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SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1901.

URGE IT FORWARD.

Senator Stockwell has done well in taking action so promptly in the direction of securing the election of United States senators. The demand for a change in the existing machinery has become widespread among the people, and the evil of the present system is recognized as involving a national evil.

In most of the reforms relating to the exercise of civil rights by the people which the progress of the past half century has brought about the state of Minnesota has been always well in the lead. There is no reform at the present moment the need of which is more generally recognized than that which will make the federal senators to be chosen by the popular vote. It has been urged persistently for two decades past; and the renewed scandals attending the present system has brought the question to the point now where neither branch of congress can afford to ignore the demand of the country.

It has become impossible practically for any citizen reputed to be wealthy to appear as a candidate for the position of senator without having the imputation attach to him that he is seeking election by dishonorable means. If men of wealth have abused their positions in this respect in the past there is no reason why those of them who aspire to exalted public position should not be allowed to enter upon the realization of their ambitions in that regard without such a suspicion attaching to them.

Money is necessarily a factor in all elections. It is regarded as being almost the only effective factor in senatorial elections. No such state of things could exist were the people allowed through the ballot box to pass upon the claims of different candidates for senator. It is possible to corrupt a legislature and thereby elect the candidate for senator who accomplishes the corruption. It is not possible to corrupt an entire people; and any candidate for senator under the popular plan of election who was understood as relying on his money would soon find that his money was a detriment rather than an advantage to him.

The early adoption of the necessary joint resolution by our legislature will materially speed the time when the present stain upon the American good name resulting from the corruption which has attended the election of rich men as senators will be wiped out. The Globe sincerely hopes that Senator Stockwell will do everything in his power, and that he will have the co-operation of of every member of the Ramsey legislative delegation, to secure the early adoption of the necessary action on his proposal.

DESIST, MR. JACOBSON.

To the irrepressible Mr. Jacobson do the people of Minnesota owe the fact that the opening of the present session of the legislature is not distinguished by a most uncompromising show of economy in legislative expenses. Had the cause, which is ordinarily a good one, had a less bellicose champion no doubt it would have been successful, and we would all be treated to the usual treat of observing how rigidly our state representatives guard the expenditure of the public funds.

Mr. Jacobson should be reasonable, if such a course of conduct is not congenitably impossible to him. His restless activity and unshorn eloquence on behalf of retrenchment will prevent his party associates from pursuing a time-honored course in legislative proceedings. It would have been better, if only for appearance sake, for instance, had the grand army of cloak-room patriots been held in check at least for a few days, if not for a week or two. The popular attention is easily attracted in other directions after a given course of action has lost its novelty. At least one recess might be allowed to have occurred before the usual batch of indispensable appointments of legislative supernumaries was allowed to intervene. It would come of course in its own good time; but at least appearances would be saved, and the taxpayer would rest more easily in the usual comfortable delusion that his representatives were determined to lessen the burdens of his life.

If Mr. Jacobson is not a little careful he will work even more mischief than he has already. He will have members urging the appointment of their political retainers to positions as yet unheard of, and their fellow members conceding their demands on the laudable ground, if no other, of "getting square" with Jacobson. What matters a day or two or even a week or two, Mr. Jacobson? There is the familiar legislative usage of the retroactive resolution, relating to the date of the several appointments of the gallant band of supernumeraries and of the rates of pay which should be awarded to them, with which all legislators are made acquainted during the closing days of the session, and which even the implacable Jacobson himself becomes reconciled to. Would Mr. Jacobson have that delightful usage of increasing the established pay of a given devoted guardian of the cloak room from, say, $2.50 to $5 a day, and extending the operation of the increase back to the first day of the session, discontinued? Would he, when the paper bullets are flying, and his fellow members are wrought up to the tenderest sentiments of mutual devotion, dispense with the prerogative of the average legislative statesman to make gratuity of the public funds to any and every good member of the Grand Old Party who had shown his interest in the welfare of the state by cooling his heels on the tassellated pavement of the state capitol for an entire winter? Out upon the thought.

Let the rewards of patriotism flow free from the beginning. It is best while the endeavor to check it may be productive of the delightful result of lessening the Jacobsonian outflow of eloquence during the weary days of the session, not even that unquestionable gain should interfere with letting the devoted tax-payer enjoy the conviction which comes to him biennially around the early days of January, that his interests are of prime concern to the wise men whom he chooses to enact his laws.

AN INDO-CHINESE EMPIRE.

It is safe to assume that England is really opposed to a dismemberment of China. She has by far the bulk of China's foreign trade now and under the principle of the open door she might hope to retain it, while dismemberment would mean the exclusion of her commerce from vast areas. At the same time, she is probably not in position to prevent dismemberment should the other powers insist thereupon; and that they may so insist is quite possible. In that case England will see to it that she gets her share, and she expects the lion's share.

England claims the valley of the Yangtse-Kiang and the country south of it, covering in all about one-fifth as much area as the United States and having a population of at least 100,000,000. England claims this territory mainly on the strength of her railroad and mining concessions—and a great country it is. The Yang-tse is one of the largest rivers in the world, upon which big ocean steamers can sail as far as from New York to Chicago, while small steamers go inland as far as Salt Lake is distant from Boston, and the number of navigable tributaries is numerous.

As an empire, agricultural, mineral, industrial, this region has few equals. It is the garden of the world, devoted to the culture of tea, silk and rice. It contains coal fields equal to those of Pennsylvania, and its deposits of iron ore are among the richest in the world. It contains any number of cities that count their population by the hundred thousands, and not a few by the million.

It will be noticed that this region borders upon the great British Indian empire which, together, would form one continuous mass of territory, a British Indo-Chinese empire with some 500,000,000 inhabitants.

In course of time all this territory will be covered with a network of railroads. To offset the Russian transcontinental railway in Siberia a British railway has been proposed from Suez all the way through Southern Asia to Shanghai. The proposed route is from Suez through Northern Arabia to the head of the Persian Gulf; thence through Southern Persia to India, where it is to use existing lines through Northern India to China down the Yang-tse-Kiang. As this line would also connect with another railway which German capital is building through Asia Minor from Constantinople to the head of the Persian Gulf, it would establish railroad connections between Western Europe and all of Southern and Southeastern Asia.

It would mean a wonderful empire, so wonderful that the Russian Bear would spend most of his time watching it and licking his chops. Undoubtedly it is in view of this prospective appetite of the Bear that England is cultivating her alliance with Germany.

IT SHOULD BE STOPPED.

The counsel who appeared before the supreme court of New York in behalf of the provident Mr. Wertheimer, of London and Paris, must be regarded as an uncouth specimen of the American advocate. He indulged himself in such language touching the Count Boni de Castellane, as would bring pain even to the breast of the least sensitive young lady of American parentage who might be contemplating admission into the ranks of European aristocratic society.

Why would such a distinguished representative of one of the most exalted families of Europe, of luxurious tastes and fiery temper, such as the young count indisputably is, be subjected to such vulgar abuse? Supposing he does choose to blow himself $125,000 for a wardrobe or $90,000 or even $100,000 for a commode, and then proceeds to stand off his creditor—that circumstance of itself should not be regarded as affording warrant for abuse such as might be imposed on an ordinary American deadbeat, nor operate to reduce his personal expenditure to the vile level of a common American millionaire.

When an ordinary man, without the social advantages of a long line of more or less predatory ancestry, engages himself in the dissipation of his wife's patrimony there may be some excuse for a vulgar attorney to refer to him as a scamp. But if such language is to be applied to the representatives of the patrician families of Europe with marriageable sons, all of whom, or the younger members of which at any rate, might be regarded as available to the advances of some modest and well-to-do young American miss, the inquiry naturally suggests itself how we Americans can look forward with any reasonable degree of expectation to the day when the blood of European royalty will course so generally in the veins of the younger generations that such a change in our political institutions as will give us the titles of nobility that our daughters now go across the ocean in search of will be inevitable.

Let Mr. Wertheimer collect his claim against the Count de Castellane; but if it can only be done by destroying the idols of European aristocracy to which our young ladies are so desirous of being wedded, may no American court ever descend so far beneath true judicial dignity as to grant such an injunction as is here sought.

REQUIRED—A QUID PRO QUO.

When this country first announced the Monroe doctrine, it was really intended for our own protection more than anything else. The Holy Alliance was preparing to reconquer the Spanish-American countries, and if that plan had succeeded, our own freedom would have been in immediate danger. But the Holy Alliance is ancient history and excepting the nearer parts, the West Indies and the north coast of South America, all the rest might go into European possession without the least danger to our own position. As a matter of self-defense the Monroe doctrine, therefore, no longer has any value for us, at least as far as the southern part of South America is concerned. If we are to continue protecting those countries from European aggression, it is no more than fair for us to ask some commercial advantages in return. If they are not willing to favor us in the matter of trade, the thing for us to do is to let them drift and shift for themselves. They will soon come begging for our protection and be glad to get it at any cost.

Proclaiming salt as the elixir of life looks very much like an attempt to boom the salt trust.

The death is reported of a Yale student from overwork. And the football season is over, too.

"Now, honest, Bill, did you really writes those plays?" said Donnelly when he met Shakespeare.

Russia's perfidious underhandedness has greatly disgusted the other powers—who have been less successful.

An overcrowded street car is just as much of a nuisance in the twentieth century as it was in the nineteenth.

Arbuckles and Havemeyer having "made up," they will now present the farce comedy "Bleeding the Public."

It is reported that Col. Bryan has engaged Mr. Cleveland to write funny editorial paragraphs for The Commoner.

The public hears very little about the Cuban postal frauds. And why should it want to know? Where ignorance is bliss, etc.

Bishop Potter says that we should not chase the dollar so hard. We wouldn't, dear bishop, if the dollar weren't so confounded hard to catch.

Bishop Potter says Philadelphia is as bad as New York and Philadelphia is a Republican city. If the bishop keeps on talking like that, he will lose all his friends.

It is getting customary to denounce the millionaire as the scourge of the land; but the life of the late P. D. Armour makes one feel like praying for more of the scourge.

Mr. Bryan's new paper will appear on Jan. 20. It is announced on reliable authority that the position of sporting editor has been offered neither to Mr. Cleveland nor to Mr. Croker.

Statistician Robert P. Porter calculates that 100 years hence our population will be 300,000,000. China has that many people now and still is nothing but a rotten carcass. A great deal depends on the quality of the population.

Thomas B. Reed defines a statesman as a politician who is dead. Mr. Boutwell furnishes two alternatives to Mr. Reed's process. One is to be so old that nobody can possibly fear you as a rival; and the other, to leave your party and receive the applause of the other side.

Senator Hoar is again attacking President McKinley's Philippine policy. Better drop it, Uncle Hoar. You are merely making a spectacle of yourself, and people get tired of that in the end. Your talk can't do much good, one way or the other, and it may encourage some fool Filipino to resist a little longer, and in that case you might be considered guilty of treason. The people have spoken. Better help the administration establish order in those islands and then see to it that they get an American form of government.

A great many anti-expansionists are hoping that the supreme court will decide in favor of the constitution following the flag, because they think that the resulting complications would make it necessary for the United States to withdraw from the Philippines. But, even if the constitution really does follow the flag, the Philippines are a part of the United States, and are bound to remain so for all time to come, as there is no way of letting go of territory under the constitution. The anti-expansionists had, therefore, better pray for an adverse decision.

SATURDAY GLOBE GLANCES.

The late Phil Armour was asked by a friend, "How much are you worth?" His reply was, "Ask my wife." The bounties and kindly acts of Mr. Armour were countless. He took delight in pleasant and appropriate surprises—for his employes. He was well known for punctual hours at his office. One man, who lived at the west side of the Chicago river, was frequently delayed by the bridge being turned. One day he found a deed on his desk for a fine house and lot on the South side, and a note, saying "There are no bridges now between your house and the office." He asked his St. Paul representative one day how many children he had. The reply was "two," and reaching into his desk their photographs were produced. Mr. Armour said, "I'll keep these," and a few days later a check came for $200, with a note saying: "Here is a nest egg to begin a savings bank account."

—o—

Members of parliament—corresponding to our congressmen—get no salaries in Great Britain, Italy and Spain.

—o—

Della Fox has married Jacob David Levy. Her age on the license was given at twenty-five years.

—o—

Gov. John Riley Tanner's message to the Illinois legislature Thursday contained 22,000 words. He pats himself upon the back and hands out the following complimentary notice of the Altgeld administration: "It has been my duty," says the courtly Tanner, "to bring order out of confusion; to punish the rascally servants of my predecessor; to pay the debts and stealings of his administration and to replenish the public treasury for my successor."

—o—

Recent reports from South Africa go to show that the Boers don't seem to know that the war has ended and that they are whipped. Severe fighting is reported at many points with large losses on both sides.

—o—

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has a wrinkle peculiarly his own in certain appointments. When he makes an appointment the appointee signs and delivers a resignation, which the mayor puts on file and appoints another man if the first appointee fails to follow dictations or orders. No decent self-respecting man would accept a position under such conditions, and no honorable executive would require it.

—o—

It is reported that the commission sent to Cuba has discovered the germ of yellow fever. For several years government medical men have been striving to find the true character of the microbe which causes yellow fever. If the discovery is genuine it is one of the most important in recent years.

—o—

Leslie's Weekly, a fair-minded Republican organ, in speaking of Senator Towne's appearance in the senate, says "his ability and integrity are beyond question."

—o—

America is not given to monument building. All the notable monuments in the country lagged for years while being constructed. The destruction of the Dewey arch in New York is not creditable to that city. The greatest statue on the continent, Liberty, in New York harbor, was a gift from France, and was years in this country before it was put in place.

—o—

A mob in Indiana hung an innocent man three years ago. The widow has just been awarded $4,000 damages against seventy men engaged in the affair.

—o—

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of Wichita, Kan., who is in jail for trying to suppress the saloon business by smashing mirrors, bottles, etc., in the saloons, is to be released today. And she declares she intends to smash some more saloons.

—o—

Things are in a bad way in Philadelphia according to a letter written Jan. 10, by John Wanamaker: "No American city has ever been the victim of such corruption and depravity as Philadelphia is today. New York in the worst days of Tweed hardly surpassed the conditions surrounding us, and this is made all the more aggravating because with us the offenders are masked as Republicans. Valuable public franchises are given away, contracts are openly disposed of to favorite bidders in the face of lower offers by responsible parties, crime runs rampant, policy shops, gambling houses, the illegal sale of liquor, houses of ill-repute are not only tolerated but are protected by the powers that should suppress them."

—o—

Next Monday is Jan. 1st in Russia and Greece. Our Russian and Grecian brethren are behind the rest of the world fourteen days in more things than the calendar.

—o—

It is reported that Miss I. G. Carpenter, daughter of the late general passenger agent of the C. M. & St. P. is to be appointed assistant to President Earling, of that road. She is well up in railway affairs and is also well known in Milwaukee as a book reviewer on the leading papers of that city. If she is selected it will be the first instance in America where a woman was given a position so important in the railway service.

—o—

A. L. Mohler, a former St. Paul citizen, but now president of the O. R. & N. company, is announced as president of the Portland & Asiatic Steamship company, which starts in business with four 10,000-ton ships.

PERTINENT OR PARTLY SO.

Kansas has restored capital punishment. The legislators may have thought that death, in Kansas, was preferable to a strenuous life.

* * *

The United States consul at Cologne has received his exequatur. If he had been a clerk at the capitol it would have been just the "bounce," but they have big words in Cologne.

* * *

The royal spanker seems to be at large in the imperial household of China. An important dispatch from the imperial kindergarten to the enterprising press of America says: "Sen Wen Pao, Chinese heir apparent, was given forty bamboo strokes for not paying due respect to the emperor. The empress dowager acquiesced.

* * *

Now a medical man claims to cure consumption by decomposed light. Similia similibus curantur. What is tuberculosis of the lungs anyway, but decomposed light.

* * *

Mayor Ames, of Minneapolis, has an orderly to escort him and protect him from personal violence. There are other people in Minneapolis who need police protection more than the mayor—who are not getting it.

* * *

A Minneapolis policeman left $10,000 when he died. No wonder it was easy to find 110 men who were willing to go on the force at $75 a month.

* * *

The Booz Inquiry—Did you swear off New Year's.

AT THE THEATERS.

METROPOLITAN.

The Marie von Wegern company will present the German comic opera, "Tante Bemmchen in Amerika" at the Metropolitan opera house today, the matinee being played at popular prices; the play has scored a decided hit with the German-speaking public and it is likely that the closing performances of the engagement will be played to well-filled houses.

STAR.

The New Majestic Burlesquers are presenting at the Star this week one of the most entertaining specialty programmes of the season. Conspicuous in the list of artists in the olio are Jessie Padgham, the possessor of a very sweet soprano, Mlle. Ray, the dancer; Baader and La Velle, trick cyclists; the marvelous acrobats; the Rydon and Nelson trio, the trolley car trio of comedians, and others.

Next week the "Fads and Follies" Burlesque company.

GRAND.

David Belasco's interesting story of love and war, "The Heart of Maryland," will be given its last performances this afternoon at 2:30 and tonight at 8:15. Those who have not witnessed a performance of this play have missed one of the most entertaining and enjoyable dramatic treats of the season. Not only is the play itself of a strong type abounding in pathos, comedy and love interest, but its production in a scenic and dramatic way is most commendatory.

WAY TO PLEASE THE EDITOR.

Cut, cut, cut and condense with care—
That is the order of the editaire.
Wield your shears with grim delight,
Cut, cut with all your might,
Trim it here and "boil" it there,
Leave not a line you can spare.
Cut to the bone, boil it down,
Newsy joy for all the town.
Build each "story" bold and bare,
The pith of the tale, if the meat is there,
Will shimmer and flash like a solitaire,
Only take the important news,
Great events and great men's views,
Double lead and head with a "scare,"
Serve up "racy, rich and rare"—
That's the "stuff" for the editaire!
—C. A. W. in New York World.

THE NEW M. D.

Young Fissick's got his shingle out
Proclaiming him M. D.
But from A. M. to late P. M.
His office is M. T. —Ex.

THE OTHER MAN.

Chicago Times-Herald.

I.

He stood on the brink of the precipice and looked over. Three hundred feet below him the sea broke on the somber rocks.

The man's muscles tensioned and he drew a deep breath. What an easy way to end it all! Just one little step—those rocks below were no bunglers; they would make no mistake over their work, and the sea would tell no tales—and then—then he would be away from it all, and would never again have to bear the agony of hearing that she was married to Everett.

Married to Everett—married to Everett! The words clanged in his ears.

He groaned aloud and beat hastily over the edge.

A mist came before his eyes and his breath rose in a choking heave to his throat; the ground rocked sickeningly beneath him, and for one dizzy second he thought he was falling—falling down that interminable space.

Then the mist passed, the ground stopped rocking and he gasped with relief to find himself still standing safe and sound on firm earth.

He turned away with a scornful laugh at his own weakness.

Home again, he flung himself into an easy-chair, and lit his pipe, resolved to give way no longer to morbid imaginings.

He picked up a magazine, but his thoughts flew off at a tangent to the dance which was to take place that very evening, to which he had been invited.

He had vowed not to see her again till he could settle once for all the demon of unrest within him, and a crowded ball room was the last place for impassioned avowals.

He thought how cool and beautiful she would look in her white muslin, with her fluffy golden hair framing her sweet little flower-like face. Perhaps he would go, after all. Then a second figure rose up to spoil the picture—handsome, happy-go-lucky Everett, with a merry word for everyone, dancing untiring attendance on the fascinating hostess and never leaving her side for a moment.

How dared he take possession of her in that way! And how could she put up with it, unless——

His pipe—mankind's universal baby-bottle—for once failed utterly in its mission of soothing. He tossed it angrily across the table and buried his face in his hands, lost in a whirl of miserable conjectures.

His thoughts flew back to that dance one week ago—one week so crowded with hopes and fears that it seemed a lifetime.

He remembered that those dances, the music, the scent of flowers in the conservatory, and, more distinctly than all, the laughing face of Dolly.

Then those few overheard words rushed through his brain. He clinched his fists and his face flushed at the recollection. He had drifted from the ballroom to the conservatory. Would she consent? That was the question that throbbed in his brain. Should he say the words that would decide his future life and hers? He had puffed at a cigarette, and stared at the thin wisps of blue smoke. Would his hopes fade into nothingness as that fragrant smoke faded and vanished into air? And then he heard people talking. He recognized the voice of Everett, and then Dolly's. They were seated on the opposite side of the conservatory, concealed behind a tangle of palm leaves.

"Dolly," Everett was saying, "you must say 'Yes.' My whole life depends upon it. We have been chums so long. Say you will, and make me the happiest man in England, not to speak of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Say 'Yes!' I know what you want to say—that we ought to be getting back again. And there are all those loathsome people who want dances. Confound 'em. You will? I knew you would——"

Fraser sat there, almost unable to move. He did not know how long. The music from the ballroom floated out into the conservatory, mingling with the laughter and chatter of the guests. All hope, all interest in life was gone—snatched from him by those few overheard words. People were asking for him. What did it matter; nothing mattered now. A voice aroused him. He looked up and saw Everett before him—Everett, who was his friend; who was now his rival—his enemy!

"Hello, Fraser, old man, you seem to be ten fathoms deep in the blue dumps! what's the matter now? Come and have a smoke with me. I've been looking for you half the evening."

And that all happened a week ago! A week—the most miserable in his life. And now he was trying to forget her. What a fool he was!

II.

The thought of that steep drop down to the sea kept recurring to his mind again and again with a fatal fascination put it away from him as he would. Through all his broodings its somber invitation stood out clear and distinct. He could see even now the jagged rocks lurking below, dripping with spray, looking for their prey.

At last he got up. It was no good staying in. Inaction was torture to him in his present frame of mind. He would try and walk it off.

He started off rapidly, without any definite aim or intention, but unconsciously his steps turned toward the coast, and presently he found himself once more ascending the steep little path he had traversed that morning.

As he neared the summit he perceived that there was a man's figure before him, stooping perilously over the dangerous edge, evidently gathering some plant from the cliff below.

It was a foolhardy thing to do, and evidently bespoke a strong brain.

A little nearer, and he stopped short abruptly. The stooping figure was Everett.

All his love and hate surged up within him. Everett, the man who had stolen his love from him—the man who had made his life a blank and barren waste. A thousand devils seemed let loose within him. How very near that stooping figure was to death—so near that one touch—just one little motion of the foot—and he would lose his balance and go speeding, speeding down those smiling cliffs and be hurled to pieces on those cruel rocks beneath!

His breath came quickly.

Suppose it had happened accidentally? Even as he thought he knew he was a coward. Even then he was thinking of his own skin. Suppose a sudden sound made the man start? Almost unconsciously he opened his lips, and a harsh "Hallo!" broke from him.

Everett's nerves were steel. He turned his sunny face and smiled over his shoulder.

"Hallo, old man!" he responded amicably.

Fraser came and stood dumbly beside him, holding his hands tightly together behind him to hide their shaking. He had forgotten Everett was a sailor.

He watched him furtively leaning down further and further, till is seemed impossible he could retain his balance; and the waves below reached up hungry white arms to catch him, and fell back again with a murmuring thunder of anger at their failure.

A little further. Fraser caught his breath.

"You'll be over in a minute!" he said gruffly.

Everett laughed easily.

"Not I!" he said confidently. "But, I say, old chap, you might just hang on to my legs for a minute, will you? I want to reach that great bit just there, and it's just beyond me."

The waving pink bloom nodded imploringly up at them just out of reach. Fraser stood motionless, moistening his dry lips.

Everett looked around.

"D'you mind, old man?" he said.

And mechanically the other stretched out his hand and obeyed.

Now—now! one movement of his fingers—just the opening of his hand—

He fought the thought back, gasping for breath.

Everett leaned still farther. He half glanced back.

"They're for Dolly, you know," he said, "to wear this evening."

The fingers opened as if by some suddenly pressed spring. There was a sudden cry and then—then something went rolling, rolling, striking and bounding sickeningly down that steep side.

For an instant the white face was upturned.

"All right, old chap—I know—accident!" floated up brokenly, and then there was a last hideous thud, and the waves clutched greedily at their unrecognizable prey and drew it under. And the swooping seagulls shrieked wildly and circled upward.

Fraser stood as if turned to stone, gazing with distended eyeballs at the gurgling eddies where that—that thing had disappeared.

Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! The waves lashed it at him, the seagulls shrieked it, the whole living and inanimate world flung the awful word at him.

He stood paralyzed. Had he done it—he? What had he done? He held his hands vaguely and piteously out before him, asking them mutely. Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! Yes, it was true—true! His hands told him—his hands that he had opened. God! They were blood-red—stained with blood! The grass was red—the sky—the very sea was blood!

He flung up his hands with an awful cry and sprang blindly over that fatal edge. * * *

"I say, old fellow, do wake up and stop having the horrors! You don't know how beastly awful you look!"

Fraser opened his eyes slowly and stared in blank terror at the handsome tanned face looking down at him. He wondered vaguely whether he was dreaming now or had just awoke from a red nightmare. The voice went on:

"I only just looked in to say ta-ta. I've had a telegram calling me back to Ireland immediately. Old Chris Murdock has relented and consented to our being publicly engaged. And all through Dolly, too—bless her little heart! She's Meg's dearest friend, you know, and she's been moving heaven and earth to soften the old chap's heart." He waved an airy good-by. "Ta-ta!" he said merrily.

Fraser gazed speechlessly at him, the tears still standing thick on his white face.

Everett turned back half-laughing.

"I wish you wouldn't look at me as though I were a ghost!" he protested. "So long!"

STATE PRESS COMMENT.

There Are Other Islands.

Little Falls Daily Transcript.

Gen. MacArthur will deport troublesome Filipinos to Guam. That will do for a while, but Guam is only a small island.

Another Campaign Story Killed.

Litchfield Independent.

That campaign lie about the Philipine war being kept alive only by Bryan giving the natives hope of liberty if he should be elected isn't worth much now. Election has been over some months, and instead of the war stopping, the authorities are figuring on lots of more soldiers. The volunteers now in the islands must be sent home soon, and be replaced with other troops. It will take $20,000,000 to make the exchange of soldiers alone.

Was It for Effect?

Freeborn County Standard.

President McKinley has appointed a son of Justice Harlan, a Democratic member of the United States supreme court, to the important and big-salaried office of attorney general of the "colony" of Porto Rico. If Justice Harlan with a majority of the court should decide that the United States cannot under the constitution hold colonies, his son would lose his job. Will Justice Harlan do it? To say the least it is a "queer" situation.

Where Bad Girls Go.

Crookston Times.

"Where do good girls go when they die?" asked a Coffeeville, Kan., Sunday school teacher of one of his pupils. "To heaven, of course," the little one replied. "And where do bad girls go?" "To the depot to see the traveling men come in." It's just possible that modesty prevented the writer from locating this squib in Kansas when he meant Crookston.

Force in Caucuses.

Windom Reporter.

During the present session of the legislature efforts will be made to extend the primary election law to all parts of the state. It now applies to only certain localities, and while not working to the perfect satisfaction of everybody has worked much better than the old primary election law. The present law governing caucuses and conventions is a failure. The cogs don't mesh at all. It is easier to pack a caucus now than when we had no law at all governing caucuses and conventions. Caucus packing is about the only way people stand any chance of doing business in politics. If three or four men in a precinct are candidates for various positions or for the same position, the several interested partiest combine on a delegation, giving friends of each his share of delegates, and then all unite in electing the delegation. Caucuses have thus been fixed since the law was passed, and if enough people turn out to organize a caucus it is about all that can be expected. A caucus is now only a ratification meeting for the purpose of giving legality to the edict of half a dozen candidates whose friends, in order to give the candidate a representation on the delegation, let the candidate have his way in naming the gentlemen who shall go to the convention. Before the present law was effective there were sometimes contests in caucuses and no certainty of the result in advance of the caucus was to be had. Now it is a certainty, fixed in secret and ratified because there is no contest—no opportunity to express a preference. People won't go to caucuses, and there is no use of going.

Women's Right to Propose.

Aitkin Age.

We admire the spunk of those young ladies of Duluth, Minn., who declare that they believe a woman has as good a right to propose marriage as a man, and have pledged themselves to exercise that right by each proposing to some man before the close of the present year. There is no good reason why woman should be compelled to await man's will in the matter of matrimony, and perhaps for lack of courage on his part, when the right one does not happen along, be forced to live and die an old maid. These young ladies also declare their determination to dispense with corsets and other frivolous modes of dress. This is also truly laudable, but we would suggest that they defer that reformation until after they have proposed to the men of their choice, else they are liable to be unsuccessful in their suit.

Plenty to Pick From.

Willmar Tribune.

Already, before any appointments have been announced by Gov. Van Sant, the Republican papers are talking or "sore spots that will be hard to heal." The governor has stated that the number of applications received to date number in the vicinity of 15,000. That seems incredible, but it was so stated in an evening paper. If that is true, then Kandiyohi's pro rata share would be about 189. Strange, isn't it to find so many self-sacrificing patriots among the Republicans. Times are always so good during Republican rule, dontcherknow, that there is no money in holding office. It is sad to think of the large number of applicants who will be forced to continue to make more money than they would if their proposals had been accepted.

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 PARAGRAPHERS.

Why They Are Cool.

Evening Wisconsin.

Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge, who are reported to be chilling the mercury in a coolness due to conflicting presidential aspirations, are too sure that the people won't pick Mr. McKinley's successor outside of the boundaries of Indiana.

Shaking Hands With Himself.

Atlanta Journal.

President McKinley is convinced that it is a good thing he didn't make the mistake of putting Hon. Benjamin Harrison on the supreme court before he inaugurated his "manifest destiny" policy.

Nothing but Orators.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Mr. Burton, the new senator from Kansas, is reported to be "one of the most brilliant orators in the West." We had fondly hoped that Kansas might find a man who couldn't talk.

The Second Lesson.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

As Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan have both returned from successful duck hunts, the Democratic party may presently be further instructed as to its future.

But a Lively One.

New York Mail and Express.

Pettigrew is making the most of his few remaining days in the senate. He will be remembered in history simply as an unsustained protest against destiny.

Lost Interest in His Principal.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Sixto Lopez has perhaps, observed that this country has ceased to care much whether Aguinaldo is dead or alive.

Must Be Noisy to Make Good.

Chicago Record.

Pettigrew will have to be very active during the next few weeks if he is to live up to the advertisement.

All in the Knowing How.

Baltimore American.

The career of the late P. D. Armour illustrates what any man can do in America—if he knows how.

Defective Firing.

Chicago Post.

Maj. Russsell Harrison has not been able so far to land one of his shells on the pending army bill.

Where He Would Shine.

Washington Post.

Nicola Tesla could write some fine promising planks for a political platform.

A FEW JOKES.

Rare as Well as Beautiful.

Philadelphia Record.

Sillicus—It is a beautiful thing to see a young girl growing into womanhood.

Cynicus—That's right. So many of them seem to want to grow into manhood.

Proof.

Colorado Springs Gazette.

"Miss Gaygirl is very beautiful, I understand."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"No."

"Then what makes you think she's beautiful?"

"Well, all the other women say she's very plain.

Face.

Detroit Journal.

"The goods roads movement," we observed, "has certainly put a new face on the landscape."

"Bicycle face!" said the Wheel Person, for he held himself largely responsible for all this.

The Secret.

Philadelphia North American.

Felix—They say our senator has an independent fortune. I wonder how he amassed it?

Forge—Investing in independent votes.

In the Wilds.

Philadelphia Press.

"Now, Senegambo," said the cannibal mother to her youngest, "I want you to be on your good behavior and not make a pig of yourself."

"Why?" inquired the little savage.

"Because we're going to have that new minister for lunch."

THE ALLS.

France fights all.
Britain pays all.
Russia threatens all.
Prussia humbugs all.
Switzerland is nearly plundered by all.
Spain does nothing at all.
Germany thinks itself all in all
The United States is spoliated by all.
And, lest destruction should come upon all,
May Heaven have mercy upon us all.
Amen. —New York Tribune.