THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1898.

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BRANCH OFFICES:

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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. LAMPHERE, Clay
Attorney General..JOHN F. KELLY, Ramsey
Clerk Supreme Court.Z. H. AUSTIN, St. Louis
Judges |THOMAS CANTY, Hennepin
Supreme |DANIEL BUCK, Blue Earth
Court........|WM. MITCHELL, Winona

SUNDAY'S WEATHER.

Fair.

By the United States Weather Bureau.

MINNESOTA—Fair; probably cooler in northern portion; variable winds.
WISCONSIN—Fair; warmer in southwest portions; southerly winds, becoming variable.
NORTH DAKOTA—Partly cloudy weather; cooler, southeasterly winds.
SOUTH DAKOTA—Partly cloudy weather; cooler; variable winds.
IOWA—Generally fair; continued high temperature; southerly winds.
MONTANA—Threatening weather; probably cooler in western portion; variable winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

Buffalo	72-74	Montreal	68-74
Boston	72-80	New York	72-76
Chicago	76-80	Pittsburg	78-80
Cincinnati	78-82		

YESTERDAY'S MEANS.

Barometer	29.94
Mean temperature	76
Relative humidity	70
Wind at 8 p. m.	Southeast
Weather	Clear
Maximum temperature	85
Minimum temperature	66
Daily range	19
Amount of precipitation (rain) in last twenty-four hours	.08

RIVER AT 8 A. M.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours
St. Paul	14	2.7	—0.1
La Crosse	10	2.0	—0.2
Davenport	15	2.7	—0.3
St. Louis	30	9.3	*0.8

—Fall. *Rise.

The river will change but little in the vicinity of St. Paul from now to Monday night.

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

ATLANTIC LINERS.

NEW YORK—Arrived: Umbria and Cufic, from Liverpool. Sailed: Pretoria, Hamburg; Campania, Liverpool; La Normandie, Havre; Maasdam, Rotterdam; Victoria, London; Kaiser Wilhelm II., Genoa; Furnessia, Glasgow; Thingvalla, Copenhagen.
HAMBURG—Arrived: Augusta Victoria, New York, via Southampton.
SOUTHAMPTON—Arrived: Waesland, Philadelphia; Koenigen Louise, New York. Sailed: Pentland, New York.
HAVRE—Sailed: La Normaine, New York.
LIVERPOOL—Arrived: Etruria, New York. Sailed: Lucania, New York.
ANTWERP—Sailed: Barbarossa, New York.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

GRAND—Henderson Stock company in "Magda," 8:15 PM.
METROPOLITAN—Dark.
Picnic of master horseshoers' association, Taylor's Falls.
Messengers' race to White Bear leaves Fourth and Robert 7 AM.
Base ball, St. Paul Athletics vs. St. Anthony Furniture company's team, Lexington park, 3:30 PM.
Band concerts, Lake Como, 3 and 8 PM.
Picnic of Arion, Concordia, Mozart and Eintracht societies at Fort Snelling park, all day.
Hackmen's union meets at Assembly hall, 8 PM.

Travelers unable to buy The St. Paul Globe on any train entering St. Paul will confer a favor on The Globe company by promptly notifying them of each instance.

Old Sol won Saturday in straight heats.

The American navy took New York yesterday.

Montauk Point is now ready to stand a siege against any nation on earth.

Prince Ananias is coming to the state fair. A good many people thought he was already here.

The sultan is getting lonesome because everybody doesn't jump on him morning, noon and night.

The Hobson-Arnold kiss, modestly taken and given though it was, was easily heard around the world.

The Thirteenth Minnesota and Minnesota Iron are advancing. The North Star state takes no backward step.

Spain has named her Cuban evacuation commission. None of them is well known or popular in Minnesota.

The anthracite coal man ought to be arrested for using so much threatening language. He has again threatened to put up the price of coal.

It may not be of any special interest to the farmer who is just now binding up his grain, but Uncle Sam has a little more Manila on hand than usual.

Several soldier boys came home from Santiago alive and well with bullet holes right through their heads. Comment thereon at this time would be ungenerous.

Kansas announces that her banks are full to overflowing. This is Kansas' way of advertising to the knights of the jimmy that they can do a good business by coming West.

The fact that Thomas Johnstone Lipton, challenger for the America's cup, was a dock laborer in New York city thirty years ago ought not to prevent him from winning the race.

The Wisconsin Prohibitionists have taken such an advanced stand that they will never see it realized. They ask that no intoxicating liquors be manufactured, imported or sold on the islands of Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Ladrones or the Philippines.

Is Princess Kaiulani scheming? Perhaps she is to marry an American in the hope that he will be appointed governor of the Sandwiches.

Savings of the People.

The records of the savings banks and of the building and loan associations of the country afford by their evidences of successful management probably as true an index to the real condition of things, from a business or trade point of view, as any purely economic institutions which prevail. The savings banks in the several states perform important functions, and the schedules which they leave behind, month by month and year by year, cannot be misunderstood so far as the measure of their true industrial value is concerned.

Some very interesting figures have recently come to the surface in connection with both beneficial and loan associations and savings banks. The American Yankee has always enjoyed a reputation for being "near" when it came to a monetary transaction, and his ability to chase a revolving copper penny down hill has grown to be somewhat legendary because of the antiquity of this peculiar quality of fame. But it is a commendable characteristic, in a certain way, and has the effect of keeping many a pot boiling that otherwise would be of little service to any one either in an individual or a community sense.

From a recent compilation of statistics it is evident that the savings bank is a popular American institution, and that its economic value is one of gradual progression. We have been in the habit of turning to France when we sought an object lesson in the line of savings. But the tendencies of the United States have had the effect of fostering this method of accumulation. This is especially true throughout the period directly following the close of the Civil war. From 1820 to 1870 the number of savings banks in the United States increased from 10 in the first named year to 517 in the year last named, with 8,635 depositors in 1820 and 1,630,846 in 1870. The amount of deposits in 1820 was only $1,138,576, while in 1870 the sum had risen to $549,874,358, with an average deposit in 1820 of $131.86 and in 1870 of $337.17. This was the record of fifty years. But advancing by decades we find the number of banks in 1880 to be 629, with the number of depositors increased to 2,335,582, with the amount of deposits swelled to $819,961,142, with an average amount for each depositor of $352.73. In 1890 the increase in the number of savings banks attained 921, with 4,258,893 depositors, representing an aggregate sum to their credit of $1,524,844,506, the average per capita among those who patronized the institutions being $358.03. Abandoning here the progress by decades, we find that in 1897 the total number of savings banks was 989, with 5,201,132 as the number of depositors, the sum of $1,939,376,035 as the aggregate amount, with an average of $372.88 per head. This is certainly a handsome showing.

An interesting feature in connection with the study of this economic condition, as compared with the records of other countries, is discoverable in some data recently supplied by a New York statistician. As mentioned above, France has usually been selected as a typical nationality in the matter of accumulating savings. Accepting the approximate figures for the current period, we find that, while France has savings banks depositors to the number of 8,986,631, the aggregate amount of deposits is shown of record to be $829,783,735, or an average of only $92.33.

Some figures afford an illustration of the ability of certain thrifty people in different parts of the earth to accumulate their savings, as, for instance, in Canada, where 175,560 depositors have a per capita average deposit of $327.97, an aggregate amount of $57,578,975, while 6,255,507 depositors in Prussia, with $939,757,555 to their credit, supply a per capita record of only $150.23; in the United Kingdom 7,969,826 depositors roll up a total volume as indicative of their thrift of $815,686,750, or an average of only $102.35 per head, and in Hungary, 995,397 depositors, of $226,151,760, or a per capita average of $227.19.

The United States shows a record of 30 per cent of all the savings of the world in this particular line of deposits, and New York, California, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Iowa possess the highest averages and in the order mentioned. Meanwhile there has been a pronounced gain in the number, as well as in the resources, of the beneficial and loan associations of the country. The five years of depression between 1892 and 1897 had their adverse effect upon these organizations; but, strangely enough, while the numbers diminished, the membership of the surviving organizations multiplied, and there has been a revival during the past year in sixteen of the states of the Union whereby 119 new associations have been added to the general list, with an improvement in resources of more than $100,000,000, and an average advance in share membership from $348 to $366.

For obvious reasons the building and loan associations have not secured that strong hold upon the communities of the West which has long prevailed in the Eastern cities. Iowa, however, as will be seen above, is coming into the more advanced ranks of these progressive institutions. They are increasing in favor as time goes on, and as the people in this section find themselves more qualified to apply their money to such funds. Many of the smaller Western towns, both in Minnesota and the Dakotas, owe much in the way of their construction to the aid afforded by their money-loaning power, safeguarded by supervisory laws. The improvement in the saving power of the people, as demonstrated by the figures given above, should be not only a source of present congratulation, but an incentive to increased activity during the existing period of reviving prosperity.

"Sir Thomas, It Seems!"

Our esteemed contemporary, the Pioneer Press, has taken up, in a semi-serious way, the subject of the challenge recently offered by Sir Thomas Lipton to contest for the America cup. As previously announced, Sir Thomas proposes to send a yacht over here next summer. He has already christened it "The Shamrock," although its keel has not yet been laid. He named the baby before it was born, and he proposes, also, to race the yacht upon a purely Irish basis, in order that all the glory may go to the Emerald Isle in the event of his success. Of course it follows that the "demnition" will take the same course in the event of his failure.

But a striking feature of the comments by our "esteemed contemporary" is the manner in which it refers to the challenger, viz.: "Sir Thomas, it seems, is a prominent figure in London." Then it goes on to say: "He is a Scotch-Irishman, and began his career with empty pockets!" There does not seem to be anything remarkable about this; there are, in fact, many individuals, Scotch-Irishmen and otherwise, who began their career without any pockets whatever, to say nothing of their emptiness. We might call up a dozen or so, on the telephone, right here in St. Paul who had no better beginning than this. There are a good many stories, in romance and history, of men and women of varied descent who were declared to have been born with silver spoons in their mouths. King Richard III. of England, it is recorded, picked up somewhere along the way before he was born a tooth which cut quite a figure in history. Presumably it was an eye tooth, and not a wisdom tooth, as his majesty managed to get into a good many snarls which the exercise of a proper degree of wisdom, coming traditionally from such a tooth, might have been expected to prevent. Another English character of considerable note was David Copperfield. According to his own statement he was born with a caul, and it was disposed of by his parents for quite a nice litle sum, and he himself had the satisfaction, in mature years, of inspecting it. But all this was anterior to the advent of the kodak.

According to the Pioneer Press, Sir Thomas "is a manufacturer of various kinds of prepared foods, and has fought monopolies, etc." Now, the idea of a manufacturer of prepared foods of any kind being obliged to fight monopolies, when, as every newspaper publication office which sends out solicitors for advertisements knows, all dealers of this kind are monopolists themselves. Sir Thomas is likened unto the "Bun Emperor" in "The Londoners." This is very obscure. Perhaps it is a typographical error, and a "Bum Emperor" is intended. There are known to be such in existence. This little obscurity reminds one of Mark Twain's earlier experiences when, through a fortune teller, or a clairvoyant, or a gypsy queen, or something of that sort, he was asked, "What is your bete noir?" And, in recording the answer, in writing, he, being in doubt, wrote in Yankee fashion, "What is my which?" May we ask in this connection who the "bun" or "bum" emperor is? Possibly Mr. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, might give us some points on the "Bun" Emperor—not the "Bum."

The Pioneer Press remarks also that "In the British isles one can no more escape Lipton than damp weather." This is foggy, also, and suggests a renewal of the query, "What is my which?" Then the announcement is made that "he is emphatically an English product." We already have the statement that he is a Scotch-Irishman; and we certainly never hitherto heard of an English product beginning his career with empty pockets.

Everybody who keeps abreast with the times, and especially those well informed on the subject of pink teas, knows Sir Thomas is a merchant in this particular line of product; furthermore, Sir Thomas, "taken altogether," is said to be a pretty good sort of a fellow. This also reminds us of that other genial "English product," Mr. E. A. Sothern, the actor, famous in his personation of the part of Lord Dundreary, as well as that of "The Crushed Tragedian." The associate incident will be recalled by those who had the joy of witnessing him in the performance of the last named character and heard that peculiar hollow voice when in reply to the lady who said, "Taking you altogether, you seem to be a pretty good fellow, after all," he exclaimed: "Why, madam, you wouldn't have me taken in sections, would you?"

The fact is, Sir Thomas has to be taken altogether, rather than in sections, to be thoroughly appreciated, and not as in the case of certain prescriptions that are ordered by physicians who have not the courage to kill a man off by administering one dose at a time, but carry out the performance in small allotments. This is unquestionably a big advertising scheme on the part of Sir Thomas, for his peculiar quality of teas. That he will win the cup no sensible or patriotic American citizen anticipates for a moment. "Sir Thomas, it seems," is an optimist of whom the brave sportsmen of this country can have little fear. He would better have spent his advertising fund in sign boards for distribution amid the attractive rural landscapes suburban to the Twin Cities, to say nothing of availing himself of the advantages afforded by the columns of The Globe and those of our esteemed contemporaries. We hope to hear from him later. In the language of the Pioneer Press, "If Sir Thomas Lipton is the man, by all means let him come!"

That Saratoga Conference.

The national conference in session at Saratoga Springs on the future foreign policy of the United States has at least brought forward one clear idea of its usefulness. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, an Irishman by birth, a former member of congress and consul general to London in Mr. Cleveland's last administration, has defined with distinctness the real policy as it should be of this country with regard to the future, associating that future with the results of our recent war with Spain. Mr. Collins expresses the idea which compasses "the widest possible extension of trade and least possible extension of territory."

This seems to be a thoroughly democratic and patriotic view to take of the situation, but into the consideration of the several points bearing upon the outcome of our war with Spain enter other problems, into which, we regret to say, self-seekers and the paid emissaries of financial enterprises project themselves. This is no time to talk about the construction of the Nicaragua canal. This matter has been conspicuous before the people of this country during almost half a century. Adroitly enough, the circumstances associated with our little scrap with Spain and the somewhat dramatic voyage of the Oregon from the bay of San Francisco around the Horn to the Caribbean sea for the purpose of union with the fleet under the command of Sampson have been availed of for the purpose of advertising the alleged importance of the construction of this waterway across the continent.

We have here in this convention the voice of Carl Schurz. Mr. Schurz patriotically declares against accepting "windfalls from the war." Our first duty, he claims, is to our republic. He was opposed to that which he described as "the policy of criminal aggression through annexation by conquest."

What this country needs today is the controlling power of its best intellect in restraining itself against territorial temptations and the acceptance of the forceful guiding influence which shall lead it along the lines of Mr. Collins' suggestions, viz., "The widest possible extension of trade and the least possible extension of territory."

Minnesota, we notice, by the way, is represented at the convention by an imperialist of the Imperial, Mr. E. V. Smalley. Saratoga is a delightful resort, and we hope its soothing influence will not be lost upon our distinguished townsman.

Big Week in St. Paul.

St. Paul will be the center of attraction every night during the State Fair week. Everybody who has been reading about the fighting in Cuba—and who has not been busily employed in doing this very thing for three months?—will want to see the realistic exhibition which, under the auspices of St. Paul's business men, will be given nightly during that week. How Hobson ran the gauntlet of shot and shell, how the bombardment of Santiago and the destruction of Cervera's fleet occurred—all these and other incidents of the Cuban campaign will be portrayed in the most realistic form; for St. Paul has taken the steps necessary for the representation of these events. A mimic lake several hundred feet in length, men-of-war built in proportion to float thereon, some hundreds of soldiers and sailors to represent the crews and the land forces, and fireworks without limit are among the features to be witnessed at these nightly exhibits. Historically speaking the pageant will be as nearly true to the life as can be presented so many miles away from salt water and the actual scene of war. It will be an exhibition such as has never before been presented outside of New York and Chicago.

Visitors to Manhattan Beach, near New York city, and to the World's Fair at Chicago may have some conception of what is in store for visitors to the Fair; nobody else can.

This is no "Festival of Fire" in which a few pots of red-fire are burned off the tops of hideous street arches, and none of the cast-off clothing of the Omaha exposition has been drafted into service for St. Paul's celebration. A pyrotechnic display such as Pain puts up can be heard as well as seen, and nobody who visits the state fair will fail to understand that fact. In another column of today's Globe will be found the story of this display, which cannot fail to interest the people of Minnesota.

Sad Fate of a Duluth Lawyer.

Why shouldn't a Minnesota corporal chase a round-robin through Chickamauga camp as well as a New York colonel at Santiago? And why should he be arrested for "inciting men to mutiny" for doing the same? Corporal Harris, of the Fourteenth Minnesota, when he isn't soldiering, practices law at Duluth. Even the job of a Duluth attorney must be eventful and anything but slow, for the corporal, aweary with life at Chickamauga, simply drew up a petition and sent it around among the boys, just as, as an attorney at law, he had prepared hundreds of petitions to courts and presumably legislatures. What was said in this "mutinous" document was simply the truth, to wit: That "it is unjust to ask of us free citizens of the republic to neglect our homes and families and all of our business interests to do garrison duty in distant islands, a duty that must sooner or later, and the sooner the better, be entrusted to the regular army."

The government employs men the year round to soldier for it in times of peace, and, now that peace has been declared, it can afford to let the lawyers and all others return to "their homes, their families and their business interests," as the corporal hath it. Duluth may or may not be lacking in the number and quality of her lawyers, but it ought to be plain to Secretary Alger that he cannot afford to punish a Minnesota man who simply followed Teddy's example. In fact, the later press reports tell of the release of our Minnesota corporal, and if Alger knows just a little bit, he will see that he is restored to Duluth at the earliest moment possible. They are a mussy lot, these lawyers, and what with their subpoenas and injunctions and collar and elbow processes, written in Latin, but readily understandable in any court, they can make mischief, even in a guard house. Mr. Alger has drawn upon himself the condemnation of enough American laymen without giving offense to the lawyers. Besides, if all the signs are true, he will need a staff of lawyers when congress begins to investigate him.

Why wouldn't it be the thing for the government to amend its regulations, as soon as it becomes permanently established on a peace basis? If a camel cannot pass through the needle's eye, and a rich man must be shut out of heaven, why shouldn't a United States lawyer be enjoined from playing a United States soldier and be summarily executed if he ever turns up within four miles of a military camp?

But, seriously, it is to be regretted that the hatchings of round-robins should be so different as between the man from New York and him from Minnesota. Teddy got a home run out of his. A goose egg and the guard house fell to the lot of our Duluth friend. Of course, he isn't happy, and we feel bound to sympathize with him, which we herewith do.

Lombroso's Lament.

The Vita Internazionale, of Milan, contains an article from the pen of Prof. Lombroso, which is a pitiful lament for Italy's departing glory. He names over the artists and learned men who have left or are about to leave their native land to settle in Northern and Western countries. "We have no more military glory," he says; "we are without wealth, without energy and without political influence, notwithstanding our pretension to rank among the great powers. Our only and incontestable claim to glory is the production of great individualities. But now we deliberately ignore that glory and endeavor to destroy those individualities." And the learned professor sees what the Conservative party in Italy cannot or will not see, viz., that, when the Turks drove men of letters and art from Constantinople in 1453, Italy attracted them only because the "city republics" scattered throughout the peninsula permitted a full and free development of their genius; that, through all the political turmoils of the succeeding years, even to the unification of Italy by Cavour, her artists and her learned men have stayed with her. And why? Because art and learning were not molested or made subservient to political ambition. But now, when the best professors are driven from their positions only because they are known to favor liberal ideas outside of college, the exodus of Italy's brilliant men has begun, and no lament will call them back, for they follow the star of liberty.

The zeal with which Superintendent Smith has applied himself to the solution of the financial problem involved in the affairs of the public schools leaves no doubt of his earnest determination to continue St. Paul's schools in the list of "the best in the land." He was confronted with this situation — an appropriation which would not meet expenses, unless either the teachers' salaries were reduced or the school term was shortened. He did not believe in cheapening the labor of the teachers and he was opposed to lessening the length of the terms. This is the Minneapolis plan of treating the public schools and as a St. Paul man he protested.

Financiering nowadays consists largely in the establishment of economies, and like a wise man the superintendent applied his pruning knife to the supplies and provided for consolidations of labor here and there and the abolition of some offices. The fact that in equitably adjusting salaries a few teachers will receive a little more compensation will occasion no comment. They were undoubtedly entitled to some such consideration, and they are to be congratulated upon having received it.

Thirty-Six Years Ago.

Just thirty-six years ago the whole state was in a fever of excitement over the Indian outrages on the Western frontier, and troops were rapidly mustered into service to protect the hundreds of settlers who had flocked to the forts and towns, and to further punish the savages for their depredations. Five Minnesota regiments were detailed for service in the Minnesota valley and north at Abercrombie and Yellow Medicine. The Third, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Minnesota regiments were in short order given details over the state. One company here and another there to insure the safety of those in the towns, and a large detail of almost two regiments was stationed at Fort Ridgely.

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On the 25th of August Gov. Alexander Ramsey issued a proclamation reassuring the people, and calling attention to the fact that the Indians could not expect under any circumstances to muster a very large force at any one place. There was no danger to the large cities, and the troops had been detailed to protect those living in the country. Indian warfare was seldom concentrated, and at best was desultory.

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The state fair, which was to be held in September, was postponed because of the excitement and distraction of the public mind, caused by continual disastrous news both from the East and the West. Few able-bodied men were left in St. Paul between the two wars, and those remaining only hoped for the best, as the days of '62 were the darkest of the Civil war.

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Early in September the famous battle of Birch Coulee was fought near Fort Ridgely. It was perhaps one of the most furious battles during the Indian troubles. Capt. Grant, with a company of infantry, and Capt. Anderson, with nearly a full company of cavalry, were camped near the fort, about to break camp, when the guard noticed in the haze of the morning moving objects at a distance. Thinking that it was cattle, a volley was fired into them, and was immediately returned, killing some of the guard. In less than ten minutes the whole camp was surrounded by savages. The battle continued for twenty-four hours, the savages fighting from behind dead horses and trees, but the troops held their ground, although greatly outnumbered. The firing was heard at Fort Ridgley by Maj. R. N. MacLaren, who set out immediately with three companies of infantry and one of cavalry. Before proceeding far his command was also surrounded by Indians, who tried to cut him off. Col. H. H. Sibley was informed of this by messengers, and soon set out with his entire command. He drove the Indians west into the hills and gathered up his six companies which had been in the fight. Thirteen were killed and forty-seven wounded.

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A short time after Little Crow sent a message to Col. Sibley, saying that the war against the whites had not been waged without a cause, and he wanted to make peace. He also stated that he had a large number of white prisoners. Gen. Sibley sent back the following message:

Little Crow: You have murdered many of our people without sufficient cause. Return the prisoners under a flag of truce and I will talk to you like a man. —H. H. Sibley.

Little Crow, however, with true characteristics of an Indian, permitted his young bucks to continue their murderous warfare, and many innocent white settlers were sacrificed.

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The Sully expedition of 1864 pursued the Sioux westward beyond the Black Hills, punishing them severely for their depredations.

The Indian war continued from 1862 to 1864. Although at no time after the first attacks on Uew Ulm and Fort Ridgely and points further west did the red man assume the aggressive. Murdering a lone white settler here and there and possibly his family, and driving off cattle, the Indians were not strong enough in numbers to make a concentrated attack at any of the larger posts, although the troops had an occasional brush with the savages.

W. Forrest Cozart, Author.

To The St. Paul Globe:

I was much interested in the article on Tips to Waiters, which was published in last Sunday's Globe, and should be pleased to know something about the writer of the same. —P. L.

St. Paul, Aug. 17, 1898.

(The article in question was clipped from the "Waiter's Manual," a technical treatise on dining room service, written by W. Forrest Cozart, head waiter of the Spalding hotel in Duluth. Mr. Cozart was formerly employed in the Merchants' hotel in this city.

He was born in Baker county, Georgia, in 1867, and was employed on a farm until he was twelve years of age. Then he decided to see something of the world, and walked into Eufaula, Ala., where he went to work as a dishwasher in a hotel at the munificent salary of $5 per month. He was promoted to the position of bell boy, and, like most bright, active bell boys, he made a little money, and then he pushed out to Nashville, Tenn. There he arranged with his employer to work during the day and attend school at night.

At the age of twenty he was appointed head waiter at the City Inn at South Pittsburg, Tenn., and his executive skill has enabled him to hold a similar position ever since.

Mr. Cozart practices what he preaches, and the result is the excellent treatment which the guests of Hotel Spalding receive.—Ed. Globe.)

A Bunch of Congressmen.

The nation might try the experiment of electing Roosevelt's rough riders to congress in a body.—Chicago Record.

To See the Finish.

Spain should compel Gen. Blanco to stay for the evacuation concert, which takes place immediately after the performance in the main tent.—Washington Post.

A Little at a Time.

It begins to look as though it will be necessary to give the Cubans free government on the installment plan.—Toledo Blade.

Saved Weyler's Typewriter.

And the only relic of the war which Spain saved was Weyler's typewriter.—Fairfax Standard.

Epistles to St. Paul.

I remember to have been accosted, several years ago, upon upper Third street, by a man who asked me for ten cents with which to buy a drink. His voice and manner attracted me and I listened to his story. He said he was an engineer on an Illinois railroad, and had been enjoying his annual outing or "drunk." He would have money the next day, he said, but needed one more drink to steady his nerves before sobering up. I offered him a silver dollar, but he declined it, saying that ten cents was enough to get a good drink of whisky. In spite of myself I had become interested in the man, and after he had shown me a trip pass issued in the name of an employe of the railroad he had mentioned, I believed his story. I told him that he could repay me out of the money he expected to receive the next day. He finally accepted the dollar and bade me good night, after I had handed him my card, bearing the address of the hotel at which I was stopping. A busy evening drove all thought of the man from my mind so that when his card was sent to my room the following forenoon I was unable to imagine who my importunate caller could be. To my surprise it was my acquaintance of the night before. He was shaved, neatly attired, and bore little evidence, beside nervousness, of the terrible debauch he had been through. I wondered then, as I have a thousand times since, to what depths will men stoop that want liquor. But I resolved to listen to their stories.

A night or two ago I was standing at a street corner waiting for a car to bear me home when I was again accosted by a man who asked for ten cents to buy whisky. Remembering my former experience I gave the man attention. After he had repeated his requst I asked him if he really thought he needed the drink. He assured me that he did and swore he would make any sacrifice on earth to secure one. I finally asked, "What would you give for a drink of whisky?"

In a voice as mild as a woman's, but trembling with emotion, he repeated my question. Not once, but two or three times.

"What would I give for a drink of whisky? If you'll listen, man, I'll tell you what I have given, and then maybe you'll know what I am willing to give now for a drink. I need the drink, or God knows I wouldn't stop a man on the street and beg it of him.

"I began to drink, like many another foolish boy, before I was twenty, and by the time I was twenty-five the habit was fixed upon me. My wife married me in the hope of bringing about my reformation, and I remember that I did quit drinking for a few weeks entirely after we were wedded. The old desire for liquor gradually asserted itself, so that when our blue-eyed baby was born I went off on a spree that lasted several days. My love for my wife didn't grow less, but my appetite for liquor had increased considerably during the few days of my debauch. It seemed that I could never quit absolutely again. I was rich—that is, I had considerable property and a business worth twenty thousand a year—and we moved in the best circles of society in our city of some sixty thousand.

"In spite of my wife's earnest entreaties, in spite of business that demanded my daily attention, in spite of everything, I kept on drinking, and it was not long before it began to tell upon me and my source of income. It had long before left its mark upon the woman I had sworn to love and protect.

"One night after I had been taken home in a hack my wife aroused me from my stupor with an appeal to go for our physician. Our darling child, then three years old, was very ill. A few days later she died and I, like the miserable coward that I was, left my poor heart-broken wife to fight her battle with grief alone and drowned my sorrows in drink. From bad to worse I kept going until my business was swept away and I was compelled to give up the room that had sheltered, if it had never been a home for my wife. We went to a boarding house, and I made another effort to be a man. It was of little use, for, in spite of my desire to overcome my appetite, it got the best of me and I lost the situation that my friends had secured for me.

"And then—God, then came the fatal blow. My wife, the only person I loved on earth, heart-broken and discouraged, left me. From that time I became a wanderer, getting work whenever it offered, but oftener begging for the food I ate and the whisky that drowned the remembrance of my sufferings and the misery I had caused the sweetest and best woman that ever lived.

"What would I give for a drink of whisky? Anything, man, in God's name, anything I have left in this wide, wide world."

Of course he got his drink, and I feel no compunction of conscience in consequence.

• • •

"Freddie!" The sound struck the top of the green door, ricochetted on to the head of young Mr. Ames and exploded against the other wall. Mr. Hammer turned pale. He pushed open the green door and entered the sanctuary where Col. Kiefer sat gloomily glaring out on to Fifth street.

"You called, your worship?"

"I did, Freddie. Is there a cabinet meeting called for today?" Mr. Hammer consulted his tablets.

"Not any, your worship."

"Then its very odd, Freddie, and I fear there is treachery aboard the ship of state."

"What disturbs your worship?" asked Freddie.

"I sat here a few minutes ago and I was looking up at the top floor of that block over there, just thinking I ought to hold an inspection of the janitors around this building and show them how to do their work. I have noticed that they go about sweeping with their coats unbuttoned and holding their brooms and the spittoons in a most unsoldierly way. And that fellow that pushes the lawn mower gave that lawn out there a clipping that made it look like a ten-cent hair cut. I was thinking about things when I saw Billy Johnson come to one of those windows on the top floor over there and deliberately give the hailing sign to somebody in this building. I gave him back the high sign, but he paid no attention to me and gave the hurry sign to some one over here. He wanted somebody to come over and to come quick, and it certainly was not me. Go out Freddie and see if Ames is around the building and send McIntyre to Billy's office. If there is treachery afoot we must know it. If Mike Fitzgerald ain't in his office and he can be tracked across the street there'll be a new junta established and Billy Johnson won't be in it—not if he had ten Eighth wards in his inside pocket. Begone."

• • •

There is an old hard luck story about the grocer who got home so rarely during the working hours of his rising descendants that one Sunday the small boy of the family ran into the house, howling.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, sympathetically.

"That man what stops here Sundays boxed my ears," was the response.

But a St. Anthony hill man who has to get acquainted with his family by minutes instead of my hours or days, has a new form of complaint.

He says he must either move closer to his place of business, or charge three dollars a month to broken eye glasses, which are unnoticed by the youngsters who meet him every evening at the car, and drop to utter ruin on the concrete sidewalks of Portland avenue.

• • •

Local Elks are arranging for a carnival meeting during fair week. The first number will be a black-faced ballad by Charles Comiskey, entitled "We'll Win that Dishrag Yet." —The Philistine.

Waits for Justice Mitchell.

No decision has been reached as yet in the Phillips nomination case, which is being considered by the supreme court. A sitting of the court was held last Tuesday, but was only attended by Chief Justice Start and Judges Canty and Buck, and it was deemed advisable to hold the case in abeyance until Judge Mitchell reurns from his trip East, which is expected some time this week.

Through Yellowstone Awheel.

Arthur K. Peck, secretary and treasurer of the Massachusetts division of the L. A. W., passed through this city yesterday on his way to the Yellowstone park, through which he will make a tour on his wheel.

He went out on the Northern Pacific coast train.

Zouaves Will Visit Camp.

Gov. Clough yesterday granted the Eldridge Zouaves permission to visit the camp of the battery boys at Lake City next Wednesday. Capt. Eldridge will take his entire company down for a day's recreation, returning in the evening.

LIFT THE ARMORY DEBT

CALL TO ST. PAUL TO PAY THE MORTGAGE

A Suggestion That Should Meet With Popular Favor at This Time—Eight Thousand Dollars Needed to Clear the Building and Present a Free Home to the Men at Manila.

The following letter, evidently prompted by the news of the battle of Manila, was received at The Globe office yesterday. The writer wants the people of the city to pay the mortgage on the armory building, which is the home of Companies C, D, E and H, on Sixth street. The list of killed and wounded includes several St. Paul men and it is evident from the reports of the battle that the St. Paul men were in the thick of the fray, and distinguished themselves. The suggestion that the citizens manifest their gratitude and admiration for the boys in the Philippines seems very appropriate and it may be that the people of the city will respond to the appeal for money to pay the mortgage on the armory.

To The St. Paul Globe:

The Thirteenth Minnesota regiment has received its baptism of blood at Manila; several of its men are reported killed; a number are wounded; all have behaved with gallantry and have reflected honor upon their state.

The city of St. Paul especially has cause to be proud of its four companies, for they appear to have been in the fore-front of battle and to have borne the brunt of the Spanish attack. A majority of the wounded are St. Paul men. This is therefore a time most fitting for the city of St. Paul to show its appreciation of their services, and what could be a more substantial and gratifying act of gratitude to the boys at the front than to pay the mortgage which rests upon their armory and present it to them on their return from the Philippines free of all incumbrance?

The armory on Sixth street is mortgaged to the Provident Life Insurance company for $8,000. It should be an easy matter now to raise such a sum in St. Paul. The citizens of Chicago have undertaken to raise $100,000 to pay a mortgage on the armory of the First Illinois regiment, and certainly St. Paul can do as much in proportion as the Windy City.

The armory was erected in 1883, and with the land on which it stands it cost the armory association $18,000. Of that amount $10,000 was subscribed by the members of the four companies and a mortgage was given for the balance. The men have tried time and again to pay the debt, but without success. The annual interest at 6 per cent amounts to $480. By an arrangement with the city the latter pays a rental for the armory which barely covers the interest on the mortgage and the running expenses. These include insurance, heating, lighting, repairs and the salary of a janitor.

If the armory was free of debt the association could carry out plans for a new building. The present armory is old and entirely unsuitable for its purpose. It is too small and is very vulnerable to attack. In time of riot it could easily be entered by a mob and looted of every stand of arms before a force sufficient to resist could be rallied to its defense.

The city of St. Paul should have an armory commensurate to its importance. Adjoining the armory is a vacant lot running to the corner of Exchange street. The vacant property belongs to Ex-Gov. Alexander Ramsey. It could be purchased and the present armory could be removed, and a new building covering both lots could be erected at an expense of about $25,000.

When the regiment went to San Francisco the Armory association left its affairs in the hands of Gen. W. B. Bend, ex-Lieut. Col. Price and one other, but Gen. Bend is the acting executive and financial head of the committee.

Let the business firms, the men of wealth and the patriotic citizens of all classes, who are friends to the boys at Manila, step forward now and subscribe to a fund to pay the mortgage on the armory.

—Red Cross Member.

St. Paul, Aug. 19, 1898.

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

(Written by our new secretary of state, John Hay, in his salad days. He now wishes he had never done it.)

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike;
One wife at Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never funked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along, that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For the willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chances with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

"GIVE US BACK THE TAILS."

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they,
Who had no rent of house or tax
Of government to pay.
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey-girl a slave.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

No hurrying out of bed had they;
No bolting breakfast down;
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boss' frown.
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
To let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep;
And o'er defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

They had no fashion's promenade,
Where beauty's feet could stray;
But then the old boss-monkey had
No milliner to pay.
They had no wine, the monkey's young,
Through night to keep a-storming;
They saved thereby (you know yourself)
A headache in the morning.
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er
To war's appeal did fly;
They saved thereby occasion for
A joint commission high.
A smarter race were they than that
Which from them had descended
And Time, by changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
For the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
So Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Please give us back the tails.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.