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FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1901.

LET THEM BE CONVINCED.

It is not difficut to understand that the members of the board of aldermen who were unwilling to go on record in favor of the levee settlement do not regard themselves as having had sufficient time and opportunity to inform themselves thoroughly as to the merits or demerits of the proposed settlement. Since the matter was for so long a period under consideration and discussion before it was presented to the other branch of the council it can well be said that a little time further is desirable in which to enable the members of the other body to fully satisfy themselves.

There is ample time between now and the next meeting for the aldermen who have not considered themselves at liberty to give their sanction to the settlement to become thoroughly informed on the subject. It has been fully considered and discussed in all its phases by those who negotiated it, and the practical unanimity which prevailed in sustaining it among those gentlemen will no doubt help ultimately to carry the conviction of its desirability home to the minds of the gentlemen of the council who want further time for its consideration.

The Globe sincerely hopes that those gentlemen will be able to see the matter in the light in which it is viewed by the entire community outside of a few who must be regarded as standing in the path of municipal progress. They are all men of exceptional intelligence and knowledge of the city's affairs; and if they bestow on the subject anything like a fair proportion of their time and consideration between now and the next meeting of their body there can be no reasonable doubt but that they will be as firmly convinced as their associates of its rightfulness.

The proposed settlement is, as a matter of fact, one of the most thoroughly thought-out proposals that ever was laid before the local legislature involving the city's rights and interests. The best end of the bargain from every point of view is with the city. The depot concern has been made to pay to the limit for the privileges which are involved. The mass of the people desire to see their representatives unite in the action of those who have evolved the plan of settlement, and give to the city at the earliest possible moment all the advantages which the settlement carries with it for the promotion of our local commercial interests.

UNION OF OPPOSING FORCES.

The union of opposing social, political and religious forces in Ireland which is represented by the co-operation now prevailing between Mr. T. A. Russell, a former member of Lord Salisbury's cabinet, and the Nationalist members will be watched with no little interest. It is directed toward the compulsory sale of the lands of Ireland to the occupying tenants. It may result in great things, or it may pass away with Mr. Russell's personal influence on the currents of affairs in his native land.

With the close of the century before last, the world saw the wondrous spectacle of the union of the Ulster Protestant population with their Catholic countrymen all over the island for the redress of national grievances. The union was quenched by the British government in the blood of the two great divisions of the people, in as ruthless a series of brutalities as might be laid at the door of Attilla. The descendants of the men who fought with Cromwell and the Duke of Orange had not yet sunk into the slough of miserable religious bigotry and intolerance which came later in the history of Ireland.

The new movement may revive the days of Lord Charlemount, of the Emmetts, Fitzgerald or Tone, or it may leave the present gulf of bitterness still unbridged. But in any event it will, from present indications, result in a further, more extensive and deeper rooting of the Irish peasant in the soil of Ireland than has ever taken place since the first of the "plantations" of old. John Redmond and Mr. Russell are acting in substantial unity. The people of Ireland are being aroused to the united demand, that once for all, and as the consummation of the succession of uprootings of the people from their holdings which has been in progress for centuries, the landlords must go.

It would be hard to exaggerate the vast possibilities which attend the prevailing political and social movement in Ireland. It may take the last prop from under what has become known in Ireland as the British garrison; and the spectacle be presented of a united delegation from Ireland in the British parliament asking for such control of their own affairs by the people of every religion and section in the island as will enable them to stay at home, till the soil and develop the industries which in times past were strangled to death by the decrees of the English parliaments.

It would not be surprising from present appearances if Mr. T. A. Russell should in time become as great an ornament in a different way of his race and country as was his namesake, the great chief justice of England, who so recently passed away. If he who has so often and so doughtily fought the battle of Orangeism on the floor of the British commons against the rights and sentiments of the mass of his own race should live to be extolled by them even as highly as the innumerable other Protestant leaders who have in different generations championed the cause of the oppressed people, the event could not necessarily be regarded as extraordinary in the career of a people possessing so strange a history as the Irish.

THE QUEEN BRIDE.

"All the world dearly loves a lover." If this is true of the ordinary mortals who love, how much more must it be when it is applied to the ruler of a great nation.

The young lady who at present rules over the Dutch people is, perhaps, the most popular ruler in Europe today. She is young and amiable, and she is just entering upon her career as the wife of a young man against whom the world knows nothing. Their union is a union of love, rather than of political expediency such as has been almost every union of royalty that ever was formed.

While the mass of the American people do not concern themselves over much in the lives or careers of the representatives of European royalty or aristocracy it is no more than truth to say that they have felt more than the customary measure of sympathy and good will for the charming young woman who so recently assumed the responsibilities of the ruler of an historic race.

Wilhelmina Queen of Holland is today a happy woman. We hope she always will be; that she will find the prince whom she has chosen for her husband worthy of her love and qualified to share with her the large national responsibilities which she assumed so early in life. She is the representative of a race which has left its mark deep and clear on the history of political progress; which has stood for liberty of conscience as well as for political liberty, and has fought many a doughty fight in defense of both. She is the descendant of a great family—one for whose existence and ascendancy the human race has much reason to be thankful. It would be strange, indeed, with the historic traditions which surround the personality of this young woman, if a people like the American who owe all they have to those who have battled in every age for civil liberty, did not feel the spirit of kindliness and goodwill rise within them on the occasion of the marriage of the young Dutch queen.

A people who were once the leaders in the world's commerce, who have stood throughout the centuries in the vanguard of the army of freedom, whose descendants on the plains of South Africa are today making a fight for the restoration of their nationality which has challenged the admiration of the world, the subjects of Queen Wilhelmina are not today occupying the pre-eminent position they once did in the council of the nations. But they have at least preserved their liberties; and they are in the enjoyment of that greatest blessing which is to be found in the personal attributes of any people, the blessing of truth and thrift.

The toast which the American people would today drink to the future of the queen, if such a performance were within the realms of possible practical operation, would be, of all others, that of the immortal Rip Van Winkle—representing in himself the ties of kinship which unite the American and the Dutch races: "Here's to your health and your family's; and may you live long and prosper."

MR. BENSON'S WAY OUT.

Assemblyman Benson it is who offered the resolution in the joint council meeting a day or two since for the removal of Building Inspector Haas from office. He is quoted in his party paper, the Pioneer Press, as saying in connection with his action, that the refusal to remove "practially makes the council the accomplice of Haas."

If Mr. Benson used this language deliberately he is presented to view as an official of very deep prejudices, and of no very keen personal sense of justice. More than that, he does much to disprove his own love of official consistency.

Mr. Haas was re-elected building inspector Jan. 2, 1900. The official record of the proceedings shows Mr. Benson to have voted for Mr. Haas' election. Moreover, it shows Mr. Haas to have been elected by unanimous vote of the two bodies. There were then two Democrats in the council; and we regret to see that they cast their votes with their associates for Mr. Haas for building inspector.

What the Globe is wishful of directing Mr. Benson's attention to, among other things, is that when he voted for Mr. Haas he knew or should have known that Haas' official character and conduct were the subject of very uncomplimentary references; that it was at that time a matter of common street talk that Haas was guilty of extorting money from those having business to do with his office.

Mr. Benson was not alone in his possession of the information then available to impeach the official rectitude of Mr. Haas. On his standard of responsibility, as laid down in his Pioneer Press interview, was or was not Mr. Benson then an accomplice of Mr. Haas? Was the council which unanimously chose him a second time building inspector his accomplice then, as Mr. Benson says it is now, since it refuses to throw him out of office unheard?

The Globe offers no warrant of the truth of the statements then made to the building inspector's detriment. It has no more warrant to offer of the truth of the arraignment of that official made by the grand jury. Mr. Haas is concededly no more guilty now than he was then. There is concededly no more proof of his guilt prevalent now than there was then. The grand jury's presentation to the court is not proof. If Mr. Benson is in earnest in his tremendous zeal to protect the council and himself from appearing as accomplices of Mr. Haas, why did he not vote to give him a hearing?

What is there to be afraid of? Can it be that "the party of the other part" in the bribing transactions charged against Haas is better entitled to protection in the view of Mr. Benson than is Haas? Is there any less reason, if that sort of ethics is to prevail, for believing that those who now deny Haas a hearing are the accomplices of those who may have bribed him than there is for claiming that the council in its present attitude is his accomplice, as Mr. Benson says it is?

There is one way for Mr. Benson and his party friends out of their present hobble, and that is to order the investigation which Haas has asked.

CITIZENS OR ALIENS—WHICH?

In the excitement attending the discussion of the rights of the Filipinos and the future position of those islands in the American commonwealth the legal status of the peaceful Porto Ricans under the treaty of Paris has been overlooked.

Whether by accident or design the high commissioners who negotiated this important treaty, while providing specifically for the disposition of the native subjects of Spain being in the ceded territory at the time of the ratification of the treaty, left "the civil and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to be determined by the congress." The exact words are quoted that it may appear how little attention was given to the rights of the great bulk of the inhabitants of all the ceded possessions. It is not necessary to remark that this clause is an anomaly among the treaties of the world which were the instruments of territorial transfer. The status of the inhabitants who are thus without their consent forced to change allegiance from one sovereignty, to another, is always determined by treaty stipulation. With the change of diplomatic policy, which the treaty of Paris inaugurated, the United States commissioners laid down a new tenet of international law.

Leaving out of the question the status of the Filipinos with whom the United States is waging a war, the political status (or want of it) of the Porto Rican is sufficient to illustrate this huge diplomatic blunder.

There is an axiom that in a state of civilized society all men owe allegiance to some sovereignty. Yet we have in the case of the Porto Rican a man without a country—a citizen of nowhere. Forcibly robbed of his citizenship in the kingdom of Spain he is barred from citizenship in the conquering republic. Should a Porto Rican immigrate to our shores and express a desire to become a citizen under the naturalization laws, the request would be denied, for must he not renounce his former allegiance before taking on the new? How could he renounce allegiance to the king of Spain, when that relation had been declared null by a formal treaty?

Relying on the implied rights of a civilized man to a citizenship somewhere the Porto Rican has demanded the right to vote at the general elections as an American citizen and has been refused by the courts. Nor is this all. The theory of the administration would hold the Porto Rican to an allegiance in the case of insurrection and punish him for acts of treason, while denying him the protection of an American citizen. Notwithstanding the fact that the Stars and Stripes float over his head he is treated and taxed like a foreigner.

The supreme court may be able to untie the knot into which the administration has tied the status of the native inhabitants of the insular possessions, but the probabilities are that the court will sever the knot, by laying down the broad principle that the constitution determines the status of all civilized persons occupying national territory.

Had the parties who were responsible for the present administrative policy, seen clearly the constitutional pitfalls into which it would lead its advocates, it is quite certain that a different clause would have found its way into the treaty of Paris.

"To fight or not to fight, that's the question"—at Cincinnati.

Taking everything into consideration, most men would rather be oil inspector than be president.

The sons of congressmen and other great men near the administration are rubbing their hands in glee over the prospects of 1,800 army officers to be appointed.

Yale's oldest graduate is dead again. The frequency with which this venerable gentleman takes his demise would indicate that he has even more lives than Aguinaldo.

It is probable that all the stories about how Queen Victoria disposed of her property is guesswork. The heirs got it, and as to how it was distributed is a family secret and the public can do the guessing.

The office of oil inspector brings in about $25,000 a year and involves no labor whatever, as all the work is done by deputies. Now, isn't $25,000 a year a good salary for doing nothing?

A strip of ground four miles long and three miles wide, on Cripple creek, Colorado, yielded $20,000,000 in gold last year, or approximately a quarter of the entire gold production of the United States, including Alaska. And there is no sign of a decrease.

FRIDAY GLOBE GLANCES.

Eighty-one years ago today Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was born at Lancaster O. He died ten years ago. Not long before the Civil war he was president of a small street car company in St. Louis. At the same time Grant was living outside of the city as a poor farmer, as a man who had apparently outlived his usefulness; he was hauling wood from his farm to the people in the city. Across the river in Illinois was Abraham Lincoln a struggling country lawyer. What a change was wrought in the lives oft he three, Lincoln as president of the United States in the most trying period of ur history, Grant as the greatest general in the army of the United States, and Sherman as the next greatest general, and perhaps the most picturesque character of the two.

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A late census shows that over 50,000 dogs are used in Belgium for draft purposes. They are employed mostly by peddlers, milkmen and small farmers.

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It may be of interest to our legislature to learn that the state of New York is building a $100,000 hospital for consumptives in the Adirondacks.

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The city of Tacoma, Wash., has the largest per capita debt in the country—$115.74. That is one thing the city is not boasting about.

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After having killed all the game in the Rocky mountains, says the Chicago Record, Teddy has the opportunity of his life to come back and kill the ship subsidy bill.

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Public baths are maintained in over 100 towns and cities in England.

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With $18,000 reward for Pat Crowe, yet he is still on the wing.

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The annual pension bill, now before congress, provides for $145,245,230, and this is the thirty-sixth year since the war closed. It is more than double the appropriation for 1890, eleven years ago. It is more than double the expenditures of the federal government, for all purposes, in 1861, the first year of the Civil war. It nearly equals the total expenditures of the federal government, excluding interest on the public debt, in 1871, only thirty years ago. It is more than five times what the republic was paying for pensions in 1878, thirteen years after the end of the Civil war. The total number of pensions now on the roll is 993,529. Ten years ago there were 537,944. Twenty years ago there were 250,802. The total number of new claims allowed last year was 40,645, exceeding by more than two thousand the reduction occasioned in the roll by the deaths of old pensioners, thirty six years after the end of the Civil war. And the pensioners of the Spanish and Philippine wars are just beginning to present their claims.

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Among the several oaths taken by Edward VII was one securing to Scotland the maintenance of her state church, the Presbyterian.

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"Gath" says it is noticeable that all the presidents who began wars are weak mild men, like Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Pierce, McKinley. In the last instance the chief executive hesitated over the war with Spain, but in three years he has become an endowed war lord and master of 100,000 soldiers, with solitary pick of officers to command them, and congress votes support as to a Caesar. The war in the Philippines is not unlike our war with the Indians, except that we are fighting thirty-two times as many. We have made nothing of the Indians, except that we board a good many of them. What shall we do with the Philippines?

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A history of America before Columbus, in two large volumes, has just been issued by an Eastern publisher. Nothing is missed nowadays. But where a writer can get facts for a big history before there were any known facts is a mystery. Some guesses in it no doubt.

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The members of the Chicago city council want $5,000 annual salary, and an ordinance has been prepared with that in view.

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The government of Norway has just acquired the control of all the telephones in that country.

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The Gothenburg (Sweden) Morning Post says America has adopted Bismarck's "realism" in its international affairs. The paper says: "If one did not know that the German 'Iron Chancellor' is dead and Emperor William I. decently buried a person who has studied the policy of Bismarck would be inclined to think that he has effected his resurrection in Washington, where the diplomats, according to his prescription, stand 'cold to the bottom of their hearts.'"

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In accordance with a recent decision of the Dutch high court of justice all officials in Holland take the oath of allegiance to "King" Wilhelmina Pauline Helen Marie. This was in accordance with Queen Emma's wishes. "I desire to make Queen Wilhelmina something better than a strong woman; I wish to make her a king."

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Charles M. Hays, the new president of the Southern Pacific Railroad company, gets $55,000 a year. He is forty-four years old and was born at Rock Island, Ill. He keeps open door to all who have business with him, and all his employes keep wide open doors to the public.

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The Philippine commission is not sanguine as to the prospects of civilizing the Filipons. One of the commission, writing to a friend in Washington, says: "The natives are such liars and tricksters that there is no truth in them—no truth that is natural and self-respecting. I do not know any other race so utterly lacking in these essentials, and I do not know of one in history lacking these that has accomplished anything but its own extermination." That man should be removed at once from the commission. When a man loses confidence in human kind his usefulness is at an end.

AT THE THEATERS.

METROPOLITAN.

Harry Corson Clarke, comedian, and his company of players presented "What Did Tomkins Do?" before a large audience last night at the Metropolitan theater. The size of the audience was not of all proportion to the merits of the play. The truthful answer to the pertinent question of its title must certainly be that Tomkins doesn't do anything at all that's clever or worth while.

The play is billed as a comedy of character. Well, there are comedies and comedies. "What Did Tomkins Do?" belongs to the latter class. The play has no plot worthy of the name. Two or three incidents are woven together very loosely and serve as an excuse for introducing characters, but the excuse is so lame that the characters aren't at all convincing. Mr. Clarke plays the part of Col. Tomkins, a middle-aged man who has suffered privations in his youth and who deems it only just that he should make his Indian summer gay. He has a priggish son, J. Blackstone Tomkins, a lawyer, who disapproves of his father's hilarious spirits. What Mr. Clarke might do with a real play it is possible to judge from an occasional opportunity he has in "What Did Tomkins Do?" Such opportunities he made the most of last night and the audience testified its appreciation with a curtain call. He possesses that necessary qualification for a successful comedian, strong individuality, and in spite of the mediocre play he was able to impress this on his audience last night. His impersonation of the late John McCullough and Sir Henry Irving was good.

Mr. Clarke's supporting company was fair. "What Did Tomkins Do?" will be continued the remainder of the week, with Saturday matinee.

On next Monday Alice Nielsen will return to St. Paul after an absence of two years, with her big operatic company and with a new opera, "The Singing Girl." The supporting company numbers nearly one hundred people and there is a special orchestra under the leadership of Paul Steindorff. In Miss Nielsen's cast are the following well known artists: Eugene Cowles, Richie Ling, Joseph Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, John Slavin, George Tennery, Frederick Rutler, Eleanor Ginsti and Viola Gillette. Miss Nielsen's engagement will be for three nights and one matinee, beginning on Monday evening, Feb. 11.

GRAND.

There remains but three more performances of the Warde engagement at the Grand. For tonight is announced the last presentation of "Richelieu." For tomorrow afternoon "Hamlet" will be given, and on Saturday night Mr. Warde will conclude his engagement with a production of "Othello."

Among the features of the Fulgora Star Specialty company this season are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman in their sketch of rural life, entitled, "Back Home;" Sam J. Ryan and Tom Lewis as "The Two Actors;" the Brothers Herne in theosophical problems, "Substitution;" Polk and Kollins in banjo selections; the Four Huntings, eccentric comedy acrobats; Zeb and Zarrow, trick bicycle riders, and Hayman and Hayman in a character sketch, and Edna Collins, the whistler.

STAR.

The "Victoria Burlesquers," at the Star theater, have been doing a good business during the entire week. The programme comprises two burlesques, with quite a lengthy bill of specialty acts, by some very capable people.

The "Bowery Burlesquers," who are this week at the Dewey, in Minneapolis, will be seen at the Star Sunday afternoon. Their performance is highly spoken of.

EPISTLES TO ST. PAUL.

When "The Belle of New York" played in Butte, Mont., recently, several members of the company availed themselves of the opportunity to explore some of the famous mines of that great copper mining center. One party, consisting of Miss Beulah Dodge, who plays the Salvation lassie; Manager F. R. Zweifel, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Connelly, and George Tallman, descended into the celebrated Parrot mine.

The party, which was under the escort of Frank DeNoon, the well known mining engineer, descended to the 800-foot level, where they left the car and proceeded, Indian file, through the various tunnels and leads of the level.

Each member of the party was garbed in the ill-fitting rubber suits worn by those who have occasion to go below the surface. The explorers had wandered about for some twenty minutes, when some one suddenly exclaimed:

"Where is Miss Dodge?"

The young woman was not in sight, so DeNoon immediately started back to hunt for her, followed by Mr. Zweifel and Mrs. Connelly and Mr. Tallman, all of whom were deeply concerned for the safety of their friend.

Finally, after a search of fifteen minutes, the party reached a drift that had been worked out, but had not been filled in, where they found Miss Dodge huddled up in a crevice, presenting a quaint picture in an oilskin garment that was evidently made for a giant.

In answer to anxious inquiries, she said she had dropped behind the others to examine some unique form of quartz, and had accidentally extinguished the candle she carried. Not knowing what to do, she had groped her way along until she reached this sort of clearing, "and," she concluded, "I began to feel tired, so I just sat down here to wait until some one came to find me."

"It is a fortunate thing that you felt tired at the precise moment you did," said the mining engineer.

"Why?"

For an answer the guide raised the candle above his head, and, pointing ahead, replied:

"Just in front of where you stopped is an old shaft that leads down to the level below—100 feet down. If you had proceeded ten feet further you would have walked into it and—"

"And would have been killed on the rocks below," interposed Miss Dodge. Then, glancing ruefully at her grotesque attire, she murmured, with a shudder: "And looking like this, too."

* * *

A story is told on a senator from a southern county, who rides sometimes by grace of a Milwaukee pass. The Empire theater, a local playhouse, has been impartial in the distribution of passes for its performances to the legislators. The senator in question pocketed one of the passes as a souvenir, and when, accompanied by his wife, he started home recently, he gave the conductor her ticket and a bit of blue pasteboard on his own account. That was his undoing. The conductor blushed, glanced uneasily at the lady, and remarked in a stage whisper:

"That's a pretty nice pass, but it isn't good on this road!"

The senator looked at the pasteboard and dived into his pocket for a similar card, which proved to be the one needed.

In the meantime his wife, who, by the way, is a bright, little lady, had "caught on!" and chaffed him unmercifully until they reached home.

The senator uses the waste basket for his present depository of "good things."

Not for Him, Though.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Hello, Barnes, old fellow! Can I borrow $5 today?"

"Can't say, old man, I'm sure. I don't know how many of your friends you haven't asked yet."

ETHICS OF THE POSTER

MISS COLTER'S LECTURE TO CIVIC LEAGUE ON "COLOR IN CITY STREETS"

ARE EXCUSABLE IF ARTISTIC

She Descants on Advantages of Bright Colors Relieving Murkiness of Begrimed Streets—Elections Next Week.

"Its better to have a good poster advertise a bad article than a good article advertised by a bad poster," said Miss Colter to the members of the Civic league at the Commercial club yesterday afternoon. Miss Colter was considering the art welfare of this and future generations in America. Her subject was "Color In Our City Streets," and she presented it most entertainingly and convincingly. A good sized collection of posters adorned the walls of the Commercial club parlor and illustrated Miss Colter's address.

Miss Colter saw nothing especially iniquitous in the much condemned poster-covered bill board. The wickedness lay in removing those bill boards from their own province—the business part of the city—and placing them on trees and green meadows to embellish nature. In the business district the glaring crudity of the poster was softened. It was a splash of color relieving the murkiness of a smoke begrimed city. American posters might be improved. In France, especially in Paris, great artists did not disdain to employ their art designing posters. Therefore the Parisians used to having their pink pellets called to their attention by a genuinely artistic. If not always decorous device, had a better appreciation of true art than the Americans. The street signs, the painted telegraph poles, the striped awnings, all these things aided in making attractive city life. They should remain, but the people should be educated so that they would make no mistakes in the selection of colors or in their combinations. Miss Colter gave a short history of posters. Many in her audience were gratified to learn that in the days of the old Roman republic it was necessary to pass an ordinance against the bill poster similary to the many that are passed today.

Following her address Miss Colter replied to many questions put by interested members of the league.

Mr. Oscar Claussen, city engineer, spoke briefly on "Improvement of Street Railway Thoroughfares." He advocated the formation of numerous improvement leagues, the embellishment of all park approaches and the co-operation of such clubs as the Commercial and the Woman's Civic league to work for the improvement of the city.

At the next meeting of the league a week from Tuesday, officers will be nominated. It was decided that the members of the league at this meeting shall cast a ballot for the president and that the three women receiving the largest number of votes should be the candidates to be voted upon the first meeting in March. At yesterday's meeting Mrs. Conde Hamlin, in a brief address, stated that under no circumstances would she be a candidate for re-election. A committee to be appointed by the chair will nominate the vice presidents and seven directors at large.

Prof. Folwell will address the next meeting if he returns from Cuba in time. His address subject will be "I Would Make the Whole City a Work of Art." In case Prof. Folwell does not return another programme will be substituted.

A TALK WITH MUNYON.

He Tells Some Inside Facts About His Witch Hazel Soap.

It was once said—and not long ago, either—that a new soap is placed upon the market every day. Each is accorded a brief spasm of publicity. A peculiar name is probably made popular for a few weeks, and then nothing is heard of it again. "Yes," said Prof. Munyon the other day in conversation with a newspaper writer. "I met with considerable objections when I informed my friends and the drug trade in general that I was about to place a new soap in the field. I was told that the public was never so fickle in supporting any article as that of soap; that one brand was never used for any length of time, and that folks were always looking for novelties in this special direction. This was probably one of the reasons why there are so many soaps, but I felt that there was another cause for all this, and that was that the public had never yet been given the soap they wanted, one that satisfied them in every respect. I proposed to give it to them." And here the Prof. grew quite earnest in his remarks. "I told these critics that I had a soap whose basis is Witch Hazel—real Witch Hazel—not Witch Hazel in name only, not watery Witch Hazel, but a scientifically concentrated Witch Hazel. I had a Witch Hazel that had the solidity of jelly. I knew that Witch Hazel had proved itself one of the best curatives yet known to Medical Science. But not only this, I had combined this Witch Hazel with other medicants known as skin beautifiers and emollients. Then my friends told me, 'But that must make your soap very expensive.' That was true. It is expensive. The soap that I am now putting on the market probably costs double that of any other toilet soap, but I knew that I could only please the public and hold its support by giving them a soap that was superior to anything yet offered them. I am willing to stake my reputation and fortune on the success of Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap. Not the success that may come from extensive advertising, but that success which is always won by absolute merit. I never yet placed a remedy before the world whose curative properties had not been thoroughly tested and proved before it was sent out for sale. Why, just look at the history of my Rheumatism Cure. That was received with the utmost incredulity when I first introduced it years ago, but how quickly its merits were found out. Today there is not a proprietary medicine in the world which has so extensive a sale. There is only one reason for this. Advertising did not do it. That Rheumatism Remedy owes its success entirely to the fact that it did cure Rheumatism, it did relieve pains in a few hours, and eradicate the disease in a few days. It was the same way with my Dyspepsia Remedy my Kidney Remedy, and all the other Cures I ever introduced. It was the confidence that my remedies aroused and sustained that made a ready welcome for my soap. The people were prepared to take it on faith. They know my remedies, never have been disappointed in them and, therefore, have felt that the same merit would be found in my Witch Hazel Soap, and it is there. In it the people have a soap that will soften the roughest hands, that will keep the pores in a healthy condition, that is absolutely free from all rancid fats and dangerous alkalies. It is best for the complexion, best for the scalp, best for curing all skin eruptions, and will positively cure dandruff, and allay all forms of itching. Mothers will find it the best soap baby ever had. Every ingredient in this soap is pure enough to eat; in fact my chemist has said it is good enough to fry oysters in. Now this soap is not being placed on the market as an experiment. I have made my experiments for several years past. I have had the best thought in this country engaged in making this soap, and it was not put out until I had achieved what I considered the perfection of soap making. I leave it to the public whether I have succeeeded or not. I am sure I have."

Talks with several wholesale and retail druggists seem to carry out the Professor's statement that the soap was a success, the sales in this city having been very large, although introduced but within a few weeks.

GLOBE'S CIRCULATION

FOR JANUARY.

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 January, 1901, was as follows:

Total for the month..529,550
Average per day 17,082

ERNEST P. HOPWOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of January, 1901.

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.

Not Even Pretense.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

McKinley no longer makes any pretense of intent to keep faith with the Cubans. The declaration that "Cuba is and of right ought to be free and independent" is repudiated openly.

A Better Model.

Baltimore World.

If President McKinley would be guided by the example set by John Marshall instead of by the advice of Mark Hanna, he would avoid much trouble and severe but just criticism.

Not Neely's Way.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is reported that Neely will refuse to give a cash bond because he fears the money might be seized. Evidently Neely is unwilling to see his money go as it came.

"THE GOLDEN IDOL."

By Fergus Hume, Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Nameless City," "The Dwarf's Chamber," "The Red-Headed Man," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The scene opens on Fletmouth pier, where Norah Wharton is awaiting the arrival of her lover, Lieut. Jayne, just home from Chinese waters. Among other things the young sailor has brought with him a six-inch idol of beaten gold, which Nora seizes eagerly to place on the mantelpiece. Accidentally, however, it gets dropped into a tall Chinese jar, where, for the time, the tale leaves it. Next day Lieut. Jayne is missing.

Norah gave a faint cry and buried her head on Teddy's shoulder, while that youth cast a furious look on the retreating prophet of evil. He then comforted Norah with many explanations more or less ingenious; but his heart and brain gave the lie to his glib tongue. Leonard would not have disappeared voluntarily, since there was absolutely no reason why he should have done so. And if he had been made away with, at whose door was the crime to be laid? So far as the young people knew, Jayne had no enemies and many friends. It seemed ridiculous to suspect foul play. Teddy did not think much of Norah's confused story about the idol and the Chinaman. He could not see how either explained Jayne's absence. Yet it was strange that a Chinaman should have waited Leonard's arrival, and stranger still that the young man should have been doubtful of giving the image to Norah. While Bendigo went for the rum the two discussed the matter hurriedly, but they could come to no conclusion.

"And I don't expect we shall ever arrive at one," said Vyse, "seeing that we have no facts to go upon. Tell you what, Norah, we must go to the pier and find out if anyone saw Leonard last night."

"But he could not have arrived at the pier, as the launch went off without him."

"He might have been late."

"Why should he have been late? He left our place in good time."

"Ah, that's what we've got to find out." Teddy clutched his head in despair. "Though I'm blest if I see how we're going to do it."

"The grog, missy," interposed Bendigo, and produced a powerful brew which would have intoxicated an admiral.

To please the old man Norah took a sip or two, and the color came back to her face. Then Teddy carried her away, and left the bo'sun to finish the spirit, which he did with much gusto. When the young people were fairly out of sight, Bendigo ascended to the roof and again swept the horizon with his glass.

"Tell you what," said Vyse, who had been cogitating, "we'll walk to Fletmouth along the shore. These boatmen may know something."

"How can they?"

"Well, they are about at all hours of the night. One of 'em might have seen Jayne. At any rate, it's worth asking."

Norah had her doubts on this point. They took the coastguard path, and questioned every man they met; but arrived within a quarter of a mile of the pier without receiving any answer likely to throw light on the mystery. Then they saw a crowd on the beach where the boats were drawn up, and Norah clutched Teddy's arm with a pale face. "His body!" she gasped. "Oh! They've found him!"

"Skittles!" replied Teddy, gruffly, though his heart misgave him. "Don't go out to meet your troubles. Come along."

A gigantic sailor man, with a loud voice and much gesticulation, was holding the attention of the throng. He pointed to a boat venerable enough to have been at the battle of Trafalgar. He was red in the face with rage. Teddy elbowed the crowd right and left until he was face to face with the orator.

"Hullo, Dinch! What's all this?"

There was a murmur of sympathy at the sight of Norah, for it was well known that she was engaged to the man who had disappeared. Dinch, however, was too much taken up with his subject to notice her presence, and bellowed an exclamation:

"It's my craft, Master Ted. Jus' look at her. Some landlubber's been using 'er. I left her high and dry up yonder last night, and here she be on the slope with an oar broke and her gun'le half stove in. Whose doin' is it?" roared Dinch. "That's wot I wants to know," and he cast a threatening eye round the group. Then his gaze fell on Norah. "Beg pardon, miss," he growled, touching his cap. "But it's 'ard to 'ave m'boat broke up and stole by thieves."

"It can't have been stolen, Dinch, since it has been returned," said Teddy, and he walked round the boat to have a good look. Its dilapidated state was connected vaguely in his mind with Leonard's disappearance. An oar was broken, the painter was cut; and there were other signs that the craft had been used overnight. Norah, as quick as the boy in formulating a theory, came forward, and seized his arm.

"Perhaps, Teddy," she stammered, "perhaps he missed the launch—if he took this boat to row out—and it upset—"

"Couldn't have upset," said Teddy; "here it is, all safe. Couldn't have drifted either. Was she made fast this morning, Dinch?"

"No, sir, she wasn't. But she was high and dry above high-water mark."

By this time the crowd began to grasp the idea that Jayne might have taken the boat; and shook their heads gravely.

"I lef' her last night, sir," roared Dinch, "and she's been out. If the young gentleman took 'er, I hope he'll pay a 'ard-worked man fur usin' and destroyin' of her."

"Teddy!" Norah's voice leaped an octave, as she pointed a quivering finger at the boat. "Blood—blood—there is blood! O Leonard!"

The men crowded round. There certainly was blood sprinkled over the interior of the boat. In their excitement they had not noticed it before. Dinch bent down to examine, and started back with a pale face. "It's blood, right enough, Lord, what's to do here?"

"Courage, Norah. It may have nothing to do with Leonard," whispered Teddy. "We don't know yet if he took the boat. Take out the oars and mast and sails, men."

A dozen willing hands lent themselves to the task, and in a few minutes the boat was bare. Then it was seen that the white paint was much spotted with blood, particularly near the stern. Dinch gasped, and spat, and swore under his breath. Then he gave a shout, and made a dive. "Wot's this 'ere?" he cried, and displayed a locket—a gold locket—in his huge palm. Norah uttered a cry.

"Teddy, Teddy, it's mine—it's mine!"

Vyse snatched the locket from Dinch, and touched the spring. It opened to reveal a painted miniature.

"My portrait!" wailed the girl. "I gave it to Leonard. He is dead—dead—murdered!" And, with a choking sob, she fell fainting on the sand.

(To Be Continued Daily.)