

GLIDE'S TELEPHONE CALLS.

THE NORTHWESTERN. Business Office . . . . . 1005 Main Editorial Rooms . . . . . 78 Main Composing Room . . . . . 1034 Main MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. Business Office . . . . . 1089 Editorial Rooms . . . . . 88

The St. Paul Globe

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS. Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with columns: By Carrier, 1 mo, 6 mos, 12 mos. Rates for Daily only, Daily and Sunday, Sunday.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with columns: By Mail, 1 mo, 6 mos, 12 mos. Rates for Daily only, Daily and Sunday, Sunday.

BRANCH OFFICES.

New York, 10 Spruce St., Chas. H. Eddy in Charge. Chicago, No. 87 Washington St., Williams & Lawrence in Charge.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE, ONLY \$1 PER YEAR BY MAIL.

If you, gentle reader, do not happen already to be a subscriber to the St. Paul Sunday Globe, you may, by sending in \$1.00, become such for a whole year. It is great value—about 10,000 columns for 100 cents, or at the rate of 1 cent per 100 columns.

Address: The Globe, St. Paul, Minn.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23, 1900.

LET SANTA CLAUS ALONE.

The scene which has been presented to view on the streets of St. Paul, and, indeed, of those of every city and town in the entire country, during the past week, is a familiar one. At this season every man and woman who has any social obligation, however light, feels that the occasion demands some material expression of it.

There are those who believe that the prevailing tendency to buy presents is an undesirable, and to some extent a discreditable one. But they are not in touch with their kind. Granted that this man or woman that buys because he or she does not want to be outdone or because there may be some existing sense of personal obligation, or some hope of return, the prevailing disposition is by that circumstance not in the slightest measure affected.

The materialism of life, we are told, is reproduced in the universal disposition to buy something. Supposing so, what of it? Our modes and opportunities of expressing sentiment in daily conduct are at the best imperfect. The highest sentiment of friendship which can animate the human breast is involved in the poor tawdry little present which the poor man, woman or child offers to friend or neighbor or playmate.

It is in the children's behalf that the present custom has grown to its vast proportions. Santa Claus is a great character among the American people. How many a young heart has been sending up its prayer for months past to childhood's patron that he might bring him to these that are beloved so many of the things which will carry gratification with them? How many a glad young heart will become bathed from the well-springs of human love when on Christmas morning the presence of Santa Claus has been manifest in the little delights which have been longed for, perhaps for months before?

No; the present season, in its characteristic as a present-buying period, reflects the light of love and sympathy which shines on the lives of most of us so sparingly throughout the entire succeeding year.

The extreme is occasionally reached by preachers as well as by other people. An Episcopal divine at Shrewsbury, England, who recently denounced Sunday afternoon concerts, not long ago preached a sermon in which he attributed the collapse of the spirit of his church to the

anger of the Almighty at a proposal to erect a memorial to Darwin in Shrewsbury.

WHAT A SHIP SUBSIDY BILL SHOULD BE.

The ship subsidy bill in its present form is far from being ideal. To give to each of the elegant passenger steamers subsidies amounting to \$300,000 or \$400,000 a year under the pretext of stimulating American commerce is an absurdity.

Those steamers do not carry freight to any extent. As a military expedient it may be desirable to subsidize such ships, because they would be useful as auxiliary cruisers in case of war; but then, why not have the subsidy for such ships on the real merits of the case instead of trying to pilot it through under false pretenses? And, besides, as the bill now stands, the subsidy for each ship in ten or twelve years would equal the entire cost of the vessel. If that is not looting the United States treasury, it is certainly the next thing to it.

On the other hand, the proposition for the government to pay part of the freight on our exports is an excellent idea if wisely applied. It amounts to paying a bounty on exports that is not a ship subsidy at all. Everybody that had the money to buy a ship or an interest in a ship would have a chance to share in the benefits of the measure. If it made shipping profitable under the American flag, it would induce that much more capital to go into it and the competition would result in reducing freight rates to the benefit of the American farmer, mine owner and manufacturer, besides the general benefit of building up an immense American industry.

Moreover, the next twenty-five years will witness an enormous increase in the commerce of the still undeveloped parts of the world, such as South America, Asia, Australia and Africa. England, Germany and Russia realize this fact and they are working tooth and toe-nail to get control.

The undeveloped natural resources of South America are perhaps superior to those of any other continent. Coolie labor is being imported extensively and new plantations are being opened up. The commerce of South America, great as it is today, will increase to enormous proportions within the next quarter century. The same is true of Africa, and the commercial opportunities that will follow the opening up of China with its 400,000,000 people are too great for words.

Are the United States going to secure their share of this boundless commerce? Are we going to secure our share of these golden opportunities that mean power, splendor, wealth and prosperity for the nation that has the sagacity and the enterprise to appreciate and appropriate them? The first thing we need, is regular merchant steamship lines to those countries, especially South America and Asia. Without such lines we cannot hope to extend and hold our trade there. It is such lines that will have to be mainly instrumental in developing our trade and creating a demand for our goods in these markets; but until that result has been attained and the demand established, they can do but a limited business and will have to operate at more or less of a loss.

This is a well established principle. Germany, with her keen business instinct, realizing the immense commercial future of Africa, decided to establish a line running all the way around the African continent. Last May the German reichstag passed a law subsidizing this line to the amount of 1,350,000 marks annually.

The bulk of our trade is with Europe, and outside of that we have but a very small share of the commerce of the world. There are no new markets to be secured in Europe; there are on the other continents, and enormous ones at that. The steamship lines that should be established to open up and develop them could do but a limited business at the start, hence they might well receive some special compensation, some higher rate of freight bounty, to enable them without loss to tide over the barren years until the demand for our goods in those markets has become fully established. These are the lines on whose efforts the future commercial greatness of this country really depends; they are under the special handicap of having to develop the markets before they can hope to profitably do business.

The bill, as it stands, is disappointing. If the people felt that it was just, honest, and expedient, framed with no other motive than to promote American shipping and American commerce, offering equal benefits to all and where most needed, public opinion would be strongly in its favor. At present it is too much under suspicion of being intended to gorge a few favored corporations at the expense of the nation.

THE AMENDED HAY-PAUMCOTE TREATY.

It is not wholly unlikely that the English government will accept the Hay-Paumcote treaty in its amended form without further ado.

As far as we are concerned, it would hardly seem possible to have given the treaty a more disadvantageous form. It practically declares that the canal shall not be neutral, yet we shall not have the right to fortify it, a position which is both illogical and absurd in the extreme. Between complete neutrality and complete control the question is a choice between two sets of advantages and disadvantages. The present is a half-way measure that offers all the objections and none of the advantages of the two logical extremes.

The admirers of the amended treaty tell us that if the enemy in case of war ever tries to run his fleet through the canal, we can blow up his ships with torpedoes or open the locks on him before he gets half way through. Very well! But the enemy will not try to run his ships through—nor unless he is a driving idiot. If we get into war, the first move the enemy makes will be to get at that canal and smash up the locks and blow up the dams, leaving us in

exactly the same position as if that canal had never been built, except that we'll be out its cost of \$300,000,000. To do this would suit the purpose of the enemy a great deal better than to run his own fleet through it, as it would again make it impossible for our Pacific and Atlantic fleets to co-operate. In case of war, the enemy would at once send a large fleet as possible to destroy the canal, and we would have to keep a still larger fleet there to prevent it.

But even then the canal would not be safe by any means. It will run through 250 miles of foreign territory, largely covered with tropical forest, affording ideal opportunities for the operations of such secret agents as the enemy might send to destroy the locks and dams by dynamite. And as to the governments through whose territory the canal will pass, be it far from us to insinuate that they could be bribed to connive at such plots against our canal—but—but—

In case of war we shall have to maintain a fleet at either end strong enough to keep the enemy from getting at it, and the same fleet would have sufficed to keep the enemy out, had the canal been neutral; but now the enemy has the right to destroy it, if he can get at it, which he would not have been allowed to do if its neutrality had been guaranteed by the powers. Such a guarantee would not have given European powers any occasion to meddle with American affairs. On the contrary, it would have pledged the canal to perpetual peace and neutrality, a pledge which every nation would have been obliged to keep sacred, even in case of a war against us.

The probability of a rival canal at Panama must also be borne in mind. By rejecting absolute neutrality, the senate has entered upon a path the only logical conclusion of which is for the United States to take control of all of Central America and the Isthmus of Panama. If that is what the senate is driving at—of course, that is a different question altogether.

WHY THEY FAIL.

The wave of moral sentiment which is now sweeping its way through the cities of the nation has had more than one parallel. The immediate occasion of it is the spread of social vice in its varied forms in sections of the several communities. Those particular sections, as a rule, are inhabited by the very poor. There the disorderly house and the saloon can be found in great numbers.

There, too, the professional politician, without conscience and without responsibility, exerts his strongest influence. From that source it is that the worst influences operating in social and political life alike originate.

No one who knows life in the very large cities of the country can be under any illusion as to what all this means. Clergymen who administer the affairs of parishes which are represented by men of large wealth, and business men who day after day are actively concerned in the great problems of commercial life, which involve to actual contact with the conditions represented by urban sections of this general character.

Yet it is, we suppose, undentable as a general proposition, that the prevailing reform movements are mostly conducted by this class of citizens. In New York it is indisputably so. The mass of the poor people, that is, the mass of men who make a day's wages or who conduct one or other small business and derive from it a fair income and a good living, do not take part in such movements. It is so in Chicago, and it is so in Philadelphia. It is a most regrettable circumstance; but those who argue that it is due to the indifference to the evils which abound simply do not know that class of people.

Take the saloon: In every large city the saloon is frequented by good people, men who work every day faithfully and devotedly, who give their lives over without a thought of self-sacrifice to the maintenance of their families. They may be what are called laborers in the loose parlance of the times, or they may be store-keepers or clerks or men in any station of life, who just make enough to enable them to remain in self-respecting touch with those around them. They visit the saloons. They spend their surplus earnings or a fair proportion of them in the saloons. They know of the existence of unmentionable places in their immediate vicinity. As long as those places are kept out of reach; as long as they are permitted to infect the immediate neighborhoods in which they live, they accept them as a matter of fact, and rarely have reference to them among themselves.

How much does the activity of men like Archibishop Potter, who is at the head of the moral movement in New York, affect these people, their opinions or their lives? Not one particle as a rule. It is true that the wives and children of such men attend the near-by church. They themselves may attend, too. But as a rule they accept the churches and their government and their influence pretty much as they do the existence of the places against which the present movement are leveled. They would like to see the influence of the church extended and the influence of the other places destroyed; but they reason that they are not consulted. It is none of their affair immediately, and they keep on day after day living the lives and maintaining the associations which they have ever lived and have maintained.

To such men the saloon and the local political leader signify more than the church and its ministry and membership, in such a movement as we have reference to. A recent writer who is not blind has had something to say on this score. It would not do to quote him at length. But the following extract would show what a sensible man has found out in that behalf. He says: "That same instinct in man which leads to the more resourceful classes to form such clubs as the Union League club, or the Marquette club, which leads the college man into the fraternity, leads the laboring man into the clubs furnished them by the saloonkeeper, not from philanthropic motives, but because of shrewd and unadmitted motives. The term 'club' applies; for, though unrecognized, each saloon has about the same constituency night after night. Its character is deter-

mined by the character of the men who, having something in common, make the same their rendezvous. Their common ground may be their nationality, as the name 'Italian headquarters' implies, or it may be their occupation, as indicated by the names 'Mechanics' Exchange' and 'Seaman's Exchange,' etc.; or, if their political affiliations are their common ground, there are the Democratic Headquarters of the Eighteenth Ward, etc."

This language cannot of course be regarded as anything like an accurate representation of the existing conditions, but it approximates them. It shows the general condition; and, as we say, to those who know the actual conditions of the lives of the masses in the large cities, it touches a responsive cord.

As long as movements designed to secure a moral, social or political betterment choose to ignore these classes, or as long as such men remain aloof from them, the result is bound to be ultimately failure—failure, complete and enduring. They are merely class movements. They do not appeal to the mass whom they seek to reform. A leading reformer has recently pointed out that in the neighborhoods in which social vice is most general the decent, poor, people refuse to offer any aid, because they do not want to be regarded as informers. There is a world of human nature in that fear. Fashionable churches, their ministry and their membership choose to ignore such people eleven months, aye, and eleven months and three weeks, in each year, and then come to them with hands outstretched to ask their co-operation. They do not get it, and they never will, as long as they proceed on their present lines.

Such movements must begin from below, rather than from above. When they have this beginning they may succeed. All the committees of high-toned people that may be appointed from now till doomsday will never reach the masses of the great cities. The masses have been left by the classes to work out their own salvation, social and moral, in their own way from time immemorial, and they regard the new-fledged reformers as just so many interlopers. They have seen in the past that the most prominent among such reformers have wound up by getting good public places, and they have seen the reforms they ostensibly aimed at flag thereafter, and the old conditions resume their sway.

If the ordinary man refuses to accept these reformers at their own or the world's estimate of them the fault is the fault of the reformers, not of the masses.

THEY MAY REACH THE POLE.

Since Lieut. Greely's expedition poleward with its record of 85 degrees 47 minutes, the then farthest north, there has been a determined effort among scientific men to reach this end of the earth's axis. The suffering of the Greely expedition had no effect as a deterrent to new expeditions. The specifications of each were arranged to overcome the weak points in the Greely plan. The scheme of Dr. Nansen was bold and original. From a close study of ocean currents, he concluded that the polar ice was in constant motion, following a well defined current that crossed the physical pole. And if a ship could be so constructed as to withstand the assaults of the ice fields it would, if consigned to the drifting ice, not only reach the pole, but be carried beyond to open water.

His theory was right, but the Fram did not strike the ice current in just the right place and missed the pole by a few degrees. Nansen, however, came home filled with scientific knowledge of the far North and a record of 82 degrees and 14 minutes.

The next successful attack upon the polar regions was made by the Italian Duke of Abruzzi, in the Stella Polare. The duke did not drift, but made a dash for the pole with sleds surpassing Nansen's record by twenty-one miles, but suffering great hardships and adding but little to the scientific knowledge of the region.

Two expeditions are now in the frozen North, the Sverdrup expedition, with the Fram and Lieut. Peary. The latter is now at Eort Conger, the famous headquarters of the Greely expedition. He reports that he is well supplied with provisions and will make a run for the pole in the spring. Will he succeed? The people of all civilized nations will look eagerly for news of the fate of this venture.

There is a halo of interest about the heads of great explorers that appeals strongly to the imagination. Some one, speaking of Henry M. Stanley, said that he was the most wonderful embodiment of physical and intellectual energy since the great Napoleon. And any one who has followed that intrepid African explorer through his life, filled with achievements and "hair breadth" escapes, will conclude that Stanley, although moving in a totally different field, is as great a character as was Napoleon. To this class belong such men as Greely, and Nansen and Peary. The theater of operations is as different as can well be imagined. The dark continent of Africa contained a world of romance. The giant and almost limitless forest has hid for untold centuries a race of pygmies of unknown ancestry. The commercial possibilities of the continent inflame the imagination and stimulate the ambition of the daring pathfinder. There the explorer meets and enters into treaties with princes and kings and emperors. In short he treats a living land of wonder.

Not so, with the seeker for scientific facts in the regions of the pole. There he pursues his course within the awful presence of the Infinite. He breathes the frigid air of God's eternal solitudes. No color is there to rest the wearied eye—no life to warm the soul. Above him, in unvarying cold, move the northern constellations. Cold beneath him lies the pulseless earth. Death, unemployed, moves o'er the trackless waste.

And silence, in her snow-white shroud, stands pressing on her wordless lips the hush of "hollowless" finger lips. While with her threatening glance she draws the line, that who so passes slips into the soundless gulf of sleep.

Into this region of everlasting silence go these men in search of facts, that they may add to the fund of knowledge. If, to overcome the forces of nature by the sheer power of physical and mental endurance, makes a hero, then are

these Arctic explorers entitled to a full share of our hero worship.

With the expeditions now in the North and those making ready, it will not be long before we can listen to the man who has stood where the earth is still and the polar star is overhead.

SUNDAY GLOBE GLANCES.

A St. Paul man who was in San Francisco recently, attended service in a Buddhist temple, and was so impressed by the beautiful and costly surroundings, and the really instructive exercises, that he said he had not felt so pious in many years. The service was in English, and the sermon was delivered by a woman, while a Japanese pointed the other part of the ceremonies. The room seated about 300 persons. He was told that two or three other Buddhist congregations were being organized in that city, and the leader of the movement said they expected to extend the work to other cities. Our St. Paul man said if they came here he would join.

Many hearts will be made glad this holiday season in foreign lands by remembrances from friends in St. Paul, to be given to the children of the poor—small amounts—being sent through the postoffice. They have been averaging a hundred or more a day for some time.

The czarina of Russia has such demands upon her for charity that she employs a special lady secretary, bearing the title of "Imperial lady secretary," and her office is to disburse and oversee the employment of her majesty's gifts.

It need not take a big organization to do a big thing. In "Christian Work in Paris Slums" Sarah A. Tooley tells how one woman, and she but a young and delicate girl, would down into a very holed of hatred and anarchy, and transformed it into a place where men and women could be induced to listen to reason and respond to kindness.

High or low church is now a question which agitates Episcopals. Each side has ardent supporters, and the discussion is getting to be warm. At the recent consecration of Bishop Weller, of the diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., ritualism was all that must be done before blessing by the high church party. Incense was used and the people knelt to receive the episcopal blessing. The burning question is, is it to be imposed on ritualism, and the manner of doing it, and ceremony befitting a great church, or bare devotional exercises, relying for their effect upon devout hearts rather than extrinsic show?

Is it not strange that there are people who will justify falsehood in dealing with a child in Santa Claus, when the same persons would regard it as a rank offense to lie, man to man. Their logic is, deal honestly with a child and you are narrow; lie to the child (about Santa Claus), and you are "liberal." The trusting, confiding faith of a little child was used by the Master as an example of the great lesson, before blessing His Kingdom. If the faith of a little child is such a holy thing, can it be abused without sin by telling it a "fairly tale" about Santa Claus today when it will discover the myth to be a lie a little later on?

With all the decorating and display of Christmas, the true spirit of earnest and honest good cheer is not in the heart, the one thing needed to bring and give joy and happiness will be lacking.

It was at a meeting of the Occult society, the lecturer had finished her discourse and, clasping her hands, leaned forward on the stand in front of her. This was her program, according to the Tribune. "I have endeavored," she said, "to make this subject as plain as its inherently mysterious nature will permit. Before I take my seat, however, I will wait a moment to answer any questions you may like to ask for the purpose of clearing up whatever points may still seem obscure to you." "I wish you could tell me, ma'am," asked a hollow-voiced, cadaverous man, rising up in a distant corner of the hall, "why women kiss each other." This problem of the ages stumped her.

The union of the Free and United Presbyterian churches in Scotland, long separated, has been consummated. The occasion was celebrated a few days ago by a gathering of 3,000 ministers of the two new united societies.

Rev. Alonzo K. Parker, of the Centennial Baptist church, Chicago, is reading a chapter of a book he has written, to his congregation each Sunday evening. The title is called "Leonard Chapin, Samaritan."

During the Christmas time in too many homes the only thing that is the idea of the anniversary as one of getting something, instead of sharing the joy of giving. Let them take part in giving and impress upon them that the best part of every gift is the love that goes with it. Let these lines by Phoebe be committed to memory: Children whose lives are blest with love and whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold. Think of the child who stands in the doorway with empty hand! Go fill them up and you will also fill their empty hearts, that be so cold and still. And listen, longing eyes With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have at this best season seek His precious little ones—the poor and weak; In joyful, sweet accord, Thus lending to the Lord!

People occasionally return home from church and pronounce the sermon a dull one. There is no fault to be found with that of the preacher. Maybe the hearer is in bad humor. Maybe the week-old air in the church is bad and makes the congregation stupid. Maybe the mind of the hearer is wandering with business or social affairs. Maybe the preacher has been overworked at day-meetings, funerals, weddings, sick visits, social calls, etc. When you hear a sermon and say it is dull, look for the reason. You may find it in yourself.

Today, Dec. 23, the anniversary of the birth of Richard Arkwright, in 1732, the inventor of the spinning frame which revolutionized the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods; of Joseph Smith, in 1805, founder of the Mormon sect.

PERTINENT OR PARTLY SO.

The trust evil is certainly growing. Even the mercury is higher this year than usual.

The Duke of Manchester's \$200 bull terrier mixed yesterday, and the damage is estimated at \$500.

The ill health of Li Hung Chang is said to be causing anxiety in Peking. Usual it is his vigor that worries the politicians when a man has held his job as long as Li Hung to his.

It will be interesting to see how the Republicans who have been telling their wives their money was tied up in bets on Sant will square themselves now that all bets can be taken down.

There has never been any doubt of the coolness of American naval officers under fire, and there will be less since they have discovered a process of taking liquefied air on board to keep even the shells cool.

Circulation of the Globe For November.

Ernest P. Hopwood, superintendent of circulation of the St. Paul Globe, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the actual circulation of the St. Paul Globe for November, 1900, is herewith correctly set forth:

Table with columns: 1-30. Circulation numbers for each day of the month.

ERNEST P. HOPWOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of December, 1900.

H. P. PORTER, Notary Public, Ramsey Co., Minn.

[Notarial Seal.]

Thomas Yould, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am an employe exclusively of the St. Paul Dispatch, in the capacity of foreman of press room. The press work of the St. Paul Globe is regularly done by said Dispatch under contract. The numbers of the respective days' circulation of said Globe, as set out in the above affidavit of Ernest P. Hopwood, exactly agree with the respective numbers ordered to be printed by said Globe; and in every case a slightly larger number was actually printed and delivered to the mailing department of said Globe.

THOS. YOULD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of December, 1900.

S. A. YOUNG, Notary Public, Ramsey Co., Minn.

[Notarial Seal.]

FURTHER PROOF IS READY.

The Globe invites any one and every one interested to, at any time, make a full scrutiny of its circulation lists and records and to visit its press and mailing departments to check and keep tab on the number of papers printed and the disposition made of the same.

It takes more than an X-ray to get the jewelry in there in the first place.

The Paris exposition lost 2,000,000 francs. The directors could readily make that up by starting along the lines of Omaha's latest industry.

AT THE THEATERS.

GRAND.

James Neill and the Neill company concluded their week's engagement at the Grand last night with the presentation of Bronson Howard's comedy "Aristocracy." The play verifies the truth of the old adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." For all the members of this "Aristocracy" seem to possess a penchant for the gentle art of flirting. In one or two cases this penchant develops into a passion, hence the story of the play. Mr. Howard has written a clever satire on that type of American society whose purses are as long as their noses. As for the play, it is that corresponding English type whose lineages are long and whose purses are short. Jefferson Stockton, a San Francisco millionaire, has just returned, determined to enter New York society. He enters it, by way of London, for with his money he purchases the good will of the London aristocracy. The Marquis of Normandale being his sponsor—for a consideration. Many members of the London smart set are introduced in the play and some of them are interesting characters. As for the play, it is a satisfactory Jefferson Stockton. That is the manner, so peculiarly Mr. Neill's, in which the play is presented. The play is a little more dramatic force is necessary, as for instance in the scuffle with Prince Zim, the following scene is somewhat lacking. The scene was Frank McVievers' impersonation of the duke. His French was convincing, his acting artistic. And equally meritorious piece of acting was that of the Marquis of Normandale, who was impersonated by Miss Diana Stockton. Especially good was she in the scene with the prince. There was no effect in the play, and the play was not so good as it was. The court scene was admirable. The court scene aroused much enthusiasm among the women in the audience. The play was also presented at the matinee yesterday.

This evening Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" with Harry Gilroy in the role of the comedian, will commence a week's engagement.

STORIES OF THE STREET.

Mrs. Nellie B. Van Slingerland, whose book paying double compliments to the president and his official family is said to be the cause of the resignation of Postmaster Pitkin, of New Orleans, cut quite a swath in Minneapolis society a decade ago. A widow with money, she built a log house at Washburn park, a log house so ornate in design and luxurious in interior furnishings that it made several \$5,000 checks back rumors. Then she married William Harcourt Lynn, a real estate dealer, a suave personage, who, with the prestige his marriage at the wealthy widow gave him, got himself elected to the legislature of 1891, in a Republican district, on a Democratic ticket. That was the celebrated fusion legislature, and the courtly Lynn had for his house associates from Hennepin such old liners as C. McC. Reeve, Matt Walsh, George McAllister, A. Stockwell, William H. Trippe, and Matt Gallagher. But Lynn could never bring himself down in pride to the level of the ordinary legislator until financial reverses came upon him and separation from the once wealthy widow and, subsequently, divorce followed. Who Van Slingerland was Mrs. Mead Lynn's old friends in the Twin Cities have not been advised. Lynn appears in the book as Mr. Nesmith. Her debut in its later furnishings that it made a sweep of soft brown hair in which seemed to a smolder of fire; alert, candid blue eyes which kindled with self-assurance, sparkling with staccato, blurred with

sympathy and gave quick note of her intuitions. Her head had a slightly pert empty poise as if a very fervent nature, sensitive mouth, full and red, and her eyes were a gentleness that it for such occasions. "His eyes and tones leveled at thousands a few hours before were here only at their table, and though they came a gentleness that it her seemed the very velvet of the defecence." The affluence parted, but Blugham had received permission to call upon his enslaver.

Mrs. Nesmith had a good-for-nothing husband somewhere and Blugham an unloved and unloving wife from whom he was separated, but not divorced, and she for such occasions. "His eyes and tones leveled at thousands a few hours before were here only at their table, and though they came a gentleness that it her seemed the very velvet of the defecence." The affluence parted, but Blugham had received permission to call upon his enslaver.

"Blugham's message on the morrow with the flowers rejoiced her—she promptly canceled a previous engagement for the evening and bade him good night. "He went, and the next evening and on the afternoon of the ensuing day they rode out together. Before their return they had understood their need of each other.

"John Blugham was the last man to presume upon the grace of a good woman and she the last of her sex to permit it. Neither expected, when they were adieu away, to confess so much, but the admiration of each for the other and the admiring glances, in a manner, tremor or look which communicated what we may seek to hide in fragrant speech, led to a disclosure of their heart's longed for, and already learned from her hostess, where she first met John Blugham, of his somber life.

"The carriage brought back an unloved and unloving wife from whom he was separated, but not divorced, and she for such occasions. "His eyes and tones leveled at thousands a few hours before were here only at their table, and though they came a gentleness that it her seemed the very velvet of the defecence." The affluence parted, but Blugham had received permission to call upon his enslaver.

"And Mr. Nesmith? He had no more a part of their lives longer than a sheriff of a prisoner's life whose writ and his custodian's a common handcuff holds.

Still Mr. Nesmith was as much in the way as the sheriff mentioned. He had money—Mrs. Nesmith's money, the read, and she the last of her sex to permit it. Neither expected, when they were adieu away, to confess so much, but the admiration of each for the other and the admiring glances, in a manner, tremor or look which communicated what we may seek to hide in fragrant speech, led to a disclosure of their heart's longed for, and already learned from her hostess, where she first met John Blugham, of his somber life.

"For Lynn did go to Latin America, and was divorced. John Blugham, incidentally, is Pitkin.

Old Parson Holton, a Baptist preacher of Tennessee, had eighteen sons, and during the Civil war sixteen enlisted in the Union army and two sided with the Confederates. When the old minister had reached his eighty-third year, some one who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war. "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," (late the old man.

In Washington, D. C., one day last winter, Henry Waterson, of Kentucky, sat in a retired corner in Chamberlain's drinking high balls, so they say, when he did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war. "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," (late the old man.

"What is the matter, Waterson?" he inquired; "you look down in the mouth." "I was thinking," said the great editor, "of the decay of oratory in this country. Years ago we had many notable orators—Clay, Calhoun, Webster and others—but today you can not find them in the fingers of your fist. Why, Thurston, I know of but three men in all the United States who are entitled to be called orators." "Who are they?" inquired Thurston. "Why, self, myself and George R. Peck." The senator from Nebraska smiled contentedly and remarked: "What a thunder is the use of dragging George R. Peck in? He is not here."