THE ST. PAUL GLOBE, TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1901.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1901.

A MUCH-NEEDED SYSTEM.

The veto imposed by the governor on the bill providing for a uniform system of public accounting, whether or not it operates as such, is regrettable. It may be, and doubtless is, rendered necessary by the passage of the board of control measure. To that extent the governor may be right in imposing his veto; but as a general proposition there is no measure of public interests which can have a more wholesome effect than one drawn with care designed to secure a uniform system of accounts in all the departments of the state government.

The wisdom of such a measure is forcing itself on the consideration of the people of several states at this time. Public opinion is becoming more and more pronounced in its favor; and it will doubtless be but a comparatively short time before it is in general operation.

Some responsible state official—the state auditor preferred—should be called upon to prescribe a uniform system of accounting for the several departments covering the full period of each fiscal year. They should be made to the auditor or whatever other officer is chosen to have supervision of state accounts, and their correctness certified to by him, and should be afterwards resubmitted to the governor and to the state legislature. They should contain among other information an accurate statement in summarized as well as in detailed form of all moneys received and of all moneys paid out, to whom paid, for what specific purpose, and on what authority. They should be attended by daily reports of current transactions.

If such a system were adopted, attended by a regular and detailed examination at stated periods or at such times as might be thought important by the examining official, whether the state auditor or public examiner, there would be in operation a system of public accountability which would prove of the utmost value to the people and would prevent at once extravagance and corruption on the part of public officials. It would moreover be possible for any intelligent citizen interested in the administration of the affairs of his state, with a very little preliminary information to inform himself accurately as to the exact condition of the finances of the state and of its public administration.

The present system of accounting in practical operation is of little avail in fixing official responsibility or offering enlightenment to any but those who are expert accountants and are thoroughly versed in the business transactions of the state. From time to time there is more or less enlightenment offered to the people through the messages of the governor and through the report of the state auditor; but the information usually comes in such form that it has little or no meaning for the average wayfarer. With a uniform system of accounting in operation, the main principle of which might be easily understood, it would be the fault of the people themselves were they not enlightened on their public concerns.

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE.

The members of the real estate exchange of St. Paul have taken a step which should be followed by every organization of real estate men in every city in the state, and which should induce individual real estate dealers throughout the state to do likewise: The St. Paul realty men have urged upon the state legislature the speedy adoption of the Torren's system of land transfer, and they have characterized, as it should be characterized, the present burdensome, cumbersome and foolishly expensive and insecure plan of land registration.

This is a most valuable departure. Heretofore no one seemed to care anything about the subject of reform of land titles. It was nobody's business particularly, and therefore, passed without any consideration being bestowed upon it. Every intelligent and informed person agreed that it would be a valuable change; but there was no one to take the initiative, and hence it remained practically outside the realm of probable accomplishment.

For the benefit of the members of the legislature whose attention may thus be more readily directed to the action of the St. Paul exchange, we here reproduce the admirable resolutions adopted. They are as follows:

Whereas, The present system of land transfers is exceedingly cumbersome, vexatious and expensive, and is always attended with more or less risk to purchasers, and is so antiquated in all the forms and methods as to be in strange contrast with the improved conditions in all the other systems of this progressive period, constituting it the one genuine, petrified relic of a medieval age; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Real Estate Exchange of St. Paul most earnestly favors the passage of the bill introduced in the present legislature by Senator Snyder, seeking to establish in this state what is known as the "Torrens" system of land transfers, which is a simple, plain, safe and inexpensive system, compared with the present one, and does most earnestly urge our senators and representatives to support this bill and thereby relieve our real estate properties from this archaic and burdensome system.

Now if the real estate men of Minneapolis and Duluth will adopt corresponding resolutions and take steps individually and collectively to see that their representatives in the legislature uphold the hands of Senator Snyder, it is quite likely that the measure will yet be passed.

If the members of the city delegations in the legislature will co-operate for the enactment of this measure, it cannot be beaten. While the present system is less burdensome in the country districts, where titles are young and land transfers comparatively few, the members from those districts will gladly co-operate in the movement to further simplify and render less inexpensive the transfer of property. They will not be amenable to the influences which we all know to be interested in maintaining the present system, and their votes, with even a fair proportion of the city members, will secure a reform as important as any which has during this session engaged the attention of our law-makers.

THAT OMNIPOTENT MINORITY.

The Pioneer Press is seeing things at night. The latest bug-a-boo that has disturbed its otherwise restful repose is an image of the Democratic minority killing the primary election bill. With a pathos that would bring tears to the eyes of a hardened criminal, it tells of the merciless machinations of the Democrats (with two exceptions) to kill its pet measure.

"If the bill is (so) killed," exclaims the Press midst its tears, "pains will certainly be taken by every Republican paper in the state at the very next election to call to the attention of the wavering vote that the Democratic minority in the senate made it impossible for the people of the state to protect themselves against the control of oligarchies and machines." Now wouldn't this make you late! Just how a small Democratic minority is going to out-vote the Republican large majority, the Press does not state. And when the people who are groaning under the Republican machine are informed by the Republican press of the state that the Republican majority in the senate refused to allow them to escape by means of the primary law, how will they feel toward that party of oligarchies and machines? Why don't the Republican members caucus and pass the primary bill as a party measure? They have the votes. Will the Press be a little more explicit and let the public know just how the Democratic minority is going to kill the primary bill without the consent of the Republican majority. And will the Press also explain how the Republican press at the next election is going to cover the Democratic minority with the mud of reprobation on account of the defeat of the primary bill without bedaubing the controlling majority.

WHAT TO DO WITH AGUINALDO.

Being a prisoner of war, Aguinaldo is naturally under the control of the United States military authorities and is subject to their orders. If the commander-in-chief of the army says "go," the Filipino chieftain has no alternative but to hike; and if the same authority bids him stay, he has no choice but to remain.

If the correctness of this postulate be conceded, as it must be, it is easy to see where the government can reimburse itself, to a certain extent at least, for the expense to which it has been put in the capture of the wily Filipino leader. Among the people who live in the United States, there exists an almost insatiable desire to gaze upon the forms and faces of those who have either achieved greatness or had it thrust upon them; and for the gratification of this propensity, they are willing to separate themselves from such loose change as they may have in their pockets, even though the butcher and the baker are invited to call again next week when they present their bills at the door.

There are some millions of people in this country who would gladly pay a good round sum to see Aguinaldo. Suppose, then, that a company be formed composed of him as the star, and that he be surrounded by a company made up of Tagalogs, Filipinos, Sulus and such other representatives of our newly adopted countrymen as may happen to be behind bolts and bars. The preliminary rehearsals could be begun in Manila and kept up during the voyage to these shores. Dates for their appearance on this side of the Pacific could be arranged by Adjt. Gen. Corbin, who would, of course, be the business manager of the "show." As soon as the company landed in San Francisco, it would be ready money for Uncle Sam, and a golden stream would begin forthwith to empty itself into his coffers.

It is further suggested, that, by way of giving variety to the entertainment, Mark Hanna and Gen. Otis be added to the cast of characters. The former could give an impersonation of the president of the United States of America—a stunt in which he could scarcely fail of success, since he has virtually been it for the past four years—and the latter to garb himself in a gold bespangled uniform, stroke his luxuriant whisker and try to look wise. The latter effort, would, it is confidently believed, be one of the funniest "turns" ever seen on any stage, and would throw the audience into paroxysms of laughter. There could be no doubt of the financial success of the venture, and any balance remaining after the payment of necessary expenses could be either covered into the treasury and credited to the Philippine war fund, or be distributed among the officers of the army now in the Orient and relieve their necessities to such an extent that it would be unnecessary for them to steal supplies sent over for the soldiers to subsist upon and sell them to the restaurant and hotelkeepers, as seems to have been their custom. Further, it would be a fitting finale to the opera bouffe war we have been waging against a liberty-loving people in an unholy attempt to wrest from them their little possessions.

The only further suggestion that the Globe cares to make at this time is that there be not included in the company any of the young Americans who have offered their lives for the promulgation of this unholy struggle. The sight of their wan faces, emaciated, fever-stricken forms, the ghastly countenances of the dead, bodies torn and mangled by rifle bullets, would form a picture so realistic that it might awaken the slumbering conscience of the nation and arouse so strong a sentiment against pursuing a war for conquest farther that even the imperialist president and his counselors would be oliged to heed it.

ARMY FRAUDS IN MANILA.

The people will not be surprised at the unearthing of army frauds in Manila. It is only a wonder that the governor general allowed the facts to become public. If allowed the facts to become public. If we do not forget, a young man by the name of Rice was deported not so long ago for attempting to expose frauds in the management of the harbor and dockage of Manila by a military officer.

Army frauds flourish because of the tendency to cover up the tracks of any one with shoulder straps. To an army officer the reputation of another army officer is very sacred. The question of innocence or guilt does not cut any figure in the case. This is taught at West Point. There a cadet who will reveal the crimes of another cadet is at once marked for slaughter. He has not the right stuff in him to make a gallant soldier. It is to be hoped that this scandal will be probed to the bottom by the war department, even if it involve one so high as the governor general of the Philippines. McArthur's management of the Philippine situation has been no more creditable than was that of Gen. Otis. It is high time that he was removed and Gen. Chaffee placed in charge. This programme which has been mapped out for some time should take place at once. The deportation of Rice, while not in itself a matter of great importance, undoubtedly had a marked influence on the boodle gang in the commissary department. When it became known that any criticism on an army officer in print would be followed by deportation, the public was not likely to learn through the press of the misdeeds of army officers. It is to be regretted that the prosecution of those engaged is under the management of an army officer. Here is a place for the Taft commission to get in its work.

Prof. James E. Burton, of Cornell university, announces that the Garden of Eden was located in China, and that Adam was a Chinaman. That possibly explains the tendency of the Chinese to raise Cain.

Immense frauds have been discovered in the commissary department at Manila. That is but natural. When the administration steals islands, it is to be expected that its employes will take the cue and get a few keepsakes too.

Administration organs are comparing Aguinaldo to Jefferson Davis. The comparison is as lame as a hamstrung mule. There isn't enough similarity between the two men and their respective causes that you could detect it with a microscope.

It seems possible that the Younger brothers will again be given a voice in the government that rules over them. The Filipinos have no such prospects. They will continue to be ruled by the satraps and pashas of Emperor McKinley.

The sultan has sent a "three-tailed bashaw" to govern and have power of life and death over the unhappy Armenians. McKinley has sent his bashaws with similar powers to the Philippines, but he has not yet introduced the Turkish ornament of horsetails or the Chinese peacock feathers; still that may come later on.

Russia insists on China signing the agreement as to Manchuria. China seems unwilling to give away a whole province and Russia answers with what is practically a threat of war. China considers that the question concerns the other powers as much as it affects her, and demands that they stand by her in case it comes to a rupture. But will they?

Germany seems inclined to let Russia take Manchuria. The idea is perhaps not a bad one. If Russia takes Manchuria, she makes Japan her most bitter and unrelenting enemy, and if Russia should ever want to make war against Germany Japan would be sure to attack Russia in the rear. Thus Germany would always have an ally against Russia.

Herr Richter, the Radical leader in the reichstag, stated that the Chinese troubles have cost Germany up to this time 276,000,000 marks, or a sum larger than the profits of Germany's trade with China for the last twelve years. As a result a great many Germans are getting very sick and tired of the Chinese muddle, and would like to see their government get out of it as soon as possible.

In connection with our Philippine policy, does it not seem strange that the Moros and Jolos, who are Mohammedans, polygamists and slaveholders, are allowed to govern themselves as they see fit, while the Tagalogs and other Christian tribes are governed by the dictates of an autocratic commission and are ruled as vassals and subjects by irresponsible satraps?

It appears that some of the Chinese viceroys propose to send an army of 100,000 Chinese troops to Tian Fu to rescue the emperor from the reactionary elements that are practically holding him as a prisoner. The emperor is to be brought back to Pekin and put in actual control of the government. As he is a man of enlightened and progressive ideas, the carrying out of this plan might do more than anything else to help settle the Chinese question.

In a recent speech in the reichstag the German prime minister, Count von Buelow, denied that Germany is serving either English or Russian interests in China, and insisted with much emphasis that it is German interests alone that the kaiser and his troops are defending in the Orient. Warming to his theme, he added: "That we must defend our interests in Eastern Asia is a fact that has become historic. It was in that sense I said three months ago that we must have our place in the sunshine. I say today we will keep that place in the sunshine and not let ourselves be pushed into the shadow."

European manufacturers have bad dreams and can't sleep "o'nights" for fear of American competition. How they would be scared if they knew that our manufactures are only infants as yet, that have to be fed on protection pap to keep them alive! Even as it is our manufacturers undersell European competition in its own home markets. Now just think what will happen if those infants ever grow up so that they can stand on their own feet.

"Just wait awhile and the Populist press will undertake to prove that in the event of the British government levying a tax upon foreign grain imports prices here will be lowered to the amount of the duty imposed," says the Morris Sun. Prices here certainly would be lowered if there were any truth in that old Republican gag about the "foreigner paying the tax," but as it is, the consumers will simply have to pay that much more, just as they do in this country.

TUESDAY GLOBE GLANCES.

Architects are busy with plans and the outlook seems to favor a building record of large size in St. Paul this year.

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Before we went into the colonial business, President Cleveland used to go hunting down the Chesapeake Bay in a lighthouse tender, and paid expenses, and yet how the Republican papers howled about it. Now the government provides the governor of Porto Rico with a $500,000 naval yacht of 3,000 tons, with a crew of 160 men. Government vessels are also stationed at various ports in the Philippines, Cuba, Guam, and elsewhere, always ready for the use of governors. These colonial jobs are snaps—at the expense of the American people.

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It is said that the Mormons have bought 5,000,000 acres of land in Mexico and will establish colonies in that country. It is assumed that the purpose of the Mormons in leaving the United States and going to Mexico is to practice polygamy. They believe that they will not be interfered with by the Mexican government.

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If it is true that Gen. Botha refused Gen. Kitchener's peace terms because of the refusal to grant complete amnesty to the Cape Colony rebels, it is highly creditable to Botha. Undoubtedly many officers in his position would have allowed these rebels, who are not his countrymen, even though they are of the same race, to look out for themselves.

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Editor Rice was deported from the Philippines because he said that an army captain who was acting as harbor master, was stealing from the government. Army officers stand together against civilians, but when they disagree about plunder between each other then there is trouble, as evidenced by the arrest the other day of a number of officers charged with selling army supplies.

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If people would refuse to buy books and magazines that are put on sale with leaves uncut the publishers would yield to common sense and cut the edges before sending books to market. It is hoped that the day of "deckel" edges is near its end. It's a nuisance to have a book or magazine and be so situated as not to have anything to cut the leaves with.

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In England everything belonging to the government bears the "V. R.," or "Victoria," or "Her Majesty," and now all will have to be changed. The monogram "V. R." is being removed from every mail box and cart, as well as from every infantryman's belt and every cavalryman's saddle cloth. Over 1,500 new kinds of postage stamps will be made. Of the altered sign boards there is "no end." Among others upon whom the blow will fall are thousands of shopkeepers all through the United Kingdom whose windows and stationery have long borne the impressive legend, "Patronized by Her Majesty the Queen," which, like almost everything else in England, will have to be altered to suit the new order of things. In this country "U. S." goes no matter about the changes.

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The botanical garden in Bronx park, New York city, will soon rival the Kew Garden in London, the finest in the world.

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No doubt the trouble about scarcity of water in the cities frequently comes from leaks and wastes that are allowed to go on unchecked. An instance of this kind recently came to light in New York. It was known that there was a big leak in the Corn Exchange Bank building, and the owners and occupants made diligent efforts to find it. The search proved vain, and finally the matter was referred to the water authorities, who continued the investigation until the leak was located. It was found to be due to the blunder of a careless workman in improperly closing a service pipe. This was done eight years ago, and every day since 20,000 gallons had been running away. It does not need many such leaks as this to make a big drain on the water supply of any city.

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In accordance with orders from the postmaster general, domestic rates now apply on matter mailed to and from Cuba. This is his order: "Postmasters are informed that on and after April 1, 1901, the United States domestic rates of postage and classification shall apply to all mail matter passing between the United States and Cuba. Notices of this change should be displayed in postoffice corridors and given to the public press, when acceptable as a news item." The Globe is glad to print this without cost to the postoffice department.

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It is said that Mr. McKinley's "swing around the circle" will cover a distance of about 13,000 miles. He will be in Minnesota, but it is not known whether he will come to this city or not. As now arranged, will head for Duluth on his return from Yellowstone Park, and go East by the lakes, and be "put off at Buffalo."

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After the government officers finish cleaning up Havana, Manila and other of our colonial cities, which administration papers report as being in such spick-and-span nicety, they had better come home and try their hand on Chicago and some other cities needless to name, but our readers can pick them out. There is a good deal of gush and nonsense in the reports about things being so extremely good and clean in these recently very bad places.

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The arrest of a number of army officers is reported from Manila for fraudulent operations in connection with supplies. This must be expected. The Philippines are occupied for what there is in it to speculators. If cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Boston cannot be governed without stealing by public officials right under the eyes of the public, what can be expected from men who seek jobs in distant colonies. They recognize the fact that the government itself is there by force and commits wrongs because of the assumption "that good may come out of it," and so what can be expected when the chance is presented to the individual to speculate, not only at the expense of his government, but also of the people he is a factor in ruling. That is the history of all colonial governments.

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Turkey is menaced by revolution at home and in the Balkan states. The seat of greatest trouble at present is Armenia, and more massacres can be expected. In the meantime Uncle Sam's little claim remains unpaid.

BELZIE, A WASHOE CANARY.

John Harold Hamlin in the San Francisco Argonaut.

Belzie was a good mule—yet he had seen better days—and in view of the fact that his ribs were protruding in a truly remarkable style, and that his labors had been unusually steady and entirely creditable, it was deemed advisable to grant him a holiday. Therefore Belzie's driver, Tim Murdock, led him out of the great Sutro Tunnel and accompanied him to a bleak hill top, where he cast off the halter and turned Belzie adrift.

There are no very productive grazing districts in the vicinity of Virginia City, and Belzie's prospects of recuperating lost vigor did not promise well. Knolls and gullies covered with scant sage-brush, varied by patches of alkali, void even of brush, were not pleasing to behold, nor did they teem with provender. But then a mule resembles a goat in at least two respects—he can climb well and is able to subsist on the most impossible fare.

Belzie blinked his brown eyes. The bright, hot sunlight dazzled his visual organs. Four years under ground is conducive to blindness, and Belzie had pulled ore cars in the drifts of the deep Comstock mines and trotted to and fro through the Sutro Tunnel fully that length of time. So Belzie blinked his eyes and gazed about him in a dumbfounded manner. He didn't know whether to be pleased with his unusual freedom, or pained at the idea of existing in such a brilliant atmosphere.

Perhaps Belzie remained on that particular knoll two hours, perhaps longer. It is certain, however, that as soon as the sun dropped behind the crest of bald old Mt. Davidson, the mule seemed relieved; he grew quite sportive by the time night's sable pall fell upon the dreary landscape. This condition of affairs appeared natural to Belzie, only his movements were not limited to the narrow confines of an underground drift or tunnel. And then, much to his relief, no everlasting car rattled at his heels. Oh, indeed, this mule was happy, and he almost forgot to forage for food, so interested did he become in exploring the boundless scope of his new quarters. Thus did the over-worked mule's vacation begin; the days slipped by, and ere long the bony, long-eared, solemn-looking Beelzebub became a familiar object as he roamed about the Virginia hills.

Strange things will happen, and it became apparent that this visible-ribbed donkey was thriving on his sage-brush diet. His master noted the fact and decided to terminate Belzie's furlough. Mules were none too plentiful just then; work was pressing, and, take it all around, Belzie could ill be spared, especially since he no longer cut the same figure as did the rack of bones that emerged from Sutro tunnel four weeks previous. So Tim Murdock was detailed to round-up the rejuvenated Beelzebub. His accustomed haunts were searched; no brown mule with the peculiar markings of Belzie could be discovered. Inquiries were made, but no one remembered seeing him within the last week. Finally the stage driver informed Tim that he "seen a mule ambling down Geiger Grade, pretty close to Steamboat Springs, day before yesterday." This seemed a self-evident clew, and Tim got an extra day off, mounted a spare mule, and struck out in pursuit of the wandering Belzie.

Steamboat is noted for its hot springs, geysers, and the altogether extraordinary formations in and about that locality. These springs are a favorite resort for natural scientists, and offer a splendid field to the researches of geologists.

There happened to be a particularly zealous professor sojourning at Steamboat about the same time Belzie was rustling for a new growth of bone and muscle. Two prospectors, firmly believing they had struck a "bonanza," were extending an old tunnel in a hillside, about half a mile from the main springs and geysers of Steamboat. Quite a friendship sprung up between the young professor and these two miners. The three made frequent expeditions, bent on investigating the wonders of hot springs, surmising causes and effects of internal heat, and the prospectors listened in utter fascination to the theories propounded by Prof. Mellins.

One sultry night a heavy earthquake shook up a goodly portion of Western Nevada and California. It played odd tricks in and about Steamboat Springs. The main geyser went dry. When Prof. Mellins discovered this fact, his rapture knew no bounds. He recorded voluminous notes on the natural phenomenon, and began the preparation of exhaustive lectures for future classes to digest. While busily engaged in jotting down notes, and gazing into the cavernous dry vent of the erstwhile geyser, the two prospectors hove in sight. They were breathless, tired, yet gasped out a voluble and excited description of an unprecedented freak of nature that had taken place on the site of their tunnel. So incoherent was the account given by the two men that it was with difficulty they were understood; but Prof. Mellins comprehended at once that something stranger still than the mere disappearance of the spring had followed in the wake of the temblor.

"By the trumpeting elements, boys, this is great!" Professor Mellins forcibly expressed himself by using his favorite term, as he beheld a long, irregular fissure beginning a few yards from the mouth of the tunnel and running directly into it, extending as far as the eye could penetrate the gloom. Puffing jets of steam arose in thin clouds, converting the prospectors' tunnel into a veritable steam retort. "Assuredly the subterranean force that ejected the water in the main spring has found a new outlet here," said Professor Mellins.

"But, professor, that ain't the phenom what amazes us. Just you listen to the infernal racket!"

Even as the miner spoke a decided rumbling resounded within the tunnel; it grated on the ears and appeared to emanate from the very bowels of the earth. The three were silent; the mysterious workings of nature's unseen and powerful forces appalled them. Another cloud of steam spurted up; another grinding roar; it reverberated in a jerky, hollow manner, then dwindled away to an almost metallic gurgle. The miners' bronzed faces turned a shade paler.

"Boys, this is wonderful, wonderful! If Dr. Endlin were only here! Trumpeting elements! I have it. I'll telephone him. He cannot afford to miss the opportunity of beholding this odd spectacle." Impulsive Professor Mellins let his impulsive enthusiasm have full sway, and with the final rumbling sound echoing in his ears, he dashed madly down the hill to the hotel.

His impatience and anxiety caused him to speak harshly to the "hello" girls, and by the time he got San Francisco his mind was turbulent. Nevertheless telephone facilities in the Far West eventually bring about the desired connections, and Professor Mellins' heart beat rapturously as he recognized Dr. Endlin's voice over the wire.

"Yes, this is I, Mellins; am at Steamboat Springs, Nev. Big earthquake here last night. Springs went dry, but cracked another big fissure in earth's surface. Subterranean rumblings plainly audible. Come up at once; bring Professors Smith and Landers. Wonderful, I tell you—it's wonderful. Hurry!"

Dr. Endlin, the noted geologist, placed a deal of confidence in Prof. Mellins, and as he had felt the earthquake in San Francisco, he thought the professor certainly had due reason for his graphic phone message. "All right, Mellins, we'll be up in the morning."

"Greatest recent phenomenon, doctor, I guarantee you."

"Thank you, professor, will be glad to investigate it. See you in the morning. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Prof. Mellins paced nervously between the dry basin of the late queen of the springs and that fresh crevice at the tunnel. He heard with satisfaction the irregularly repeated rumbles, denoting unparalleled interior disturbances.

Hours will slip by, no matter how tedious the minutes hang. Dr. Endlin, with Profs. Smith and Landers and a couple of newspaper reporters, alighted the following morning from the bright yellow "V. & T." coaches. Prof. Mellins greeted them with delight, his ruddy face beaming as only a man's can who has played the stellar part in a commendable act.

Time was a valuable item to these scientists, and, directly after a light lunch, the party sallied forth to investigate the outbursts of Dame Nature. Prof. Mellins piloted them to the gaping hole where the madly boiling waters were so suddenly and completely engulfed. This ostensible fact duly impressed the learned men, and they examined everything in a practiced and professional manner.

"But we fail to hear the internal explosions, Prof. Mellins."

"Ah, that you soon will, Dr. Endlin; pray, accompany me up this hill, and I will conduct you to the spot."

Now various reports had spread rapidly and over a wide field in regard to this shaking up of the earth at Steamboat Springs. Accounts varied from a faint rumor describing a dried-up spring to the disappearance of the whole Steamboat station. It depended, of course, on the number of times the tale had been repeated. Curiosity got the better of a number of these good people, consequently the scientists beheld at least a score of men and women persistently following their wake.

The fissure still zigzagged into the tunnel; hot, vapory clouds hung over the crevice; but the activity of the steam jets could not be compared with those of the preceding day. Professor Mellins looked slightly crestfallen. The two prospectors, not having a reputation at stake, took a cheerier view of things. Besides, they were not excruciatingly eager to have their bonanza tunnel forever filled with steam and uncanny noises echoing through it. Therefore, after a few minutes spent in silently and fruitlessly endeavoring to catch a subterranean crash, one of the prospectors interceded with: "Well, Doc., this here phenom kinder goes by fits and starts, and it 'pears to be restin' betwixt a fit and a start right now; but just you wait a spell."

And they awaited a spell—nearly half an hour; long enough to disgust the simply curious, and several retraced their steps towards the hotel, letting fall rather uncomplimentary remarks about a "pack of fools." Even the patient Dr. Endlin strode back and forth somewhat perturbed in thinking about his fatiguing trip and the precious time wasted.

But the long-expected really happened. A fierce column of steam seethed up from the fissure, quickly succeeded by two lesser upheavals; then a rasping groan, drawn out in jerky notes, each more weird and penetrating than the foregoing. It created a big sensation—everybody looked at everybody else; the incredulous ones trembled, and the prospector, who uttered the suggestion "wait a spell," shouted out, "What'd I tell you!"

When the last vibrations of the surprising din died away, Prof. Mellins fairly hugged himself for joy. Dr. Endlin said nothing when pressed for an opinion. The lesser lights volunteered their private theories; those who had deserted in disgust appeared upon the scene once more.

An interval of quietude prevailed, and scarcely a sign of steam could be observed at the jagged rent in Mother Earth. Nevertheless, a dozen men had heard the unearthly racket; these were busily engaged in telling the others just how it sounded, and bidding them to remain and convince themselves of their incredulity.

It was this aggregation of humanity that caught the eye of Tim Murdock, who had been scanning the country all the way down from Virginia City for a sign or sight of the vagrant Beelzebub. Tim was not a man to let slip an opportunity of finding out a bit of news, and he reined his mule up the trail leading to the group of people at the tunnel's mouth.

"Pwhat's the disturbance, Hank?"

"It's you, is it, Tim? Disturbance, you say? Well, I wonder! If you never heard underground thunder, now's your chance."

"Faith, an' did yez have an airthquake here, Hank?"

"Sure, Tim. It's paralyzed our bonanza tunnel and locked up a roarin' fury inside of it, to boot."

"Who's the gintlemen with the specks and knowin' jibs?"

"Scientists, Tim, and they hail from some big institution of learning."

"B'jakers, an' yez are sthrictly in it wid yer little wan-house tunnel, ain't yez, Hank?"

And Hank nodded a ready acquiescence.

Tim had guided his mule directly in front of the tunnel; he halted here and gazed in open-eyed astonishment. The mule appeared unduly interested, too, pricked up his long ears and sniffed the air suspiciously. A spurt of steam was ejected from the crevice; it was a forerunner of several denser columns. Professors and all others drew near, expecting to hear the resultant rumble. It came; no so distinctly as formerly, but loud enough to startle them. A hush fell upon the throng. Man's significance seems infinitesimal when Nature's stupendous force asserts itself in a manner that indicates only a tithe of what she might do.

The hush was rudely broken—not by a commenting human voice, not by another internal clamor, but by a strident, grating cry issuing from the throat of Tim's mule. The bray of an ass is akin to the filing of many saws at once, and never an agreeable sound. This particular bray created all of this effect and more in addition. Although not exactly a repetition of the subterranean cannonading, there was much similiarity between the two.

"Holy mither of Moses! Yez gaping gawks. An' it's a foine thrick yer afther playin'! Underground thunder it is—is it? Him that shtuck me good mule Beelzebub inter that sweatin', shteamin' hole fer the iddificashun of blitherin' scientics will plaze to shtep out an' Oi'll paste his ugly mug!"

Prof. Mellins fell back against a convenient bank in a dazed condition. The noted Dr. Endlin's countenance reflected a sardonic sneer. Several derisive hoots passed the lips of the hereinbefore mentioned incredulous ones.

"Shtand back ye domned fools, an' let me rescue me poor darlint Belzie!"

Tim Murdock had leaped from his mule's back; he tore widly into the now comparatively clear atmosphere of the tunnel and disappeared from view.

Different emotions filled the breats of the different individuals. Dr. Endlin's face was a study; he glanced at the hopelessly dispirited Prof. Mellins, and seemed to pity him, yet he maintained a dignified and unapproachable aspect that best becomes a man of letters. The majority of the spectators chuckled, looked wise, and a number of "I told you so's" were overheard.

Two or three brave souls ventured a few feet within the tunnel; after ten minutes or so had elapsed, a commotion was heard in the darkened depths.

"Back, back, I tell ye! Back again, me Belzie! Och, an' it's a fool set of fools out there, Belzie! It's homesick yez are for a tunnel, acushla, me own. Back wance more, darlint!"

Slowly, carefully, surely, Tim Murdock steered his charge out of the treacherous tunnel. Once the sure-footed mule slipped, and his hind feet went down into the crack that made the tunnel's floor dangerous ground. Then, and only then, would Tim permit any of the "fools" to assist him.

When Belzie backed out into daylight it added the last straw to Prof. Mellins' undoing. He merely glanced at the unsightly animal, then slunk quickly down the hill. Dr. Endlin and his comrades could appreciate the ludicrous side of things, and smiled, laughed, and then finally roared, as they beheld the cause of the "subterranean rumblings, plainly audible."

Tim's riding animal welcomed Belzie with a prolonged bray. Belzie, bruised, famished, and with hugh patches of hair actually steamed from his hide, responded in a woe-begone groan. The warm-hearted Tim lavished endearing terms upon his unlucky Belzie; he procured a can of axle grease and liberally plastered this ointment over the mule's burns. Every now and again he would pause in these proceedings and let forth such a volley of strong language, "forninst the loikes of yez idiots," as almost guaranteed an immediate growth of new hair on Belzie's scalded limbs.

On the day following several prominent Western newspapers contained sensational and luridly ironical accounts of Prof. Mellins' brilliant phenomenon at Steamboat Springs. Prof. Mellins' pride forbade him appearing in public for months afterwards, and the bray of a mule is to him the most agonizing sound on earth.

GLOBE'S CIRCULATION

FOR MARCH.

[Advertisers will note that the average daily circulation for March is nearly 800 over that of February.]

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 March, 1901, was as follows:

Total for the month .. 582,900
Average per day 18,803

ERNEST P. HOPWOOD.

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

AT THE THEATERS.

METROPOLITAN.

The large advance sale for Anna Held's special matinee Wednesday afternoon and the number of changes from the nights to matinee tickets indicates that the extra performance will meet with popular approval.

The engagement of the Boston Lyric Opera company at the Metropolitan Thusday, Friday and Saturday of this week will be the last opportunity the St. Paul public will have to hear grand opera this season. Thursday night and Saturday matinee "Il Trovatore" will be presented. Friday "Carmen" will be the bill, and the engagement will close with "The Fencing Master" Saturday night.

The great United State Marine band, of Washington, since its reorganization under the act of congress March 3, 1899, is now the largest regular national or military or concert band in the world. It contains seventy-five members, who are under constant drill, rehearsing three hours a day under the direction of Lieut. William H. Santelmann, who is the best musican the band has ever had as leader. This is the official band of the White house, and plays for all the official doings at the capital. Besides appearing at all such functions, the band plays regularly three concerts per week for the general public, Wednesday at the Capitol, Thursday at Marine headquarters and Saturdays at the White house. The Marine band will give two concerts at the Metropolitan next Sunday.

GRAND.

"Because She Loved Him So," the comedy adapted from the French by William Gillette, is meeting with splendid favor at the Grand, and is one of the most delightful comedies seen here in some time. The first afternoon performance of the engagement occurs tomorrow at 2:30.

The Grand's attraction the coming week is the most unique organization of Lilliputians ever gathered together in an up-to-date American musical comedy.

STAR.

The Tammany Buruesquers and New York Stars duplicated their opening success at both performances at the Star yesterday. The double company is not only the largest, but one of the very best seen at this popular house this season.

STATE PRESS COMMENT.

Only Opium Joints Barred.

Breckenridge Telegram.

Different towns draw the line on different things. In Minneapolis they will not allow opium joints, but all other "joints" go.

Trust to H. P. Hall.

Sleepy Eye Herald.

Gov. Van Sant has appointed a Pan-American commission consisting of H. P. Hall and two other men. As long as Hall is on the committee the people of Minnesota do not care who the rest of the committee is. He is as versatile as can be, and we Minnesotans can rest assured old Hall will see that our state will have a good exhibit at Buffalo.

Mr. Hill's Push.

New Ulm News.

James J. Hill, of the Great Northern railroad, whatever else may be said of him, has the genuine Minnesota "snap" in him. He has made contracts to land California oranges in Chicago by way of Seattle in ten days, while the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads require sixteen days.

Reed, the Statesman.

Willmar Tribune.

Let's see—this Thomas B. Reed, now conducting a law case down in Tennessee—wasn't there a national politician of his name once?—Sauk Rapids Free Press.

No, had he been a politician he would have smothered his convictions, and followed his party blindly in its reckless abandonment of the principles of popular government. But he was a statesman, and preferred to retire rather than sacrifice his convictions.

Seed Grain Loans.

Crookston Times.

Ottertail county decided that it would follow the example of Polk, and so has turned down the applications for seed grain loans. Seven of the northern counties have asked for portions of the fund, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of $25,000. They are Pope, Hubbard, Kittson, Becker, Norman, Marshall and Douglass. None of the southern counties are seeking aid.

The Republican Machine.

Winnebago Press News.

The political firm of Schiffmann, Warner & Reese continue to run affairs in St. Paul. They are obviously the legatee of the old and once famous Clough "machine." It has, under their guiding hands, been perfected and brought up-to-date, so to speak. In the interest of truth it must be confessed that this trio of worthies understand better how to run a "political machine" than did the old engineer, Bill Merriam, for so thick are the hides of Eli Warner and Dar Reese that they do not appear to be even conscious of the roar now being made by the decent element of the Republican party all over the state against their tactics.

Blow to New Jersey.

Red Lake County Courier.

Senator Daly has introduced a bill, which, if passed, will be a death blow to the New Jersey corporation dodge. The effect of the bill is to compel corporations that hereafter apply for a license to do business in this state to show that they are incorporated under the laws of the state in which the principal part of their business is done and will prevent such corporations from filing their articles in states with laws favorable to their interests regardless of where they do business—if they expect to do business in Minnesota.