THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

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MONDAY'S WEATHER.

Possible Showers; Variable Winds.

By the United States Weather Bureau.

MINNESOTA—Fair, except occasional showers in eastern portion; variable winds.
NORTH DAKOTA—Fair; variable winds.
SOUTH DAKOTA—Fair; variable winds.
WISCONSIN—Partly cloudy weather; light variable winds.
IOWA—Fair, except occasional showers in the eastern portion; variable winds.
MONTANA—Fair; variable winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

The Northwest.

St. Paul	70	Battleford	66
Duluth	46	Prince Albert	64
Huron	62	Calgary	70
Bismarck	56	Medicine Hat	76
Williston	62	Qu'Appelle	64
Havre	70	Minnedosa	62
Helena	70	Winnipeg	56
Edmonton	70		

Buffalo	68-74	Montreal	76-78
Boston	80-90	New Orleans	78-84
Cheyenne	70-72	New York	80-88
Chicago	70-76	Pittsburg	84-84
Cincinnati	82-85		

YESTERDAY'S MEANS.

Barometer	29.72
Mean temperature	63
Relative humidity	62
Wind at 8 p. m.	Southwest
Weather	Partly cloudy
Maximum temperature	76
Minimum temperature	55
Daily range	21
Amount of precipitation (rain in last twenty-four hours	.10

RIVER AT 8 A. M.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours
St. Paul	14	5.3	—0.4
La Crosse	10	7.2	—0.3

—Fall.

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

ATLANTIC LINERS.

HAVRE—Arrived: La Bretagne, New York.
QUEENSTOWN—Sailed: Etruria, New York.
SOUTHAMPTON—Arrived: Nordland, New York, for Antwerp; Prinz Regente Luitpold, New York, for Bremen.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

GRAND—"A Social Highwayman," 8:15.
METROPOLITAN—Dark.
Midsummer fete, St. Joseph's parish, Dayton avenue, evening.
Fresh air fund meeting, St. Paul Commons, 3 PM.
Annual election White Cloud tribe, Order of Red Men.
Ministers' union meets 10:30 AM., St. Paul Commons.

The Democratic State Ticket.

Governor.....JOHN LIND, Brown county
Lieut. Gov.....J. M. BOWLER, Renville
Sec. State .....J. J. HEINRICH, Hennepin
Treasurer.....ALEX. M'KINNON, Polk
Auditor.....GEORGE N. LANPHERE, Clay
Attorney General..JOHN F. KELLY, Ramsey
Clerk Supreme Court.Z. H. AUSTIN, St. Louis
Judges Supreme Court.....THOMAS CANTY, Hennepin; DANIEL BUCK, Blue Earth; WM. MITCHELL, Winona

The Globe's Motto: Live News, Latest News, Reliable News—No Fake War News.

The Only Newspaper in the Northwest That Prints the Full Associated Press News Report.

Something is going to break soon in Cuba. Gen. Joe Wheeler is before Sevilla.

You're not the only town in the universe, Santiago. I'm under martial law myself.—Oshkosh.

Collins is the "littlest candidate," but there is an impression that he has a few good cards up his sleeve.

We have had two months of war and only one real battle. Oh for a Napoleon or a few more Deweys!

Will the board of strategy now please go on a fishing excursion and let Sampson, Schley and Shafter end the war?

When Poet Edward Young said "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps," did he refer to Gov. Clough?

But Hobson will not be advanced those ten points in the navy until he gets twenty points or so away from Morro castle.

An editor was shot in the leg in the fight before Santiago de Cuba. He had poked himself too far front in search of a news item.

So the first land battle of the Cuban war is to be known as Quasina. Let it go at that, as Uncle Sam seems to have held big casino and won the game.

When the people of Havana find out that the Spaniards have won none of the two score or more of victories Blanco has been telling them about, what will they do to him?

Quartermaster John Lind announces that he has fully fitted out the Twelfth regiment, even to white gloves. It is hoped he will not forget to get himself a pair of four-ounce gloves for use in the Minnesota campaign this fall.

Some newspapers cannot wait for the news to happen. The Minneapolis Times and the New York Journal yesterday pulled off a great fight at the mouth of the bay of Santiago de Cuba, and a shell from the Vizcaya killed the captain of the Iowa. Of course there was no battle. When you see it in the Times it is 100 to 1 that it isn't so.

Of course it would perhaps be a charity for somebody to tell the Dispatch, the Dispatch cartoonist or the janitor of the Dispatch that John Lind had but one arm when he left Minnesota for the front, and no news has come in that he has acquired another.

Fletcher and Morris are sore, it is said, because they were not consulted in the appointment of the Minnesota quota of second lieutenants. Unquestionably the regular army is the gainer for their soreness.

One Dose Is Enough.

Annexations of territory under Democratic administrations have always been of territory contiguous and made largely for the purpose of removing interests of foreign nations which might some time clash with those of our people and would be likely to bring about entangling alliances. These additions have made the Gulf of Mexico and the oceans our natural boundaries, neighbors which, however stormy at times, never call for the enlistment of armies, although they invite the construction of navies. These extensions have been on strengthening, not weakening lines. They have added to, not taken from our resources. They have called for increase in neither our standing army nor our navy. On the contrary, they have made possible the reglect of both.

The first Republican extension, the purchase of Alaska, has profited us nothing. But it has carried us into an entanglement that involved the country in a dispute that has brought us only trouble, annoyance, humiliation and expense, besides the disturbance of relations with the one foreign country with which our relations should be the best. The last chapter of this result of Republican expansion closed the other day when Ambassador Pauncefote was handed a treasury warrant for $463,000 in payment of the damages awarded Canadian sealers for their illegal seizure under our absurd claim that Bering's sea was a mare clausum. Add to that sum the fees of "eminent counsel," the services of Special Commissioner Foster, the several commissions and we have a million or more dollars of mere money cost, the least item in the bill.

In the story of the seals, the monopoly of their catching, the jobbery attending it, the international complications following, we have a foretaste of what is in store for us under the contemplated Republican annexations. What Alaska has brought us will be magnified a thousand times when we take the Philippine group, Puerto Rico, Cuba and whatever other Spanish islands we may grab. The little chance for congressional jobbery the Pribilof islands and their seals offered is but a wart on Ossa compared with the opportunities the Philippines alone will open to greed. Hawaiian reciprocity developed Spreckels, and the Philippines will develop hemp and tobacco Spreckels by the hundreds, and armies and navies will have to be maintained to protect them in their exploitations. Our one experience with Republican extension of territory warns against indulging in further investments of their making.

Tied Its Own Hands.

The government is in supreme need of transports to convey a military force to the Philippines to secure and retain the profits of Dewey's victory. There is a lamentable lack of American vessels, and the government has been forced to attempt to purchase or charter foreign ships.

We have protected every American industry that needed building up or fostering except American shipping.—Tacoma Ledger.

We are surprised at the concluding statement of the Ledger. It will cause surprise, if read, in every shipyard from Portland in Maine around the coast line to Tacoma. If there is anything ship builders have been sure of, anything they have fought for and got, it is the protection accorded their industry in our navigation laws. If the editorial writer of the Ledger will visit the lawyer's office nearest him and ask for a copy of the statutes of the United States, he will quickly ascertain how carefully American shipping is protected and fostered.

No citizen of this free republic can buy and float the country's flag over a foreign hull unless, indeed, the foreigner has been wrecked and the American freeman spends three times the cost of the wreck in rebuilding and refitting it. Then the taint of foreignism is supposed to be wiped out, it can have American register, and the starry banner can fly at its peak. This is but one of the many provisions made for the purpose of obliging men who would own ships to have them built in our yards. And the result is that our merchant marine, once carrying over 80 per cent of our foreign commerce, has been virtually protected out of existence. The monopoly thus given has put the entire coastwise commerce in the carriage of domestic ships, and it is upon these the government has had to depend for troopships, with the scandalous results our news columns have told.

The five steamers of the Northern Pacific Japan line could have been procured for Merritt's troops, but, as they are British owned and their charter for troop carrying would be a violation of neutrality, they could not be hired. Nor could they be bought by the government, because the navigation laws prohibit it. The government tied its own hands and finds them manacled in the hour of its emergency.

Could foreign-built ships take American register the government would not have had to halt any expedition a moment for want of transports. British ships could have been bought far in excess of the need. Some time ago a bill was introduced in congress giving domestic register to foreign vessels bought by the government, but it has been pigeonholed. The government has thus been put at the mercy of owners of domestic ships, and they have shown no mercy. They have demanded their pound of flesh and got it. An army officer tells the New York Sun that:

The worst of it is that this applies only to American ship owners. Apply to the companies owning ocean-going steamers and they will tell you that they have no ships for charter, but they are quite willing to sell. Their price has usually been found, upon inquiry, to be so high that the government wouldn't think of considering it. On the other hand there are plenty of British steamships that might be had for the asking. These vessels cannot be chartered, though, until they are admitted to American registry. A measure providing for the admission of foreign ships to American registry was introduced in congress some time ago. For some reason it has never become a law. Nobody seems to know why it is being held up. Perhaps some of the American ship owners can tell. As it is now, special legislation for every ship applying for American registry is required.

The Ledger is evidently unaware both of how thoroughly the ship building industry is protected and of how thoroughly American protected ship owners are taking advantage of the protection given them.

Binding Twine Reflections.

Our state binding twine plant continues to furnish food for pertinent comment. We are told that the office force is kept busy returning cash orders received, because the supply of twine is exhausted. As the jobbing trade took all but half a million pounds of the five million made, it is probable that these belated orders are largely from farmers who find themselves caught before the harvest begins on a rapidly rising twine market. They will now have to go to the dealer and pay the market price, for, in spite of the mock-heroics of the warden's recent circular, no dealer is going to discriminate between the twine he gets from private factories and that from the prison. He would be a very poor man of business if he did.

Another and a very natural development is the speculation by Washington county farmers, reported by our Stillwater correspondent. They have bought as much more than what they needed for themselves as they could, and are now selling the surplus to Wisconsin farmers at a handsome profit. The warden should get after them also with his iron-clad contract and oblige them, under penalty of the disfavor of the board of managers in future years, to sell their surplus at an advance not to exceed a cent and a half a pound. If that profit is enough for a dealer, it is enough for a farmer. But why should not the farmers make a profit as well as the jobbers and retailers? Was the plant not established for their sole benefit? Has it not been maintained at a loss for them? Why should any profit be allowed the dealers? What warrant is there in the law for jobbing the product, putting middlemen and their profits between the philanthropic state and its wards?

Why should the state limit its philanthropy to twine? Do the farmers not use boots and shoes? Why should not the state furnish them to farmers only at the bare cost of product? It is in condition to. Shoes have been made at the prison in days past at a handsome profit to the manufacturers. A plant could be put in and another convenient "revolving fund" created and our farmers released from the exorbitant profits of the makers, jobbers and retailers of shoes. And there is the item of farm implements; why not make and furnish them at cost? The prison labor has been extensively used in making threshers, the profits on which have not gone to the farmers, and the line could be extended to other implements. If it is the function of the state to provide binding twine at cost for the farmers, why not his boots and shoes and farm machinery?

And, indeed, why alone the farmer? Are there not other children of the state equally deserving and equally needy? Why should one class of citizens be thus favored at the cost of all? If it was necessary to embark the state in making binding twine because a trust monopolized that article, why not extend the policy to other similarly confined articles? A paper trust has recently been formed to throttle competition in print paper. Why do not the members of the state press rise and demand that a paper plant be put in at Stillwater or St. Cloud? Are printers not as worthy of the state's benefactions as the farmers? But the subject broadens too rapidly; the worthy objects of state care meet us at every turn; the opportunities for revolving funds multiply in reflection. And then the vast quantity of politics there is in it! Meantime we have not received an acceptance of our offer to demonstrate the amount of net loss to the state in this profit-making twine plant, due, probably, to the arrival of the racing and junketing and convention season, to which the board must now devote itself at the expense of the state.

A Lieutenant General.

In one sense the proposition to revive the rank of lieutenant general of the army is timely; in another sense it is unnecessary, if not mischievous. It is timely only in the sense that the passage of the act will place it within the power of the president to promptly reward heroic conduct in some particular instance with merited promotion; it is mischievous in that the existence of this power in the president is likely to excite a demand and a scramble for the bestowal of the honor in a direction unmerited.

Ever since Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been in command of the army, he has itched with a desire to be styled lieutenant general. The vanity of Gen. Miles is thoroughly understood of all men who have ever come in contact with that distinguished gentleman. It would be unfair to him to say that he has never proved his merits as a soldier. On the contrary, even his sternest critics will unhesitatingly agree that both in the War of the Rebellion and as a leader in Indian warfare, he displayed both courage and efficiency. But these qualities were no more manifest in Gen. Miles than they are in Gen. Wesley Merritt, or other regular army men who might be named. Gen. Miles has reached the headship of the army through the natural process of promotion, and as the commander of the army in the existing war he has certainly not displayed extraordinary abilities, either in organization or in the conduct of martial affairs on a large scale. While we may be in error in assuming that the object of reviving this grade at this time is with a view, on the part of some of his active friends to securing the bestowal of the rank upon him, the suspicion is inevitable that such is the sinister purpose of the act.

The great War of the Rebellion was conducted throughout a period of nearly three years without the revival of the grade of lieutenant general in the active list, Winfield Scott having carried it into retirement on account of age and infirmity, late in 1861. It was not until after the battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, that the question of its revival was suggested. Major General H. W. Halleck served as the commanding general, with headquarters at the war department in Washington. After the two great victories of July 4, 1863, Generals Grant and Meade were the heroes of the nation. But the triumph of Meade at Gettysburg was clouded by the results of an investigation by the congressional committee on the conduct of the war; and he received harsh criticism because of his failure to follow up his victory by a prompt pursuit of Gen. Lee, which, in the judgment of many experts, must have resulted in the annihilation or the capitulation of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, and the consequent termination of the war at a much earlier date. On the other hand, the victory of Grant was so complete and was the result of so aggressive and well formed plans, that the nation recognized in the Western soldier the existence of genius. A leader was required and one was found in Grant, and even Halleck was so convinced of the superior qualities of the hero of Vicksburg that he patriotically offered, not only to voluntarily surrender the command of the army, but to serve as Grant's chief of staff. And thus it came to pass that the rank of lieutenant general was revived, and President Lincoln appointed Gen. Grant to the office. Yet Grant had made his way from the rank of an obscure colonel of the 21st Illinois volunteers unaided and without solicitation of higher honors, which, however, came to him, as of right, through his development of merit.

The same conditions should be allowed to exist today. It is not yet possible for any one to foresee the end of the present war; it may not find its end until out of another obscure regimental officer shall have been developed the man to fit the rank. Gen. Miles may yet prove himself incapable of directing a great army in the field as did Gen. Halleck. Until he has revealed the existence of greater abilities than any yet discovered, he is clearly not entitled to precipitate advancement for no other reason than that he is already at the head of the army. Indeed, the country has witnessed, and without any disposition to hastily criticise any one in responsible position, delays in the conduct of the present war that seem exasperating, and apparently without justification. It is unfortunate that the secretary of war is not a man who commands absolute confidence. Himself a long recognized self-seeker, his authority is in danger of being neutralized in favor of another of his kind. It is clearly the duty of the president, in the event of the passage of the act reviving the grade of lieutenant general, to defer the nomination of any one for this high honor until something has been achieved by some commander, more brilliant, and calling for so substantial reward, than anything which has thus far been accomplished in connection with the operations of our armies.

Thrusts and Parries.

"Farmers Turning to Sheep" was the wording of a singular head line in Friday's Globe, but it must evidently have been a mistake, for the most careful reading failed to show where any tiller of the soil had been stricken with any such calamity.—Benson Times.

The Times should join the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Prepositions. It would then learn the difference between "farmers turning to sheep" and "farmers turning into sheep."

There are more than a dozen groups of French Socialists, of which prior to the general elections the most important was the Collectivist group, under M. Jaures' leadership. Then there are the Allemanists, and the Blanquists, who differ on the question of physical force as a means of propaganda; there are the Guesdists and the Possibilists. M. Rochefort is a Blanquist Socialist. For a long time there has been ill feeling between his group and the Collectivists, and now on account of the duel M. Jaures has formally expelled Rochefort from Socialism. A considerable number of Socialists at once rallied around M. Rochefort, who retorts in his journal that M. Jaures originally sat on the left center, and was violently ministerial. M. Rochefort's views have never varied, and he has always been "intransigeant" (irreconcilable) against the government.

There are nearly 4,500 public electric lamps in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. These are mostly single lamp arc lights, each giving an illumination of 1,200 candles at an angle of 40 degrees. The city pays 40 cents per night for the single lamp lights and 45 and 50 cents per night for the double-lamp lights. These lights are supplied under special contracts, as follows: The Brush company, 772 lights at 40 cents and 91 lights at 50 cents; Edison company, 236 lights at 40 cents and 208 lights at 50 cents; Harlem company, 66 lights at 40 cents and 19 lights at 50 cents; Manhattan company, 711 lights at 40 cents and 10 lights at 50 cents; Mount Morris company, 515 lights at 40 cents; North River Electric Lighting company, 938 lights at 45 cents; Bronx Gas and Electric company, 496 lights at $1.25; the Pelham Electric Light company, 65 lights at 40 cents.

German regiments seem to abound with women colonels. The empress of Germany has been colonel of the Eighty-sixth regiment infantry since 1890. The Princess Frederick-Charles has been colonel of the Twelfth regiment of dragoons since June 16, 1871; Queen Victoria was made colonel of the First regiment of dragoons of the guard, Dec. 17, 1889; Princess Albert de Prusse was made colonel of the Seventy-fourth regiment of infantry, Sept. 15, 1889; Empress Frederick has been colonel of the Second regiment of Huzzars since 1861. The Duchess of Connaught was made colonel of the Sixty-fourth regiment of infantry, Sept. 14, 1890, and finally the young Queen Wilhelmine of Holland, was made colonel of the Fifteenth regiment of infantry May 31, 1892.

When the king of Siam returned to Bangkok last fall, after a visit to the civilized potentates of Europe, he learned that a minister of the council of state named Tchau-Plei-Rex had misconducted himself in the king's absence. The offender was summarily removed from office and deprived of all his dignities. The royal decree, which reads as follows, is decidedly Neroesque: "My minister, Tchau-Plei-Rex, is from this day forth relieved of his functions, and all his orders and marks of rank are withdrawn. Furthermore, his beard shall be shaved. Lastly, seven days after this operation he shall be charged with supplying hay to the sacred elephants, and shall be employed in this task to the day of his death."

The Buffalo Times has hoisted the flag for Judge Robert C. Titus for the Democratic nominee for governor of New York this fall. Judge Titus is a sterling Democrat and a strong man. He has represented Buffalo two terms in the state senate where he distinguished himself as a member of the judiciary committee and as a staunch friend of the Erie canal. The last Democratic candidate selected for governor from Buffalo became president of the United States. In fact Buffalo has contributed two presidents—Fillmore and Cleveland. There always was something robust and vigorous in the air of that famous town.

A curious story is told in the British war office. Some years ago a workman was engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at the Woolwich arsenal, when he lost his balance and fell into a huge cauldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and, of course, the unfortunate man was utterly consumed in an instant. The war department authorities held a conference, and decided not to profane the dead by using the steel in the manufacture of ordnance, and the enormous mass of metal was actually interred and a Church of England clergyman read the burial services over it.

A German of Springfield, Mass., went into the police station the other day and desired to contribute $1 to help carry on the war, because Spain tortured some of his ancestors in the Inquisition, but the police decided that if they were tortured only $1 worth the case wasn't one to bother with, especially as the police had troubles of their own.

Cuban Coast Geography.

Bahia, a bay.
Cala, an inlet.
Ensa. — ensenada, an inlet.
Playa, a beach.
Pta. — punta, a point or headland.
Rio, a river.
Sabana, a plain.
Surgo. — Surgidero, an anchorage.

Epistles to St. Paul.

They were telling Scotch stories, and Oscar Vanderbilt—Willie K. is his cousin—let an opportunity to sell the seventy-third tourist sleeper ticket go by long enough to cut in with one:

"An old Scotchman was riding on the Flying Scotchman," said he, "and the guard came along and inquired for his ticket. The old man went through his clothes and couldn't find the pasteboard. He looked up at the guard helplessly, and the official said: 'Come, Ah'll helpit you.' The old man and the guard went through the old fellow's pockets, but turned up never a ticket. The guard was perplexed and the old man was embarrassed. Suddenly, the old fellow pushed his fingers into his mouth and pulled out the ticket. The guard laughed, punched the ticket and went on. A sympathizing Briton, who was in the same compartment, spoke to the old Scot.

"'Too bad, you know, to have such a bad memory,' he said patronizingly.

"The Scot looked up and remarked:

"'Ma meemory's not sae bad, mon. Ah pit the thing in ma mooth 'cause it was an ould one, and Ah had to have time to suck the date aff.'"

Theodore Hays is going fishing today. He made up his mind last week that he was going. He is going to a remote part of the country, and has to travel on a railroad that has nothing in common with theatricals and folk that have to do with the theater. But he went to the agent of the road and asked for a pass to the fishing grounds. The agent didn't know Theodore.

"Why should I give you a pass?" he inquired.

Hays was stumped for a moment; then he got his wits.

"Well," he said, "you can put it on the ground that I have a constitutional objection to paying railroad fare if you like." The agent looked at him.

"I'll send in the request," he said, "but I can't promise you anything."

Theodore got the pass Saturday. The note accompanying it was indorsed:

"Issued on account of the nerve of the applicant." —The Philistine.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

GRAND.

Elizabeth Phipps Train wrote a rather bad story which was turned into a good play and put on the stage. The quality of the play depends to a great extent on the capabilities of the actors. Last night there was an ideally beautiful modern story told under the name of "A Social Highwayman," on the stage of the Grand.

The play was never better mounted or performed. The piece, as put on last evening by Mr. Neill and his company, was an excellent production in every essential, and the best thing St. Paul theater goers have been privileged to see in many a day.

It was almost a revelation to the audience, which was very enthusiastic in its applause. Most of the people who saw it last night had seen the piece before under the management of Mr. Neill, but they never before appreciated the fact that there are studies in the piece which rank with the best things in types that have been done in the English language. There was an atmosphere of sincerity about the production, an air of verisimilitude that was so all-pervading that the auditors felt that they were spectators at a real and tangible something in which they were interested.

In the first place the piece was beautifully set. The first act was a marvel of stage art. Mr. Morris, the stage manager of the company, has given us many evidences of his capacity in this direction, but his setting of the bachelor apartments of Courtice Jaffray was a revelation in realism. The other acts were set with that fidelity to truth that adds so much to the thoroughness of stage story telling.

The story is well known. Mr. Neill played the highwayman. Mr. Neill wears his clothes so well, his presence is always so good, that the only doubt that could exist as to his handling of the part would be as to his capacity to dissemble—for Mr. Neill is an actor of the natural. His performance of last night was simply great. He appreciated all the subtleties of the part and interpreted every line of feeling in the reading of lines that demand talent for their rendition. His treatment of the character of the gentleman of culture, whose moral nature is naturally perverted, was exquisite.

Herschel Mayall played Handby, the servant, who is privy to the evil doing of his master. The part is likely to be judged here by the work of Charles Kent in the same part last year. Mr. Mayall has made a study of the part of the servant, and in his hands it is a marvel of stagecraft. He is the servant always; he sticks to the text of his condition with a zeal that is commendable, but he is the great character of the play. The part is one that, in the hands of Mr. Mayall, must be conceded to be one of the great studies of the modern stage. It must be treated with delicacy, and Mr. Mayall carries it off with an evenness that a dozen times last night awoke plaudits. Only an actor of capacity and a student of human nature could act with the repression that is necessary to the perfection of the seeming of the thieving servant. He did not, as other and more eminent actors have done in the part, forget for a moment that he was the servant. Even in the great scene in the second act with the Senora Lelia Caprices—when the temptation is great—he did not forget his condition and was the obsequious menial through it all, albeit he was master of the situation and made the woman feel it. Mr. Mayall's performance will live in the minds of St. Paul people, for it is one of the best portrayals of character that has been seen on the local stage and demonstrates that the young actor has a future that may be truly great. A man who can depict craft, feeling and devotion as Mr. Mayall depicted those qualities in Handby last night will do something for the stage presently.

Mr. Everham has a new but extremely good conception of what the artist, Carpuls Despard, should be and plays the part with a vigor that won him much praise.

Mr. Wyngate, always an efficient actor, contributed his share to the charming whole. Mr. Wyngate is a man who wears a dress suit as though it did not embarrass him, and that goes for much in a society play—not that Mr. Wyngate's work was limited to wearing clothes by any means. He is a capital actor.

Grayce Scott was the Elinor Burnham. She looked the ingenue and played it very well indeed. She was also cast for the role of the maid and was even better there.

Miss Chapman was the senora and did the heavy work gracefully.

Angela Dolores was the duchess, and, being a beautiful woman with a gracious presence, she added to the perfection of the ensemble.

Antoinette Ashton made her first appearance with the company as Mrs. Pyle. She has a charming presence and wears a society air—which is sufficient for the part.

The rest of the people were good. The performance is a capital one and should crowd the house with lovers of good stories and better acting during the presentation of "A Social Highwayman."

One of the interviewers of Rudyard Kipling, during his recent visit to South Africa, writes of him in the Cape Times:

"He takes his work hard. He is tremendously in earnest about it; anxious to give of his best; often dissatisfied with his best. He is quite comically dissatisfied with success; quite tragically haunted by the fear that this or that piece of work, felt intensely by himself in writing, and applauded even by high and mighty critics, is in reality cheap and shoddy in execution, and will be cast in damages before the higher court of posterity. When Rudyard Kipling had written 'The Recessional,' which two hemispheres felt to be one of the very truest and soundest pieces of work done by any writing man in our day and generation, he was so depressed by its shortcomings of his private conception that he threw the rough copy in the waste-paper basket. Thence Mrs. Kipling rescued it. But for Mrs. Kipling, we should have had no 'Recessional!' For his best patriotic poems he has declined to accept any pay."

Youthful Candor.

From the Boston Traveller.

Teacher—Of course, you understand the difference between liking and loving?

Pupil—Yes, marm; I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

GRAVES OF DEAD PYTHIANS

THEY WERE STREWN WITH FLOWERS BY THE LIVING

Members of the Order Held a Memorial Service at Market Hall, Where Other Flowery Tributes Were Paid to Those Who Had Passed Away During the Past Year.

That feature of the brotherhood of the Knights of Pythias that stirs the finest feelings in man, the refreshing of the memory of the dead, was observed yesterday with impressive and touching ceremonials. Thirty-five graves that contain the ashes of men who went into the brotherhood in life and are not forgotten in death were decorated by their surviving comrades.

The graves of the Pythians who have gone before were sought out yesterday morning by delegations from all of the local lodges. The graves are scattered through all the cemeteries in the city and the work of finding them and decorating the mounds did not fail to impress the observers with the fact of the universality of the order which recognizes no difference in race or creed. Each grave was marked by the placing upon the mound of a living plant, an American flag and a Pythian flag.

There were no services at the cemeteries, the general memorial service being held in the afternoon at Market hall in the presence of a very large crowd of people, not all of whom were Pythians. The memorial services were preceded by a demonstration in the form of a parade.

At 2:30 in the afternoon all of the local lodges and about seventy-five Minneapolis Knights gathered at the corner of Sixth and Robert streets, where the procession was formed. In the van was a platoon of mounted police, and the several organizations formed in this order:

First Regiment Band.
Companies 1, 12, 13, 2, of the Uniform Rank.
Minnesota Pythian Veterans' Association.
Champion Lodge No. 13.
Webster Lodge No. 29.
Lincoln Lodge No. 38.
St. Paul Lodge No. 43.
Capitol Lodge No. 51.
Twin City Lodge No. 63.
Washington Lodge No. 7.

Col. Milham was in command of the uniformed contingent. Louis Pavian was chief marshal and he had for aides J. P. Mealey and Arthur J. Stobbart. The uniformed Knights presented a fine appearance and their drill was perfect. The line of march was up Sixth to St. Peter and to the hall.

The sordid walls of the old hall were magnificent with bunting and national colors were everywhere. The front of the stage was embellished by a group of flags, including the American and Pythian colors, and potted plants made the decorations effective. In front of the platform on the floor a triangle was marked by the placing of chairs, and in the center of the space was a stand holding a Bible. The uniformed contingent occupied the chairs in the triangle.

When Col. Milham dropped his gavel the platform was brilliant with the gold lace and trappings of the grand officers who occupied the seats.

In the center of the group were the Hon. Ogden H. Fethers, supreme representative of Wisconsin; Brig. Gen. Frank Barry, of Milwaukee, and Supreme Representative J. F. Hilscher. The officers of the uniformed rank on the platform were Col. E. H. Milham, Col. W. Rogers, Col. A. C. Godfrey, Col. Grier M. Orr, Maj. R. F. Eldridge, Capt. T. S. F. Hayes, Capt. K. B. Hamilton. The other gentlemen on the platform were G. C. Robert Stratton, P. C.; A. J. Stobbart, P. C.; Louis Pavian, C. C.; James Schoonmaker, P. C.; Aaron Poupeny, marshal; J. P. Mealey and Col. Fred Wheaton, of Minneapolis.

The services were opened by the reading of the invocation by Supreme Representative Hilscher, and this was followed by a brief address on the institution that was to be observed by G. C. Robert Stratton.

A quartette, composed of Messrs. Gehan, Keating, La Pine and Wilson, sang with magnificent effect "The Vacant Chair." The Twin City orchestra followed with a selection and then Col. Milham introduced the orator of the occasion, Supreme Representative Fethers.

Mr. Fethers is an eloquent speaker, his delivery is graceful, and he uses the art of the trained orator. He is said to be the most eloquent man in his state, and he sustained his reputation well in the address that he delivered.

He referred, in opening, to the institution of Memorial Sunday, and spoke of the expansion of proper feeling that had grown out of the custom. He paid a brief but touching tribute to his friend, the late Frank McDonald, referring to the many good qualities of the dead man, and closing with a brilliant burst of touching language. Continuing, Mr. Fethers said:

"This custom of ours of refreshing the memory of the dead is a beautiful one, and stirs the better feelings of man. It gives assurance to us that by its continuance we will not be forgotten when we have departed. The universality of the custom marks modern civilization and distinguishes it. It makes the heart tender and comforts the mourning.

"The lessons of Memorial day are for the living and not for the dead. They teach us that all is forgiven when the grass closes over us, and that our better parts will survive. The lesson is taught us that by the lives of the departed ones we can improve our own, and by their example, brought thus before us, we can gain something of inspiration, something of courage, something of warning."

Turning then to the Pythian order the speaker told something of it and its work.

"The order is in accord with every advancement of civilization," said the speaker. "It is a doer of good; it brings men together socially and enlarges their means of happiness; it improves men intellectually and morally; it gives strength to the weary and joy to those who bear many burdens.

"It scatters flowers, those emblems of God's love, over the pathway of life; smooths rough places; encourages noble action; restrains evil tendencies."

Mr. Fethers said that there was not a material rule of the order that was not inspired by a thought of mother, wife or daughter, and that the teachings of the order would lead to pure living, and that, if all its tenets were lived up to, Pythians would have hands too clean to take a bribe; lips too pure to tell a lie.

"Cicero said that men chiefly resemble the gods when doing good," said the speaker, "and our order has for its foundation charity and brotherly love. The Pythian indulges in the luxury of doing good, and he knows the truth: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.' The work of the Pythian is to lift up the fallen brother, to sweeten the draught in the bitter cup.

"If there were nothing else," continued the speaker, "the endowment rank alone warrants the existence of the order of Knights of Pythias and demands its continuance. The object of the endowment rank is to protect the defenseless. It is an almoner to widows, a protector of orphans, an organizer of comfort, a payer of mortgages, a promoter of thrift, a bond of unity for families.

"The uniform rank of the order contributes to the welfare of the nation. It teaches men the first great law: To obey. To know how to obey properly and promptly is to secure the greatest liberty. The rank helps to make the soldier. It takes a year of discipline and work to make a knight of the uniform rank from the raw material, and that training may be depended upon to help the country in its need. It makes the perfect soldier, for a knight trained in this school doesn't know how to beat a retreat.

"The Pythian knight must be a gentleman in all that constitutes a right meaning of the word. The elements of reverence, of kindness to all animate life, of decent respect for the opinions of others, must be a part of him always. Given a well-stored mind, nothing will be of greater value or more speedily insure respect than courteous manners springing from a kindly heart. 'He fears god, loves dogs and is always respectful to women,' fitly describes the gentleman, and, all in all, is the best definition of him I know. Respect is paid to him who earns it. It is the world's homage to true worth. It is the one priceless thing in life. It comes from unswerving fidelity to lofty ideals. It is the aristocracy of right living, and ennobles the Pythian as well as the prelate.

"The Knight of Pythias must be the highest standard of loyalty to our country. His study of the rituals and principles of our order compels his admiration and quickens his devotion to its flag. From his teaching and example should come that white heat of patriotic devotion which flamed into deathless glory at Manila and Santiago. The breed of martyrs is not extinct. Teach all around you that love of country is one of the hollest loves and that her heroes, like the martyrs of the church, meet death with a song of triumph on their lips, while their hands fall in ashes at their feet. And I give you assurance that the people will never forget those who, in times like these, stand squarely behind the government."

Mr. Fethers told the story of the order and called attention to the fact that it permitted no class distinctions, no distinctions on account of creed. "It is," said he, "a fusion of loyal hearts for home and country."

In conclusion, the speaker said:

"In a little while we will be gone, my brethren, never to return. When the memorials of the future are held may the blessings of the living fall upon our names. And to that end let the supplication of each one be:

"'Lord, keep my memory green.'"

At the close of the address the First Regiment band played "America," and then followed the recalling of the names of the dead during the past year. As the twelve names were called, the uniform knights, passing about the triangle, laid tributes on the stand holding the Bible. The quartette sang "Consolation." The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the closing invocation was delivered by Supreme Representative Hilscher, and the meeting closed.

HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

You want to be a soldier Jim? Well, I don't
blame you, lad;
The fever that has hit you now once monkeyed
with your dad.
I know exactly how you feel, you're achin' fur
a scrap,
An' want to go an' help to wipe ol' Spain
clean off the map.
When I was young an' full o' nerve in
eighteen sixty-one
I wasn't half content till I was coupled to a
gun.
An' now that you're a-feelin' in that same ol'
hostile way
An' want to emulate your dad I've not a
word to say.

I hope you've reckoned up the cost an'
counted it up well,
Fur war, as Gen'ral Sherman said, ain't fur
removed from hell!
You'll find it ain't no picnic, Jim; you'll soon
find out that you
Won't have a bit o' nerve too much in pullin'
of you through.
It ain't no circus-day affair when shells begin
to burst
An' comrades lay in blood an' pain a-writhin'
in the dust.
An' bullets, jes' like maddened bees, zip past
in fiendish way,
But if you have a mind to go, I've not a
word to say.

I want to tell you honest, boy, that this ain't
no surprise;
I've seen the sparks of loyal pride a-dancin'
in your eyes.
An' I've been waitin' fur a week to hear you
make your talk
An' show your daddy that you come of good
ol' fightin' stock.
An' now, to close the matter up, I'll tell you
further, Jim,
Your daddy would have knocked you out or
you'd a-walloped him
If, when you'd hear your country call, you'd
make a coward play—
I'm proud o' you! God bless you, boy. That's
all I've got to say.

—Indianapolis Journal.

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

I'll sink those English dogs,"
Said Gravina to his hogs
On board the Trinidad off Cape Trafalgar,
When Nelson and his fleet
The Spaniards came to meet
To have a little brush with the "hidalger."

The Victory turned the day
'Gainst the Spanish-French array,
With Collingwood aboard the Royal Sovereign,
And sank and drove the dons
By the fire of Nelson's guns
From the seas in which the cowards had been hoverin'.

British bulldogs growing mad
Sank Santissima Trinidad,
While Gravina ran away and left his vessel,
Just as Spanish curs will run
When the fighting has begun,
And yield to Yankee arms their Morro Castle.

"Kiss me, Hardy!" said the hero
Without reproach or fear O,
As he breathed his last 'mid victory and glory,
Shot through the epaulet
By a sneaking sea cadet
Of a Frenchman up aloft, so goes the story.

Like that victor of the seas
Whose signal on the breeze
Floated out in spl