

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

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SUNDAY'S WEATHER. Cloudy; Northwesterly Winds.

By the United States Weather Bureau. MINNESOTA—Partly cloudy weather, followed by increasing cloudiness; northeast-ly winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES. Buffalo, 75-78; Cincinnati, 70-80; Boston, 55-58; New York, 56-70; Chicago, 52-58; Pittsburgh, 47-73.

YESTERDAY'S MEANS. Barometer, 29.50; Mean temperature, 56; Relative humidity, 69; Wind at 8 P. M., 4.7; Weather, Cloudy; Maximum temperature, 69; Minimum temperature, 47; Daily range, 22; Amount of precipitation, trace; Snow in last twenty-four hours, none.

RIVER AT 8 A. M. Danger Gauge Change in St. Paul, 1.4; La Crosse, 0.1; Davenport, 0.1; St. Louis, 2.5.

ATLANTIC LINERS. NEW YORK—Arrived: Lucania, Liverpool; Sailed: Umbria, Liverpool, via Havana.

TODAY'S EVENTS. Memorial service, First M. E. church, A. M. Memorial service, Catholic church, 10 A. M.

The Spaniards can still operate with "shooters." Spain says she is only fighting for principle now.

The Rise of the Gentleman. Those of us who have not ceased to mourn the greed of Cambridge for the best and his sense of duty-dog that took Rev. S. M. Crothers from among us find some solace in his appearance with us in the pages of the May Atlantic, where he discourses on "The Evolution of the Gentleman" with that delightful humor which runs in his veins.

Why Summer School Vacations? An address by President Shepard, of the Wisconsin normal, before the department of superintendence of the National Educational association at its meeting in Chattanooga, last February.

REVENUE FOR THE SCHOOLS. Moritz Heim Points out an Undeveloped Source. To the St. Paul Globe: The problem of raising sufficient revenue in this city to save the closing of the public schools...

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sink it from one to four times every twenty-four hours.

The Pioneer Press had another busy day Saturday. It located the Spanish fleet at Port Limon, in the Windward passage, and the Catalago de Cuba. Of course it was at Santiago, right where it has been these many days, long enough, heaven knows, for anybody except the Pioneer Press to find it out.

Better Beneath His Oaks.

Gladstone will sleep in Westminster abbey. There is something pathetic in the surrender by Mrs. Gladstone of her wish to have the remains of her husband laid at rest under the oaks of Havering, which he loved so well, and where, when she shall have answered the summons, she could sleep by his side. The wife's natural desire gives way before the tradition and custom that demand that England's eminent dead shall repose beneath the marble slabs of her great abbey, and tread with ruthless foot upon the tenderest sentiments of the home. Of this feeling we know nothing here. Washington rests at Mount Vernon, and Jefferson at Monticello, and Madison at Montpelier, but at Riverside to receive the remains of Grant, another sarcophagus was provided to receive the remains of the wife when her time should come.

There is something uncanny in reading over slabs whose inscription tells you that underneath repose the remains of some one of England's renowned. A young New York newspaperman, through the agency of gallantry that great edifice during afternoon service. When he bowed his head as the prayers were being read a creepy sensation came over him as his eyes rested on the inscription "Charles Dickens," graven on the stone beneath his feet. He instinctively raised his feet from the stone, feeling a sense of profanation, of desecration, in thus resting the sepulchre of Dickens a resting place for his feet.

Were mortal remains sensate, we can readily believe that the great commoner, whose sympathies were ever with the commonalty, finds uncongenial companionship with many of those who lie about him, men whose lives were filled with deeds that shocked his democracy. And we may believe that he, too, would have straggled into that great edifice during afternoon service. When he bowed his head as the prayers were being read a creepy sensation came over him as his eyes rested on the inscription "Charles Dickens," graven on the stone beneath his feet. He instinctively raised his feet from the stone, feeling a sense of profanation, of desecration, in thus resting the sepulchre of Dickens a resting place for his feet.

Omits the Vital Factor.

It is now ten years since a writer came up out of the indistinguishable mass of our population and gave to the reading public a book that at once achieved, if not permanence in our literature, a high place among those works which embody plans for the immediate and complex social aspirations of humanity for better lives, juster conditions and relations, and surcease of the carking cares that swarm about those engaged in the struggle for existence. The plausible manner in which Mr. Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," met and answered the objections that rise readily to every mind that ponders these Utopian schemes, was, perhaps, its chief merit, although the dream it presented of industrial conditions from which the strife and bitterness of competition were eliminated constituted its charm. It powerfully augmented the tendency towards socialism, the use of the aggregated power of the community, embodied in the state, to ameliorate the harsh conditions of life, and gave an impetus to the many and complex social questions that are pressing for solution.

Captivated by his own creation and encouraged by the reception his book met with, Mr. Bellamy threw himself into the propaganda, and in his paper, "The New Nation," and in his latest book, "Equality," he sought to prevail on men to accept his ideas. His aspirations, even, all men share. Even the conservative man looks forward to the rising conditions of human life and gets his faith of their ultimate coming in the progress history makes note of. While he shares the aspirations, he cannot accept the methods proposed. He lacks faith in the efficacy of legal enactments; he sees that all progress has come from the uplift of the individual through appeals to his moral sense; he is certain that further progress is possible only along the lines by which mankind has reached its present conditions. He is patient, willing to do his duty, to lend his individual help and to leave the rate of movement to the great Designer. A society such as Bellamy pictured is impossible with the mass of men as they are, perfect conditions require perfect men for their administration. The mistake of Bellamy, like that of all his school, is that he left out of his calculations the inescapable human factor. But in as far as men and women have been inspired with higher ideals, in as much as he has stirred men to think better general conditions attainable, so far he has helped along the progress of mankind, for it is only by such means that progress is at all possible.

The Rise of the Gentleman.

Those of us who have not ceased to mourn the greed of Cambridge for the best and his sense of duty-dog that took Rev. S. M. Crothers from among us find some solace in his appearance with us in the pages of the May Atlantic, where he discourses on "The Evolution of the Gentleman" with that delightful humor which runs in his veins. He tells us that the conditions require perfect men for their administration. The mistake of Bellamy, like that of all his school, is that he left out of his calculations the inescapable human factor. But in as far as men and women have been inspired with higher ideals, in as much as he has stirred men to think better general conditions attainable, so far he has helped along the progress of mankind, for it is only by such means that progress is at all possible.

Why Summer School Vacations?

An address by President Shepard, of the Wisconsin normal, before the department of superintendence of the National Educational association at its meeting in Chattanooga, last February, in advocacy of continuous sessions of normal schools, contains arguments that make for such sessions for urban public schools as well as for normals. The reasoning that applies to the latter applies with even greater force to the former because the results that follow attend a much larger number of individuals. He prefaces his argument for continuous sessions of the schools in which he is professionally engaged with a generalization upon the limitations that surround our public school system, and one of these is that ordinary tradition of the absolute necessity of a long summer vacation. It is one of the singular instances of the force of habit and tradition that this vacation, originating in the rural schools in the necessity of having the labor of the children on the farms during the busy season of planting, cultivating and rearing wheat, and which was firmly planted in the cities and towns, where no such demand exists, and where the only result was three months of idleness that is only hurtful. The very reason that holds good for the rural vacation, the occupation given the children, stands equally strong for no vacation in the city schools, that provide occupation for children who would otherwise be learning the harmful lessons taught in the school of the idle.

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So habituated have parents, teachers and pupils become to these summer vacations that they have the seeming of an established order of nature like the procession of the seasons, and a question for their abeyance comes like a sharp rap on the head of a drowsy dreamer. We all plod along accustomed paths heedless whether there are not better ones, racking not the waste of energy and time, blissful in our ignorance, until, one day, some one comes along with a question and prods us with it and forces us to get out of our rut and see its relations and compare it; and then it dawns upon us that we have been wasteful of time and energy and treasure. So in this matter of summer vacations we have accepted the established as the normal and never questioned its wisdom or investigated its economics. This Mr. Shepard does in his address, and he makes a case that will neither traditionists meet.

He makes the argument that the strain on teacher and pupil of nine or ten months' work is so great that rest is needed, with the obvious answer that "a system that produces strain and pressure so near to the point of exhaustion is unwise and indefensible," and that the remedy clearly is to spread the work over a longer interval. The very expansion of instruction, that is the valuable feature of our modern school, met by the old restriction in time, but increases that pressure. The amount of work to be done is increased with no corresponding increase of time in which to do it. He notes, what most long vacationers have observed, that return to labor is difficult; that getting back into harness is irksome; that the energy supposed to have been stored up does not answer to the demand for it, and, with teachers and pupils, long vacations bring a loss incident to the breaking down of intellectual habits and the waste of acquired knowledge.

The Curse of the Boomer.

The curse of the boomer remained long after he had either folded his turfs at Havering, where the shade of his oaks would fall athwart his grave as the afternoon sun sank to its rest, and the dew of evening would fall like a benediction upon the brow the world honored. He is now ten years since a writer came up out of the indistinguishable mass of our population and gave to the reading public a book that at once achieved, if not permanence in our literature, a high place among those works which embody plans for the immediate and complex social aspirations of humanity for better lives, juster conditions and relations, and surcease of the carking cares that swarm about those engaged in the struggle for existence. The plausible manner in which Mr. Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," met and answered the objections that rise readily to every mind that ponders these Utopian schemes, was, perhaps, its chief merit, although the dream it presented of industrial conditions from which the strife and bitterness of competition were eliminated constituted its charm. It powerfully augmented the tendency towards socialism, the use of the aggregated power of the community, embodied in the state, to ameliorate the harsh conditions of life, and gave an impetus to the many and complex social questions that are pressing for solution.

Suppress That Revolution.

The president of the National Peace society, Mr. Alfred E. Lovell, of Philadelphia, recently wrote, so it is alleged, a letter to the queen regent of Spain and Senator Sagasta, urging that further concessions might be made by their government to the demands made by the United States with reference to Cuba, to the end that the war between the two countries might be promptly terminated, adding, at the same time, that the sentiment of the people of the United States was against war. The Peace society has during the past few years occupied a room in Independence hall, and it is said that this peace-inspiring letter was written on paper bearing the heading "Independence Hall, the Cradle of American Liberty." It is now proposed that at the next meeting of the city council of Philadelphia a resolution shall be offered to summarily oust the Peace society from the quarters at present occupied by them under authority of the same body conferred in 1895, because of the "unpatriotic, un-American and disgraceful expression of opinion" uttered by the president of the society in the letter referred to.

While the resolutions referred to have been of questionable value, and, possibly, in view of already existing war, indiscreet, the proposition to be made in the city council is not only silly, but contemptible. It is well known that the organization presided over by Mr. Lovell is founded in the spirit of brotherhood and love which forms the underlying principle of the Society of Friends or Quakers, whose representatives largely constitute the peace party. That religious sect has never been lacking either in patriotism or in advocacy of the cause of liberty. It was, indeed, their love of liberty and their desire to live in peace and unity with one another which brought them to these shores more than two centuries ago and led, through their peaceful mediation, to the foundation of what today is the second wealthiest city in this nation. Representatives of this sect, too, were conspicuous among the earliest Abolitionists; but they always sought the accomplishment of the freedom of the slave by peaceful means; and, with many people of other creeds, with aspirations similar to their own, they never contemplated the possibility of a long and bloody war as a result of the agitation with which they were identified. But when that war came, with heads bowed in sorrow and grief, they reverently and patriotically surrendered their sons as defenders of the cause of the Union; and the body of many and many a Quaker boy rests today at Gettysburg, at Antietam and in the soil of Virginia, disturbed by the creation of trenches for the burial of those who were killed in the fierce battles of the great Civil War.

Railroad Earnings Undiminished.

From Bradstreet's. The railroads of the country appear to have been in a class by themselves during the month of April, when their earnings certainly show few effects of the dullness and depression complained of in some sections of the country. The admittedly good business they have done has to some extent, of course, qualified by the very low rates at which much of the traffic was handled. But in spite of the depression in general business and the fact of the very low rates, the report of the earnings for the month of April shows a gain of 15.4 per cent over the corresponding month of the year, so far at least as the percentage of gain shows over the corresponding month. In some sections, indeed, the railroads appear to have done the best business reported for a very long time past, the feature being the fact that the grangers and the central-Western lines. Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that, while there were some unfavorable features present during the month of April, these were not reflected in an immediately reflected in railroad earnings, and some circumstances, notably the concentration of the bulk of the regular month of April, were not reflected in the feature for the roads concerned in its transportation.

The total earnings of 116 railroads for the month of April aggregated \$43,965,234, a gain over April, 1897, of \$5,787,000, or 15.5 per cent. This gain compares well with most preceding months this year, and with one exception, that of November last year, was the heaviest reported since the setting-in of the late depression. The showing is all the more gratifying as the corresponding months of the year are likewise good ones. The Pacific roads come first in the size of the gains shown, with an increase of 32 per cent, over the corresponding month of the year. This is hardly as good a showing as that made in March, but the granger roads show a gain of 24 per cent, against smaller gains in recently preceding months, and the Baltimore and Ohio of the central Western group, which reported a gain for April of 16.5 per cent. Among other good increases might be mentioned the Southwestern roads, with a gain of 15.4 per cent, while the increase on the trunk lines, the coal roads and the Southern roads vary between 8 and 10 per cent. The larger increases are numerous, as may be gathered from the following table: Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific \$328,569; Great Northern 321,774; Baltimore and Ohio 129,719; Illinois Central 508,623; Granger 251,785; New York Central 320,589; Norfolk & Western 17,762.

TRILLS THAT THRILL.

THE LAST MEMORIAL DAY.

(Written for The Globe.) I dreamed last night of a grand array Of marshaled men on Memorial Day; Of thousands far away— I saw the banners streaming and glad; I saw the street with silent tread; And the ghastly moonlight overhead; Through their sorried ranks was streaming.

All night long through the quiet street, I'll I thought I heard their marching feet. Theuffled music low and sweet, The shouting crowds who came to greet And the sound of the bugle ringing. Sherman's army and McClellan's men, Hancock, Blair, McPherson then, The dead from Andersonville, in line again— These liberties.

Then Burdette came, and General Meade, And dashing along at his topmost speed— Sitting erect on his coal black steed— When the bugle sounded the word of need. Won fame on September's morning. Then Fremont came from Western sands, And Hood and Rosecrans, Carrying their sabers in their hands, Marching to the bugle's warning.

Then Grant with his veteran army passed, Admiringly the trumpet's blast, And the bugle sounded the word of need. The march of the dead of the nation; When out from the mist of the "unknown dead" For whom no wreath of love is spread, Weirdly marched with noiseless tread, And with silent and solemn tread, For hours there passed these silent men Who yielded their lives in prison pen, Or fell in some deep hidden foe, Unknown to friend or relation.

Into the mist of the morning gray I watched this host as it passed away— Bearing the wreaths of Memorial Day— And I thought how slight the token. For the boys are old, and the years are few Will pass the last of the grand review And the phantom chain be broken.

So all night long I watched the throng, For those I knew must pass along; And I hoped, for my heart's own sake, And the words I heard them sing: Till out of the mist, on the open plain, The host of the sunken vessels came, Marching erect in line again— Fresh wreaths of laurel were bringing.

And again I heard the people say: "The only debt we can never pay, Or fell in some deep hidden foe, Unknown to friend or relation." I wonder'd how long they'd think that way. When passed was the present oblation. For while they marched with spectre tread, In the midst of the grand review, Their brothers crippled, in wait, instead Were thrust aside by the nation.

And so I thought they seemed afraid That men would forget the price once paid— For the boys are old, and the years are few Will pass the last of the grand review And the phantom chain be broken.

And their graves should be forsaken. I'd I hoped, for my heart's own sake, And the words I heard them sing: Till out of the mist, on the open plain, The host of the sunken vessels came, Marching erect in line again— Fresh wreaths of laurel were bringing.

THE SUPER VOLUNTEERS.

We've been the Roman army and we've been the Parthians too. We marched with Dave Belasco's boys in blue. We've fought in "Shenandoah" and we've assisted in the "Taming of the Shrew."

We're battle-scarred veterans of every blessed age. We stand before a stage director's "damn." But we stand before our last appearance and we're not afraid to die for the cause of Uncle Sam.

We're rushed across from R. to L., pursuing empty air. We've done some noble slaughter in the past. We've fired a thousand volleys on a foe that wasn't there.

We want to see the soldier of a realistic fight. And we want to storm a fort that ain't a sham. We're sick of being soldiers at a half a plunk per night. So we're going on the road with Uncle Sam.

And it isn't for the glory, and it isn't for the pay. For none of us expect to be a star— But it's just that human longing for the mad, the glorious, the glorious, the glorious. It's the longing to be really what we are.

So we've quit the Roman army and we've laid the prosa aside. And the stage door swung behind us with a gain of 15.4 per cent, while the increase on the trunk lines, the coal roads and the Southern roads vary between 8 and 10 per cent.

And we ain't afraid of dying—for we've often died. And we'll gladly die again for Uncle Sam. —Dramatic Mirror.

CUBA LIBRE.

(To air "Nita, Juanita.") On calm Southern waters Lies an idle form oppressed, Enslaved sons and daughters, In this fair world oppressed, Until Freedom's watchfires, Burning bright from hill to hill In our northern nation, Roused a generous thrill.

Cuba! Oh, my Cuba! Would this arm might set you free! Cuba! Cuba! Cuba! Death, or liberty! Sharp from the strong land Sped the verdict "They are free!" Harsh rose the warcry Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre, Cuba patriots died.

Cuba! Oh, my Cuba! Would this arm might set you free! Cuba! Cuba! Cuba! Death now or liberty! There's a new fleet on the ocean And brave armies on the land; There are grave wounds in council, And wounds in the hearts and hands; While above the struggle, Making Spain's watchery vain, Guiding every battle, Are the lost ones of the Maine.

Cuba! Oh, my Cuba! Would this arm might set you free! Cuba! Cuba! Cuba! Death now or liberty. I have seen him in the watch fire of a hundred burning lamps. They have built to him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and faring lamps. His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished robes of steel, As of a burning sun, with a man's face, My grace shall deal; Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

CUBA LIBRE.

THERE'LL BE A VICTORY THAT DAY.

(To the Tune of "A Hot Time.") Come along get you ready, Strap your knapsack on your back, And polish up your bayonet, And put on your soldier cap, Then you knowed all the company And they all knowed you, And you've got some hard-tack, To keep away the bullets, too.

When you hear that the war does begin, Fight the Spaniards and hear the bullets sing, And when the war is thro', in a chorus all join in, There's no story for our nation today, my soldiers, When you hear the Spaniards all are beat, How and yell and stand upon your feet, And when the war o'er all things will be quiet, There'll be a victory for our nation today.

There'll be three boys for every Spaniard In that good, good old camp, There's Mr. B. R. Blakey, And there's thousands of others, That have been mustered in, And we'll wipe every Spaniard, For we are sure to win.

Chorus. —James Morrison, Aged Eleven Years, U. S. Grant School.

OUR GREAT BATTLE HYMN.

This poem, written by a woman, is probably the most stirring and powerful utterance in the English language: Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword. His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fire of a hundred burning lamps. They have built to him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and faring lamps. His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished robes of steel, As of a burning sun, with a man's face, My grace shall deal; Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures and a glory in His cheeks; As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on. —Julia Ward Howe.

FARRAGUT TO DEWEY.

Said the Goddess of Fame to the presidential aide of Farragut looming on high: Move over a bit on your pedestal, man, For a twin-born of fate draws a line; Move over a bit, give him room at your side, A trifle of space you must spare For a season of the sons of our day. So make room for Dewey up there.

"And who is this Dewey?" the gray shade replied. "He is one of your sailors," said Fame, "And the winds that blow on both sides of the world Are loud with the sound of his name. Without losing a gun or a man, Spain's navy he sunk in the sea." "Farragut then to the new 'Son of Fame' Approach and come —Sam Ward Posa.

REMEMBER THE MULE.

Sir Blanco's Malanzas report Will make for the war certain and short; Because, the poor fool, He has taken the word "franchise" and becomes dulous Spain's battle cry— "Remember the mule!"

The grandee, the honor-stuffed Don, With all of his chivalry on, His courage and his sense of duty, He'll falter and faint in the fray With only this battle-cry— "Remember the mule!" —Lu B. Calk.

REVENUE FOR THE SCHOOLS.

MORITZ HEIM POINTS OUT AN UNDEVELOPED SOURCE.

To the St. Paul Globe: The problem of raising sufficient revenue in this city to save the closing of the public schools is a problem that has long been before the city council. The revenue from the street railway company is a source that has not been fully developed.

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BANK ROBBERS WORSTED.

Overtaken by Posse, Who Killed One and Captured the Other.

SPRINGVILLE, Utah, May 28.—Two men entered the Springville bank today and at the point of a pistol compelled the cashier to hand over \$4,000. The robbers then mounted their horses and disappeared.

A posse overtook the robbers in a canon, a short distance from the bank. The robbers fired, wounding a man named Allen. The posse returned the fire, killing one of the robbers and compelling the other to surrender. Half of the stolen money was recovered.

COWARDLY ASSAULT. Tramps Nearly Killed an Old Couple at Brookfield, Wis. BROOKFIELD, Wis., May 28.—Mr. and Mrs. William Neubecker, an aged couple, living here, were assaulted and terribly beaten by two tramps at an early hour today.

Neubecker's injuries will probably prove fatal, but his wife, though in a serious condition, will recover. No clue to assailants. Robbery was the motive.

WILL REDEEM BONDS.

Notice Issued by the Great Northern Railway. NEW YORK, May 28.—President James Hill, of the Great Northern Railway company, has issued the following notice to the holders of collateral trust 4 per cent bonds of the company:

"In conformity with the conditions of and as required by the deed of trust executed by this company Sept. 1, 1892, notice is hereby given to the holders of bonds secured thereby that such bonds will be redeemed at par and accrued interest at this office on the 1st day of September, 1898, and that interest will cease to accrue thereon from that date."

Blaze at Barnesville. Special to the St. Paul Globe. BARNESVILLE, Minn., May 28.—The fire department of this city was called out at 3 o'clock this morning. The fire had got started before it was noticed burning a house and two barns before the department had time to arrive. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been started by tramps. Loss, about \$15,000.

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