

THE DAILY GLOBE

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TODAY'S WEATHER. WASHINGTON, May 24.—Forecast for Tuesday: Minnesota—Fair; warmer; southerly winds. Wisconsin—Fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming southerly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS. United States Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau, Washington, May 24, 6:45 p. m. Local Time, 8 p. m. 15th Meridian Time.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations.

Table with columns: Place, Temp. Place, Temp. St. Paul 56, Minneapolis 50, Duluth 54, Huron 52, Bismarck 52, Williston 52, Havre 52, Helena 52, Edmont 52, Battleford 52, Prince Albert 52, Calgary 52, Medicine Hat 52, Swift Current 52, Qu'Appelle 52.

DAILY MEANS. Barometer, 30.20; mean temperature, 47; relative humidity, 67; wind, northwest; weather clear; maximum temperature, 53; minimum temperature, 35; daily range, 22; amount of rainfall in the last twenty-four hours, 0.

RIVER AT S. A. M. Gauge Reading, Line, Water, Change. St. Paul 14.5, 5.8, 0.3. Davenport 15.5, 5.8, 0.3. St. Louis 30, 15.6, 0.3.

A GREAT EDUCATOR. A writer in the St. Paul Dispatch rushes in where angels fear to tread and risks the heretofore unattempted performance of defining "fads" by listing a few of them which appear, by his mental processes, to fill the description.

The crowds of riders who look forward to Sunday for the pleasure of spending a day on their wheels in the open air have just one terror that detracts from the delights of the day, and holds over them always the menace of injuries from which they may not recover for months, if ever. They know that wherever they go, whether on Summit avenue or Lexington avenue or to White Bear, they will be sure to meet, at some point, one or more of these infernal scorchers. Riding leisurely and comfortably along, they will hear from front or rear a distant whistle, and possibly a yell of warning. Then there will rush past a dozen wheels, propelled by men who are racing and demand a clear track from everybody. If there is the slightest variation from a straight line, if the rider is, as all those who are inexperienced are, the least bit nervous in meeting or passing others, if the path happens to be quite narrow at that point or the wheel defects a little from its regular course, there must inevitably be a crash, and it is fortunate if the parties get off with no more serious injury than a lot of broken bones. This sort of riding is illegal, as well as being morally atrocious, and it should be suppressed, at least within the limits of St. Paul.

We have supported for many years a number of mounted policemen, who patrol on horseback the suburbs and outlying districts, looking after the enforcement of city ordinances there. For the same reason there ought to be one or two policemen mounted on bicycles, without uniforms, to patrol the cycle paths in the afternoon or evening of week days and all times on Sunday until the racing scorchers have been locked up and punished. The record-makers and record-breakers love to use the cycle paths because they are smooth and give them a straight-away dash for long distances. They have not a particle of right to do so. It is far more atrocious, because it threatens injury to a so much larger number of people, to permit bicycle racing on the paths than to permit the owner of a trotter to speed him regularly on the traveled streets at a 2:20 or 2:15 gait, requiring everybody else to get out of the way.

A good start has been made at riding the streets themselves of scorchers. If we can expel them from the cycle paths, the breed will either become extinct, or it will resort to regular tracks like that at Lexington park when it wants to race against time. Let us have a bicycle police patrol as a protection to the entire public and a matter of justice to that portion of it which wishes to use and enjoy the wheel.

WANT ALL ITS PURCHASING POWER.

Comment on the earnest protest of the gold-standard Democrats against both the action and inaction of the administration and its congress has run the whole gamut of comment in the Republican papers, from the tone of the New York Tribune, which insolently asked what these men supposed the Republican administration was there for, to the sober expostulation of the Milwaukee Sentinel, the sweet persuasiveness of the Chicago Tribune and the offensive blubber of its Minneapolis namesake. Dingley's post-election ratification of the ante-election promises of a moderate tariff act ripens in the most ultra bill ever offered, while the promises of currency reform are redeemed by Speaker Reed's refusal to

appoint a banking and currency committee or to even permit to be considered Heatwole's bill for a currency commission. These are the grounds of the protest of the Democrats who made the greatest sacrifice last fall a partisan can make, and it is the earnestness of the protests, coupled with the knowledge that certain defeat awaits the Republican party if these votes are cast against it, that calls forth all this varied comment.

The Sentinel says it is their "duty to help spread the opinion that the new tariff, unsatisfactory as it is to them, is infinitely preferable to the legislation that would have been enacted if the free silver Democrats had won in 1896," and which will follow their success in 1900, because it is better than "a descent to the silver standard." When this proposition is resolved into its final analysis, it is simply this: The new tariff is a less evil, because it proposes and intends to take from the dollar, on the average, half of its normal purchasing power and, in execution, will take sometimes more and sometimes less, than it would be to accept free coinage that will take away uniformly half the power to buy commodities of every dollar in anybody's pocket in the country. If this becomes the naked issue in 1900, we apprehend that those Democrats who supported, as they supposed, the gold standard in 1896 will do a lot of hard thinking before marking their ballots. Between one policy that will cut in half every dollar indiscriminately, and another that will cut off such uncertain and unascertainable amount as the beneficiaries of the cut may combine on, we apprehend that Democrats, loving equality even in misfortunes, will take the policy that makes the cut universal. It will not be wise, anyway, for the Republicans to permit such to be the alternative.

PATROL THE PATHS.

Among the things that are needed to make the use of the wheel safe and to put an end to the scorchers is the appointment of one or two policemen who are skilled in the use of the bicycle and can patrol the paths leading in and out of the city. We think that this measure of protection is due to that very large portion of the public, numbering thousands, that uses the bicycle paths, and it will be the most effective way to put an end to scorching. A week ago last Sunday there occurred a very serious accident by the collision of two wheels. Last Sunday the experience was repeated. This will happen just as long as racing, scorching and speeding for a record on the bicycle paths are permitted. They cannot be stopped until there is a bicycle police patrol that will look out for these fellows and take them to the cooler before they have run into or down anybody.

MR. WATTERSON'S FIRE ALARM.

Our excellently well-intentioned, but somewhat nervous and excitable fellow laborer in this endless task of directing public opinion in the way in which it should, but, perversely, too often, will not go. Mr. Watterson, whose facile pencil makes the editorial pages of the Courier-Journal so charmingly attractive when he will, displays an unwonted irritation at the calm reception of his alarm-bell warning of the preparations for another candidacy of Mr. Cleveland for the presidency. He complains that it has been received with either levity or contempt because the presumption is so general and so sure that there can be no third term for any man. With an ineptitude that seldom marks what he may write he groups all the dissenters under the term "new journalists," and returns a Roland of satire for their Oliver of levity. Crediting him with fertility of invention in the realms of fancy, he denounces him, somewhat inconsequentially, we think, any understanding of the occult in life or thought. He then restates his case, charges Mr. Cleveland with intent to be "very much in evidence three years hence," and the Reform club banquet as having been arranged with malice aforethought to introduce Mr. Cleveland's fourth candidacy.

Having been of those who calmly kept their chairs when Henry's alarm bell rang, but not of those who dropped flippant or contemptuous remarks about the ringer, we have read the elaboration of the case as restated, and must confess our inability to see any cause for alarm. We might fall back on former alarms rung by our esteemed brother as justification for present serenity, but even his satire shall not provoke an unkind retort. We are even willing to admit that, after 1896, almost anything may happen in 1900, even the renomination and re-election of Mr. Cleveland, but we must persist that there is nothing to indicate a set purpose on that gentleman's part to begin the initiatory steps to bring about such an end, and shall so believe until Mr. Watterson offers something more solid than the dinner of the Reform club and Mr. Cleveland's address to the banquets.

We find a somewhat extended experience to justify the rule that no occult motives should be predicated on human action as long as ordinary, natural and perfectly understandable motives are sufficient to account for it. There are exceptions to the rule, we admit, but we find no reason to think this is one. What then were the circumstances out of which may have come with innocent intent the motives for the dinner and the presence and remarks of Mr. Cleveland? It was no unusual thing for the Reform club to give a dinner. Mr. Watterson need not be told that it is one of the things clubs do and sometimes all they exist for. This special club has given a dinner annually ever since its first year, and it has followed the honored custom, observed even in Louisville, of inviting eminent gentlemen, identified with the cause it is engaged in, to dine with and talk to it. Having finished another year in which the club had done a great and laudable work in the cause of monetary education, it was but natural that it should make that cause the leading feature of its dinner speeches, just as, in former years, it had made the tariff cause the topic.

Having stood together in that campaign, what more natural than that the club should ask Mr. Cleveland to come from his retirement to partake of the dinner with them? What more proper than that he, just having stepped down from the presidential chair into the ranks of civil life, should be the guest of honor? And as such, what more natural than that he should be one of the speakers? Consider the converse. Suppose the club had omitted Mr. Cleveland from its invitations. Or, if invited and a guest, suppose he had not been asked to speak. Will Mr. Watterson himself admit that it would have been open to just criticism on the score of good taste? All that occurred, then, the banquet, the presence of the president, his post-prandial remarks, being each and all capable of translation by the ordinary motives that actuate men, why should one make a journey into the occult to find other, dark, sinister and strategic motives for it all? The demurrer to Mr. Watterson's complaint must be held well taken on the first ground alleged, that it does not state facts sufficient for a cause of action.

The old assertion that it is better for a man not to know so much than to know so many things that aren't so is particularly applicable to discussions of the financial question. During the heat of the campaign it is expected that a lot of wild assertions will go flying around the country, copied, under the influence of partisan anxiety, from one paper to another, and unchallenged by the facts. In a time like this, when there is freedom from passion and leisure to investigate, it is surprising to find such a policy equally in force. Here, for example, is the Free Coinage Journal, of Chicago, arguing that the increase of our population is about 2,000,000 a year, and, at \$25 per capita, it would require \$50,000,000 per annum of new money to meet the demand of increased population. It clinches this argument with the following remarkable statement: "The average output of all silver mines is less than \$50,000,000 per annum. Thus it would require all the silver product of America every year to meet the demands of our increase of population."

MISINFORMATION.

A reference to the official statistics shows that the gold production alone of the United States in the year 1895 was \$47,000,000. Our gold mines by themselves, therefore, supplied practically the whole addition to our currency assumed to be necessary. The coinage value of our silver product for the same year was \$72,000,000. The Free Coinage Journal says that "all silver mines" have an output of less than \$50,000,000 per annum. The silver product of the world for the year 1895 was 174,776,375 ounces, having a coinage value of \$226,000,000, and a commercial value as bullion of not far from \$100,000,000.

What is the sense of making such extravagant and foolish statements, which are contradicted the moment that one comes to look at the facts? No cause has ever been advanced by misrepresentation. To misrepresent, when correction is so simple and inevitable, is as absurd as it is immoral.

THE "INSANE EDITOR" OF THE ST. PAUL DISPATCH.

Who feels called upon to act as apologist for the St. Paul Dispatch's editor and defender of the late lamented legislature, has one more opening to his mouth, and gives the public a new and a novel "hoof" located therein.—St. Cloud Journal-Press.

Aside from the brotherly love disclosed, Alva leaves us in doubt as to whether "his" is the editor, the union or the legislature. Until this is made clear, we suggest the use of a diagram, the public will not know whether the cloven hoof is the editor's or the legislature's, or whose mouth it was that was opened. We admit, however, that the sentence, as a whole, justifies the selection of Eastman as secretary of the commission to locate the fourth hospital for the insane. In fact, he might have been the whole commission.

Some Minneapolis divines have been discussing the location of the garden of Eden, for the St. Paul Dispatch's editor and defender of the late lamented legislature, has one more opening to his mouth, and gives the public a new and a novel "hoof" located therein.—St. Cloud Journal-Press.

And if any of those divines in the Mill City doubt it, the News can point out to them the identical tree that bore the apple that Eve got Adam to eat, still bearing the same kind of apples, and show them the tortuous trail of the serpent that coaxed Eve into mischief, utilized now by the herds of cows coming loping over the sea to even be milked.

Why not drop it and adopt the English system of tariff for revenue, excise and income tax with incidental protection by subsidies? Why not be honest and if a tax on tea and an added tax on beer is necessary, quit humping the people.—Alexander Post-News.

And here is another good, orthodox Republican brother getting up and talking right out in meeting, assuring the minister and asking heretics, "The idea of asking Republican party officers to be honest and quit humping the people! Turn him out; he'll demoralize the whole congregation."

Mr. Tawney thinks that the senate has ignored the protection principle in its changes of the tariff bill. It is a well-ordered plea, a mask, a tarp, a whale, and it is out after such a man.

AT THE THEATERS.

Gentility and breeding expressed through the medium of a dress suit, a manly countenance and refinement of speech make a despicable man interesting. It is not absolutely surprising, therefore, that the success of such a play as "A Social Highwayman," which was given its first production in this city by the Giffen-Neill company last night at the Metropolitan opera house.

The only remaining distinctive character is that of Lenora Caprice, portrayed by Mary Hampton. What a role she has played for the exhibition of the senator's violent and vindictive temper, Miss Hampton takes full advantage of. The other characters are sketched, but all drawn with a touch of life. William F. Owen as Colonel Despard, John M. Hart as Colonel Remsen and Robert Drouet as Merton Harley, all give entirely satisfactory performances, as in fact do the remaining members of the cast.

The stage settings, particularly those in the first act, are of a most interesting and attractive character. The scenery is of a most interesting and attractive character. The scenery is of a most interesting and attractive character.

The person who is in the habit of talking society gossip behind the scenes, and drawing a large sized audience at the Grand opera house last evening, Mr. Tyndall presents a programme of mind reading as effective in interest and as profitable in novelty as that given in this city by the once famed Bishop. His power of locating hidden articles, combined with his marvelous description of the same, makes his performances of really wonderful interest. Tomorrow at 2:30 the first matinee performance of the Melvior-Tyndall engagement will be given. Prof. Tyndall announces a nightly change in his programme of mind reading tests.

Write to Him for It.

To the Editor of the Globe. Would you please inform me how I could get Senator Vest's speech on the Indian appropriation, and oblige. —Aug. Gager, Mabel, May 21.

Europe's Great Need.

There are 18,000 more telephones in the United States than in the whole of Europe. It is an open question whether this is evidence of greater industry or greater laziness. —Chicago Tribune.

Jury That Means Business.

It isn't often that Minneapolis admits that St. Paul is her superior in anything. But the jury which is one of business and wants to borrow it. The Journal guarantees the jury will have plenty of business in Minneapolis.—Dickey County Leader.

His Awful Impression.

The sailor from Boston had been tried before the drawing of the jury. The expression of his face that something appalling and utterly reckless in the way of profanity was struggling with utterance.

There Are Managers and Managers.

If there should be a fire in some building at the Paris exposition, the American exhibitors should lose heavily, and we believe their demand for reimbursement of all that has passed. There is a difference in exposition management.—Chicago Tribune.

An Easy Promise.

"Didn't I see you pitching pennies with that little Sprinkle boy?" "Yes." "Well, don't you do it again. Do you hear me?" "Yes, I won't do it no more. He hasn't got cent left." —Northwest Magazine.

He Played a Lone Hand.

Mr. Watts.—The idea of you pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying "I was deeply touched!"

Two Advantages.

"It is better," said the sentimental young man, "to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all, or something of that sort." "Also," he said, "it is better to be a stranger around his foreigner, 'It is cheaper.'" —Indianapolis Journal.

Sweet Sacrament.

Ether.—What do you think of my engagement ring, dear?" Eunice (sweet)—It's a beauty—and it fits just as snugly as mine was made for you, love.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Smart Things.

Scene: A public eating house. Pert Youth addresses waitress—Bring me one of your dog biscuits, miss. Youth.—You promise to eat it on the spot? —Tribune.

AT CHERRY FARM

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY FINDS AN IDEAL RETREAT FOR THE SUMMER.

IT IS ROOMY AND INVITING. JUST SUFFICIENTLY ISOLATED FOR PLEASURE—SEVEN MILES FROM WASHINGTON.

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DRIVES. Number of Pleasant Roads Connect the Place With the City.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—President McKinley has chosen the place for his summer residence. It is known as "Cherry Farm," seven miles southwest of Washington. Just back of Fort Myer, and is reached by several beautiful drives from the city proper, one

leading through Fort Myer and another through Arlington. "Cherry Farm" is the property of ex-Senator John B. Henderson, of Missouri, who purchased the beautiful place four years ago from Thomas H. Sypherd, who for nearly twenty-five years was one of the chiefs in the sixth auditor's office of the treasury department. In this beautiful and secluded place President and Mrs. McKinley, with Secretary and Mrs. Porter, will pass the heated summer months.

ISOLATED FROM THE PUBLIC.

The house is far back from the public road. Situated along a veritable forest of fruit and shade trees, the small summer cottage is as completely isolated as though it were a thousand miles from the national capital. One must have a most intimate acquaintance with the geography of the adjacent country in order to find the house at all. It is reached by a narrow lane which turns in from the main road about half a mile below the small village of Ballston. This lane is an excruciating one. It is full of rocks and ruts, and the devious way in which it twists and turns through the short pine brush is apt to cause a city-bred person to lose his bearings entirely.

Approaching the house one is impressed by the great number of fruit trees which line the lane. Apple, pear, peach and cherry trees, and every where, and the eye is unable to discover the bounds of the magnificent orchard which stretches away toward the north.

The first sight of the house is disappointing, for it seems small. But its full size is not apparent from the front view, for when making the turn in the driveway it is seen that the building extends quite a good distance to the rear.

It would be difficult to classify the style of its architecture, for the reason that it is a combination of the old-fashioned farmhouse and the modern summer cottage, Senator Henderson having it remodeled when he purchased the property four years ago from Mr. Sypherd.

It is two stories in height, after the style of many Southern houses, and there are porches and verandas all over the place. The broad veranda on the north side is a particularly inviting one, and it is reached through doors leading both the drawing room and the dining room.

ROOMS AND FURNISHINGS.

The house is furnished handsomely throughout, although the Henderson family has spent very little time there. The drawing room and library are practically one room, being separated by portieres of blue silk. The prevailing tone of the walls and ceilings of both these rooms is blue, and the furniture is the kind usually seen in summer cottages—rattan and cane being the principal materials of which it is made. Communicating with the library is the cozy little dining room, with two china closets filled with handsome tableware. This room has a southern exposure, and a generous bay window adds to its attractiveness. Back of the dining room is the summer kitchen, which is quite a model in its way. In it are all the appliances necessary for the most extensive and well of excellent water, which has a wide reputation in the country round about, is also situated in this kitchen.

The upper floor is reached by a handsome winding stairway finished in oak. Two large bedrooms, which face the east, are the principal rooms on this floor. They are both about the same size, and are finished in terra cotta, and the walls are covered with paper of a delicate blue tint. A third bedroom of somewhat smaller size, back of the two principal ones, completes the sleeping apartments, though there are still two others of small size over the kitchen. In every room are open fireplaces.

COTTAGE FOR PORTER.

When Senator Henderson bought the house, in addition to other improvements, he had a cozy little four-room cottage built. This cottage, it is said, will be occupied by Secretary and Mrs. Porter.

The stable is a commodious one, and will amply accommodate all the horses likely to be needed by the presidential family.

Not Particular.

Mistress—Oh, Bridget, Bridget! What are you doing with the skias on, right in front of our visitors, too. You—you—what shall I say? Bridget (affably)—Call me 'Agnes,' it is loke mumm; 'tis me other name.—New York World.

The Ultimate Test.

"I hear," said Mr. Rafferty, "that the Turks have more men than the Greeks." "The Greeks," said the questioner of rare repartee, "and which now the most war they start the fight, but which has the most men they start the fight." —Brooklyn Eagle.

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First Chicken (thoughtful)—I wonder what people mean when they say a chicken is Philadelphia fed? Second Chicken (after a moment's reflection)—They mean to eat their food slowly.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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