THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1898.

Associated Press News.

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SUNDAY'S WEATHER.

Fair; Cooler.

By the United States Weather Bureau.—MINNESOTA—Fair; cooler; fresh west to northwest winds. IOWA—Showers; cooler in western portion; variable winds. MONTANA—Generally fair; variable winds. NORTH DAKOTA — Generally fair; west winds. SOUTH DAKOTA—Generally fair; west winds. WISCONSIN — Fair in northern portion; showers in southern portion ;fresh southwest winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES—Buffalo, 44-44; Boston, 42-48; Chicago, 40-44; Cincinnati, 44-44; Montreal, 34-34; New York, 34-48; Pittsburg,44-48.

YESTERDAY'S MEANS—Barometer, 30.10; mean temperature, 40; relative humidity, 66; wind at 8 p. m., southwest; weather, clear; maximum temperature, 46; minimum temperature, 34; daily range, 12; amount of precipitation in last twenty-four hours, 0.

RIVER AT 8 A. M.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	3.3	—0.1
La Crosse	10	2.9	—0.1
Davenport	15	2.6	—0.2
St. Louis	30	7.6	*0.2

—Fall. *Rise.

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

Difficult to Shake Off.

When Commodore Dewey sailed his squadron into Manila bay on that beautiful May day morning, a little more than six months ago, and destroyed the Spanish admiral's fleet, the American eagle simultaneously fastened his talons upon a piece of earth which your Uncle Samuel finds it very difficult to shake off. It was a heroic act on the part of Dewey and his men and supplied a thrilling chapter in naval history. To the people of the United States there was something quite novel in the situation, and the achievement was awarded a hurrah which formed a chorus throughout the entire expanse of territory covered by the American Union. In our enthusiasm, very few among us stopped long enough to contemplate or attempt to measure the possibilities resulting from the act. It was our first victory in a war with a foreign power for many years. The thought of future annexation of the Philippine archipelago, however, was remote from any general consideration at that time. But subsequent events followed each other so rapidly that a feeling akin to intoxication seemed to take hold of the people, who, realizing that we had planted our national foot upon new territory, began to feel disinclined to withdraw it therefrom.

Indeed, there has been no opportunity since then for withdrawal, the continuance of Admiral Dewey and his fleet at Manila being a necessity pending the peace negotiations resulting from our capture of Santiago. But now, as the deliberations of the peace commission at Paris draw to a close, Columbia finds herself with a troublesome appendage attached to her diplomatic skirts. She can't shake it off, and she cannot get consent to adopt as her own the prize that has been so fairly won. How to dispose of the Philippines in a manner that shall be satisfactory to a majority of our own people, and without precipitating trouble with the other nations of the world, is a problem which will not be solved either so promptly or so satisfactorily to all concerned as some very fascinating editors and orators would seem to think.

There is no doubt that, in the process of the adjustment of this question, when the sentiment of the country comes to be assimilated for and against, some of our statesmen will find themselves in very strange company. As for the proposition to establish a "temporary protectorate," some of the very ablest and most experienced statesmen in both parties recognize an element of danger, so far as the creation of complications with other countries is concerned, which compels a halt before the government is committed thereto. So eminent a Republican as ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell, of Massachusetts, a thoughtful man and one of large experienec, foresees in such a contingency a conflict with the Roman Catholic church. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has already recorded his protest against the idea of accepting the Philippine islands upon any terms. On the other hand, we find Senator Gorman, of Maryland, protesting equally strongly with Senator Hoar, while Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is conspicuous in the role of an enthusiastic expansionist.

Probably the most interesting plan yet presented is that of Mr. Woodword Emery, of Boston, who proposes that Manila, after the United States has effected a peace treaty with Spain, shall become a free port; that the entire archipelago shall be committed to the care and control of a joint international commission, and that this body shall be composed of representatives of the governments of the United States, England, Germany, Russia and Holland, and that the presiding officer of this commission shall be the representative of Holland. This is a novel idea, but it still involves the precipitation of the United States into the diplomacy both of Europe and Asia—a serious event and a disturbing factor, according to the characterization of it by Lord Salisbury in his recent speech at the lord mayor's banquet.

The chief point of difficulty in connection with our appropriation of the Philippine islands will be found to exist in the manner in which the 9,000,000 of population are to be treated and recognized in acordance with the provisions of our federal constitution. Never in the future history of this nation can these people become an integral part of the Union. No manner or method of education can ever bring them to that degree of familiarity with our principles of government which shall entitle them to a voice therein. The climate itself absolutely precludes possibility of colonization of the islands through immigration from the United States. The Filipinos, after all, would, in the event of annexation, come at last to be treated very much after the manner in which the North American Indian has been treated by the government. It has been demonstrated that the material resources of the islands yield nothing that we cannot much more profitably avail ourselves of through the regular channels of commerce.

The most surprising feature connected with the Philippine question is the avidity developed on the part of our people in the direction of grasping anything anywhere under the sun for the mere sake of calling it our own.

The whole subject clings to us with the tenacity of a live lobster to a monkey's tail. It will neither let go itself nor can it be shaken off.

The W. C. T. U. Convention.

Men are gregarious. So are women. Witness these last ten months of federation conventions—the National D. A. R., the Mothers' Congress, the Women's club biennial at Denver, the executive session of the National Council of Women at Omaha, and last in order, but first in number, the National Woman's Christian Temperance union. Truly, now, is it not time for the brethren to gather themselves together to inquire into the meaning of this unusual massing of feminine forces?

The W. C. T. U. may fairly be called the pioneer organization, the one which twenty-five years ago began to beat through the briars and brambles of prejudice a path where other associations now go on their way without annoyance. It is a matter of regret that the credit for this achievement is so seldom given to the Temperance union. Many a woman belongs now to a local club or national association who twenty-five years ago would have scouted not only the W. C. T. U., but women's organizations generally.

These women, who are at present holding their national convention in St. Paul, organized when ridicule of such matters planted itself in the open as just. They fought it until now it lurks only in the corners as unworthy to be seen. They made the splendid educational, patriotic and philanthropic work of the organizations which have sprung up in the last ten years comparatively easy and pleasant tasks. It is but fair that they should have the credit.

So much for what the W. C. T. U. has done indirectly. As to its direct results one cannot read through its official reports without feeling that, even without the ballot, these women are wielding a telling power in the educational, economic and social world. Their methods are well defined; their organization is firm and effective, and their aims are, to use their own words: "For God and Home and Native Land." How does it happen that their numbers are not even greater than they are? There is no true woman who does not, from the bottom of her heart, want her boy to be temperate, pure, healthy and manly. For this the W. C. T. U. stands. Why then is not every mother at least a member? The question suggests many answers, but, perhaps, that which will cover all is that methods and, especially, manners create a barrier.

The greatest curse to the cause of the Woman's Christian Temperance union is the women who, in undertaking to fight the battles of womanhood, have made the mistake of trying to fight in a mannish way. The world always has loved and always will love the womanly, and when a few members of an organization allow themselves to become mannish they inflict a damage upon it that is next to irreparable. It doesn't help matters to say that women should be discriminating and not confuse the eccentricities of a few with the principles of the association. The fact is they don't discriminate, and the failure to do so is not peculiar to members outside of the organization.

The secret of the astonishing influence of the late Frances Willard is found in her superb womanliness. It was not the much-talked of "fine edge," which blunts in the first clash with public life, but a silken texture, fine, firm, enduring. She could talk to 5,000 people as if she were talking to but one, and that a congenial friend. No woman was more widely known, yet no one ever called her mannish—nor yet womanish, but the very pearl of womanhood.

Yet, even she could not wholly counteract the influence exerted by the few women who persist in donning the manners of men.

The Race War in the Carolinas.

The race war between whites and blacks in the Carolinas is not a pleasant incident for contemplation. Coming, too, at a time when the spirit of harmony between the North and South is so prominent, it is unfortunate in that there is danger that demagogues may find in it something wherewith to stimulate sectional prejudice, and attempt, for political effect, to mar the existing peace by inflammatory disputation.

It is evident, from the dispatches received from Wilmington, N. C., that representatives of both races have been alike to blame, and that certain disreputable white leaders have by their evil control of the negroes brought about the prevailing condition of things and are held equally culpable with the blacks by the better elements of the community in which the disturbances took place. By quickly reorganizing the local government and dealing with the troubles in a determined way and with a strong hand, the whites have set an example of self-restraint which cannot fail to commend itself to those who, far distant from the scene, read the published accounts of the trouble. Former Congressman Waddell, by exerting his personal influence, quieted the mob seeking to lynch the black culprits, who had already been captured and jailed, thus evincing a spirit of justice which does not always prevail—even in some of our Northern localities—in times of great excitement.

The race problem is one that must continue for many years to come a barrier to the peace of the South, whose people have to deal with the most ignorant and debased representatives of the blacks. The time has gone by when criticism by so-called humanitarians of the North can properly be made against the Southern people, who are by force of circumstances compelled to live in those communities in which the negroes often form the larger portion of the population. The process of the evolution of the freedman is slow, but the history of the past thirty-five years shows that the results, as a whole, are measurably satisfactory. The type of the dangerous Southern negro is rarely, if ever, seen in these latitudes, and it is only by residence in the South or travel through those sections where they exist in their most degraded condition that one can correctly estimate the difficulties in which the adjustment of this important political question is involved.

The recent incident at Virden, Ill., in connection with which Gov. Tanner so conspicuously figured, to say nothing of the troubles in the anthracite coal district of Pennsylvania a little more than a year ago, when a crowd of striking Hungarian miners were shot down like dogs, is too fresh in the public mind of the North to warrant the casting of stones from the vulnerable glass houses in which we ourselves dwell.

The Charity Ball.

The season for charity balls is upon us again, and in St. Paul this announcement conveys much of meaning. In the first place it is associated with the faithful work of the women on St. Luke's hospital board. It also indicates the continued spirit of helpfulness to those even more helpless than the poor—the sick.

The ladies enter upon the task of selling tickets with confidence of meeting even greater encouragement than they met last year. They have been able to do more charitable work, and are anxious to do even better the coming year. It is well understood that when it was not known whether or not the government would pay for the treatment of the sick soldiers of the Fifteenth regiment St. Luke's took in fifty-one of them. Such work the managers are glad to do; but they need funds, and to raise them they give these annual balls, which have come to stand, not only for faithful service and charitable work, but for a genuinely good time—so good that the price of the tickets covers no more than the value received.

The Library Fund Concerts.

Only another week remains in which those who desire to secure special exchange tickets for the library fund concerts can be accommodated. There are 1,000 of these tickets and they are sold at $6.25. They include the first Theodore Thomas concert. Tickets for the other evening and the matinee, when the Thomas programme will be rendered, are sold at $1.75 each, thus making the cost for the complete series $8.00. It is the cheapness of the cost as against the superlative quality of the pleasure assured by reason of the high standing of the artists that commends these entertainments to the general public. The price has purposely been made low to the end that every one who appreciates an exalted standard of music may be enabled to enjoy the opportunity afforded.

A most commendable effort is being made by the Y. M. C. A. to provide a season's course of first-class entertainments and lectures at prices within the reach of all. Some of the most eminent talent—both musical and literary—has been engaged, and the course should be supported by the entire community. To succeed in furnishing these superior attractions for 10, 20 and 25 cents will require that every seat in a very large auditorium be taken. It is to be hoped that our citizens will carefully examine the personnel of the course, as otherwise the impression might be gained that, because the course is placed at such extremely low prices, it could not be composed of such excellent talent. To fully appreciate the magnitude of this enterprise one needs only to recall that some of our people have been glad to pay 50 cents, 75 cents and even $1 to hear any one of these same entertainments when previously given in St. Paul. Such a course each season will not only bring to St. Paul the eminent public people of the nation for our good; but, if greeted by large audiences, these celebrities will receive a favorable impression and benefit the city materially by complimentary comment elsewhere.

Oh, do hear the Republican papers "jolly" John Lind! Having called him everything from a Spaniard to a horse-thief, they now want to make friends with him. This sort of thing is nauseating.

That thirteen majority in the house and the Philippine incubus are going to ruin the Republican party. Mark the prediction.

Of course, Mr. McKinley does not overlook the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's next charge will be up Capitol hill, Washington.

The Dispatch has dropped John Lind and taken up Harry Sundberg. The Dispatch makes some regular kangaroo jumps.

A letter was dropped into the post-office yesterday addressed Sock Scenter, Minn. It won't go to the dead letter office.

The Minneapolis Times is sending its subscribers to Hawaii. They will be near enough to the Times in the Sandwiches.

The Seventh district seems to have elected Mr. Eddy so that congress would not be without a homeliest man.

Benjamin Harrison has his ear to the ground, but he doesn't hear anything calling him back into the senate.

So Mr. Alger thinks he was also indorsed. Will Mr. Alger please resign and run for something right away?

I shall seek office no more.—Jerry Simpson. The people have something every day to be thankful for.

Joel Heatwole will meet a lot of men in congress that are no greater than he.

What a lot of people will win on a "fowl" Thanksgiving day.

No party got a monopoly of Sult river this year.

Valentine Batz: Rats.—Henry Keller.

Meaning of Lind's Election.

Honest John Lind has been elected governor of Minnesota. It is a great triumph for the fusion forces of the state, no less than a recognition of personal worth and greatness in the man elected.—Red Lake Falls Gazette.

* * *

The election of "Honest John Lind" to be governor of Minnesota, by a plurality of from 18,000 to 20,000, is a magnificent victory for the people of Minnesota, and indicates beyond question that they want a change. Mr. Lind will probably be handicapped to some extent in his administration of public affairs, inasmuch as he was the only Democrat elected, but the people made a good start this year, and if the Republicans interfere with his plans and put obstacles in his way it is almost certain that more Democrats will be elected two years hence.—Washington County Journal.

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Jerry J. and the numerous other political predictors have a large number of former predictions for sale cheap.—Atwater Press.

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Poor William Henry, he so loved the Scandinavians that he laid down and died for them.—Alexandria Citizen.

* * *

There will be a new labor commissioner and a new bank examiner after Jan. 1. Good! —Little Falls Herald.

An Evening in London.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—This is not a political article. It will contain not even anything new. There are many phases of life that are the same the world over, of course, but in some parts of the world there are some particular phases that perhaps are more so than in others.

At any rate, to an American, London by night presents the familiar old "scenes and incidents" in a light possibly not seen elsewhere. To start out from one's chambers for dinner in a thick, wet, dirty night, with no more company that the faithful umbrella, and with no definite plan for dining or passing away the evening, surely gives me, at least, more of a sense of loneliness in London than in any city I have ever been in except Liverpool.

In London one feels powerless to throw off this feeling. Nature herself seems to show her lack of sympathy. She throws great lumps of soot at you and most of it sticks. She drizzles a nasty moisture clear through you. She withholds any refreshing stir of air and says you will have to get through the best way you can. The passing horses spatter mud all over you. The flickering, dim street lamps barely shed light enough to save your life at street crossings, and their faint reflection in the sea of mud on all the pavements only deepens the gloom all round you.

"Where shall I dine tonight?" you ask yourself as you skate along bumping umbrellas with more sad, serious people trying, like yourself, to keep the inside of the sidewalk where there is less chance of getting large doses of flying muck.

"Shall it be the Princess, the Royal, Criterion, Trocadero, Holborn, or where?"

It is the same old story and usually ends the same way. "It matters little, anyway," you think. "Guess I'll turn in here," and so you land anywhere and are thankful to be in any place except the street.

"Waiter!" I almost shouted as I got a table. "Bring me a newspaper, please!"

So I looked through the "tonight's entertainments" and to my joy found a new ballet on at the Empire. R. G. Knowles, the American who is supposed by Londoners to be very funny, was also on the list. Where Knowles hails from I know not, but he made a hit here some time ago because he is an American posing as saying funny things, and the American who says things intended to be funny surely "goes" here. We have a great reputation, of course, for being clever. Well, we are clever, but the German funny men who at present surpass us in wit have not yet the reputation, so in London they could not be expected to "go."

Notwithstanding the many times heretofore I have been disappointed in anticipating something really fresh from Knowles, I was glad he was to appear tonight, for I could have the pleasuree of anticipating again. So my dinner went down as so many have gone, in a mechanical sort of a way, and I began skating again toward Leicester square.

"Hello, dear, have you dined?"

It was a petite blonde who had stepped up to my side and was looking straight at me.

"Yes, thank you," I answered.

"So have I," she said, and I told her I hoped she enjoyed it.

"Can I go with you?" was the next question.

"No, thank you," I answered again.

"Got a rendezvous?"

"Yes."

"Sure you'll have a pleasant evening?"

"Hope so, surely."

"Not certain of it? Better break it off and come with me."

"No, thank you. Good night."

"Won't you come?"

"Good night."

"Good night, dear. Some other time perhaps."

"Good night."

By this time I was nearly to the theater.

"Good evening, darling. Going to the Empire?"

This time another blonde. I tried to swerve out and get around her, but she was under my umbrella before I could do it.

"Going to the Empire?"

"Yes."

"Must you go?"

"Yes. Must."

"Won't you change your mind?"

"Nope, can't. Got an appointment. Good night."

"Good night."

Well, I took a "five shilling admission" and went into the promenade. What American, or rather what American of my sex, does not know the Empire before he leaves London? It is called a variety theater. It is quite varied. If you pay seven shillings you can get a reserved seat down stairs, and either sit in it or walk all over the house. If you pay five shillings you can take any vacant seat on the first balcony or go anywhere higher up. And so on, until you come to the "masses," who start the applause up in the heaven. They—the masses—have to remain in the heaven. And I do believe their perch has more of the heavenly atmosphere about it, even with its smoke, than the first balcony, for example. For behind the first balcony seats is the promenade, where sit and stand only one kind of women and many kinds of men.

These women do not belong to England's noble lords and gentlemen. You find that very select kind of property in the boxes. You also find in the boxes mothers and daughters who have good homes and much to live for. But it is better taste for them to take seven shilling seats, where it is quite comfortable for anybody to see them and bow to them. Ladies in the boxes are too apt to be stared at, as at the opera in Paris, and this is sometimes uncomfortable. Besides, there are the costly establishments in the next box, and there might possibly be some confusion between the two boxes in the mind of somebody who does not know you and this is always trying. So it is best to take your wife or daughter down into ordinary seven shilling stalls.

Of course, if you go alone it makes little difference where you sit, that is, if you have traveled about the world a little. If you haven't traveled, and are quite new to things, I advise by all means the promenade. Nobody will speak to you there unless you invite it, and you will find only politeness, fine dresses, and a general regard for your particular fancies, whatever they may be. And if you wish to talk to any of the unhappy faces above the stylish dresses you will find you will scarcely strike a theme that will not apparently stir a responsive chord. For they have learned a great deal and forgotten little.

Several years ago I crossed in a Cunard with a demure young woman from Philadelphia, who said she was coming to London to visit relations. It was evident she knew London, but all her fellow-passengers learned of her was that she was travelling alone and coming to friends. She was not over twenty, with rosy cheeks and a pretty face. The first evening in London (we landed Saturday) I saw her walking about in the Empire theater. She didn't seem quite at home, but still had been there before.

Tonight I saw the same young woman in the same place again, and what was healthy blood in the cheeks a few years ago was tonight paint and cosmetics. What was then a troubled face is now a sad and unhappy one.

The Anglo-Saxon woman seems different from the women of other races, the Latin especially. While the familiar story is written plainly on the face of the one, the other shows so much real sunshine that it upsets all your theories. And when you really know the point of view of the Parisienne you actually wonder whether, after all, she is not happier as she is. The sense of moral responsibility in Paris is different from that in St. Paul. The home training of the poorer classes is totally different, the examples of others are different, the whole environment is different. And without setting up any standards whatever or attempting to make wrong right, I may still say, with truth, that the American young woman I have mentioned can envy the gay girl in Paris whose laughter is genuine, whose song is cheering and whose face is always young.

As I passed the young American on my way to find a seat, she recognized me at once and came up to speak to me.

"Well, well!" she said. "I remember your face. Let me see; where have I seen you?"

"Can't remember," I observed, "probably here."

"Perhaps; but you are from America. And have you been over long?"

"Some time. Have you been in London all the time?"

"Oh, dear no. Went down to Rome with a friend last winter, came back here, then went to Paris, returned again and now I am recently back from Switzerland."

"You've been playing in luck," I suggested.

"Yes, but I'm down on my luck now, and that's why you see me in here."

"Well, hope you'll strike it rich. Good night."

"Thanks. Good night. But stay! I can't quite place you, but I believe I remember one thing and that is that you once refused to give me your address. Am I right?"

"Quite right," I answered, rather amused that she should have forgotten how she sang for me on the steamer."

"No offense, I hope?"

"None in the least," I said. "And you were not offended?"

"Dear, no," she answered, and then added quickly, "I quite undestrand, and won't offer my card."

"All right then, good night," and I moved down to a side seat.

On my right sat a young London Johnny, perhaps twenty-one years old. He seemed to be busy explaining and making witty remarks to another fellow who looked as though the height of his ambition in life was to be a Johnny, too.

As I sat down Knowles was just going on. Out he came dressed in a battered frock coat, worn-out high hat, and duck trousers.

"There is the clever man," observed Johnny. "Isn't he funny?" and Johnny laughed. His pal laughed too.

Knowles began his lightning speech, talking so rapidly that nobody could follow him, until he paused, saying:

"There! How do you like that?"

Everybody English in the house thought it time to laugh, so they all laughed. One of the jokes was this:

"Now, I knew two persons who did not know each other. The one did not know the other and the other did not know the one. They were a man and a woman. The man's name was Undone and the woman's name was Done. They got married and the one that was Done become Undone. So there you are. What do you think of that?"

At which Johnny went to pieces with laughter and forgot the knees to his trousers, which were in danger of being stretched.

Turning to me Johnny asked: "Did you see the press ballet?"

Being answered in the affirmative he continued: "I saw it eighteen times. I know a good many of the girls who played in it. Great, wasn't it?" Then he proceeded to tell his friend all about the "eighteen times" and the "girls." Very soon he turned to me again, saying: "Do you ever take a box? I often do. One of the eighteen times I saw the press ballet I had a box all alone."

"Really," I said in astonishment. "Did your Governor know it?"

"Oh, no! Of course not. That was the fun of it. And what do you think. A girl made it right with one of the attendants and came right into the box with me."

"Weren't you frightened?" I asked, expressing great concern.

"No, I am used to all that sort of thing. You see I am a member of several night clubs and we fellows have to get used to things. But I thought it a bit of cheek for a girl to come right into my box without an invitation."

"Oh, they're all alike," added Johnny, "and none of 'em is any good when you come right down to it."

I didn't reply to this last remark but turned to watch the curtain up on the ballet. It was called Alaska and the first scene represented a small level piece of ground with snow-capped rugged mountains all about. It was snowing on the level piece of ground. The paper snow-flakes sifted down beautifully from above; it was in the twilight and it looked very cold. The electric stars were shining brightly over the mountains and they looked cold too.

"That ballie girl will fall off that ballie log if she don't look sharp," observed Johnny. "By jove! Look at her now; she's going sure," and it really did look as though the imitation log would kick up, but the girl got her balance and Johnny his.

The "girls" came on with very low cut dresses and bare arms. They looked cold too. They danced mostly, of course, but several leading ladies did other things, making motions and trying to give the audience a hint of the "argument."

"Did you see that one on the left near the end?" asked Johnny. "Well," he added, "I see her every day on Piccadilly. She's no good, like the rest. Look at her ballie legs! Don't know how they hold her up."

"They do look cold," I observed, noticing how the snow-flakes lighted on them as she flung them around in the dance.

"There's a girl more like it!" exclaimed Johnny. "I know her too. Had her to supper lots of times. And there's none of your sawdust there either. See her? The one on the right."

"I thought you said they are all alike and all no good," I said to Johnny.

"Oh, well, they are in a sense," answered Johnny, "but one must do something you know and once in a while you strike one good enough to kill time with."

"Oh," quoth I. Then I asked: "And what about these women back of us on the promenade?"

"Worse yet," said Johnny positively. "Don't even dance. No good to take to supper for they only drink lemon squashes or sip a glass of chmpagne while they want you to drink all the time. Oh, I know them all. They're no good."

I can't tell exactly what happened on the stage, for I was more interested in Johnny. I have met the same sort before, I consequently forgot all about the ballet and only remember that in the last scene the side of a mountain opens disclosing a beautiful cave lined with gold and filled with Johnny's "girls" in white, pink, old gold and pale blue. As they came out before the footlights and moved gracefully about they presented as beautiful a blending of color as I have ever seen on the stage.

"Dont think much of this music," said Johnny, "not nearly so good as that in the press ballet."

"Do you understand music?" I asked.

"Oh bless you, yes; why, I know the wife of Conductor Blank. You possibly have heard of him. He conducts the orchestra at Blank Hall. Oh yes, I know her very well indeed."

"Then of course you know music," I inferred.

"Yes, know all about it, know most all the musical people very well."

"Do you like them?"

"Well, sometimes, when I can't find anybody else. But they talk about such ballie stuff that it gets a bit of a bore."

"They probably talk of music," I suggested.

"I don't know what it is, I'm sure, but I know it's rot," and with that Johnny dismissed music.

"I say, old chap," said he, turning to his friend, "there is that same big thing in the middle there that we saw in the press ballet. I hate her. She's too condescending. Besides, she is so beastly fat. Look at her now with her nose turned up. I do believe she is going to try to dance."

"And what do you thing of her legs?" I asked of Johnny.

And for the first time Johnny hesitated, looked doubtfully at me and blushed.

As I made my way out past the large-eyed, staring faces above the bright gowns, my Philadelphia friend stopped me again.

"Going home?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "And you?"

"Me?"

There was a suggestion of surprise in her voice and face, so I repeated: "Yes, you. Are you going home?"

I think I must have accented the word "home," or else possibly the fact that I had refused to give my address, or was from her own country, or was in some vague way associated in her mind with something else, caused a complete change in her expression. We were standing just near the exit, and looking up at me with sadness in her face and seriousness in her voice, she said:

"Why is it I can't place you and why do you speak of home? I have been thinking of home ever since I first spoke with you tonight. Am I going home? You know well I have no home—now. It is the same old story. You know all about it. Nobody can help it and that's all there is to it.

"But there! I seem to have a case of blue black hump tonight and I must pull myself together. It seems to be quiet here tonight; nothing doing. Think I'll go to the Continental and if that is no good I'll go to the supper club. If nobody turns up there, well, I suppose I will go ho— to my rooms."

She moved away and I started back to my chambers, thinking of her and of Johnny.

The night had grown worse, if possible. It had turned colder, and the cold damp air made me shiver. In the first dark place after leaving the Empire another woman came up with her "Good evening, sweetheart," only as the night advances the dresses get plainer and plainer and the faces older and thinner and more haggard. While the younger faces hold the main streets early in the evening the older and poorer ones hold to the by-streets and alleys, taking their turn later.

One or two more women spoke to me before I got under the lights in front of the Criterion at Piccadilly circus, and as I turned the corner into Regent street I heard at my side, in a low voice:

"Buy a box of matches, gentleman. Please, gentleman, buy a box of matches of a poor boy. Only a penny. Please, gentleman, I'm only a poor boy, buy a box of matches, gentleman. Won't you, gentleman?"

I turned into Jermyn street and when nearly to my chambers, was accosted again. This time it was a poor woman with a baby.

"Please, gentleman, help a poor, starving woman. It is cold and wet, gentleman, and I haven't a thing to eat. I am hungry, gentleman. Please help me, sir. God bless you, sir! God bless and reward you, sir! I am thankful to you, sir. God bless you, sir."

Sometimes the poor types of one kind and another will put put their foot in your door as you start to close it. It may be a disappointed woman playing in hard luck, who wants a "bob" for cab fare, or it may be the boy with matches. Organized charity may preach and theorize until the crack of doom without convincing me of my error in giving the penny to the wet, cold boy with the matches or the sixpence to the woman with the half starved, thin, pinched baby.

And England can shout forever about the glories of her African butcheries and her millions in battle ships without altering my belief that there is still room for some genuine charity and Christianity at home. You well-meaning people of America, who contribute to foreign missions, suppose you look about you and see whether in your own respective towns you have a small edition of London.

But possibly you look upon your immediate world through "Johnny's" eyes, and, like him, think "they're all no good," and so give them all a kick downward.

—G. C. P.

Meditations of Martin Dooley.

(The Globe prints Mr. Dooley's letters without necessarily indorsing them.—Ed.)

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Mr. Hennessy appeared later than usual and wore a battered and tired appearance.

"Where ye been, little man?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Down lookin' at th' rayturns," said Mr. Hennessy.

"An' how'd they look?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Bad," said Mr. Hennessy. "Bad. Teddy Rosenfelt's ilicted, an' th' on'y gleam iv hope we have is that a Swede dimmycrat has won out up be Minnysoty."

"A Swede dimmycrat!" said Mr. Dooley, "'Tis onthrue. They're no Swede dimmycrats. Swedes comes fr'm a counthry where th' liquor thrade's in th' hands iv th' govermint, an' ivrybody votes f'r th' administhration. No, sir. This year there ar're no Swede dimmycrats. Th' man's a fusion, or whativer 'tis they calls thim, an' like as not whin he gets into th' job 'twill tur'rn out that he's a raypublican with a lanin' to'rd dhrinkin' alchohol out iv a pop bottle. If ye was as old as I am—but ye ar're as old as I am, man alive.

"I'm not," said Mr. Hennessy. "I was on'y 5 years old whin ye swore ye'erself out iv th' dhraft because ye was over age."

"Ye lie," said Mr. Dooley. "But be that as it may, if ye raymimbered as well as I do an' wasn't given to flyin' up in th' air, wanst a year befure ilection day, an' think iv ye'ersilf goin' over at th' head iv a comitv to con-grat-ulate th' successful candydate, ye'd not take this highly disthressin' event as a gr-reat sorrow. We have a few good la-ads holdin' jobs over in th' city hall, safe fr'm th' winthry gales, an' what th' divvle do we care whether Teddy Rosenfelt has bit his way into a good thing or not? As I tol' ye wanst befure, th' sthronger we ar-re in Wash'nton th' weaker we ar-re in th' ward. Whin big Cleveland was prisidint they was th' blackest Raypublican that iver carrid torch swingin' th' r-red bridge. He held me up f'r an hour comin' home fr'm mass wan Sundah, an' wuddn't tur-rn th' bridge. I rolled a kag iv beer aagain him th' nex' time he passed me place.

"No. Hinnissy, th' Dimycratic party is not doomed to victhry. 'Tis a good critic, but a bad actor. 'Tis gr-reat to stand in th' pit an' heave eggs at McDuff in the play iv 'McBeth's Flirtation,' but whin it gets on th' stage it thrips over its soord an' f'rgets what it intinded to say an' fin'lly, ends be peggin' th' stage manager into th' bass dhrum. It niver gets an oncoore.

"To put it th' way ye'll undherstand, Hinnissy, 'tis like me cousin Mike wanst whin he was in dhrink, as he was part iv th' time. He come along to where a man be th' name iv Grogan was layin' brick. There wasn't a worse bricklayer thin Grogan between th' river an' th' packin' house, an' he was layin' brick th' way some men shovel coal. 'Lave off there,' says me Cousin Mike. 'Ye're makin' a show iv yersilf an' disgracin' th' noble ar-rt iv bricklayin',' he says. 'That wall,' he says ''ll look like th' homeword thracks iv a wake,' he says. 'May hivin f'rgive ye,' he says, 'if ye r-rent it to annywan,' he says, 'f'r 'twill desthroy th' poor women an' childher that moves into it,' he says. An' he wept. He was a sintimintal man whin in dhrink. Well, Grogan got that mad. 'Come up here,' he says; 'come up, ye gr-reat omadhon,' he says, 'an' see if ye can do betther,' he says. An' me Cousin Mike wint up. He was as good a theretrical bricklayer as ye iver see, but he'd no sooner got th' trow'l in his hand an' called 'Mort' thin along come a man fr'm Mayo he didn't like. He dhropped th' trow'l an' begun sthrippin' off layers, an' whin th' po'is come that Grogan called he had dishtributed th' first sthory an' was pluckin' at th' foundations.

"So be th' dimycratic party. Th' raypublicans gets into office an' begins wurrukin' at what Hogan calls th' naytional edifice. An' they do pretty well f'r awhile, an' whin ivrybody begins to think that some day th' naytional edifice 'll be fit to live in' lo an' behold the bricklayers goes wr-rong. They begin to cut bay windows all over th' naytional edifice an' a mansard roof on the basemint, an' towers an' stained glass windles so no wan can see in an' thin they get tired an' tur'rn over th' job to jerry-bulders an' ye see a man mortaring th' bricks with flourpaste an' puttin' in onsaisoned timber an' gettin' a rake-off fr'm th' man that sells th' slate f'r th' roof. 'Tis thin th' dimycratic party is sthrong. 'Glory be,' says th' dimycratic party, 'what kind of an old gazabo is that they're stickin' over th' fr-ront stoop,' or 'Lord save us fr'm har-rm, is that man thryin' to mix mortar without hair.' An' they roar an' kick an' wake up th' neighborhood an' r-run th' jerry-builders up an alley. An' they take th' conthract on their own hands an' wan man thries to build a Audjiotoroom or a Toolerese an' another man on th' opposite side is building a shot tower. That is sometimes. Mos' times they don't get higher thin th' top iv th' ladder whin a hod iv bricks fa'ls on their heads. Between wan party an' th' other whin th' naytional edifice is through with, you an' I'll want to go somewhere an' sleep in a tent.

"I'm a dimycrat, but I'm not lookin' f'r victhry. I'm standin' over here with a brick in me hand, r-ready an' willin' to correct th' man that's puttin' two bricks together wrong acrost th' sthreet. 'Tis safer an' 'tis more injy'ble."

"I think I'll tur-rn popylist," said Mr. Hennessy, despondently."

"'Tis not so bad," said Mr. Dooley. "Their naytional edifice is a cyclone cellar."

Epistles to St. Paul.

There is a story going the rounds of how an able-bodied and somewhat fierce supporter of Arosin's was discovered in a tough Third ward saloon the day before election in the act of beating the head off the last man in the place, and inquiring of him if he would not now vote for Arosin. The incident recalled a parrot story to Col. Vandiver.

"A bird fancier came into the possession of a rare and valuable parrot, whose conversational powers were so extraordinary that the bird was more than once suspected of being possessed of reasoning powers," sa'd Van. "The bird man thought he would give his friends a treat, and he invited them to come and see this remarkable creature. He put the parrot in the midst of an admiring circle and told his friends to observe. Then he approached the bird.

"'Pretty Poll,' he said. 'How is Polly?' Polly remained dumb. He put some honey into his voice: 'Pretty Poll. Polly want some bird food? Pretty Poll. Call me uncle.' The bird resolved itself into an obtuse beast and remained silent. The fancier got red in the face, and kept repeating 'Call me uncle,' until patience ceased to be a virtue, and he grabbed the parrot by the neck and threw it out into the yard, where there were a few dozen game cocks. Late that night he was awakened by a tremendous row among the game birds. He went out to see what was the matter. There were twenty-seven dead cocks in the pit, and the parrot had another one by the neck. He was dashing the unfortunate fowl on the ground and shrieking: 'Call me uncle, you beast, call me uncle.'"

* * *

Isaac Staples, who died a few months ago at Stillwater, was very fond of telling a story that he averred was an incident in his own life. He was at one time in direct charge of a gang of men on a boom, and the boom boss was a hardy Norwegian, who knew nothing of danger and didn't expect that his men should consider the danger of their work. One morning the boom boss approached Mr. Staples and said that he was a man short and must have another.

"All right," said Staples; "I'll send Olson."

At noon the foreman came back.

"Ay want a man for de boom," he said.

"Why, I sent you one this morning," said Mr. Staples; "how many men do you want?"

"Ay know you sant me von," said the foreman; "but Olson he fall off de boom and not come back. Ay guess he qvit de job."

* * *

But for the presence of mind of some of the bathers at Manhattan Beach, Chicago, last summer, the Kelcey-Shannon company might have been short a comedian. At the opening of the season at Power's new theater David Torrence, a six-footer, who plays the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Edward See, a five-footer, who is the comedian of the company, thought they would refresh themselves after reherasal one afternoon with a bath. Torrence got into the water first, and waded out quite a distance before the water reached to his shoulders. When See got to the water's edge he hesitated a moment, because swimming is not one of his accomplishments. He yelled out to Torrence: "Is the water very deep?"

"Oh, no," replied Torrence; "it is only up to here," stretching out his arms just above the surface of the water. With calm, self-assurance, See walked out to the end of the spring board that extended out quite near to where Torrence was swimming. Without any hesitation he made a good, long jump. Of course the water was over his head. He came up puffing and blowing, and evidently tried to call to his companion. Before he uttered a sound he went down again. Torrence and one or two others near by were quick enough to grasp the situation, and caught hold of the little man before he came fully to the surface the second time. They dragged him in towards shore a few feet until the water was shallow enough to allow him to stand on the bottom with safety. He rubbed his eyes for a moment or two, then, with a look of deep disgust, turned towards Torrence and said: "I thought you told me the water wasn't deep out there."

"It wasn't for me," replied Torrence. "I forgot about you being a sawed-off."

Here, There, Everywhere.

There was substantially a vote of no confidence in the administration that had just conducted a successful foreign war.

The exception must be the explanation. The exception was Algerism. The blight of Algerism and the retention of Alger have been the conspicuous failure and mistake of the McKinley administration. Those were the things the people punished.

The president was warned. His disinterested advisers, many of his party managers, and the independent newspapers that had sufficient spine, predicted just about what has happened. Mr. McKinley disregarded the warnings. If he has lost the lower house of congress it is his own fault.—Chicago Journal.

* * *

Foreign comment on the election tends to confirm the opinion that the heavier part of the Republican loss was due to that combination of misconduct and defiance of public sentiment that has gained wide notoriety under the name of Algerism. The Republicans who seek an explanation of their narrow escape can make up their minds that Algerism did it.—Chicago Journal.

* * *

Whether is was the probable attitude of the powers respecting Egypt or the situation in the Orient which was in Lord Salisbury's mind when he made his dark hints as to the future, his words should serve to recall Americans to a sober consideration of the career which now confronts this nation. Whether it is Russia or a remote threat of a general war which has caused Great Britain to make such immense preparations for battle, it is evidently Salisbury's opinion that in any event the United States, by demanding the Philippines, assumes a risk of being embroiled in the ensuing complications, and that this risk is not remote and contingent, but immediate.—Chicago Record.

How The Globe Helped.

The St. Paul Globe deserves congratulations. It made a great fight for Lind.—Little Falls Herald.

* * *

The St. Paul Globe has painted the eyes of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press a gorgeous black.—Cottonwood County Citizen.

In the words of The St. Paul Globe: "Taken altogether, the defeat of Mr. Eustis seems like a very just and proper conclusion of an exceedingly interesting and inspiring campaign."—Cottonwood County Citizen.

ON OLD FORT LINCOLN TRAIL.

South of Mandan, through the valley where
the Golden river gleams,
Where the cottonwood and poplar tower above
it course, which seems
Like the twisting, winding pathway of a large
and lazy snail,
Is that famous frontier roadway called the
old Fort Lincoln trail.

It has heard the cannon's thunder and the
bugle's silver note
Drown the death-cry that winged upward
from the hero's bloody throat;
It has seen the white man waver when the
arrows fell like hail,
And the white and red together bled along
its dusty trail.

It has seen white helpless, wounded, tortured
on a fiendish plan,
For the heart of hell was molded in the semblance
of a man.
Custer traveled it his last time—none returned
to tell the tale
Of the gallant expedition that first started
the old trail.

The last time that I saw it was a sunny
autumn morn;
But the beauty of the forest and the fields
of yellow corn
Seemed to mock me as I followed—travel-stained
and ghastly pale,
The hearse that bore her slowly down the
old Fort Lincoln trail.

She is sleeping in a stoneless grave—the one
I loved the best;
But a soothing influence often stills the tumult
in my breast,
For I think of her with reverence when my
fancy lifts the veil
Of sorrow and I see again the old Fort
Lincoln trail.

—Will E. Maiden.