidedly shaky pair of suspenders. A straggly black beard adorned the rabbi's face. While loth and refusing to reveal his identity, Rev. M. Jonap carried an abundance of papers on his person which effectually foiled any attempt at secrecy.

A search of his attire revealed a miscellaneous collection of articles, a glimpse of which would have aroused the curiosity of a Seventh street pawnbroker. Prominent amongst his effects was a dilapidated memorandum book, bulging out with railroad passes, personal cards of the rabbi and a number of sewing machine receipts. In their midst a solitary $10 bill lay crumpled, the only indication of prosperity found on the prisoner. That Rev. M. Jonap occasionally indulges in actions

NOT WHOLLY DEVOUT,

and that perhaps he occasionally yields to the fascination of sport, was evinced by the presence of a cute little dice box of tin fished up from one of the capacious ulster pockets. As it merrily rattled on the sergeant's desk seven tiny dice hopped out. The prisoner regarded his miniature gambling paraphernalia stoically, nor did he smile when he was relieved of a highly sensitive tuning fork, a needful musical accessory of revival services.

In the prisoner's memorandum book were found four annual passes issued to Mr. Jonap, St. Louis, representing free transportation over the Burlington, Union Pacific, Vandalia and Wabash lines. Two tell-tale cards were found, which indicated that the man arrested on a charge of insulting women pursued a holy calling. One card contained the following: "Rev. M. Jonap will officiate with a selected chorus in Temple Beth Midrosh, Eleventh street, St. Louis, on Dec. 26, 1894. Admission fifty cents, which will be given for charitable purposes." A second pasteboard bore the announcement that the Rev. M. Jonap would speak at the Temple 282 Texas street, West St. Paul, on the evening of February 22. The dilapidated memorandum book was prolific of surprises, and developed the fact that the Rev. M. Jonap was not averse to making an honest dollar in trade, as a dozen receipts of the Singer Sewing machine company, representing $42.50 in small payments, were found therein.

After being searched, to which the reverend prisoner submitted with much dignity, he was assisted in mounting the rather steep stairs which lead to the department where iron cells predominate. Before making the journey the Rev. Mr. Jonap carefully deposited a rather natty cane of cherry wood with the sergeant, requesting that it be taken care of.

After being locked up Mr. Jonap feigned illness and when spoken to only groaned. Thinking he might have taken poison, Lieut. Murphy sent for Assistant City Physician Brimhall, who, upon examining Mr. Jonap, pronounced his illness a sham.

Trades Assembly Dance.

The Trades and Labor assembly gives a great benefit ball at Market hall tonight, the proceeds from which will go to swell the Debs defense fund. The members of the various labor organizations in the city have taken unusual interest in the affair, and in view of the fact that the price of admission is only half a dollar, there will undoubtedly be a large crowd. No liquor will be sold in the hall, and improper characters will not be admitted.

Tax-payers of the Seventh ward, in response to a call of the Municipal league, will meet at 392 Selby avenue, tonight.

RT. REV. WEBBER

Speaks to Three Vast Congregations at St. Paul's Church.

AN ADDRESS TO MEN ONLY

In the Afternoon Fills the Edifice With Members of the Sterner Sex.

ELOQUENT AND EARNEST.

His Sermons Were Decidedly Impressive--Programme for Today.

Archdeacon Webber, the foremost missioner of the Protestant Episcopal church, excited the utmost enthusiasm at the three services which he held yesterday at St. Paul's.

At the regular morning service there was an immense crowd of worshipers, and even the aisles were filled with chairs. The altar was splendidly decorated with lilies. A full choral service was rendered by the choir. Archdeacon Webber administered the holy eucharist, assisted by the rector, Rev. John Wright, and by Rev. Mr. Durant, of Boston, and afterwards delivered an eloquent sermon on "The Comfort of Belief."

The event of the day, in many respects, was the address at 3 o'clock to men only. Over 400 men, including many members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, filled the body of the church. The subject of the address was "Manliness," and its delivery gave opportunity for the display of the archdeacon's remarkable eloquence. In appearance he is a sturdy, full-faced, clean-shaven man of moderate height, with black hair and eyes, handsome and regular features, and an expression of kindliness and energy. The characteristic of his delivery is an extreme rapidity of utterance. In this he recalled that other great churchman, Phillips Brooks. The archdeacon's voice is full, deep and bell-toned, and is unusually persuasive. He gesticulates much, but with excellent discrimination.

The leading idea of the address was that manliness consists in giving one's life a definite religious tone. The great majority of young men are simply colorless in respect to religion. "They bow down," said the archdeacon, "to the power of environment. They are not positively bad. They are not irreligious. They have, on the contrary, a great respect for

RELIGION AND VIRTUE;

but they fall in with the vices of their companions and the faults of the age. They allow themselves to be controlled by the prevalent worldliness, love of money and aquiescence in the demands of the baser passions. All men who have accomplished anything in any walk of life are those who, at an early age, have risen superior to their environment and have made a law unto themselves, regardless of the practice of companions or of the example of the world.

"A definite religious purpose is necessary to the conduct of a virtuous life. This purpose can be adhered to much more effectually by one within the church who would have the advantages of the example of others and the aids supplied by the various brotherhoods."

The speaker illustrated his remarks by numerous incidents drawn from the lives of the great men who have made the world what it is. Washington and Lincoln were his favorite examplars.

Archdeacon Webber was born in Boston about forty years ago, and graduated at the Boston university, a Methodist institution. Shorly afterward he entered the ministry of the Episcopal church, and served in Tennessee and Kansas. Subsequently he was made an archdeacon at Milwaukee. Three years later his remarkable skill in dealing with men and children induced him to become a missioner, in which department of the church work he is now without a rival. His endurance alone is exceptional. It is no uncommon thing for him to preach four sermons a day, each an hour in length.

Last night the reverend orator spoke to even a larger congregation than in the morning, on the subject of "Knowing Christ."

This afternoon at 3 o'clock, by special request, he will address women only at St. Paul's, on "What Women Can Do."

Tomorrow from 10:30 until 4 he holds, at the same church, a retreat for the clergy, and in the evening he will deliver his final sermon at St. Peter's church on "Things to Think About."

This is Mr. Webber's second visit to St. Paul. He excited equal admiration on the occasion of his special services last year. At Duluth, the day after tomorrow (Ash Wednesday), he begins another series of missionary services.

WHICH WAS IT.

A Discussion on the Effect of Early Dissipation.

A number of compositors were standing in a Seventh street beer joint at an ealy hour the other morning. Three or four of them had just quit work for the night and dropped in to get a schooner before going home. In the saloon they happened to meet as many more representatives of their craft who had been out all night and were all more or less under the influence. They began telling the newcomers how much of the thirst destroyer they had consumed during the night, and from this the conversation turned on to the question of the effect of habitual drinking on a man's capacity for drink.

"I tell you a man after he continues drinking for years cannot drink as much as he could when he first began," said one of the newcomers. "I remember the time I could take fifteen drinks of whisky in a night and stand up under it like a top. But I can't do it any more. Now five drinks will have just as much effect on me as the fifteen would then."

"You are that much better off," returned one of his companions.

"I do not understand how you make that out," said the first speaker.

"You don't? Why, if five drinks now will make you as happy as fifteen would formerly, ain't you the price of ten drinks better off every time you get full?"

"You're a (hic—hic) you're a (hic) fool," put in one of the all-nighters. "Ain't he out the (hic—hic) the ten drinks?"

Taxpayers' Meeting.

A call has been issued for a meeting of the taxpayers in the Seventh ward to be held at the Albion, 392 Selby avenue, this evening. The object is to secure an expression of opinion with reference to the measures now pending before the legislature looking to a reduction of taxation. Every citizen of the ward is invited to be present.

LISTEN, YOUNG MEN

To the Words of Rev. J. P Egbert, Who Likens the City

TO A GREAT PAIR OF LUNGS

And Warns Against the Evils That May Be Lurking There.

THE CITY IS THE HEART

And the Source of Life of the Modern World, He Says.

The House of Hope was crowded with an intensely interested congregation last evening to listen to Rev. Dr. John Paul Egbert upon "A Young Man in This City"—the second of his sermons to young men.

He likened the city to a great pair of lungs, breathing into itself all the surrounding country. Everything tends toward the city as if drawn by a powerful breathing. The city is the very heart and source of life of our modern world. In it we find the highest good and the lowest evil. It is the best place in the world, and it is the worst place in the world. The greatest philanthropy and the greatest crimes, the noblest righteousness and the foulest evil—they lie side by side. The palace on the one street, the hovel on the adjoining—they are inseparable.

There is no independence. There may be freedom. The man who tries to be independent of his fellow men cuts himself off from life as well as from other influences. The closed shutters that will keep out the storm will keep out the light. There is no independence in human life. God never intended there should be. Freedom there may be, but freedom comes only with the truth.

Now, we want our city to be great. What is greatness? Riches? Enormous business prosperity? In one sense, yes. In another sense, no. We want our city to be rich. We want it to be great materially. It is the method by which men work and educate themselves and become great themselves, but richness is not greatness. Material prosperity is not greatness, even in a city. It is that which greatness may use, but it is not itself greatness. What we want is great manhood, great womanhood, truth of personal life. And the city is the most magnificent opportunity in this world.

THE MODERN CITY

is the most magnificent opportunity God ever gave to the human race. There are no such tests, never have been such tests, never have been such influences to inspire as can be found in a city of today, in this city, if you will.

Now, there are three or four things that a man may settle as fundamental in all thinking about his own living, whether in a city or anywhere else; and one of these is "To him that hath shall be given." Ponder it. "To him that hath shall be given." What? "That which he has." The evil in a man is a magnet to attract all other evil. The good in a man is a magnet to attract all other good. A man gets what he is—not what he asks for with his lips, but what he asks for with his spirit, with his soul, what he is ready to receive. And only what a man uses does he keep, good or evil. The evil that comes to a little child goes off harmless. Why? The child does not use it, does not use it in its thinking, in its imagination, in anything. The evil that comes to a man that harms him is of no harm until it passes through his use of it. And that is the way with everything in the world. It is so with things good and things evil. There is no music in the world until it passes through the man. It is mere sound. Some say not even that, but merely motion until its vibrations are carried through the physical sense and transformed by the brain of the man to his hearing. So it is with everything.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap" is another fundamental thing. A young man need not think that he can go out into these streets and do as he pleases now, and then, after a while, reap something else. A man cannot think—ought not to think—that he can go down into his business and swindle his neighbor and then stand right in his own innermost soul. He cannot do it. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap"—that and nothing else. And where does he reap it? He reaps it in

HIS OWN CHARACTER.

That is the garner into which he gathers the harvest. A man may swindle his neighbor, a man may lie to his neighbor, a man may lie to his own soul and try to lie to God, and never see the consequence of it in this world. But that consequence has rooted down into his character, into his immortal soul, and after a while, when he can see his soul—he cannot see it now—but when he can see his soul, his character, as it actually is, he will see the deformity, the paralysis, the foulness it may be of some disease. It is there.

I suggest that a man ought to live today as he would like to live forever. Do you expect to go living forever as you are living now? Do you want to? No higher? No better? Why do you do it then? Don't you know that it is much easier to keep a car moving than it is to stop it? Don't you know that this inertia that is in material things is also in intellectual and spiritual things. If you get to going in a certain direction, it is much easier to keep on going than to stop or go in another direction. Why do you live today as you do, if you don't want to live on and on that way forever? Where is the wisdom of it? Would you establish in your schools a system of instruction that you would not want the children to have when they grow to be men and women? What do you do it for in your own life? Learn wisdom, and with wisdom get understanding. Certainly get understanding of the situation in which your own life is.

Now, we have a young city. All its institutions are new. It has had some hard work to get on as far as it is. I believe there is some still harder work ahead before it will go much further. It has had its difficulties, it has had its dangers, but its difficulties and its dangers are your difficulties and your dangers. What is the city? A community of individual persons living together. What is civilization? The art of living in civil society. The better the art, the higher the civilization. It is your life, not the life of some abstract thing. You have a distinct and responsible part in it.

Now, I want to suggest two or three things in regard to these difficulties, these dangers and these helps that are crowding all around us. You have got to work out your own life. The city is not going to do it for you. Nobody else can do it for you. At best they can give you a little help, a little suggestion. But the man who thinks he can be helped into a good place in life is beginning to go astray. The man who depends on his neighbor for success is getting ready for failure. The man who forgets that his resources for his own success are all in his own life and are sufficient—for God equipped every man for success—is making a great mistake. So, then, your chief work is in your own life. Now, you

OWE TO THIS CITY

in which you live the right development, first, of your own life. Your voting, your success in business, your influence upon the public—all these are secondary to your own self-knowledge, your own self-reverence, your own self-respect. When you can stand up after the most minute examination of yourself and respect yourself, the city will respect you, and will receive value from you. If you cannot do that, then you are a hindrance to the good there is in the city.

Self-mastery always comes before mastery of others. Who are the leaders of men? The men who know how to lead themselves, the men who do not care for the leadership of others, the men who do not seek except in the most secondary fashion, but the men who want to serve their fellow men and keep a close mastery over themselves.

What are some of the difficulties that lie before us? I do not believe that any man has ever yet made a complete and accurate diagnosis of a city's diseases. We have grown familiar with the diseases of our city in a general way, and of all cities. We say they are all corrupt. We say there is wrong-doing in every one of them, political, social, in business, everywhere. I do not know of any close, careful analysis of the situation that would make anything clearer to us than it probably is in some phase of it to every one here. But when there is an evil before us in these days, there is a very simple, plain duty. Turn the light upon it. Turn the resources of truth upon it. Especially, turn right personal lives upon it. God is on the side of right, and all the resources of God and truth and righteousness in the universe are like a great pressure of atmosphere to aid every man who is trying to do the truth.

Some men in a cave are overwhelmed. They are in darkness, in danger of death. The first impulse is probably to lie down and die. What is the use? They cannot dig their way out; they are helpless. Just as thousands of men and women in this city tonight are overwhelmed with their failure in life, with their sins, with their poverty, or what they call the hardships of life. It matters not what they are, they are penned in. Now, suppose those men, while they are there ready to give up, hear outside the voices of others seeking them, the prayers of those who pity them, how they will work, how they will strive, until digging from without and from within the way is opened for their escape.

Now, I would have all the forces of the young men in this entire city ready with truth in their own lives, with mastery of themselves, to go against all this imprisonment of the souls of men by all the forces of evil about us, until these men within have heard their prayers to God and heard their digging outside and themselves went to work for their own deliverance. That is the way it should be. And I believe that the young men of this city have the resources to transform the whole character of the city.

DISHONEST METHODS

EMPLOYED BY AMERICANS IN BUSINESS LIFE

THE CAUSE OF DEPRESSION

Says T. R. Kane in an Address Before the Crusaders' Total Abstinence Society.

A special programme of decided interest was presented at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Crusaders' Total Abstinence society at Cretin hall. A feature was an interesting address given by T. R. Kane, a young attorney of this city. After a brief apology for his subject, which was the dishonest methods employed by Americans in business life, Mr. Kane indulged in a rather caustic criticism of such practices, concluding by advising the pursuance of a policy of integrity and honesty.

"No object," said he, "at the present time attracts so much attention as the deplorable conditions which have paralyzed business and threaten the entire disruption of many interests. Most of our present conditions are brought upon us by dishonesty in public and private life. Americans have not added much to the liberal arts and sciences, but among the bold pioneers the American stands first. Tyranny in all its forms is so abhorrent that he refuses to see it, until folded in its embrace. We are told that if you drop a pebble in the ocean the commotion will advance until the farthest shore is troubled by that act. It is so in our business and private life. It is recognized that man's integrity and manhood is either ennobled or disgraced by the object he worships. The acquisition of wealth is the first object in the mind of the ordinary American, but he does not consider the method by which he attains it. There is a duty imposed upon us, in the midst of despair of business depression, and that is that American manhood shall not deteriorate in our hands. They must pay greater attention to that divine precept which says "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

A SMALL FLOOD.

Stoppage of a Catch-Basin in West St. Paul Causes Trouble.

By the stoppage of a catch-basin certain portions of West St. Paul were flooded yesterday, and by night the streets in several localities resembled miniature lakes. People living in the vicinity of Colorado street and Livingston avenue were much inconvenienced by the temporary flood.

Henry P. Johnson, a small grocer at 68 East Colorado street, was called from a cheering breakfast to the cellar, where a collection of potatoes, onions, cabbages and such stuff were merrily floating, in imminent danger of being water-logged. Johnson, after much effort, rescued his merchandise, and was not even a trifle nervous at the presence of three feet of water swirling around the under-ground portion of his habitation. His premises being situated on an incline, were a temporary receptacle for the water, which rushed in in a stream. Further danger was removed after communicating with the city sewer department.

Residents of Dearborn street, between Starkey and Hall avenues, were treated to a similar spectacle, but fortunately the water was confined to the street, making it practically impassable.

Whisky Trust Change.

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—Plans for the reorganization of the Whisky trust, it is said, have been changed. Instead of going to New York, as he expected to do today, Attorney Levy Mayer received word that the stockholders' reorganization committee, Chairman Hartshorn and Messrs. Rice, of New York, and Hutton, of Cincinnati, would come to Chicago, arriving probably Wednesday. They will meet with the receivers, and before their departure it is expected the reorganization will be well under way. President Greenhut, of the trust, will be in Chicago tomorrow.

OF NO USE TO HIM.

How Plunger Frank Shaw Regards the Possession of Money.

A WINNER OF GREAT BETS.

Yet He Feels No Unusual Elation, Not a Trace of Excitement.

WHEN FROHMAN LAUGHS

There Must Be Abundant Reason for It--The Result of a Cough.

Plunger Frank Shaw, who is known throughout the racing world, has won and lost several fortunes in the last few years. He is the creature of chance. One day he is broke, and the next he is throwing money away. He is a mystery to the turf. He has been hemmed in and squeezed, and turned around and kicked in the betting ring, but on every occasion he has eventually landed on his feet and given his pursuers "the laugh." The secret of his success may lie in the fact that he has no earthly idea of the value of money. Possession of it occasions him no unusual happiness. The winning of a big bet in the ring doesn't change a single beat of his heart, and he accepts a heavy loss with the same sang froid.

"The biggest bet I ever won in a single day," he said to me the other night, "was $37,000. I felt in my ordinary spirits when I entered the ring, and for some reason took a fancy to what many of the bettors considered an old skate. I can't explain why I fancied the horse, but I did. I had plenty of money with me, and went down the line taking up many bets with the heaviest kind of odds. I think they were 20 to 1. I was laughed at by dozens of people who watched me placing the money, and even the bookmakers took good-natured joshes at me as I went down the line. Anyhow the skate, as they called him, won, and he won by a block at that. It was the greatest surprise of the meeting, and no one was more surprised than I. Well, I collected $37,000 in cold cash and put it in my pants pocket. I didn't feel any unusual elation. The crowd was excited when it saw me collect the big money, but the excitement was all on their side. I wondered at my own feelings as I walked out of the ring. I wondered why I didn't feel excited and in high spirits. But, by Jove, I felt as I always did, and seemed to regard it as a matter of course. The winning of that bet didn't do me half as much good as another win I made in a Chicago pool room a short time ago, where I first made a single win of $300, then put it all on the next race and won $960. I was elated that day, and still I don't know why. I don't care for money, and never did. I like to spend it, of course, in having a good time, but as far as worrying about it is concerned, why, I never worry, that's all. I was never kept down any length of time; never had any trouble getting money, and that may explain it."

Shaw is therefore a mystery. Any man who can get that familiar with money is a mystery to me. I never felt that way. I often felt a certain sense of elation when I drew my salary, an elation springing from the fact perhaps that I was as often surprised to get it. But to get so familiar with it as to speak of it disparagingly, or even in a careless, indifferent way, is something I never dreamed of, not me.

* * * * *

Gus Frohman, the famous theatrical manager, is a man who seldom laughs in the theater. He has seen so many bad plays, no doubt, and knows so thoroughly the methods of the average comedian that he has grown sour of the stale comedy he and the rest of us see as a rule. His laugh is bottled for occasions. When he laughs there is reason on the stage why the audience should laugh. It takes something good to make him laugh. Saturday afternoon, however, he sat in a box at the Metropolitan and laughed like a fiend at the antics of Bert Coote, who impersonated the New Boy. I couldn't help feeling that Coote was destined to earn a large spot in the manager's heart, judging simply from the way Frohman laughed at him. When Frohman laughs at one of his stars he is immensely pleased. Consequently, it looks well for Coote. Had Coote known Frohman was there it might have spoiled his work, the same as it often spoils a good reporter's work when he knows the city editor is looking over his shoulder and waiting for his copy. It's nearly the same thing.

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"Sometimes a cough will completely ruin a good situation on the stage, and utterly destroy the point of a joke," said Barry Maxwell, the veteran minstrel man, in conversation the other night. "A cough has been known to kill an actor on the very beginning of his work, and make him bad for the rest of the night. I have often worked up jokes on the end. I have had the audience in a good humor and expectant frame of mind, and just as I was about to spring the point, some beastly jay would cough. The joke was killed for more than half the people in the house, and was a frost. It makes me so mad I could walk down the aisle and choke the cough out of the heathen who lets go of it. There is nothing an actor hates more, and in the winter you will find many audiences in which there are a score of persons with coughs. The notable fact is that they don't cough when they can do so without disturbing anything. They always wait till you spring the point, and then they all cough like a lot of Indians with the influenzy. Watch it some night in the theater and you will be surprised to see that they all cough when there is some nice situation, some fine point or climax, and in nine cases out of ten the situation is lost."

* * *

"If you wonder at times why some actors are irritable and churlish," said Paul Dresser last night, "you ought to go the rounds of some of the hotels in Illinois and see the kind of fare dished up for the actor's palate. We were at Alton, Ill., Jan. 15. We arrived in the morning and were all hungry. The waitresses brought us some pieces of warped steak and some toast that looked like leather. Barry Maxwell looked at the outlay with dismay. He had been suffering from dyspepsia and begged the waitress for two soft boiled eggs. It wouldn't go. The head waiter was as inexorable as the maid. Finally I wrote the fellow an order for two passes for the show, and he got the eggs. Where do you suppose he got them? No place but the safe. Think of it! He went out to the office, held a confab with the clerk and eventually the latter handed him two eggs out of the safe. Maxwell was saved and I was amazed. What do you suppose Barry does now? He carries eggs with him, swallows them whole at the table and drinks a cup of hot water. Then he has boiled eggs, see."

ON THE INTERURBAN.

Sharp and Humorous Colloquy Over a Mud Hole.

The conductors on the interurban line are distinguishing themselves in the art of repartee. They have a heterogeneous crowd to deal with, which perhaps accounts for the sharpness of their wit and their remarkable coolness when the crush is the largest. An illustration in point occurred yesterday afternoon. The "interurban" was coming into St. Paul. It was jammed to the door with men and women, whom the bright sunshine had enticed from their homes. A woman wanted to get out at Dale street. The conductor ran the bell, and in course of time the car stopped, but it did not come to a standstill until the rear platform had passed the cross-walk some six or seven feet. The woman was about to step from the platform when she perceived a deep and capacious mud hole waiting for her dainty feet. She hesitated a few seconds, and then, turning to the conductor, who already held the bell strap in his hand, said:

"Do you expect me to step into that mud?"

"Well, madam, do you expect me to wait for the mud to dry up?" rejoined the conductor, and with that he yanked the bell and the car moved on to Kent street, where it stopped on the crossing, and the indignant woman was permitted to get off.

HERE AND THERE.

There will be an entertainment at Christ church tonight.

Mrs. Lake will lecture at the house of representatives tonight.

The fire board will meet tomorrow night at fire headquarters.

The Professional club will give a fancy dress ball at Turner hall tomorrow night.

Tomorrow night the St. Paul Fencing club will meet and complete its organization.

Father Heffron will deliver the first of a series of Lenten sermons at the cathedral tonight, at 7:30.

President, Ben Hoyt; vice president, Milton Bevans; secretary, Minnie Bloomfield; treasurer, Lu Webb. Several committees were appointed.

Rev. J. F. Chaffer, D.D., president of the board of trustees of Hamline university, preached at Hamline yesterday morning. Subject, "Perfect Love."

The Woman's Relief corps, of the G. A. R., will hold services in memory of Mrs. Mary E. Starkweather, at the First Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon, at 1:30.

The alumni of the Hancock school met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hazzard, on Saturday evening, thirty strong, and organized and elected the following officers for the year:

Tonight, at Hamline hall, Hamline, a mass meeting of citizens will be held to discuss the crowded condition of Hancock school and a remedy therefor. They will also discuss retrenchment and reform and questions of justice for Hamline, including the fire engine, the sewerage, the parks and policemen.

PERSONAL.

At the Clarendon—M. C. Burke, West Superior; Thomas F. O'Hair, P. G. Hopkins, Wheaton; Walter B. Downing, Washington, D. C.; Miss F. Keppler, Chicago.

At the Windsor—H. F. Putnam, Tacoma; Fred R. Reed, North Yakima, Wash.; L. W. Rice, Seattle; John Leahy, J. W. Vidal, Fargo; H. H. Berg, St. Louis; J. R. Amory, New York; Mrs. F. M. Bates, San Francisco; Mart E. Heisey, New York.

At the Merchants'—S. H. Snyder, Wahpeton; J. H. Fosdyke, Rat Portage, Or.; F. S. McCob, Sioux City; J. P. Evans, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; M. S. McDevitt, Omaha; J. M. Cramer, Faribault; H. K. Spencer, St. Louis; J. M. Anderson, Red Wing; F. L. Darling, Duluth.

At the Ryan—J. D. Farnum, Boston; S. A. Barden, Charles Barden, St. Cloud; De Forrest Ward, Fairmont; A. B. Campbell, Idaho; Russell Hotchkiss, New Haven, Conn.; H. W. Stone, Benson; W. F. Fisher, Boston; Daniel F. Kemp, Buffalo.

At the Metropolitan—J. A. Clark, New York; Miss Ella Spencer, Duluth; L. A. Hall, Chicago; J. H. Keiker, David T. Hahn, William Frederick and wife, Woodley Mosson, Frederick Hood, Charles Joblinger, Vivie Ogden, Mart E. Heisey, New York.

CHASED BY CHINESE.

Capt. Hansford Reports a Very Thrilling Experience.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24.—Capt. J. L. Hansford was one of the passengers on the steamer Gaelic from Hong Kong via Honolulu. He is returning to England after a long voyage from Hamburg to the Japanese naval station at Yokuska, near Yokohama, during which his vessel was chased by Chinese torpedo boats cruising to intercept the vessel and capture or sink her. He was in command of the steamer Metapeda, a fast English-built steamer. The Metepeda took a cargo from Hamburg composed of war materials worth $4,000,000. At the same time another English steamer, the Guy Mannering, was also loading with her material, presumably for a Chinese port. When the Gaelic left Hong Kong the Mannering had arrived from Hamburg, and was shipping her cargo overland to Chinese forts. They were flying Japanese flags so profusely that Capt. Hansford became suspicious and set the pace for an ocean race, which began late in the afternoon.

The torpedo boats gave chase. After darkness set in the Metapeda veered around in a large circle towards her course. By daylight the torpedo boats could not be seen, and the Metapeda, a few days later, reached the Japanese naval station. The Japanese government purchased the Metapeda at an advance over her original cost. Capt. Hansford was presented with $2,500, and the crew handsomely rewarded for safe delivery of the cargo. Capt. Hansford has won a reputation as a blockade runner. During the recent Chilian troubles he landed a cargo of arms and munitions of war on the coast of South America, but his most daring work in that respect was during the revolution in Brazil a few years ago, when he ran a steamer loaded with war material up the Amazon river, and almost under the noses of the revolutionist fleet stationed along the coast to intercept him.

Zorilla Has Paralysis.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Paris says that Senor Manuel Ruiz Zorilla, the noted noted Spanish republican who recently started from Paris on his return to Spain, after many years of exile, has had a stroke of paralysis. Senor Zorilla was taken critically ill when he reached Carverard, on the Spanish frontier, but heretofore the exact nature of the trouble was not known. The republicans of Madrid and elsewhere had planned to give him a great reception upon his arrival.

Rev. Jones Dead.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—Rev. William Meade Jones, an American abolitionist, who for twenty-one years was the minister of Baptist chapel in the White Hall district of this city, is dead.

NOBLE AND TENDER

Is the Description Given of the New Woman by Mrs. Lake.

NOT THE MASCULINE KIND

Who Wear Knee Breeches and Indulge in Ill-Smelling Cigarettes.

MRS. LAKE ON TEMPERANCE

Her Hobby Is to Get the Women Interested in the Work.

Mrs. Lake, of St. Louis, the vice president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society of America, is spending some days in St. Paul. This evening at 8 o'clock she will lecture at the capitol. When a representative of the GLOBE called upon her yesterday her big blue eyes flashed forth delight, for she is always very much at home with newspaper people. She is a woman of singular intelligence, and her perfect articulation gives special weight to all her utterances. Her great subject is total abstinence. When asked what precisely her position is in the temperance question, she said:

"I am not in favor of prohibition. As long as we have not backbone enough to enforce present laws, we have no right to institute more falsehoods. The public sentiment has not been educated as to the enforcement of prohibition. The only proper prohibition is that which would stop the manufacture of intoxicating liquor. The few religious communities of my own church who manufacture beer and chartreuse should be stopped. When I speak of prohibition I refer merely to my own country, and not to Italy or other lands where people cultivate the grape without injuring humanity.

"The real remedy under existing circumstances is restricted laws and their enforcement; the persistent education of the people, particularly in their homes. My only hobby in the temperance movement is to get hold of the women. I wish the world had the same confidence in motherhood and womanhood that I have. I would urge all women to join the temperance movement. The regeneration of the world depends largely on woman. Her power is marvelous. If the best women would exercise this influence just as those who are not the best exercise theirs, the world would be perfect."

Mrs. Lake is not a woman of one idea. She interests herself in departments of reform other than that of temperance. In St. Louis she belongs to a society called the Queen's Daughters, whose chief work is to look after the children

OF THE SLUMS.

No denominational distinction is made, and the suffering little ones are helped regardless of their church affiliations. Mrs. Lake is also president of a society whose object is to look after the interests of the deaf mutes.

Mrs. Lake has well-defined views about the new woman, which are not altogether in harmony with those held by her chief churchman, Cardinal Gibbons. She says:

"There really is a new woman. She is not the unwomanly woman who is seen upon the street in knee breeches, short coat, vest, shirt collar, cuffs and Stanley cap jauntily set over one ear. She is not the woman who assumes a masculine stride which nature will not allow her to accomplish. She is not the woman who lights her cigarette with an air of 'Don't you see I am up to date?' The real new woman will be the woman who as a young girl is modest, gentle, tender and considerate; who will be right hand for mother and sunshine for father; who will be teacher, guide and exemplar for brothers and sisters. She will learn to educate herself thoroughly for some self-supporting position in life. She will hold marriage as something sacred, and motherhood as heaven's choicest blessing. When she marries, it will be for love, based upon respect and admiration for the man of her choice. As a wife, she will make her home the habitation of love, peace, purity, piety, harmony and happiness. As a mother, she will never allow the poisonous weeds of immorality or of irreligion to take root among her cherished ones. She will purify, by her example, the whole social atmosphere. She will not immolate herself upon the altar of fashion, but will engage in works of charity and philanthropy. The world will be all the better because of the new woman."

Redmen Want Cash.

PENDLETON, Or., Feb. 24.—Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith has granted permission to Chief No Shirt and another young chief of the Umatilla reservation to go to Washington to ask that money due for reservation lands sold to white settlers be paid to them in cash. Two hundred thousand dollars in the hands of the interior department remains to the Indians' credit, $25,000 of which has been already distributed. The chiefs want cash, but the Indian agent has a scheme to use the money in building houses.

In Early Spring

Every one should pay attention to the condition of his health. Nearly every person needs a good spring medicine. The impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled, or when the mild days come, and the effect of bracing air is lost, the body is liable to be overcome by disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, create an appetite, and enable the body easily and safely to meet the coming changes in temperature. It possesses precisely those elements of support and assistance which the body at this season craves. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the "ideal spring medicine" and

The Great Blood Purifier.

"My blood was in bad condition and I had sores all over my body. Whenever I would injure my hands the flesh would fester and break into large sores. Before I had finished the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores began to disappear. I continued with the medicine and soon was perfectly cured, and I know it will cure others." G. D. SMITH, Karrsville, N. J.

YERXA

What's waked up the stores——the newspapers bulging with extra advertising space devoted to startling Grocery ads? YERXA. A newspaper man was candid enough to say we deserved a page gratis once a month——we don't want a page; isn't necessary. Must be shortcomings in some stores, else there'd be no occasion for the old-established ones to plead their goodness so strenuously. Six years ago that niche let us into St. Paul; more and more of the housekeepers are finding us out to their pleasure; business increasing monthly and yearly. The housekeepers will help us increase each year. The help is mutual——we'll help you, you help us.

PRICES FOR MONDAY and TUESDAY.

45 CENTS
For 10-lb. pails Best Family White Fish.

7 CENTS
Per pound for selected Pickled Pork. Just the kind of Pork that the ultra nice Boston cook would search for to half-smother in the pot of Beans before placing it in the oven.

12½ CENTS
Per dozen for Fancy California Seedling Oranges. (These are equal to any you pay 20c for elsewhere.)

$1.75.
Per sack for the finest Flour milled.

7 CENTS
Per can for 1-lb. cans Cove Oysters.

16 CENTS
Per pound for Fine Dairy Butter in Jars. (This article is equal to any sold at 20c per pound.)

10 CENTS
Per pound for fine Domestic Swiss Cheese (while this lot lasts).

20 CENTS
Per package for Fairbanks' Gold Dust.

15 CENTS
Per gallon for Pure Michigan Cider.

28 CENTS
Per pound for fine Java and Mocha Coffee.

35 CENTS
Per pound for Hoffman House Java and Mocha Coffee. (It speaks for itself.)

Yerxa Bros. & Co
Right-Priced Grocers,
Seventh and Cedar.

RESULTS FROM ADVERTISING.

Were never born of half-heartedness. One must RISE to success, and to rise requires effort. It is our business to help direct that effort—to aid in having the conditions of success complied with. We bring to your service a wide experience in conducting and placing advertising. We offer new ideas and energetic methods. We are placing today some of the largest lines appearing in this paper.

J. L. STACK CO.,
Newspaper Advertising.
112 Dearborn St., Chicago,
And St. Paul, Minn.

SALE OF BONDS.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
RAMSEY COUNTY, MINNESOTA,
ST. PAUL, MINN., February 12th, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon on February 25th, 1895, for the purchase of fifty thousand dollars ($50,000) of bonds of Ramsey County, State of Minnesota.

Said bonds will be in denominations of one thousand dollars ($1,000) each, bearing interest at four and one-half (4½) percent per annum, payable semi-annually at the office of the County Treasurer of Ramsey County, or at the Financial Agency of Ramsey County in the city of New York.

Bonds will be dated March 1, 1895, and will be payable in ten years from date of issue.

Bids will be received for all or any part thereof, and no bids will be received for less than par and accrued interest. Bids must state distinctly how much will be offered, in dollars and cents, for each bond over and above accrued interest, interest being computed from the date of issue to date of delivery, both inclusive.