GLOBE'S TELEPHONE CALLS.

THE NORTHWESTERN.
Business Office ..... 1065 Main
Editorial Rooms ..... 78 Main
Composing Room ..... 1034 Main

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.
Business Office 1089
Editorial Rooms 88

The St. Paul Globe

OFFICIAL PAPER, CITY OF ST. PAUL.

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS.

Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

By Carrier.	1 mo	6 mos	12 mos
Daily only	.40	$2.25	$4.00
Daily and Sunday	.50	2.75	5.00
Sunday	.15	.75	1.00

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

By Mail.	1 mo	6 mos	12 mos
Daily only	.25	$1.50	$3.00
Daily and Sunday	.35	2.00	4.00
Sunday	...	.75	1.00

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. And, as to the quality of the matter, upon that point, the paper you hold in your hand gives you a fair idea. There's no more entertaining, instructive and altogether better reading published in newspaper form in the United States than is to be found in every issue of the St. Paul Sunday GLOBE.

Address: The GLOBE, St. Paul, Minn.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6, 1901.

RELIGION AND DEMOCRACY.

Those who have watched the career and conduct of the Rev. Washington Gladden for the past fifteen or twenty years have observed in him one of the most profound thinkers and one of the most earnest and disinterested advocates of those views of public problems which tend to the elevation of popular standards that the entire country possesses. His activity is not confined to consideration of the problems of religion alone. Those of society and of government have occupied him throughout his life, and his contemporaries have been greatly the gainers by his contributions to the thought of his time.

A recent contribution made by Dr. Gladden to the Independent is entitled to the most thoughtful consideration of every man and woman who has observed the tendencies of American society in all public relations to disregard the influence of religion and to conduct the work of life on a purely theistic basis. That contribution will, if it produces no other effect, quicken individual thought on the great question whether a democracy with religion eliminated from its public concerns can be truly promotive of the true welfare of the people who maintain it?

Questions of this general purport are every day forcing themselves on thoughtful minds. We know from our histories, even those of us who have read but little, that the influence of religion was invoked for the oppression of mankind, and most of the popular revolts that we know of against kingly tyranny were in some sense against the influence of the church in temporal affairs wrongly or unwisely exercised. We know, too, that in their public expressions, at least, the foremost men among the founders of the republic showed dislike and suspicion of religious agencies in the work of government. Jefferson was among the most advanced in this direction; and while he was essentially of a religious and humane nature, his cultivation of Thomas Paine, and his sustainment of even the excesses of the French Revolution showed plainly his conviction that the influence of the churches on the progress of civil government was inimical to human freedom. But if we will read more deeply we might regard ourselves as knowing, too, that the church influence of religion has been the most available, if not the only available, power in the past to hold irresponsible civil authority within any limits at all in its treatment of the masses.

When we disestablished state religions we did not and did not intend to discard the influence of the Christian faith wholly from our conceptions and practices in public relations. Unfortunately that has been the tendency. And our practical disregard of religion as a people has already brought home to us the consciousness of certain dangers which are amongst the most serious that threaten American society. Many of these are palpable. The divorce evil is one of the leading of such evils. The utter absence of any sense of the sacredness of an oath on the part of the great mass of men is another. The remorselessness which has crept into men's treatment of each other in business transactions; the utter baseness and brutality of politics in most of its expressions; the general prevalence of corruption in public life; the utter absence of the sense of sacredness from the popular conceptions, and the sodden materialism which underlies our estimates of what is best and most to be coveted are all expressions of results accruing from the discarding of religion and its influence in the affairs of life.

"For a devout monarchy there is some hope; for an atheistic democracy there is none," says Dr. Gladden. If he is right there is mighty little hope for the American democracy unless it mends its ways; for it is become almost wholly atheistic in the popular understanding of political affairs and is growing worse and worse in this behalf in its social life. It cannot well be otherwise. The public school, if the truth were to be told and accepted by thoughtful men, would be found to be the chief influence in the propagation of atheism among the people. On the score of excluding sectarianism from its teaching it has excluded religion; and morality, either in public or private life, finds only a rational basis in the philosophy of the American public school.

Dr. Gladden finds fault because the people regard suffrage as a right rather than a duty; because disrespect of law is steadily growing; because political partisanship is carried to such reckless and violent extremes by us; because wealth is ready to engage itself in the pollution of public life, while those in public life are ready to submit to and promote such pollution. These, he says, are also results springing from our atheism. If they are the products of the effort to conduct civil government without regard to religion they are undeniably practices which are grounded in daily usage and which few of us think it worth while to condemn, even if we regard them as meriting condemnation.

There are more than one side to the great problem which Mr. Gladden touches upon, and the different phases of which he devotes himself to the consideration of from time to time. But that it is a grave problem and that it requires the sober, conscientious thought of this people, and the deep consideration of the leaders of our public thought in the several directions, no one can doubt who has not kept his eyes closed for a long time past to the chief social tendencies of our times.

But the church itself, of the ministry of which Dr. Gladden is a distinguished member, is not without its responsibility today, as well as yesterday, for the conditions which he specifies as being produced by popular atheism. Why has the church let the masses get away from it? Why has it allied itself more with the rich and powerful of the world than with the poor and lowly? Where will it find itself by and by when wealth and power shall have undertaken the serious exercise of that controlling influence in our public concerns which is at present but in its infancy, but which we are already being told is necessary to be exercised even to the extent of changing the framework of our government, if we are to maintain the ascendancy in the world's affairs which we have won and to compete with successfully in the grand international rivalry which is about to open for the trade and commerce of the world? Must we hark back to monarchy in order to find the true remedy for the dangers and defects of an irreligious democracy? These are questions which able and conscientious men like Dr. Gladden, in and out of the church, must consider when they turn their minds seriously to the study of such great problems.

HOUSING THE PRISONERS.

It is not at all surprising that the question of the housing of the prisoners awaiting trial in this county after the work of demolishing the present county jail has begun should have assumed its present serious and embarrassing appearance. The jail project has been handled from the outset in such a manner as to make it clear that the consequences, immediate or remote, of entering on the project of a new jail gave the projectors of that undertaking very little consideration.

It affords but little consolation now to suggest that this feature of the matter should have been considered and provided for from the outset. It was not; and it will not be now, so far as appearances indicate, save from the standpoint of personal and private interest.

The project to carry all prisoners off to Stillwater or Minneapolis is quite an entertaining one. Its operation would under existing law prove quite profitable to the incoming administration of the sheriff's office. It is accordingly not as unwelcome a suggestion to those who have been so active in bringing the new jail scheme to a head before the close of the present year as it might prove to be to the taxpayers of the county.

The other scheme to put the prisoners up in the top of the court house was not quite so ambitious from the standpoint of the public expenditure which would be involved; but it was and is sufficiently remarkable to emphasize still further the delightful spirit of emulation in which this entire jail scheme has been carried out.

The attitude of the judges of the district court toward both projects will give much satisfaction to those who have no interest in the matter beside that which all good citizens should possess in every public enterprise, since it shows that there is at least one public influence to act as a deterrent in putting the jail scheme through in its original completeness.

There are only two other ways left out of the difficulty. One of these is to lease private property and fix it up for the purpose of a jail. The other is to send the prisoners to the workhouse until the new jail is completed. Since there are so many of the departments of city and county government which are paying rent to private citizens, it may not seem so much of a matter after all to add the comparatively small amount that will be needed to the existing burdens of the taxpayers. Private interest is never without its share of influence in such matters; and there are no doubt not a few considerations which will urge themselves on our county officials in favor of hiring private premises for the accommodation of the prisoners.

If, however, it should occur to those interested other than as taxpayers to consider the plan of sending the prisoners to the county workhouse, it may be found that Supt. Fitzgerald, whose pretensions as a reformer would never stand the test of comparison with those of the statesmen who have had this jail business in tow, may be able to facilitate that disposition of the matter. If he is able, all experience of him as an official shows that his willingness need not be called in question.

Of course the Globe has no thought of suggesting to the jail reformers the adoption of the workhouse plan; but we do feel justified in going so far as to say that, while it has none of the advantages, looked at from the point of view of private interest, which the other schemes possess, it might prove quite as acceptable to the general public.

ARE THE MISSIONARIES RESPONSIBLE?

Looting as a Christian form of activity in the East was supposed to be purely a military institution, a survival of the barbarism and brutality of war in past centuries. The latest dispatches from China tend to the belief that it is not wholly a practice dictated by more or less urgent military necessity. The statement of the correspondent of the London Daily Mail that much of it has been instigated by American and European missionaries seems wholly incredible on its face, and would be entitled to but little consideration were the veracity or responsibility of the source from which it comes at all to be called in question.

To intelligent and disinterested observers it is beyond denial that the so-called rights of the native Christians have been made the pretext on which much injustice has been done to the mass of the Chinese people, especially in the vicinity of Christian missions. This is the first time, however, that an intimation has been made that the seemingly needless military incursions into the interior of China have been made at the instance of the missionaries.

It must be exceptionally gratifying to all Americans that our troops over there have taken little or no part in these raids. The dispatch from Gen. Chaffee showing that the part borne by our troops in the recent expedition into the interior gotten up by the German military representatives was merely that of verifying or disproving the reports that Christians had been murdered, and that no aggressions were offered whatever. This dispatch rather promotes the belief that the pretext has been advanced either by the missionaries or the military commandants that the expeditions of which complaint is so general were entered on for the protection of Christians or the punishment of their murderers.

While matters are in this somewhat embarrassing situation, and peace seems as far off as ever before, Count Waldersee comes to the front with a dispatch to his wife, which distinctly recalls the singular pronouncements made from time to time by the German emperor on the Chinese situation. "Peace is in sight at last. Hurrah!" exclaims the commander-in-chief of the allied forces. As well might he have exclaimed: "The moon is in sight. Hurrah!" while that luminary remained securely hidden beneath a vast expanse of clouds. There is a ring of insincerity and unreality in his words which will not escape the sense of the American people.

It is a pity that matters are thus still in a state of turmoil in China. The mission of the United States is undoubtedly one of peace. The danger of dismemberment seems less than it has been, notwithstanding the information that England and Germany are likely to unite with a view to aggressive action regarding the policy of Russia. With the joint note signed, we will at least have peace for some time to come. But the action of the several powers thus far has not indicated that the future is clear for the integrity of the empire. Possessed of the fullest assurances that their treaty rights will be respected in any event, the only duty which the United States have in China is to see normal conditions restored as speedily as possible and withdraw from the country, leaving the future to take care of itself.

A FATAL SPOT.

The revolting incident, the details of which are contained in the current dispatches from Marietta, O., carries more than one lesson of great public importance with it.

The disposition of the mob in that case to apply the penalty of lynch law shows among other things that that form of punishment in such cases is not reserved for negro criminals, and that it is not confined in operation to any particular section of the country.

There are no more peaceful, law-abiding or conservative communities in the United States than those of the state of Ohio. The fact that such a crime is possible of commission in that section and even within the limits of an important city is a very unpleasant reflection. Yet it may not imply more than that the savage in the heart of man will show its freedom from subjection from time to time in spite of all the restraints which society furnishes.

It is the fact that in such a community as Marietta, O., it is possible under any condition of public excitement, however serious, to transform the male residents into a pack of wild animals, and to throw down all the barriers which divide civilized society from the condition of savagery, is the circumstance which ought to give every thoughtful man pain and anxiety for the future.

This is not the only instance of the kind. We have had a succession of them in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere in the East and West, as well as in the South, in the treatment of whites as well as blacks. We vary the operation by making the stake take the place of the rope; but there is no community evidently in America which is beyond indulging itself in what we call with a truly savage humor, a necktie party.

To those who are familiar with social conditions in communities like New York city, especially in sections such as that in which the recent anti-negro riots took place, there is no surprise involved at such outbreaks. Society has created and maintains in such places all the conditions necessary to transforming human beings into wild beasts. Nothing short of the strong, mailed arm of the law can be expected to keep people living under such conditions in order. But that in communities, the basis of whose existence has been laid in the beliefs and traditions of American Puritanism, in which social conditions work toward the uplifting of man, and where the incitements to crime and disorder which are peculiar to our crowded cities are absent, such exhibitions of disregard of law and of animal lust of blood and riot should be possible is indeed a most portentous circumstance.

It might be well for us when we are disposed to extol the national spirit which leads us to help the native Mongolian out of his condition of semi-barbarism and to carry the blessings of free government and orderly society on the point of a bayonet to our Filipino brother if we should reflect upon the extent and character of the civilization which produces such results as these depicted in today's dispatches from Marietta, O.

BOSS QUAY.

Boss Quay owns Pennsylvania. He is a whole sink of corruption and a Republican. These two terms are not necessarily synonymous. A great many Republicans are very respectable indeed. The old saying about "birds of a feather" is quite unreliable in politics. But Quay is a record breaker. He tried to get into the senate last year and made a miserable failure of it, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He doesn't get that way. He is persistent and all pervading—like certain odors. He went to work at once to get re-elected and this is what the Dispatch says in a recent issue: "Mr. Quay's caucus assures him of 123 votes for senator with 127 needed. Four Democrats are said to be slated to make up the required number," and then that saintly organ delivers itself of a whole homily on the general corruptibility of Democrats, their itching palm and ravening bowel as contrasted with the irreproachable manner in which Republican legislators draw their immaculate pajamas, or rather togas, around them. The statement is, however, a little bit peculiar. Quay expects to get the votes of four Democratic legislators, but he has 123 legislators pledged already. Who and what are those mysterious 123? Are they straw men or just common grafters? Is it a case of love or slush fund? They don't appear to be Democrats and they certainly can't be Republicans, for that would mean nearly all the Republican legislators in the state and it isn't possible that they would pledge themselves almost to a man in behalf of such a rotten old carcass, as Boss Quay. But the fact remains that Quay found only four scurvy grafters among the Democratic legislators of Pennsylvania as against 123 on the other side; and that is a mighty creditable showing for Democracy.

SUNDAY GLOBE GLANCES.

It won't be long before somebody will begin to pass resolutions of sympathy with Britain and the United States on account of their little wars.

—o—

Ignatius Donnelly put these words into the mouth of Dr. Huguet: "The old man's death set me to thinking what a strange, temporary world this is. Death is always busy around us, and his darts fly thicker than sunbeams. Try to recall the faces of those you have known, who have crossed the dark river, and what an innumerable caravan recollection summons up! What a banquet we would have if we sat down with the dead!"

—o—

Bovee long ago said something worth thinking of these early days of the new year: "The cheerful live longest in years and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness."

—o—

Hoke Smith, who was a member of President Cleveland's cabinet, has given traveling libraries to fourteen counties in Georgia. Hoke was formerly a newspaper man.

—o—

Capt. Dreyfus, a French gentleman whose name was in the papers a good deal a year or two ago, has taken up his residence at Geneva, Switzerland, where he is educating his two children.

—o—

The daughter of a preacher in an English city has all the buttons placed in the church collection bags for the past few years. The young lady intends to figure at a local fancy dress ball in the character of Charity, and she means in an ironical spirit to have those souvenirs of meanness, the buttons, sewed in patterns on her dress.

—o—

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Laura Jean Libbey, who have been giving advice for several years through New York and Chicago newspapers about how married people should live, have not yet succeeded in preventing divorces.

—o—

This little jokelet is right to the point today: Wife—My dear, you haven't a cold, have you? Husband—No. "Any headache?" "None at all." "Rheumatism?" "Not a particle." "You don't think it will rain, do you?" "No danger. Why?" "This is Sunday, and it's most church time."—New York Weekly.

—o—

Prof. Harnack, of Berlin, a distinguished Biblical scholar, declares that the Book of Hebrews was written by Priscilla, mentioned as a gifted and holy coworker even by Paul, who in general seems not to have had much of an opinion of women.

—o—

The war which was to end so promptly in the Philippines after the election of Wm. McKinley does not end, and the administration is trying to push the army bill through congress, under all sorts of promises of fine jobs for friends of congressmen if haste is made in voting men and supplies. It is quite apparent that Mr. McKinley has loaded a gold brick onto the confiding American public.

—o—

An average 100-ton locomotive is said to have strength equal to 1,000 horses.

—o—

In Flacourt's History of Madagascar an account is given of the death of a native, who uttered this prayer: "O Eternal, have mercy on me, because I am passing away! O Infinite, because I am but a speck! O Most Mighty, because I am weak! O Source of Light, because I draw nigh to the grave! O Omniscient, because I am in darkness! O All Bounteous, because I am poor! O All Sufficient, because I am nothing!" An eloquent appeal for a savage.

—o—

A new order of knighthood is to be established in England to be known as the Star of Africa, to reward officers who have served in the Boer and other wars in the dark continent.

—o—

It should not be forgotten that war in Venezuela, Portuguese East Africa and Brazil was averted in the last years of the 19th century by arbitration, yet the two foremost nations of the world could not arbitrate their troubles with weaker nations, and so they inaugurate what is to be a brilliant century by carrying on conflicts against people deserving of pity and not slaughter.

—o—

Those who thought the Orange Free State was the mere dupe of the Transvaal, that President Steyn was a pliant person, are begining to change their minds. Steyn has been in the field almost constantly since the war began, part of the time with Dewet, who is proving to be a military genius.

—o—

Today, Jan. 6, is the anniversary of the birth in 1811 of Charles Sumner. For many years he was chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs, a place held by the late Senator Davis. Also of Paul Gustave Dore, in 1832, a noted French engraver and designer, who left over 50,000 pictures and designs.

PERTINENT OR PARTLY SO.

The attention of Europeans who claim that American tourists bore them is respectfully called to the commercial advantages of this fact. Russia has just ordered $650,000 worth of tunneling machinery in America.

* * *

Lord Roberts has arrived at the war office, and Mr. W. Sinjin Broderick has some one to share the burdens of belated advices from Kitchener.

* * *

It is reported from Berlin that the Spree has frozen over. Beer should not be drunk too cold, anyway.

* * *

The cruiser Baltimore is to have $500,000 spent in bringing her up to date. This is very nearly $500 a day, because May 1, 1898, she was close enough up to date to earn half a million in prize money in Manila bay.

* * *

Monday's fog in London was "pea soup;" Friday's was brown. Next thing the fashion reporter will be sent to the weather office, and it will be an ecru or a mauve blanket that will envelop the murky old metropolis.

* * *

Bank robbers at Chetek, Wis., broke open a bank kept by a man named Roskol, and, when they cleared out, the debris looked like a pied page of the Warsaw city directory.

* * *

Moncton, N. B., had a mayor named Snow, who disappeared, leaving no trace. He has now been found at Key West, where there has not been a trace of snow since he came.

* * *

Mayor Gray, of Minneapolis, is possessed of the peculiar notion that inaugural ceremonies should take place in city buildings, and, as he is in authority until he is out, Mayor Ames, who wanted to hold them in a theater, where his admirers could go out between the valedictory and the inaugural to eat a surreptitious clove or two, will have to register at the city hall, anyway, even if he does pull off an "informal" at the theater later.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

James Forrestal's proposition to tear down the county jail for $750 and the material there is in it was the subject of some speculation at one of those lobby-corner conferences where the fate of nations is decided nightly, but occasionally has to wait until affairs of lesser moments are gotten out of the way.

"Where do you suppose the old Chicago postoffice is?" interposed a sleek looking Chicago man, who had ventured to guess that Mr. Forrestal would come out at least $1,000 to the good on his job, without knowing anything about it, as he said.

Nobody could see just what the Chicago postoffice had to do with the Ramsey county jail, and really no one had the faintest idea where the Chicago post office was, judging from the looks of blank ignorance which led the Chicagoan to continue his remarks.

"I was up in Milwaukee last week," he said, "and a friend of mine was showing me around a little. 'There,' he said, 'is the greatest church in the Northwest, just being built for a Polish congregation here.' I looked at it with some curiosity, not only because it was the largest church in the northwest, but because there seemed to be something familiar about it, and at the same time something a little unusual in church architecture. 'Seen it before?' asked my friend, evidently somewhat disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm. 'No,' I replied, 'I can't say that I have, but that dome looks mighty familiar.' 'Well, it ought to,' he explained, 'it stood on the Chicago postoffice for years.' If you remember, the old postoffice was sold to a wrecking company, and every one wondered what they expected to do with the old hulk. Milwaukee has it and the Poles have a new church.'

So the Ramsey county jail may not have outlived its usefulness yet.

* * *

Frank Daniels will take no advice this season in the matter of securing the sanctity of his bank account. And this is why. Last season a friend in his dressing room showed him how easily his signature could be forged. Daniels mentioned the incident later to another friend, who suggested that Daniels put a certain mark on his checks, in addition to his signature, and to notify his bank to pay no checks not so marked. Daniels adopted the suggestion, decided on the secret mark and place and notified his bankers. He ended his season a month or so later and on reaching home found a bundle of bills due to the number of over 100. He devoted the next morning to sending checks for them, and then voted himself a holiday by way of reward. Two days later he received word from one of the men to whom he had sent a check, that the check had been refused at Daniels' bank, and that there were $2.50 protest fees. Before he could get over his astonishment another mail brought two similar letters, each with $2.50 protest fees notice. Visions of having in some way been despoiled of his fat bank account, Daniels made a dash for the train, missed it, and then being unable to reach the bank in time was compelled to wait till the next day. The afternoon's mail and the next morning's mail brought fourteen more checks, every one having attached to it a protest fee notification. His bank never seemed so far away before. But he reached it at last.

"What," he pantingly asked the teller, "What is my balance?" This was said with a prepared-for-the-worst look in his face.

"Twenty-three thousand dollars," said the clerk. Then Daniels, with a look of injured dignity, said:

"Why, then, have my checks been refused payment?"

"Because they didn't have the secret mark you notified us of," the teller responded.

"Holy smoke!" the comedian exclaimed. "I forgot it! Great jumping Jehosophat! And I have sent out over 100 checks. How many have you refused altogether?"

Daniels whispered the inquiry as if in hope he'd get a small reply. The teller consulted a slip, and, in a cold-blooded, financial way, replied:

"Just fifty-one."

Daniels made a swift calculation. "Nought's nought. Five times one's five and five's twenty-five and two times fifty-one's hundred and two, and two added to twenty-five fifty makes one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents for protest fees. Say, Mr. Teller, just destroy that secret mark letter and pay my checks with just little Frankie's name on them. There is such a thing as having your money altogether too safe."

THE PARAGRAPHERS.

A Disgraceful Chinese Policy.

Baltimore News.

From any standpoint, the first chapter of the Chinese trouble has been a disgraceful chapter for the Western world and a dark chapter for China. The regret of Americans will be that our government did not follow its better instincts and stick to the end to the mild policy which it advocated almost to the last. If it had done so it might have avoided the shame and disaster which is likely to result from the present Oriental policy of the Western powers.

Might Be an Effective Plan.

Columbus (O.) Press-Post.

What to do with our ex-presidents has long been a mooted question. As President McKinley surveys ex-President Harrison he doubtless thinks that chloroform might be a good thing to "do" them.

Hold the Sheriffs Responsible.

Washington Post.

Laws that hold sheriffs responsible unless they use all reasonable means to prevent lynchings are just. They should be responsible for any and all injuries to life or property resulting from neglect of duty. There are too many cheap men, too many cowardly men, too many sympathizers with lawlessness in the office of sheriff. A reform in that matter would go far toward repressing mob violence and might effect a reduction of the sum total of other crimes.

Another Menace to Commerce.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is said that the ministry of the new commonwealth of Australia is expected to form on protective tariff lines. When all countries are "protected" by high tariffs, what will become of commerce?

SMART SHORT STORIES.

A London newsboy, who is accustomed to shout "Extras" every evening, recently had a very bad cold and became hoarse. Feeling himself at a disadvantage, he carried a large card in front of him, on which he had roughly written: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance! I can't shout my extras, but I have them all the same!" It did not take the boy long to sell out his stock of papers to the grateful passers-by.

* * *

The late Charles Keene, the artist of Punch, used to describe, with a great delight, the method of a certain man whom he called "a pot-house Ruskin." This person was sitting with a friend in an inn parlor, and was haranguing the other man on matters in general. Finally the friend ventured mildly to interpose an objection. The speaker drew himself up with much dignity. "I ain't a-arguing with you," he said, "I'm a-telling you!"

* * *

In his volume on Ellen Terry, Clement Scott tells of a somewhat self-satisfied, vain-glorious, and grumpy actor who complained that the noted English actress continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her of his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage, and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude as the scene is a most trying one?" Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home!"

* * *

The Westminster Gazette gives some interesting information concerning the use of tobacco by the clergy in different religious bodies. "John Wesley," it says, "forbade his preachers 'to smoke or chew tobacco, or take snuff.' This rule still obtains in the Wesleyan ministry. Thackeray hoped the day would come when he would see a bishop lolling out the Athenaeum with a cigar in his mouth, or at least a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat. He did not live to see this, but the bishop of Manchester has publicly proclaimed the virtues of tobacco as a bond of sympathy between man and man. 'At your idol again, Mr. Hall,' exclaimed a lady once on discovering Mr. Robert Hall, the celebrated divine, with a pipe in his mouth. 'Yes,' said the preacher, 'burning it, ma'am.'"

* * *

Now that Mark Twain has come back to the United States to stay, his old friends out West are telling some new stories of his experience in that country in the 60s. One of the most amusing is an account of Mark's famous duel at Virginia City, the details of which have never before been printed, says the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Clemens was then working as a reporter on the Territorial Enterprise, the leading newspaper of Virginia City.

One day there came to the town a Miss Wheeler, a beautiful young woman, with whom the entire male population of Virginia City promptly proceeded to fall in love. One of the most prominent men of the town was Judge Baldwin, a fire-eating Virginian, who was nearly 80 years old. Mark Twain saw Miss Wheeler, in bridal attire, walk into the International hotel one afternoon with Judge Baldwin, and jumped to the conclusion that she was going to marry the old man. He said so in his paper, and comforted the other men of Virginia City by saying that the bridegroom already had one foot in the grave, with the other a close second. Judge Baldwin challenged him to a duel. Pistols were chosen as the weapons, though the judge was a good shot, and Mark knew nothing about firearms. On the appointed morning Mark and his second, "Steve" Gillis, a dead shot, were early on the scene. Gillis was trying the revolver, and finally fired at a robin fully 50 feet distant. His bullet took the bird's head off, and he went forward to pick up the body, after handing the revolver to Mark Twain. Just as Gillis picked up the decapitated bird, Judge Baldwin and his party came over the top of a little hill and saw him. They looked first at Gillis holding the headless bird and then at Twain holding the smoking pistol

"That was a good shot," said one of Baldwin's seconds.

"Yes," answered Gillis, "I doubt if there is as good a shot in the country as Mark."

Immediately Baldwin's seconds proposed a compromise. An apology from Judge Baldwin was promptly accepted.

"Steve," said Mark Twain, as they walked home together, "poor cock robin was the only one that got hurt in that duel."

* * *

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan had a good story about Sir F. Gore-Ouseley, Oxford professor, who could talk nothing but music, relates the Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle. "Sim" Egerton (Lord Wilton) invited him to dine at the Life Guards' mess, and Ouseley sought to entertain them with the humorous points in the degree "exercise" of an unsuccessful candidate. The officers, of course, did not understand a word. Ouseley continued:

"And you'll scarcely believe me, colonel, when I tell you that the whole movement was in the hypomxolydian mode."

"Bless my soul," replied the colonel, "you don't say so!"

"It's a fact," gravely said Ouseley.

* * *

Representative Clayton, of Alabama, recently told this story on himself, says the Baltimore News: "I was government revenue official down in my state, and when I started in I wanted to make a record. I hauled an old fellow into court for selling moonshine whisky. When I got him on the stand I asked him plump out

"'Did you ever make any moonshine whisky?'

"The old man looked at me with tears in his eyes. 'Henry,' he said, 'I knowed your father, and he never would have asked me no such question as that.'

"I let him go."

"H. M. S. PINAFORE"

Was Composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan While Suffering Agonies.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The manner in which the series of comic operas that will make Sir Arthur Sullivan's name forever famous was originated is thus told by the distinguished composer:

"In 1875 Mr. D'Oyly Carte was managing at the Royalty theater for Selina Dolaro. She was not doing at all well, and Mr. Carte, meeting Gilbert and myself one day, asked us if we could write something which would give her a little help forward. Mr. Gilbert had previously suggested to me the idea of an operetta, with the scene laid in a court of law, and he now proposed that we should utilize the idea in a piece to play about half an hour. I agreed, and in a few days he brought me the book of 'Trial by Jury.' The whole thing—words, music, and all—was completed in about a fortnight, and was immediately put on at the Royalty. The result was a surprise to us all. Night after night rows of carriages drew up outside the little theater, and the house was crammed. All London went to see it. The success was so great that not long afterward Mr. D'Oyly Carte arranged to take the Opera Comique for the production of light English opera, and in 1877 Gilbert and I wrote 'The Sorcerer' for him. This piece was founded on a story called 'The Elixir of Love,' which Gilbert had previously published. 'The Sorcerer' did fairly well, but the public had not yet learned to appreciate Mr. Gilbert's peculiar style. They were not quite ready for it.

"After 'The Sorcerer' came 'H. M. S. Pinafore,' which was produced in May, 1878, and fell rather flat at first. Business was so unsatisfactory, in fact, that in July it was determined to put up the notice and bring the piece to an end. Just then, however, a sudden change took place, and the theater began to fill so well that the notice was withdrawn. At this time I was conducting the promenade concerts at Covent garden, and every night I played a most spirited arrangement of the 'Pinafore' music which had been prepared for me by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. It always went exceedingly well, and proved, I think, an excellent advertisement for the piece.

"But, besides this, the play had caught on in America and raged like a fever all over the states. In New York alone eight theaters were performing it at the same time, and the words were so constantly quoted that at last it was decided to impose a fine each time a phrase from 'Pinafore' was used in general conversation. My dear old friend Frederick Clay was in church one Sunday morning with the Barlows, one of the best known families in New York, and the preacher concluded a most eloquent sermon with the impressive words, 'For He himself hath said it.' Clay whispered into Sam Barlow's ear the continuing line: 'And it's greatly to his credit,' promptly took out half a dollar and silently placed it in Mr. Barlow's hand!

"It is perhaps a rather strange fact that the music to 'Pinafore,' which was thought to be so merry and spontaneous, was written while I was suffering agonies from a cruel illness. I would compose a few bars and then lie almost insensible from pain. When the paroxysm was passed I would write a little more, until the pain overwhelmed me again. Never was music written under conditions so distressing."

A Trick of the Trade.

Washington Post.

"I—I think I should like to look at a diamond ring," said the young man as the jeweler came forward.

"Exactly, sir. A diamond ring for a lady?"

"Yes."

"A young lady?"

"Yes."

"A young lady to whom you are engaged?"

"What's the difference whether I'm engaged to her or not?" asked the customer, with considerable tartness.

"A great deal, sir. You intend this ring for a Christmas present, probably?"

"I probably do."

"Very well. We have diamond rings for $25 and diamond rings for $50, $75 and $100. If not actually engaged to the girl take a $25 ring and when she brings it in here to find out the cost we'll lie $50 worth for your benefit. If really engaged take a higher price, and you can pawn it for two-thirds of its value after marriage. Now, then, make your selection."

GLOBE'S CIRCULATION

FOR DECEMBER.

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 the month of December, 1900, was as follows:

Total for the month ..533,250
Average per day 17,201

ERNEST P. HOPWOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st 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 St. Paul Dispatch under contract. The total number of copies ordered printed by said Globe from the 1st until the 9th of December, 1900, inclusive, was 156,150; and every day a slightly larger number than ordered was actually printed and delivered to the mailing department of said Globe. THOS. YOULD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1900.

H. P. PORTER,
Notary Public, Ramsey Co., Minn.
[Notarial Seal.]

John L. Brewer, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am an employe exclusively of the St. Paul Dispatch in the capacity of assistant foreman of press room. The press work of the St. Paul Globe is regularly done by said St. Paul Dispatch under contract. The total number of copies ordered printed by said Globe from the 10th to the 31st of December, 1900, inclusive, was 377,100; and every day a slightly larger number than ordered was actually printed and delivered to the mailing department of said Globe. JOHN L. BREWER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1900.

H. P. PORTER,
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.

THE BOY WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR.

The boy who lives next door
Has freckles on his face;
His ears are red and hang
Away out into space,
And when I hear a dog ki-yi
And see it flee in terror, I
Can quickly guess the cause—
"Tis merely that one more
Poor little victim knows
A boy resides next door!

He runs across the lawn
I've nursed with jealous care,
And, in the summer time,
Knocks down the flowers there!
It seems to give him more delight
To yell around with all his might,
And every week or so
A pebble finds its way
Against a light of glass
For which I have to pay!

He has no teeth in front,
His hands are cracked and brown,
Twice he has nearly burned
Our summer kitchen down!
He calls to people, "Hey! Watch out!"
And when they jump he whoops about—
I used to think if God
Would take him from below
Up to the sky I'd try
To bravely bear the blow!

The little child whose love
Is all to me, one day
Was stricken suddenly
When I was far away—
The boy who lives next door forgot
To yell around, but ran and brought
The doctor to the bed,
And when I came, at last,
Shrank from me with a look
Of pity as I passed!

The boy who lives next door
Brought in his tops and gun,
And pocketfuls of trash
To please our little one;
He played beside my darling's bed,
Turned cartwheels and stood on his head,
And God was good to me—
Let's wait a little before
We utterly condemn
"The boy who lives next door!"

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

A LITTLE LARGE.

The plump Chicago maiden woke
And gave her eyes a drowsy poke.
And then her glances quickly brung
To where her ample stocking hung.
'Twas limp and empty, and her heart
Was pierced by disappointment's dart,
Until she saw old Santa's head
Rise over the footboards of her bed.
He pointed to the wheel of fame,
A beauty with a diamond frame,
And said: "I brought the prize, you see,
To put in your black hosiery!"
Then added with a saintly grin:
"I tried, but 'twouldn't quite go in!"

—Denver Post.