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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Forecast for Friday: Minnesota—Fair, probably followed by local snows; warmer in southeast portion; southerly winds.

Wisconsin—Fair and warmer during the day, probably followed by cloudy and threatening weather; brisk southwesterly winds.

The Dakotas—Partly cloudy weather and probably light local snows; warmer in eastern portion; southerly winds, shifting to westerly.

Montana—Fair; westerly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

United States Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau, Washington, Dec. 24, 6:48 p. m. Local Time, 8 p. m. 75th Meridian Time.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations.

TEMPERATURES.

Place.	Tem.	Place.	Tem.
St. Paul	10	Bismarck	26-26
Duluth	12	Buffalo	16-16
Huron	20	Boston	14-18
Bismarck	26	Cheyenne	18-26
Williston	24	Chicago	22-26
Havre	36	Cincinnati	24-26
Helena	30	Helena	30-32
Edmonton	28	Montreal	2-*2
Calgary	28	New York	14-20
Medicine Hat	30	Pittsburg	20-22
Swift Current	24	Winnipeg	18-18
Minnedosa	20		
Winnipeg	18		

*Below zero.

DAILY MEANS.

Barometer, 30.72; thermometer, 8; relative humidity, 88; wind, south; weather, clear; maximum thermometer, 14; minimum thermometer, 2; daily range, 12; amount of rainfall or melted snow in last twenty-four hours, 0.

Note—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation. —P. F. Lyons, Observer.

THE RIGHT TO BE MERRY ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Merry Christmas" is the chorus by voices childish and sweet that rises like an incense to heaven all over the world this early morn. It is the children's day. Because so many centuries ago One whom all the best that have lived since then have learned to reverence and love was a little child, the heart of the world turns this once in the year to its children. For them the sorrow and the anxiety are shut away in the background. For them the narrow purse is opened freely and the treasures of love are squandered. None is too high or too low for the ministry of love; and this scarred earth and this militant humanity of ours forget the sounds of battle and give this sacred day to making the children happy. For these few hours at least the elder of us upon whom the years have left their mark forget it all; and, in sight of the children's happiness, penetrated by their warm enthusiasm, touched through the crust of years by the golden glow of happiness and the wonderful imaginings of the world in which they live, our hearts become for this blessed space as the heart of a little child.

That is the best of it; to make us all children together for a day and a night. We doff the poor prerogatives of age and experience and worldly wisdom and the bitter-sweet that wreathes about the passing years, and knock once more at the portals of the fairy realm where childhood lives. When we are willing to do that, though it be but a moment's lull in the battle, when the man and woman whom the years have turned from heavenly purposes and blinded with the glare of unreality can become once more only the children of an elder growth, they share the heritage of Christmastide. To all who have the child spirit, and to none others, comes the right to be merry on Christmas day.

Once in the year we aspire to it. Because custom has consecrated this beautiful memory, because there linger about it traditions that fill us with tenderness and ineffable longing, because the children have learned to love it and to make it their own, we are willing to lay aside the laws that bind us through other and more evil times. We become, for this great day of days, unselfish. We think first of others. We study how to make some one happy; and, most of all, to bring a glory into the lives of those who never can repay us. We give to the little ones, asking nothing again but love. We count it a fearful thing that any, no matter whether sinning or unfortunate, should go cold or hungry or houseless on the nativity. We banish the greed of gain and of life that part us between the misery of conquest and the fear of being vanquished. We turn upside down, for the sake of this brief December span, the whole world of the political economists, the politicians, the business men, the wise ones of this world. For God has chosen the simple to confound them, and out of their mouths hath perfected praise. So, until in the gray winter's dawn we put away from us the beautiful poetry of life that possessed us like ineffable music and go out again to make smoke and noise and carnage and to give blows and bear them, we have made over the world in the image of the children. But for that, none of us would dare to make merry or to be glad of heart when Christmas comes.

Yet are there those who have guessed the simple secret which lies beneath the observance of this anniversary. There are those to whom it comes with vividness and reality almost like the parting of the firmament and the strange procession of the shining stars. These are they to whom it has been whispered in the watches that it is all the rest of the year that is unreal; and that only on this one day do men and women, transformed into the image of childhood, live out their life as it was meant to be. And these, the law of whose being and the inspiration of whose action it is to live in simplicity, in faith, in reverence, in love of all things beautiful, and passionate gratitude because beauty is everywhere and goodness an aspiration that rises undying as the ages fall, that find in their hearts as age creeps on the still living and imperishable child, these have the right to join hands with the little ones and to be happy as the angels are happy on Christmas day.

It is the vision beautiful. It is the life possible for every man and woman born into this world of ours. Wealth we may grasp or miss. Power may seek or leave us. To rule or to serve or to only stand and wait may have been written on the scrolls given to us by that mysterious destiny that measured out our portions ere the world for us began. Our attributes and our abilities are measurably beyond our control. But the power to live the child life is the common heritage of all. For those who have attained it, Christmas comes not once in the year but daily. Theirs it is to see with unclosed eye the beauty of the world about them and to fear the unbearable weight of its loveliness. Theirs it is to hear all the intricate harmonies of nature and to vibrate in sympathy. Theirs it is to discern in humanity the germ of the godlike; and, viewing that vast possibility of evolution from human into divine, to know no longer any sorrow save that which they must feel as they see others destroying, with hot, hasty hands, the flowers in the garden of Paradise that they may grub for earthworms.

They look upon the universe and call it love. They look on life and call it brotherhood. They look above, and in the immensity see that which they name Fatherhood brooding over a world that strays and suffers because it will not be childlike. So is that wonderful world to which men and women look back with regret because its very illusions were heavenly, the world of childhood, the world of simplicity and obedience and passionate desire for justice and ready helpfulness and implicit trust, open to the feet of all who would enter and claim that title, the only true and lasting one, to the right to be merry on Christmas day. Upon the lintels of their households is carved the mystic emblem of the Lord of Hosts; and underneath there runs the inscription, wise and wonderful, with its infinite promise behind its stern warning, true forever of the life that now is as well as of all lives that are to be: "Whosoever shall not accept the kingdom of heaven as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

STILL "THE LIFE OF TRADE."

In spite of the commendation of Mr. Dana's Sun, the object of which seems to be to make people accept moonshine for sunshine, the popular sentiment runs strongly against these industrial growths called trusts, and refuses to accept his dictum that they are the latest and highest development of our modern civilization. Public sentiment clings tenaciously to that wisdom which is their inheritance, expressed by the proverb: "Competition is the life of trade," and they refuse to concede that it is so injurious that it must be suppressed by individual effort or by legislative enactment. They find their justification for this in the stubbornness with which competition resists all efforts to enthrall or hobble it, and see in it but another natural force operating for the good of all.

Competition is the universal human impulse to sell as high and buy as cheaply as possible. It operates on each individual as he is a buyer or a seller. It pervades every transaction and enters into every exchange. It is the great commercial and industrial equalizer, preserving, when left free, that equilibrium which secures fair compensation and prevents extortion. It is one of these forces that should ever be left free and its liberty jealously guarded. Thus acting it is constructive and never destructive, save as a corrective. Within the scope of their individual vision and experience all men recognize this and conform their activities to it, knowing that if it works in one way to their disadvantage, it moves in another to bring them benefits. It is in this general assent that the proverb gets its truthfulness, and it is in this same feeling that the common indignation at the efforts of selfish men to stifle competition finds its source.

But when objects get beyond the focal point of the average intelligence they seem to take on a different aspect and meaning. The harmful becomes benign and the good assumes the appearance of evil. Thus only can we account for the singular contradiction of the congress of the United States enacting, at one and the same session, a law embodying the common antipathy to schemes to throttle competition, forbidding them and punishing their promoters, and another law the soul of which is hostility to freedom of competition. We have the singular spectacle of the representatives of a people, whose economic faith is embodied in the belief that competition is the life of trade, setting the example, in laws named, with unconscious satire, "protective," of crippling competition with the apparent approval of a majority of the people. It is evident that we, as a nation, have yet to learn that these natural laws, whether operating on man or matter, are incapable of territorial limitations, and that safety is only assured when their free play is unobstructed.

Competition is the life not only of domestic but of all trade, and no industry is secure that is not built upon its solid foundations. This is the old lesson that even our modern trusts but repeat and reinforce. Among them and in spite of them the immutable law has its way. It works inside and outside the trusts, exciting antagonisms that attack and rapacity that disintegrates. It uses indifferently the best and the worst motives of men. It calls down the spirit of freedom that rebels at oppression, and, from the lower depths, brings up cupidity as an ally. All the arts of man, all his devices of trusts, tariffs, pools and combinations, are futile to defeat it and effect nothing but temporary results of doubtful gain followed inevitably by disaster. Spite of them all competition is still the life of trade.

A DIPLOMATIC EVENT.

The reception by the president of the first minister to this country from the Greater Republic of Central America is a diplomatic event unusual in its character and importance. It is not often that our state department and executive are called upon to recognize the representative of a new power. Each year makes more stable the balance of power, and fixes more indelibly the boundaries of existing nations. Each century makes less possible wars of conquest and the consolidation of governments. In this instance we have the formation of a new republic by peaceful agreement between neighboring and kindred states, which is not only an international event in itself, but is vastly more interesting and significant as a glance toward the future. The republics of Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador have agreed to a treaty which essentially consolidates them into a federation. It is the minister of this federation who has been so cordially received at Washington.

The movement will not, because it cannot, rest there. The unhappy jealousies and the absence of real republican government that have existed in these little states since they became independent kept them apart hitherto. Their agreement to unite, if only for a limited number of purposes, is a distinct sign of progress. It means that they are beginning to keep step with the spirit of the age. It means that they are going to cherish a larger ambition than to form footholds for some petty despot. It means that the vision of a great Central American republic is advancing into the realm of fact and possibility. The other states on the American continent, from the Mexican line to Cape Horn, will not be unmindful of or unaffected by this experiment. The Greater Republic of Central America will assume at once an importance in the eyes of the world, will acquire a stability of government, will attract capital and immigration, will show a development in industry and wealth that must quickly arouse the envy of its neighbors.

They will attribute this, justly, to the strength that lies in the union of insignificant parts to form a respectable whole. They will see that their own future depends upon similar action. Presently other small states will begin either to seek alliances with the new republic, or to cluster themselves into larger centralizing governments, and ambition and effort will be directed into wider and nobler channels. The Greater Republic of Central America will not long consist of only three parts, nor will it long be the only government of the kind to the south of us. We may look forward with hope and confidence to the establishment of national existences on this continent that shall rival our own in splendor and achievement, and contemplate the possibility of a remoter day in which, joined with us, they shall constitute one government for one people in the Western hemisphere.

CORN STALKS AND CHEMISTS.

A Washington dispatch stated that a select company of senators and representatives from the "corn-growing states of the West" were invited to luncheon by Mr. Cramp, the celebrated Philadelphia shipbuilder, to be initiated into the mysteries of the corn stalk as they had been unfolded by the chemist whom Mr. Cramp keeps in his employ. What relation there is between corn stalks and iron ships that a chemist, presumably employed to analyze ores and investigate the properties of iron, should have been led into an investigation of the constituents of the staff of our Western agriculture, is not perceptible at first glance, nor, for that matter, after long and profound reflection. But that is mere speculation and not material to the matter submitted to Mr. Cramp's guests, either as an accompaniment of or as a dessert after their luncheon.

These representatives of the corn belt were surprised and enlightened by the information obtained by the chemist and imparted by Mr. Cramp, that corn stalks, "could be made worth $2 a ton, or $5 an acre, by mechanism that would extract from them alcohol, cellulose, a material for mattings, carpets, paper, smokeless powder and cattle food, superior to any other." Whereupon Mr. Cramp, who has an evident penchant for figuring, as any member of the naval committee of the senate or house could, doubtless, testify, proceeded to calculate the value of the discovery of his chemists to the six great "corn-growing states of the West." Taking the acreage at 40,000,000, he derived the conclusion that the "discovery" would be worth $225,000,000 per annum to the farmers of those states if their corn stalks were converted into smokeless powder, mattings, carpets and alcohol. The trfling discrepancy of $25,000,000 existing between his grand estimate and the amount 40,000,000 acres would yield at $5 per acre is not worth mentioning in view of the greatness of this discovery, and may well be attributed either to the natural enthusiasm of Mr. Cramp over the find of his chemist, or to that "old particular, warm, champagney, brandy-punchy feeling" that usually follows a luncheon given by a gentleman having and seeking contracts with the government and his guests when they are senators and representatives.

It is too bad to throw cold water on this great discovery, or to do anything that would deter Mr. Cramp from his willingness to "invest a very large sum in a chain of manufactories for these by-products of corn," but, unless he can figure out a greater profit than $2 a ton, or a better yield than two and a half tons of stalks to the acre, we apprehend that the intelligent farmer in the corn belt will prefer to continue his present methods of extracting profits from the stalk. He has long since learned that the feeding value of the dry stalk when minced in a feed cutter or shredded by a gang of oscillating rotary saws, is but a small percentage below timothy hay and worth within a couple dollars a ton of its price. He has learned that, cut green and made into silage, the feeding value, especially for milch cows, is three times as much per ton as Mr. Cramp's estimate, while the acreage value is six or seven times greater. This being the case, he will hardly care to place his corn fields, after husking, at the disposal of Mr. Cramp's contemplated chain of factories for the production of smokeless powder and other utilities. It is probable that Mr. Cramp's guests politely refrained from tipping winks to each other across the table as the shipbuilder dilated upon his chemist's achievement, but they must have found it difficult to maintain the proprieties of the occasion. Mr. Cramp may better stick to his last and confine his chemist's investigations to ores and their manipulation.

A BRISK TRADE.

From all quarters comes the report that the holiday trade for the year has been excellent. We are not yet quite out of the cave of gloom in which the business interests of the country have resided for the past four years or more. You do not expect a man who has been at death's door for weeks or months to go out and do a day's hard work the moment that his doctor says he is out of danger. The country has not yet felt the full effect of returning prosperity that is surely following the defeat of the proposition to change our monetary standard. It would feel it much more rapidly and effectively if there were a reasonable hope that congress would proceed at the first opportunity to reform our monetary system. But with all these qualifications it is nevertheless evident that the condition of the country is mending surely, though slowly. Such failures as still occur are the results either of reckless management, like that of the National Bank of Illinois, or else they are, like that which has occurred in our own community, a consequence of the long fight that has been made against disastrous conditions. The remedy came, but it did not come quickly enough to save those who had spent their last energies in bravely breasting the storm.

Aside from these individual instances, the condition of the country is visibly improving. Such depression as remains is mental, rather than financial. Not for a long time can the people escape from a gloom so profound as that which settled upon them during the epoch that has ended. Although disappearing, the tail of the cloud still hangs over their heads. But on the streets and in the shops it is different. People have been going about making their Christmas purchases with the customary activity, and with even more than the customary liberality. The methods of doing business have changed, but there is no question that the aggregate of expenditure shows an increase which means that the people are in better financial shape that they have been for a long time. What is true in the West is true in a much more marked degree of the East. There the return wave is flowing in with full force. And even in the rural districts, both East and West, improved markets have made cheerful homes and replenished lean purses. As an index of present conditions and of what we may expect from the year about to open, the brisk trade of the holidays gives great encouragement.

WHAT JANUARY SHOULD BE.

Weather Observer Lyons Makes Out Some Averages.

Weather Observer Lyons has made up an interesting statement showing the normal and extreme temperatures for January for twenty-six years. It shows a mean temperature of eleven degrees above zero.

The warmest January was that of 1886, with an average of 26 deg.; the coldest that of 1888, with an average of —1; the highest temperature was 49 deg., Jan. 24, 1879; the lowest —41 deg. Jan. 21, 1888; the average precipitation is 0.97 inches; average number of days with .01 of an inch or more, 9; the greatest monthly precipitation was 4.34 inches in 1881; the least, 0.02 inches in 1892; the greatest amount of precipitation recorded in any twenty-four consecutive hours was 1.16 inches on the 31st, 1881; the greatest amount of snowfall recorded in any twenty-four consecutive hours (record extending back to winter of 1884-5 only) was 11.3 inches Jan. 16, 1887; the average number of clear days is 8; partly cloudy days, 13; cloudy days, 10; the prevailing winds have been from the northwest; the highest velocity of the wind was 52 miles from the southeast Jan. 13, 1880.

PATRIOTS WILL MEET.

Sons of the American Revolution to Gather Tomorrow.

The annual meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution will be held at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce tomorrow evening. An election will be held for all of the officers of the society for the ensuing year, reports of officers will be presented, and other important business will be considered. Addresses of interest will be made by members of the society.

POPS WILL CAUCUS.

Not Well Enough United in Support of Kyle.

Special to the Globe.

HURON, S. D., Dec. 24.—A meeting of Populist members of the legislature, state officers, executive committee and few leading Populists, will be held here Jan. 1 and 2. The object is to confer relative to proposed legislation, to consider the revision of existing laws, and of the railroad law. It is hinted on good authority that the senatorial question will receive careful attention, and an effort made to harmonize all factions in the Populist camp and stand by one candidate. No little difficulty will be experienced in this, for the majority seem to favor Kyle's re-election, while others say he will vote with the Republicans rather than support Kyle. The scramble will be lively. Secretary Dowdell, of the Populist state central committee, was here today arranging for the gathering.

Money to Burn.

First Burglar—Wot's dat?
Second Ditto—A dimon' necklace.
First Burglar—You make me sick! T'row it away and get de keys er der coal cellar outen de guy's jeans. Dere's no use bein' a burglar 'less yer kin have money ter burn.

AT THE THEATERS.

"Dr. Bill," which began a three nights' engagement at the Metropolitan last night, resembles "Charley's Aunt" and all the other modern English farces in one respect. Everything depends upon the action. When you laugh, you laugh at a situation, not at a witty speech. The English farce writer of today doesn't trust the sluggish wit of his countrymen far enough to believe that they will appreciate a clever bon mot, or a bit of delicate repartee. He knows that a keen stroke of humor will spend its force on the desert air, so he wisely abandons any attempt to write bright dialogue, even if he can do it, and bends all his energies toward devising ludicrous situations, perplexing entanglements and thrilling predicaments. It is easier to excite the risibilities through the eye than through the ear, especially when the hearing is defective, as it often is in the presence of a modest, unobtrusive bit of wit. But this same "farcewright," understanding that the reward of his labors is to provoke laughter, works solely to that end, and generally accomplishes his purpose. He has done so in "Dr. Bill."

Nobody who witnesses this ingenious complication of mistaken identities—a farce without one is not a farce—will ever carry away a line of the play. But he will remember the extravagant and uproarious climax at the end of the second act, and laugh when he thinks of it. Husbands, wives, mothers-in-law and fathers-in-law become hopelessly mixed. To tell how they lose their bearings and how they reassume their normal course of life would require more words than a good story can stand.

The company engaged in presenting "Dr. Bill" is fair. The leading female role, that of Mrs. Horton, an ex-queen of the ballet, who has settled down to such a degree of domestic life as the wife of a police inspector can reasonably expect to enjoy, is vivaciously impersonated by Miss Celie Ellis, a pretty young woman, with peerless teeth and lustrous dark eyes. Miss Ellis contributed some specialties, calling into service a mezzo-soprano voice of pleasing quality, and likewise the exhibition of good pantomimic abilities. Her last specialty, in which she becomes involved in colloquies with the Teutons in the orchestra, might well be omitted. The player should never engage in conversation with anybody on the other side of the footlights, least of all with a bass fiddle or a second trombone, for these gentlemen are invariably slow at repartee in the English language.

Of the remainder of the company, Miss Amy Stone, in the role of the mother-in-law, was decidedly the most satisfactory, though Franklyn Hurleigh made the character of the dude amusing.

The introduction of a character from the Frivolity theater—a young lady of high kicking propensities, who elevates her pedal extremities alternately to a level with the top of her head, by way of emphasizing her remarks, imparts an occasional risque flavor to the performance.

* * *

Christmas day will be celebrated at the Grand by an extra performance of Bartley Campbell's stirring melodrama, "Siberia." This play is wonderfully effective, and its treatment of Russian life recites a story of absorbing interest. Judging from the advance sale, a large attendance will be present today.

* * *

Those popular comedians, Ferguson and Emerick, come to the Grand next week in their latest farce comedy success, "McSorley's Twins." It is claimed that in this laughter-producing comedy everything has been skillfully arranged. The dialogue is especially bright, introducing odd and witty sayings, unique ideas and funny situations. The cast has been augmented by some pretty girls, who are seen in appropriate character dances, catchy medleys, shapely costumes and burlesques of all the popular fads of the day.

* * *

"The Prisoner of Zenda," the dramatization of Anthony Hope's romantic story, will be the attraction at the Metropolitan next week. A company under the management of Daniel Frohman will present the drama, which met with great success in New York city during the season of 1895-96. Howard Gould and Isabel Irving, two capable players, will assume the leading roles.

WITH INTENT TO AMUSE.

Life Insurance Agent—Cyclist?
Applicant—Oh, no!
Agent—Sorry, but we can't insure pedestrians.

"That was rough on Davis."
"What?"
"He stepped on a piece of orange peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."—Tid Bits.

She had asked him to bring home two quarts of champagne for a little dinner she intended to give the following night.

He had been obedient to the extent of bringing home an extra quart, and still there was trouble.

"I wanted it brought home in bottles," she said with infinite scorn, as he put down one little pint bottle. You have too much inside and too little out."—Chicago Post.

"It's a great satisfaction," remarked the egg pathetically, "to look forward to the arrival of the customary Christmas beverage."

"You mean eggnog," replied the onion.

"Yes. After the disrepute into which the recent campaign brought me, I'll be glad of the chance to drown my sorrow."—Washington Star.

Practical Palmistry: "Long fingers, they say, are a sign of refinement."

"Yes; I have noticed that fellows who hold short hands often swear."—Chicago Record.

She (at the masquerade ball)—Do you think my costume becoming?

He (with enthusiasm)—Yes, indeed; but you would be becoming in any disguise.—Harper's Bazar.

"That horrid Miss Blumers tries to be so mannish. She actually smokes cigarettes."

"I don't see anything mannish in that."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Your wife's just met with an accident, Wilkins," said a man who rushed into the grocery. "She ran over a dog while riding her bicycle, and they've carried her to the hospital." The man sitting on the cracker barrel rose to his feet excitedly and his face turned pale. "Did you notice," he asked in a trembling voice, "whether it was a liver-colored dog with two white spots on his shoulder on not?"—Detroit Free Press.

"Why do you think Biggs is crazy?"
"Because he stole $10."
"I should say that such an act would make a criminal rather than a lunatic of him."
"But he had a chance to take $500."
"Oh!"—Cleveland Leader.

Mistress (reprovingly)—Bridget, breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly 12 o'clock when you went to bed.

Bridget—Yis, mum; I knowed you was awake, fur I heard ye movin' around; an' I said to meself y'd nade slape this mornin', an' I wouldn't distoorb ye wid an early breakfast, mum.—New York Weekly.

MAID AND MISFIT STOCKING.

She was quite past the age when a belief in the sage
With whiskers and pack is essential
To the catching of gifts and causing of rifts
In the purse of papas providential;
She was quite up to date, and I'm willing to state,
That for gifts she did not have to beg,
But this maiden so pure, with looks so demure,
Was not above pulling pa's leg.

The old man was to blame—I tell you the same,
To prove he did not know his daughter—
For he'd given it out while she was about
That she must pay for the presents he'd bought her.
In short, he just told her he'd like to behold her
In the role of a child—he was mocking—
This funny old boy with his face full of joy—
And last night she must hang up her stocking.

This maid without guile has a property smile,
And the same she assumed for her papa;
Then she glanced at her shoes—not larger than twos—
Saying "Ah—ah, I'll fix you, papa, proper."
Then away she did hie, herself did supply
With that which will jar papa's head,
For the size of that stocking was something quite shocking,
And pa—well he'll wish he was dead.

L'ENVOI.

The clerk that sold hose turned cold to his toes,
When he asked for the size of the socks,
And she said with a glare that she wanted a pair
Of the biggest there was in the box.
—W. B. H.

TO REORGANIZE IT

JOHN D. O'BRIEN, ATTORNEY FOR THE BANK OF MINNESOTA, TALKS

ABOUT THE RECEIVERSHIP.

ASSETS CAN BE MORE ADVANTAGEOUSLY HANDLED BY THE BANK ITSELF

THAN IN ANY OTHER MANNER.

Those Interested Will Try to Bring About a Speedy Reorganization of the Institution.

In the opinion of John D. O'Brien, attorney for the Bank of Minnesota, the affairs of the bank are in such condition that a speedy reorganization should be expected. As a business proposition the stockholders desire it; the depositors of the bank are hopeful that the receivers will soon be discharged, and the affairs of the bank again placed in the hands of the officers. Mr. O'Brien said yesterday to a reporter for the Globe that he thought the suspension of the bank was pressed forward with too great rapidity. He further said:

"Although I was the legal adviser of the bank, the conditions which culminated in the appointment of the receivers moved so rapidly that I was not consulted as to the course to be pursued until after the application for the appointment of the receivers had been made. The affair was pressed with such speed that no meeting of the board of directors could be held, and the first intimation that most of the directors had that such a proceeding was on foot was when the application had been made, and was practically determined by the court. I think it is greatly to be regretted that such an important step was taken with such haste. Even now it is impossible for any one to give more than an estimate of the exact value of the assets of the bank. The statements in the morning papers are simply a conjecture as to the value of the assets from a most conservative standpoint."

"Then you think the criticisms of the figures presented by the state bank examiner in his application for a receiver are not well founded," was asked Mr. O'Brien, who replied:

"It must be evident that no one can in the course of few hours' examination make an estimate that will be at all reliable. One thing is certain, and that is, that whatever the assets of the bank amount to, they can be more advantageously handled by the bank itself in the ordinary course of business than they can be by any receiver's informal proceedings through the courts. The borrowers from the bank, too, cannot be properly dealt with through a receivership. Much hardship must result to them as well as to the bank by a summary winding up of its affairs at this time"

"What do you think the future of the bank will be, Mr. O'Brien?"

"These considerations, to which I have referred," he replied, "have led to a determination on the part of those interested that the bank will be reorganized at once, and as soon as the necessary preliminaries are arranged an application will be made for the discharge of the receivers and the bank will resume business. I have talked with many of the depositors and stockholders and they are all enthusiastic in their advocacy of this idea. This spirit will greatly facilitate the work of reorganization."

Referring to the attitude of the depositors, Mr. O'Brien had only words of praise and admiration for their course since the doors of the bank closed. He said:

"The temper shown by the depositors is admirable. The Bank of Minnesota had grown to be almost an historical institution in St. Paul; the relation between it and its customers had a sentiment in it beyond mere confidence in its financial ability, and the news of its suspension was a bewildering and stunning blow to them. Yet I think it would be hard to find a parallel to the cool bravery which the hundreds of men and women who found their money tied up by the suspension met the difficulty. More thoughtless people might have set the town ablaze with excitement that would have threatened every financial interest. I think the depositors have saved themselves, the bank, and, perhaps, others as well."

Messrs. Frank A. Seymour and William H. Lightner, receivers of the Bank of Minnesota, filed their bond in the office of the clerk of the courts yesterday. The bond is in the sum of $1,000,000, and the bondsman is the American Surety company, of New York. The bond, which is one of the largest ever executed in this country, is signed by Thomas B. Scott, resident vice president of the company, and A. M. Wickwire, acting resident secretary. The bond meets the approval of Judge Otis.

A New York telegram yesterday says "The sheriff today received an attachment for $6,875 against the Bank of Minnesota, of St. Paul, in favor of Mary H. Semple, on an assigned claim of C. E. Oakley & Co., Western bankers."

A meeting of a majority of the depositors of the Union Stockyards bank was held yesterday afternoon, and a petition signed requesting Judge Crosby, of the district court, at Hastings, to appoint a receiver separate from the Bank of Minnesota. Names suggested were Frank Hankey, of Hankey Bros., live stock dealers; J. P. Nolan, city recorder, and J. J. Gahan, city treasurer, all of South St. Paul.

YE LOVING CUP.

Christmas Joys Overflow the Brimming Human Bowl.

Alexander Worthing, a special policeman on St. Anthony hill, was arrested last night by Officer Miller, charged with being drunk. Worthing created a small sized panic in Yerxa Brothers' store by running around the store with his hat off and his police whistle in his hand.

H. F. Dressler and H. L. Carson got into a row at the Palm garden saloon, corner Ninth and Wabasha streets, last night. Officers Miller and Saintong were summoned and placed the two under arrest, preferring a charge of drunk and disorderly against them.

Louis Gregor, who claims to be a molder, was arrested last night by Detectives Daly and Campbell, charged with vagrancy.

BAHE'S GUN PLAY.

It Enables Him to Hold Six Men at Bay.

Lieut. Bahe early this morning found six men engaged in a rough and tumble fight at Seventh and Minnesota streets. He held them all up at the point of his pistol until Sergeant McCarthy came along and called the wagon. The men gave the names of C. Lundquist, Samuel Dahlquist, Edward Lettou, Walter La Petrie, D. J. Hagerty and D. J. Sweeney.

Charles Libby will spend part of Christmas, at least, in durance vile because, in his frenzy at being refused a drink after midnight, he smashed the windows of Tankenoff's saloon.

Stole Both Horse and Cutter.

William L. Priebie drove down town yesterday afternoon in a handsome Portland cutter. He returned home on foot, however, for while he was in a store near the corner of Eighth and Rosabel streets, about 6:15 p. m., purchasing Christmas presents, some one jumped into his sleigh and drove away without leaving his name. The horse is of a dark mouse color. There were in the cutter a valuable black goat robe and a wool blanket, with red and white stripes. The cutter is painted dark green.

OFFICER WAS NOT THERE.

Andrew Geisen Could Find Neither Cop Nor Robe.

A bold theft occurred at Seventh and Minnesota streets Wednesday evening at 5:30 o'clock, when a valuable fur robe was taken from the cutter of Andrew Geisen, proprietor of the Home hotel, 450 Fort street. Geisen was driving about the city Wednesday afternoon purchasing supplies for Christmas and hitched his horse, attached to a cutter, to a post on Minnesota street within a few rods of the corner of Seventh street.

Geisen stepped into a neighboring store for a few minutes, and when he returned to his cutter he discovered that in his absence a black dogskin fur robe had disappeared. He values the robe at $8. The hotel man immediately set out in quest for a police officer, but according to his story, searched in vain for a guardian of the peace. He finally reported the matter to Detective Daly.

Geisen's horse was standing in full sight of the pedestrians on Seventh street, and the theft was a daring piece of business, particularly as the cutter was by the side of a patrol box where an officer might appear at any moment.

SANTA CLAUS AT THE GRAND.

Theodore Hays Is Visited by the Patriarch.

Christmas eve was celebrated appropriatjely at the Grand opera house last night by the employes of the theater. Theodore Hays, manager of the house, and Chief Usher James T. Stroud, were presented with handsome tokens.

Mr. Hays' present consisted of a punch set of beautiful imported Austrian glassware. Each piece was inlaid with gold, the metal having been blown in during the construction of the cups and saucers. There are twenty-four pieces in all, twelve cups and twelve saucers.

The set rests in a handsome silk-lined box, and the whole constitutes one of the most expensive and elaborate affairs of its kind that has ever been brought into the city. It was the idea of Resident Manager Rutledge to present Manager Hays with the gift from the stage, but this idea had to be abandoned, as the genial Hays spent the evening at Minneapolis.

Chief Usher Stroud was the recipient of a handsome gold watch, the gift of the employes of the house, from Mr. Hays down to the water boys. A neat little letter of greeting accompanied the gift, signed by the givers.

TO SIGN OR NOT TO SIGN.

Loop Ordinance's Fate Hinges on Today.

The allotted time in which the mayor must take action on the Broadway loop ordinance expires today, as the measure reached him last Monday morning. If he should neglect to sign or veto the ordinance, it would become effective in any event. But the mayor proposes to take action. When seen late yesterday afternoon Mayor Doran said:

"I have been giving the matter consideration, but I will not dispose of it until tomorrow. In what manner it would not be proper for me to say at present. I can only say that, as far as the petitions in favor of and against the Broadway loop are concerned, I set little store by them. We all know how easy it is to get up petitions."

AUTHORS OF THE DAY.

Six of Them to Appear Here in Entertainment.

St. Paul people will next month have an opportunity to attend a series of literary feasts, at which the hosts will be six of the best known younger American writers of the present time, appearing in readings from their own works. Two evenings will be devoted to the readings which are to take place at the People's church. On the first evening John Kendrick Bangs, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart and Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmie Fadden," will read, and two weeks later James Whitcomb Riley, Miss Lillian Bell and John Fox Jr. will appear.

Readers of books are always interested in the authors and desire to see and hear the persons of whom they have more or less vague conceptions. It is difficult to see how six authors of the day more popular than the six named could be chosen to appear before a St. Paul audience.

DULUTH WANTS IT, TOO.

Enforcement of Child Labor Law Is Asked.

Labor Commissioner Powers received a letter from the president of the Duluth board of education asking him to come to Duluth next week for a conference with the board looking in the direction of a strict enforcement of the child labor and compulsory education law there. He will go, and, if necessary, will repeat the work recently done in Winona in compelling the observance of the law.

Is Kicking Himself Now.

Charles Johnson and Minnie Murnane were arrested at Seventh and St. Peter streets early yesterday morning by Officers Saintong and Klima, who charged the pair with being disorderly. The woman was sentenced to thirty days, while Johnson put up $25 rather than spend the holidays at Como. Johnson had given $15 bail at the police station, but showed up in court in the hope that he might escape without losing his fifteen. Now he is kicking himself.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

S. B. Beesley is psending Christmas at the Merchants'.

The Opera House Drug company, capital stock $15,000, was incorporated yesterday by W. S. and W. R. Gitt and George Sprung.

The Harmony circle met at William Mooney's, on West Concord street, Monday. Prizes were won by Mr. Mooney and Miss Whipple. The next meeting will be at 26 West Indiana avenue.

The doll drawing at McClellan's store proved to be lucky for No. 57. The contest was conducted at the Seventh street store, and was for the benefit of the children of various poor families.

Arrangements have been completed for the St. Mary's of the Lake Sunday school entertainment, to be given under the direction of Misses Anna Davis and Lillian Bunghard, on Saturday evening, at Getty's hall, White Bear.

Funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Gilbert G. Thorne were held in Minneapolis yesterday. Mrs. Thorne was the daughter of John F. Norrish, of Hastings, and the interment will take place in that city. Three young children are left motherless.

The Countess Constance Wachtmeister will lecture before the Woman's Club of Merriam Park, at the residence of Mrs. Crandall, Dec. 26, at 2 p. m., subject, "The Literary Ability of the Crowned Heads of Europe." An invitation is extended to all interested.

The annual meeting of the Sunday School Teachers' Primary union will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the House of Hope church. The Minneapolis union will be in attendance, and the meeting will be addressed by Rev. W. C. Covert, of Merriam Park.

The Sunday School Teachers' Primary union will hold its annual meeting in the parlors of the House of Hope church Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. W. C. Covert, of Merriam Park, will address the teachers. The Minneapolis Primary union will be in attendance.

John Lawrence, the post canteen-keeper at Fort Snelling, is so desperately ill that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. Mr. Lawrence is a civilian, but was formerly of the non-commissioned staff of the Third infantry, and is known everywhere throughout the Northwest.

Michael Graufranperio and Michael Berlanguri, the two Italians arrested the night of Dec. 18 by Detective Hallowell and Special Detective Olberg, the first charged with vagrancy and carrying concealed weapons, and the second as being a plain vag, were arraigned before Judge Twohy yesterday morning, who continued their case until Dec. 30. Both men put up $25 bail.