

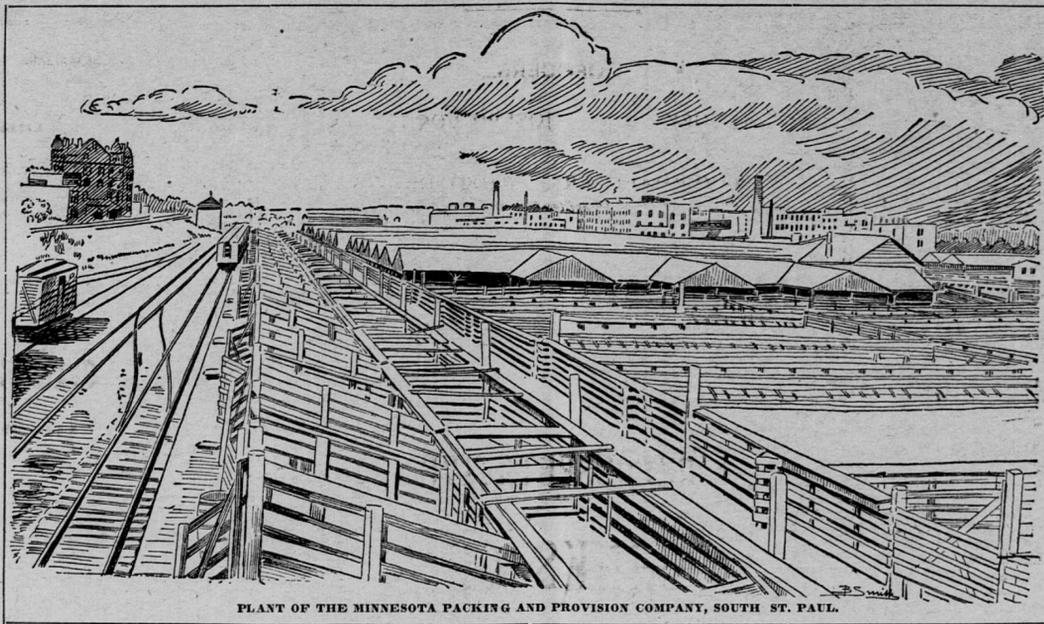
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EVOLUTION OF THE SILK HAT.

Tiles from Sir Walter Raleigh...
...to the Prince of Wales.

If the appeal of the British aristocracy to the Prince of Wales prove successful the present season will witness the passing of that article of masculine head-gear which for three centuries has given height to the little, audacity to the timid, importance to the ordinary, strength to the weak and dignity to the trivial—the silk hat. From the romantic days of Queen Elizabeth, when Essex, the earl marshal of England, when off the brims of his flapping beaver, and raising its crown, "bade it look upward to the skies," to the realism of modern ugliness, the tall hat in various stages of elevation and of diverse materials of construction has withstood the vagaries of fashion, the terrors of revolution, the contempt of sovereigns and the jeering brutality of the populace. But if Albert Edward condescend the nobility, the supremacy of the silk hat is doomed. When Jove nods the rest of the gods will follow suit, and if the prince condemn it the classic tile will descend from its heights and no longer be good form on the Olympus of fashion. Its sides will shrivel, its sharp edge will widen into curves, its glossy brilliancy will fade into lusterless gloom. No more will the gallant

Sundays and at festivals. Such compulsory measures were not calculated to foster a spirit of complacency among the nobility of those days of show and vanity. Raleigh and Essex were favorites with the queen, and the rebellion of their following resulted in a bitter struggle between the hats and the caps, which Elizabeth finally concluded by repealing her mandate. It was the courtiers' triumph, and the knight of the muddy crossing raised his hat victoriously among the upper circles. Beaver was used in the manufacture of hats as early as 883, but the modern silk is a product of the early years of the present century. It was introduced into England by French workmen amid the strongest opposition of the British tradesmen. Formerly an attempt had been made to cover beaver with silk, but the effect was clumsy and heavy. The French design was light in weight and capable of ventilation, and quickly supplanted its cumbersome predecessor. The imported material was also cheaper than the domestic, and a London hatter named Townsend covered himself with glory and created a historical epoch by retailing to the inhabitants of

tour. The Duke of Wellington gladly accepted the change, but substituted a bullion twist and tassel for the elaborate gold knot ordered by the prince, an innovation which national enmity attributed to the foreign consort, who was forced to bear the charge of miserliness. The battle of the cocked hats was won by the prince, but not before he had stood the attack of an inflamed national jealousy. The silk chapeau of the prince consort has been preserved to future ages in the painting by Sir Edward Landseer of "Eos," the favorite deerhound of the prince. The hat, with the gloves of its owner lying carelessly in the crown, rests easily on a cushion, over which the dog stands guard. The picture is an amusing instance of the different point of view of two brethren of the brush, the painter signing the canvas for posterity's recognition, but refusing a similar demand by his fellow artist, the latter, who boldly printed his grievances. "Sir Edwin sent me for a hat of the brick, the style of which he introduced into the picture, placing it on its side and showing nearly as much as half of the inside of the lining. Had the hat but luckily been placed an inch more horizontally, the crown would have displayed my name as 'Hatter to His Royal Highness,' and thus rendered me an incalculable service without prejudicing the picture in the least degree. But fate or the artist's fancy decreed otherwise. "When I say that the engraving of this charming picture has had an almost unprecedented popularity, the importance of my suggestion can be readily estimated. Nor do I think that my 'label' would have been a disgrace to the great genius of the artist; indeed, my lion might have served as a timely hint for those to be placed by Sir Edward on Nelson's column. "Thus complained the hatter. A similar indignity was offered to him in Walton's portrait of the Prince of Wales, 'holding his hat in his hand, quite plain! Surely an artist should be faithful to his subject, but in this picture it is omitted altogether. Assuredly a great error, a most unartist-like proceeding, and, indeed, almost an unpardonable neglect in this preraphaelite

ouces usually allowed without denting. This whimsical mannerism was the result of a powerful desire to aid the survival of the fittest, a tall beaver having formerly saved the head of the noble earl from violent contact with the stubble of a hunting field. Harrington was also peculiarly sensitive about the color of his hats, and unconsciously paraphrased the modern architectural axiom into "color follows the function," using a sage green head covering when walking in the garden to conquer the fears of his birds. Leighton, in his charming essay on hats, preached to the world what he failed to practice at home. An authority of his day protests that "nothing could be more shocking than Leigh Hunt's hat, except his friend Mr. Hazlitt's." The two great English statesmen, Pitt and Fox, were also noted for their ugly ties. Louis Philippe, while in England, was particularly alive to the attractions of his beaver hat. He had an unusually large head, the same size as that of his dashing countryman, the gallant Count Alfred d'Orsay. Count d'Orsay supplanted Beau Brummell in the estimation of the world of fashion. His daily promenades in Rotten Row were the sensations of the hour. Crowds followed him to learn the latest novelty of the costume of the day, and his faultless style was more or less successfully imitated by scores of the youthful dandies of his day. The count always wore a silk hat, and was an authority on its style, shape and construction. It varied in dimensions to suit his coats. With a light riding jacket it was smaller in size than when worn with the heavy and magnificent overcoat of sealskin which he first affected. He maintained that a silk hat should be light, waterproof and comfortable, and that the style should be carefully selected to make the wearer appear a gentleman. "A tall man," observed the count, "ought never to wear a low-crowned hat. It is an incongruity and renders him conspicuous, and that, as I take it, is to be avoided. Again, a short man in a high hat is out of proportion. It dwarfs him, as long hair does a lady who is petite. On the other hand," adds the count, with a conscious smile, "some men make their own styles." D'Orsay was of commanding height and

A SOCIAL AFFAIR.

ELECTIONS IN GAYLORD, KAN., ARE VERY RECHERCHE EVENTS.

WOMEN HOLD THE OFFICES

AND ADMINISTER THE MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS WITH SWEETNESS AND DIGNITY.

NO SUSPICION OF CORRUPTION

Or Jobbery in This Millennial Town —Men Are Model Householders.

like manner, and not a single hair-pulling match occurred during the day. A veracious report says that there was a noticeable lack of profanity around the polls and that the election "more resembled some social affair at a private home than the slumlike affair furnished by the usual polling



MAYOR ANTOINETTE L. HASKELL

place on voting day." While this is a serious reflection on the other cities in the world where degenerates men run affairs it may be passed over as merely an outcropping of local enthusiasm. Needless to say, the vote of Gaylord is always cast in favor of the extension of full suffrage to women. There is an active woman's suffrage club in the town, and although the state failed to pass a constitutional amendment last year the women are preparing to make the fight over again at the next election, when they hope to be successful. Mayor Haskell is a native of Ohio, and her early life was spent in that state. She was educated in Michigan, where the new woman idea has raged for years. Soon after her marriage she removed, in 1873, to Gaylord, accompanied by her husband. She has always taken an active part in politics as possible, and is an ardent believer in the equality of men and women. Her sympathies have always been with the Democratic party. Mayor Haskell has two sons, one seventeen and another eleven years old. Mr. Haskell is a prosperous banker and land owner. At the recent election the opposing candidate for the mayoralty was a man, but he was literally snowed under, as Mrs. Haskell received twice as many votes as he did. The office of city clerk in Gaylord is held by Miss Florence Healy. She is a native of Kansas, and received her education in the public schools of Gaylord. She is only twenty years old, but she is not only city clerk, but editor of the Gaylord Herald, a newspaper formerly owned and managed by her father. Mrs. Mary L. Foote, the police judge elect, was born in Hennepin, Ill., in 1851, and located in Gaylord seven years ago. Her husband was a candidate for the same office, but she defeated him by a large majority. Mr. Foote says that he is sick of politics, while Mrs. Foote says it is just lovely. Under the new regime in Gaylord a change has been made in the council chamber. A nice carpet has been put on the floor, and the porcelain cuspidors have been utilized as flowerpots—at least such is the rumor. The members of the council are Mrs. Mary A. White, Mrs. Nancy Wright, Mrs. Emma A. Mitchell, Mrs. Esther Johnston and Mrs. Loella Abercrombie. Councilor White was born in Franklin, O., in 1846, and has been a resident of Gaylord since 1874. She is an educated and refined lady, and an active church member. Councilor Wright is a native of Scottsville, Io., and has lived in Gaylord for ten years. She is fifty-one years old. Councilor Mitchell was born in Indianapolis, and went to Gaylord in 1872. She is a business woman and the proprietor of a millinery shop. She is thirty-nine years old. Councilor Johnston is a native of Ontario and has lived in Kansas for ten years. Councilor Abercrombie has been a resident of Gaylord since 1872. As for the men of Gaylord—well, there are some men there. They make good husbands

and do not seem anxious to make themselves conspicuous by meddling with local politics. —Annette Crawford.

Sale of Rare Coins.

One of the most important sales of coins held in London in recent years was that of the Anglo-Saxon and British coins forming the first part of the collection of the late Hymon Montagu, vice president of the Numismatic Society. It lasted for six days, 507 coins, gold, silver and copper, bringing in \$21,157, an average of nearly 32¢ apiece. The highest prices paid were \$300 apiece for a penny of King Alfred, the only coin on which he is styled "Rex Anglorum," and for a penny of King Halfdan, struck on his entering London. An Epitaphic stater, 322; a Coolwip II. penny, 320; a penny of Ota, king of Mercia, with the name of Aethelheard on the obverse, 318; a penny of Aethelred on the obverse, 318; five pennies of Cynewirth, widow of Ota, averaged 314.

Probably an Insane Editor.

Main street merchants have of late been greatly troubled by a strange and purposeful man who steals into their offices uninvited, their scissors, if they leave their offices unwatched, and he will creeply in through the drawers of desks and cabinets looking for scissors. Strange to say, he never troubles anything else, and the merchants do not believe he would take money. Sometimes he will return the stolen scissors. The man is an old fellow, who knows to almost every Main street man. On this account he is called "The Scissors Thief." He is a man of about 50 years of age, and his stealings being of such small value.

Mr. Pillsbury is rather patient and long-suffering. He takes criticism, whether favorable or otherwise, with admirable good nature, evidently having made up his mind, long ago, that it did not pay to quarrel with the world. He is a man of high character, and for years he has been credited with having been the author of the famous "Hold Your Wheel" circular, which was sent out broadcast to the farmers of the Northwest during the fall of 1891. It is well known that he not only declined the honor, but nevertheless, a persistent press continued to ascribe it to him. Recently, reference to the subject was made in these columns, and, as usual, the name of Mr. Pillsbury was associated with it. This was read by a man who, evidently, knows all about the circular, and he was moved to write us the communication which follows. We print it with pleasure, as it effectively settles the question as to who wrote the famous document: MARSHALLTOWN, Io., April 24th, 1896. Editor Northwestern Miller: I notice in your last issue a letter from Argentine in which reference is made to the notorious "Hold Your Wheel" circular of 1891, and the suggestion is made that Mr. Charles A. Pillsbury was associated with its being issued. As I probably know as much about that circular as any one, it having been published under my auspices and circulated under my supervision, I desire to say that Mr. Pillsbury had nothing to do with originating the circular or publishing it; in fact, knew nothing about it until it had been printed and was ready for distribution. The author of the circular was Hugo Mattullah. The idea of using it as an instrumentality to boom the price of wheat originated with him. As I was a heavy loser, by the peculiar methods of Mr. Mattullah, and a victim of his deception, it would have been greatly to my interest if I could have connected Mr. Pillsbury with the scheme, and I once had the idea of doing so, expecting thereby to recoup myself for losses sustained. Thorough investigation, however, confirmed the fact that Mr. Pillsbury did not have the most remote connection with the matter. This is a late day to refer to the case, and it is now of small interest to the public, but I desire to relieve Mr. Pillsbury from any misrepresentations and give Mr. Mattullah all the credit and responsibility that are rightfully his. Respectfully, —George M. Miller, Former Publisher of The State Newspaper —Northwestern Miller, May 5, 1896.

Went Under Protest.

Answers. A boy of 7 protested earnestly after his holidays of being sent back to school. "What," said his father, "you don't want to go to school?" "Yes, but not to that school."

"And why not to that one?" "Because they want to teach me a lot of things that I don't know anything about."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HIGH HAT.



(The British Aristocracy Has United in a Request to the Prince of Wales, Who Sets the Fashion, to Discontinue Wearing a High Silk Hat.—Cablegram to Daily Papers.)

heroes of England and America "brush their hats o' mornings." A single word will substitute a new order for the old, for the Prince of Wales is the glass of fashion, and he reflects the styles for two continents. The tall hat designated by Essex and popularized by Walter Raleigh was the prototype of the modern tile. Its novel appearance and the air of distinction which it imparted to the wearer were eagerly appreciated by the fashionables of the gay court, and its use was so generally adopted that Elizabeth, to protect the national wool interests, issued a law compelling all subjects except ladies and Jews to wear caps of velvet wool of English manufacture on

the city at the time of the wedding of Victoria a silk tile for 4s 9d. The event was commemorated in a street ballad of the day: When Albert comes to Britain's Isle, We'll dress him out in the finest style, With a shirt and four-and-nine-penny tile, To marry the queen of England. The life of the prince consort in England was rather ludicrously associated with the subject of hats. He purposely acquired a knowledge of their manufacture to improve the cumbersome helmets and shakos of the army, and from personal experience with a general's hat of twenty-five ounces he determined to decrease its weight and better its appearance. The proposed alterations evoked a storm of prejudice and indignation, but, persistent in his intention, the prince finally reduced the weight to eleven and a half ounces, but still retained the British con-

age. I understand from good authority that John Everett Millais, R. A., paints from a brick. Assuredly Mr. Walton should do justice to a tile! Verily, these gentlemen of the brush seem to have a design against me. Is it from shame of their bad drawing of the hats? That of the prince consort is disproportionate and the Prince of Wales' is not much better. It is a curious fact that a hat is a very difficult subject for an artist to master. I have heard this observed a thousand times; indeed, it may be said that Punch is the only paper in which we find the hat correctly drawn. The eccentric Earl of Harrington was a devoted upholder of the high hat, and proudly gave his name to a particular beaver species. He always tested what the vicar of Wakefield would proclaim "the qualities of their wearing" by gravely standing upon their summits, a liberty which their weight of twenty-one

figures and solve difficult municipal problems. This is the second year that the women have governed Gaylord, and the innovation seems to be a huge success. An enthusiastic writer in describing the present condition of affairs there says: "The municipality is governed with honesty, ability, integrity, economy and for the public good. There is no corruption, jobbery, sandbagging or looting of the people of Gaylord. The streets are clean and smooth, the sidewalks are wide and the public works are equal to those of any town in the Western states." While this is Mrs. Haskell's second term as mayor it was not until the recent election that the whole government of the city was turned over to the women. It is said that the balloting was conducted in a most lady-

The Pugilist's Write. "Brozer says you are a coward," said the eminent pugilist's private secretary to the eminent pugilist. "Shall you ignore him?" "I shall," was the reply, delivered in a very determined tone. "Get out your typewriter and I will begin at once."