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The St. Paul Globe

OFFICIAL PAPER, CITY OF ST. PAUL.

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MONDAY, MAY 27, 1901.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

Annually real estate is sold for non-payment of delinquent taxes. To the person who purchases property at the tax sale is issued a tax certificate. The sale is made by the county auditor. The procedure is technical and strict compliance with the law is exacted.

To induce persons to invest in tax certificates, the law provides for the refundment of the money in the event that the courts declare the tax sale void. To entitle a person to such refundment three conditions are requisite:

1. The person applying for the refundment must be the holder of the certificate when he applies for refundment.

2. He must not be in possession of the real property himself or through others.

3. He must present, surrender and cancel the certificate and deliver it to the county auditor.

After considerable other formality he is entitled to receive a warrant from the county auditor for the amount of the refundment, drawn on the county treasurer.

Since W. R. Johnson, the present county auditor, has been in office not less than $110,000 cash had been paid out on such transactions.

It was the duty of the county auditor, when any such application was filed, to see that the applicant was the owner of the certificate. It was his duty, before he issued the warrant, to procure the surrender of the certificate. It was his duty, before he issued the warrant to procure an assignment of the certificate, if the same was recorded. It was his duty, before the commissioners certified to the application, to inform them that the applicant was not the holder of the certificate.

The auditor at all times had the records before him.

Gen. Pope charges that during the month covered by his investigation, numerous parties filed with the county auditor applications claiming to be holders of tax certificates, when they were not, and obtained warrants from him, to which they were not entitled to, without surrendering the certificates, and obtained money on the warrants from the county treasurer, amounting to many thousands of dollars; in some instances procured and surrendered the certificates, not before, but only after, and with the money obtained from the treasurer, and in several instances the certificates have never been surrendered.

If Gen. Pope's charges are true, the parties who obtained such money are guilty of felony. If Gen. Pope's charges can be sustained, the county auditor (if a party to the transaction) is also guilty of felony and has forfeited his office.

This is not a question of Republicanism or Democracy, but a matter which affects the taxpayers—and party considerations must not enter into this perplexed, yet plain state of affairs.

Gen. Pope is the public examiner of this state. In his report he charges Mr. Johnson to be guilty of malfeasance or nonfeasance in office.

It becomes the legal duty of the governor, under section 894 of the General Statutes, to appoint special commissioners to examine into such charges.

The public is entitled to know whether Mr. Pope's charges are true or not. Gen. Pope's report was filed over a week ago, yet no such commission has been appointed.

The grand jury of Ramsey county was in session and adjourned to June 3 without taking any action in the matter.

It would be a public scandal to allow such grave charges against the county auditor and some of his deputies and clerks and the men who have profited by the alleged swindling operation to pass without a judicial investigation.

Our courts, county attorney and grand jury should take judicial notice of this matter without delay. No other action will satisfy the aroused public sentiment.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

It seems that the public have no rights which the average corporation is bound to respect. Liberties are taken with the public streets in St. Paul by the street car company and the paving contractors which would be tolerated for about a day in other cities of this size. It is no unusual sight to see whole blocks of street torn up for weeks, while the street car company or the paving contractors are making ready for some proposed improvement. Is there any care taken to accomodate this condition to the needs of the public? Are the obstructions reduced to a minimum? Is the necessary work of repair hastened where it is seen that the public inconvenience is great? Never. The principle on which this corporation and these contractors act is "the public be damned."

For nearly two months Wabasha and West Seventh streets have been torn up for blocks and every crossing as well as the streets rendered impassable. Instead of constructing temporary crossings while this work is going on the contractors have taken specific pains to do the other thing. Sections of snow fence are placed at the crossings to warn the public that the street is in the hands of the street car company and the omnipotent contractors. More than this, the pedestrians are prevented from crossing by material and rubbish piled at the street intersections. The sidewalks along the invaded streets are not even exempt, but are used for dumping grounds for gravel, rock, broken planks and every conceivable thing that will embarrass the unfortunate being who is compelled to use the streets. Why is this allowed? Why are not these autocrats compelled to take a section of a street at a time and finish it? Yes, it would be more trouble for the contractors, but it would be a decided relief to the general public.

SOUTH CAROLINA TO THE FRONT.

There is to be war in South Carolina—war to the death, between the champions of the old and the new Democracy. The term new Democracy is employed simply to designate the political cult which Senator McLaurin has invented and follows himself.

It would appear from the face of the papers, that Senator McLaurin, looking over the vast sea of Republican majorities, saw no hope for his Democratic sail, not even a safe harbor to anchor in, concluded to abandon his ship and take to the water. At present writing his judgment seems to have been of the poorest. During the last session of congress he allied himself with the worst element of the Republican party in the senate. He was a stanch supporter of the Hanna-Payne ship subsidy bill and the Davis amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. He was with the crowd which opposed reciprocity and openly favored the worst form of imperialism. That this was done to make himself solid with the administration and the powers that be, no one doubts. From his recent utterances on the economic situation in the South and the demands of the future, one must conclude that he is not only shallow but ignorant, unless he be acknowledged as dishonest. It is true, that circumstances have been working against him. He had scarcely committed himself to his present policy when the change in the sentiment in the Republican ranks began to manifest itself. Had he been farsighted enough to anticipate this change he could have held his old support and still been in line with the Republican reformers, but he made the mistake of flopping at just the wrong time and now he has gone too far to retrace his steps. Tillman has forced from him an agreement to resign and appeal to the people. This will bring the strenuous Tillman and the fake reformer to the center of the stage. The contest will be of national importance as it will be a war between one Democrat advocating what the Republicans have about agreed to discard and another Democrat advocating what has always been the tenets of the faith and which the Republicans are about to adopt as their own. McLaurin wants his party to renounce its record and take the place of the Republican party twenty years ago. Will they do it?

Revision or not revision, that's the question.

This is a bad time for the divine healers. Dowie is in the tolls of the criminal law and now Mrs. Eddy is sued for $150,000 for libel.

If the supreme court should happen to hand down its decision in the insular cases today, we will lay ten to one that someone will be very much surprised. The Globe will reserve its comments on the decision until it knows what it is.

The German public is becoming tired of the infernal clack about China and demands that the emperor withdraw the troops and allow a settlement of the indemnity. As there is no longer any hope of a partition of the empire, Waldersee has concluded to make his bow and retire.

Manila is rapidly becoming Americanized. Two army officers haves carcely been convicted, sentenced and sent over the road, when four more arrests are made which promise another crop of commissioned criminals. If this keeps on there will be no need to reduce the fighting force of the army.

Senator McLaurin concluded to abandon his party just at the time when the people had concluded to come to his help. Mr. McLaurin have you met Mr. Babcock, of Wisconsin? Mr. Babcock is a very pleasant gentleman. You will be able to get some valuable pointers on the general political situation from him.

The truth is out at last. It was not the treatment of the Christian Scientists, nor Col. Olcott, of India, nor the prayers of the church that cured Mrs. McKinley, but sodium chloride, ordinary common salt, that did the business. After all the talk about the occult sciences, when it comes to sustaining life we all are of the earth, earthy.

What if Tillman and McLaurin should both be left out in the cold, cold world? When Tom Platt was on earth the first time, he and the great Conklin resigned to be vindicated. That is to say, Conklin resigned for the purpose of being vindicated, and Platt said, "me too." The fate which these two distinguished senators from New York met at the hands of the legislature may be served up to the two no less distinguished senators from South Carolina, at the hands of the people.

Carnegie had better come home. The Britishers are unable to understand him. His gift to the Scotch universities has aroused their aristocratic wrath. The noble lairds don't want a common American ironmonger to educate their sons. Well, well, that is too bad! We have not noticed any disposition on the part of the sons of the noble lords to refuse an American heiress with her money, no matter how that money was accumulated.

A unique, but we may infer a very useful, association has been formed in England. It is known as the Husbands' Protective association. Men whose wives are addicted to the liquor habit have combined for mutual consolation and defense. This association would flourish like a green bay tree if transplanted to American soil. David Nation would be the first to sign the chapter and ought to be made first president, with Mr. Lease, also of Kansas, as his successor. Then would come the husbands of the active whisky women in the W. C. T. U. and anti-canteen crusaders. There are two sides to this temperance question, and a woman may be addicted to intoxicants without imbibing them.

The president, upon the advice of the attorney general, has pardoned Alexander McKenzie, the latter having purged himself of contempt of court by restoring to the rightful owners the property he unlawfully held as receiver. The state of Mr. McKenzie's health no doubt had much to do with the action of the president. The offense for which he was committed was a grave one, involving the dignity and power of the federal courts. When a man refuses to obey the orders of a court he must expect to suffer the consequences. The next chapter in this story of the far Northwest will be told when the case of the unrighteous judge, Noyes, is taken up. There are chapters, however, in this volume of intrigue which will never be put in print—the actors are occupying too high a station.

The administration has concluded to submit a proposition of a canal treaty to England, guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal. The consistant adherence of the administration of the policy of a neutral canal speaks volumes for the statesmanship of Secretary Hay. His action throughout these canal negotiations have been marked with a dignity and farsightedness seldom found among those whom we are wont to regard as public leaders. The jingoism which was called into play to help defeat the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was entirely lost on the astute secretary. He knew his object and he also knew that the senate would be obliged to recede from the ridiculous position it placed itself in by passing the Davis amendment.

AT THE THEATERS.

METROPOLITAN.

An audience entirely incommensurate with the merits of the play and the players, witnessed, at the Metropolitan last night, the first presentation in St. Paul, of Clyde Fitch's drama, "Nathan Hale." The play is a strong one. It commands attention not by a succession of climaxes—although the playwright's fondness for effecting these, even at the expense of detail and probability, is as evident in "Nathan Hale" as in any of his other plays—but by the humanness breathed into the story. Nathan Hale is not a regulation hero. He does not stand aloof as one who feels himself set apart for greater things. He indulges in no heroics. In the first act, indeed, he does not appear in a dignified attitude at all. He is teacher of the district school, very much in love with one of his pupils, very anxious to disclose that love at every opportunity. As a member of the council at Col. Knowlton's house he modestly takes a back seat and when he offers to break through the British lines, the offer is so simply made that it is doubly impressive. The third act is the most dramatic in the play. Hale has managed to pass successfully through the British lines and join a party of British officers who are making life merry at a tavern. One of the officers, who is in love with Hale's sweetheart, Alice Adams, recognizes him, but fails in his efforts to get Hale to betray himself. By a successful ruse he manages to bring the girl to the tavern, but she has been warned before and does not recognize him. It is a servant, Jasper, who does th's. Hale manages to effect the escape of his sweetheart. He himself is condemned to death. The fourth act is uncomfortably sad. The first scene where Hale takes leave to his sweetheart is so somber, that it was almost a relief last night when the tent in which Hale had been sitting was lifted suddenly from the stage and disappeared in the wings above. The lights had not been turned off when it was time to change the scene, hence the contretemps. The last scene shows the orchard and the gallows on which the patriot is to be hanged. The officer asks the prisoner if he has any last word, and he makes the memorable reply, "My only regret is that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The company is a well balanced one. Howard Kyle's presentation of the character of Hale only increases one's reverence for the young hero. Mr. Kyle's acting is not finished, but his conception of the part is excellent. Miss Jessie Izett was satisfactory as Alice Adams. Perhaps there was more giggling in the first and second acts than is excusable even in a school girl, but she atoned for this by her dignity in the following acts. Antoinette Walker, a Dresden China maiden, with a piquant nose and an adorable manner, played the part of Angelina Knowlton. George A. D. Johnson was excellent as Lieut. Col. Knowlton, as was John Miles as Cunningham.

The play will be repeated the first half of the week with Wednesday matinee.

GRAND.

"At Valley Forge," as presented at the Grand last night by the author, W. L. Roberts, and a fairly well balanced company, made a hit, especially with the balcony and the patrons of the gallery. The play is a colonial drama, around a love story, of the Revolutionary war, and contains several stirring climaxes. This is only the sixth week that the play has been puoduced, and Mr. Roberts is making several minor changes in it so as to make it more acceptable to his patrons.

As in all dramas of this kind, there is a hero, and Mr. Roberts himself takes the part of Capt. Wilford Fairfax, a continental officer, in a very creditable manner. Miss Olive Martin, as Virginia Preston, the heroine in the play, is fairly good, but her reading is indistinct. As Dr. Obediah Willard, a suitor for the hand of Tabby Westbrooke, an aunt of the heroine, L. C. Ingraham is very good, while the part of the aunt is cleverly taken by Letta Allen. F. Fred Jones is acceptable as Maj. Henry Carlton, a redcoat officers, who is the villain in the play.

The play will continue during the balance of the week, with the usual matinees and a special matinee on Decoration day.

STAR.

Mabel Hazelton's Burlesque company is considerably above the average of the attractions as they have been grading of late at the Star. The specialties, which make up an unusually long olio, are excellent, as a rule, and the action is lively throughout. The burlesque sketches, which open and close the show, are old variety stand-bys, to be sure, but they are given a new guise. Julia Natus, in both of them, showed considerable ability as a comedinne. Just to show her versatility, she played a double bass tuba with good volume. Mlle. Beatrice performed some difficult contortion feats. Miss Lulu Darrell was another whose scope of accomplishments had a wide stretch. She sang a contralto solo, and afterwards turned up in a Roman ring act which required great physical strength. Pete Griffin's eccentric dance made a great hit. Hoyt and Clark managed to work up considerable fun with their rapid-fire dialogue. Fisher and Clark presented an acrobatic and song and dance specialty that had the merit of novelty. The best feature of the performance, however, was a musical turn by the Simpsons, James and Flora. The former actually made the xylophone do duty as a musical instrument. Miss Hazelton herself is a typical soubrette, but is, at least, vivacious and entertaining.

THE GOLDEN CROSS.

A large and appreciative audience greeted the Mozart club artists at last night's performance of the German opera, "Das Goldene Kreuz" (The Golden Cross), at Mozart hall, and the liberal applause each song and chorus received was well merited.

It would be unfair to single out any one of the artists for special commendation, unless it be Mr. P. J. Giesen, in the role of Sergeant Bombardon, who received the most liberal applause. Mrs. P. Zumbach, as Christine, and Mrs. G. J. Rank, as Theresa, the miller's bride, faultlessly rendered their parts, vocally as well as in their interpretation of the lover's tender passion, which is no less true of Messrs. Theodore Lienau and Martin Giesen, in the roles of the nobleman and the mill owner, respectively.

The enunciation was remarkably plain and clear, and the rendition of the solos, duets, quartettes and choruses was admirable.

The whole performance was highly enjoyable, every one concerned seeming to take special pains and pride in the success of the opera, and it redounds very creditably to the membership of the Mozart club.

STORIES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

A young man who had just entered the office of Jeremiah Mason, the great New Hampshire legal luminary, to study law, asked him where he should begin. Mason, pointing to the books on the library shelves, answered laconically: "Anywhere."

* * *

Andrew Carnegie is fond of quoting the witty remark made by an old friend of his in Pittsburg, who for some time held the record for fast horses, but was one day beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would re-establish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already gone past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman, wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer, and said: "Look here, stranger—you've shown me 'have beens,' and you've let me see your 'going to-be's,' but what I am here for is an 'iser.'"

* * *

Apropos of the mention of betting on the height of dinner-tables, a correspondent of Free Lance relates the following story of a wily biter who was badly bit: "There was a certain Major X, who had for some years enjoyed the reputation of being one of the wildest men in India. Making a call on one occasion on a mess, he found Capt. Z, whom he wanted out, but the mess-waiter assured him that the latter would soon return, wherefore he waited in the anteroom. A few minutes later, the mess sergeant, happening to pass the window, noticed to his surprise that Maj. X had passed into the mess room beyond and was applying a tape measure to the mess table. Naturally considering this an odd proceeding, he mentioned it later on in the day to Capt. Z, who took counsel and then begged a favor of the colonel, which was to allow an inch to be sawn off the table legs. In due course Maj. X was invited to dinner, and the mess was there to a man. As was expected, during dessert he contrived to lead the conversation on to guessing heights, and from that to offering to bet on the present mahogany was but a step. They took him on, from colonel down to the youngest sub—even the padre could not resist the temptation to chastise the unrighteous, and ventured his mite. The challenger bet first, just an eighth of an inch beyond the old height, and then the mess, in rotation, guessed exactly the same, and all guessed exactly right. He was done completely."

* * *

Porter Wright, who was a servant in the employ of Daniel Webster, says the great statesman's sense of humor was infinite. On one occasion a man presented a bill to him for payment. "Why," said Webster, "I have paid that bill before." The neighbor assured him that he was mistaken. "All right, then; call again in the morning and I will settle with you." As soon as the man was gone, Webster called his son Fletcher, and told him to look over his papers and see if he could not find a receipted bill. To the surprise of both, two receipted bills were found, showing that the bill had been paid twice. Webster put the receipts in his pocket and said nothing. In the morning the neighbor returned for the money. Webster took his seat under the old elm, and ordered Wright to bring out the decanter. Filling the glass to the brim, he handed it to the man and told him to drink. Webster then began: "Mr. Blank, do you keep books?" The man assured him that he did not. "Then I would advise you to do so," said Webster, and pulling one of the receipts from his pocket handed it to him. The man was covered with confusion, while Webster continued: "And while you are about it you had better get a bookkeeper who understands double-entry!" at the same time handing him another receipt. "Now," said Webster, "I am going to pay this bill just once more, but I assure you, upon my word of honor, that I will not pay it the fourth time."

* * *

In his volume of reminiscences, "The Eccentricities of Genius," Maj. Pond tells the following story of Clara Louise Kellogg: "On our arrival at St. Paul, while waiting in the hotel parlors to be assigned to our rooms, William, our pianotuner, came to me with tears running down his face. He was in deep distress. He must leave us at once and go back to New York. His brother had died. Miss Kellogg, seeing the poor fellow, immediately came to his relief. 'What is it, William?' she asked. 'My brother is dead. I must go home.' 'When did he die?' asked Miss Kellogg. 'I did not get the letter until just now. It has been mailed from Omaha. He has been dead two weeks.' Miss Kellogg tried to persuade him that he could be of no assistance in hurrying home now, that in a short time we would all be back, and he would be better off to remain with the company. Besides, we could not spare him, as there was no one to take his place. He was persistent, being a superstitious young German. Miss Kellogg said at last: 'Now; William, come with me.' She walked out with him to a dry goods store, bought a piece of black crepe, and tied it on his arm in a very elaborate bow. She made him get a silk hat and have it trimmed with crepe. In half an hour William was back among us, decorated in full mourning and completely consoled. The entire company were sympathizing with him. He was almost happy, and the rest of us were satisfied and pleased."

Specimen Menu.

(Use gas for cooking).

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Cereal, Cream,
Smoked White Fish, Potato Cakes.
Baking Powder Biscuit, Coffee,

LUNCH.

Deviled Crabs, Broiled Tomatoes,
Lettuce Mayonnaise,
Wafers, Cheese,
Cereal Coffee.

DINNER.

Spinach Soup,
Veal Pot Pie, Boiled Rice,
Hot Spiced Beets, String Beans,
Rhubarb Jelly, with Prunes,
Coffee.
(Use gas for cooking).

Doesn't Think It's Serious.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Senator Foraker has not thought it necessary to reach for the fire alarm and have the hose turned on the Hanna boom.

POLITICS OF THE STATE.

The Lamberton Star complains of outsiders meddling in the political affairs of the new Seventh district, and says that the Seventh can attend to its own business as she has some of the "best politicians in the state.

This is certainly a true statement, but it is rather a frank one for so strong a partisan organ to make. It is not generally considered a very great honor to be classed as a "politician," and it is a fact that most politicians, such as those seeking the congressional nomination in the Seventh district, prefer to be called "statesmen," rather than by their true names. Messrs. Ed Young, Frank Eddy, Dowling and Lynden A. Smith, ought to prevail on the Star to either change its views or be less candid in its editorial expressions.

* * *

The reticence with which residents of the Eighth congressional district, especially those who live in the Duluth vicinity, talk of the next nominee for congress, shows that Page Morris is still after the place, providing a new judgeship is not created for him. If Morris fails on the bench proposition, he is in the field for his old place again. For an office-seeker the bench job would be far better, as it would involve no such chances as having to run for re-election every two years does. Realizing this, Morris' friends are striving zealously to provide him with this new crib.

* * *

It is quite impossible to obtain any expression of sentiment from a Morris Duluthian as to the candidacy of Adam Bede. They prefer to talk of other subjects when this one is broached. Adam is building some pretty high fences, it is said, and this is one reason for the intense anxiety on the part of the Morris faction. No one appreciates the fact better than his closest friend, that Page Morris will be a great deal weaker man in the new Eighth district than he was in the old Sixth. Besides this, to be pitted against Bede or a man of his character in a primary election, would be fatal to Page.

* * *

"Van Sant is throwing bait toward some of those whom he turned down and toward committees where he had friends in time of need. It is the old story, governor. You permitted your cabinet to run things until the darkness about you made the garden of the state house a dismal desert, so far as friends and trusty advisers are concerned, and now, when too late, you holler for your benefactors upon whom you turned your back at the dictation of de gang. Stick to your advisers, governor. It is useless for you to even hope that lightning can again strike you as it accidentally did in November, last year."

The above originated in the Le Sueur News, a Republican organ, and was reprinted by the Battle Lake Review, another Republican organ. With such frank and unmodified concession on the part of stanch party papers, it must certainly be a hopeless campaign which Gov. Van Sant looks out upon for 1902. "It is useless for you to even hope." That is decidedly emphatic. With the remainder of the sentence it can simply mean that the governor's election last fall was the merest accident, and that it will be safely guarded against in the fall of 1902. Must be comforting to come from one's own partisans.

* * *

"The railroad and warehouse commission seems to be making an exceptional record for the diligence with which it does not transact the public business.—Elk River Star-News.

Former Speaker Dare, in the above utterance, voices the sentiment of an overwhelming number of respectable Republicans in Minnesota. It will be interesting to note whether or not the Republican press will be as candid when the time comes to again elect a railroad and warehouse commission.

* * *

Congressman Heatwole's manifest displeasure with the Van Sant regime, which has become so evident since he has reassumed editorial charge of his Northfield News, is leading some pro-Van Sant, that is, pro-ring, papers to accuse Mr. Heatwole of wanting to run for governor. It is very improbable that Heatwole, even if this be true, has any desire or intention of running for governor in 1902. Not as long as there are such sacrificial comrades as the present incumbent on hand.

STATE PRESS COMMENT.

Red Lake Falls Gazette: The weather of the past four weeks could not have been better if it had been made to order, and the result is No. 1 crop prospects.

Morris Tribune: The boomlet for Mark Hanna for president in 1904 has been started, but although Hanna is undoubtedly a man of ability, he is too near some of the obnoxious money interests of the country to ever be an "available" candidate.

Pipestone County News: The secretary of a theosophist club out West cannot call a meeting because he has lost the list of names and addresses of members. This couldn't have happened in Mme. Blavatsky's time. She would have had the list materialized and all fall from the ceiling.

McIntosh Times: By carefully protecting the lumber industry at the expense of the home builders we have managed to denude our forests and make a few practical timber thieves rich. Now Canada has the forests and we are considering ways and means of re-foresting the country.

Graceville Enterprise: The newspaper men of Hubbard county have formed an association for the protection of their interests. If all the papers in every county in the state would imitate the example set it would add greatly to the fraternal and financial ends of the business.

Sleepy Eye Herald: Some more frauds in the commissary department have been discovered among the United States army at Manila. The commanding officers ought to deport a few more Rices and thus keep the frauds from being disclosed. Still you can't make some people believe that this war is not in the interest of humanity.

Stevens County Review: It won't hurt the country very much, even though the Wall street men have robbed each other to a standstill.

Chippewa County Herald: Is Lord Salisbury whistling to keep his courage up or is he losing his senses? Only one of these two alternatives can explain his recent extraordinary declaration that the Boer war has convinced the world of England's might.

Rush City Post: In the death of State Entomologist Otto Lugger the state looses a valuable champion who has given earnest research to the study of botany and insects and was a distinguished and ardent student.

Annandale Advocate-Post: Crops never looked better, and no one is idle that wants work. Men are scarce at $2 per day on short jobs.

Appleton Press: In regard to the parole of the Younger brothers from Stillwater some of the country papers seem to think Judge Start has something startling up his sleeve and the parole may not be forthcoming.

Menahga Messenger: Aguinaldo will probably be turned loose before long. His fangs were drawn long ago, and he is now little more than a has-been.

Braham Journal: Representatives Pope and Stark, of the Chisago-Pine-Kanabec district are both up against some of their bailiwick, and both have been promised six feet of political soil for a grave.

Joked the General.

Baltimore Sun.

An interesting story of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, of Tennessee, is told by R. S. Owen, of Brookwood, Ala., who rode with Wheeler in the Civil war. Gen. Pillow, says Mr. Owen, had the reputation of being a good officer, and in his younger days, during the Mexican war, was noted for his splendid personal appearance, especially when on parade. He was said to be rather pompous in his manner, so that he was not infrequently alluded to in private conversation as "Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, by —!" On one occasion during that war at an inspection he encountered the division of a regiment of Texas Rangers. Mounted on a magnificent horse and clothed in all the splendor of a new uniform, he was careering down the lines when the rangers began to jeer him: "Whoa! Stop him! Hold them reins! Whoa!" This was too much for his philosophy. Halting abruptly in front of the regiment, he lifted his hand for silence and, rising in his stirrups, exclaimed: "I am Gen. Gideon J. Pillow. I am an officer and a man! And I will be respected!" And then from away off came another jeer, followed by a roar of laughter all along the line: "Respect that man! Respect that man! Respect that ma-an!"

How to Eat Apples.

C. W. Radcliffe Cook.

Apples, to be really beneficial, should be eaten as children eat them, rind and all, and in sufficient quantities to be satisfying. The man who, first paring off the skin, and with it the best part of the flesh, dallies with the residue of an apple after dinner, is no true apple lover. I believe that the ferment germs which reside on the skin of the fruit and play the most prominent part in the conversion of the expressed juice of the vintage varieties into cider, are themselves aids to digestion. Certain it is that to those who are accustomed to them, and who eat them skin and all, no fruits are so easy of digestion as apples.

500-Mile Coaching Race.

A notable incident connected with the Pan-American exposition programme is to be a coaching tour, starting from New York and ending at the Stadium at the Pan-American grounds. The attempt will be made to break the four-in-hand long-distance coaching record. The distance by road to Buffalo is about 401 miles. The tour will be made in relays, and the finish will be at the Stadium, where the automobile race will also finish. The event is exciting much interest abroad, and many in London and Paris are likely to pay a visit to the United States and the Pan-American especially on account of their interest in this event.

LITERARY NOTES.

Wheat speculation, love and business are the motives of a great serial story by Merwin-Webster, authors of "The Short-Line War," which will be begun in the Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

Max Pemberton's new book, "Zoe," in the form of six connected short stories, is to be published in Pearson's Magazine, the first of the series appearing in the July number. In the same issue will also be published the first chapters of H. G. Wells' new novel, "The Sea Lady." Both of these stories will be profusely illustrated in the magazine.

Mr. Wallace Rice, who has written the new book on "Animals" which Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. are bringing out, has an enviable standing as a literary critic. He writes very rapidly—usually at the rate of 3,000 words a day—and with little alteration.

"In Far Bohemia," one of Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland's one-act plays, was recently performed with great success by the students of the University of California.

Basil King, the musical name of the author of "Griselda," is said to be the pseudonym of a clergyman who is well known in Cambridge and lucky enough to be exceedingly popular with the students at Harvard.

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, the author of "The Idle-Born," is now at work upon quite a different kind of a novel. It is a story of the Franco-Prussian war—the result of the most careful study and research. Mr. Taylor is fortunately not afraid of work, and he is going into this serious effort with an enthusiasm which should carry him far. Yet he is possessed of a delightful sense of humor which keeps him from taking himself or his work too seriously.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven is so well known through her own magnetism and the fame of her husband that the appearance of her new novel, "By the Waters of Babylon," is a fact of some moment. For her subject she has abandoned society and its gay frivolities and made a study of ancient manners and customs. Babylon, the lost and unforgotten, is the scene of her spirited action, and it makes a brilliant setting for a diversified and very human group of characters.

Funk & Wagnell's promised publications include: "Tarry Till I Come, or Salathiel, the Wandering Jew," by George Croly, with introduction by Gen. Lew Wallace; "Man's Peerless Destiny," by John W. Sarles; "In Deep Abyss," by Georges Ohnet, translated by Fred Rothwell, B. A.

A. S. Barnes will publish in book form selections from the essays, which, under the title "Home Thoughts" have attracted favorable atention in the New York Evening Post, of whose Saturday supplement they have been a feature.

Size of Raindrops.

London Science Siftings.

A painstaking meteorologist has undertaken the laborious task of measuring the dimensions of raindrops. He finds that the largest are about one-sixth of an inch, the smallest one-five-hundredths of an inch in diameter. They are larger in the summer than in the winter, and larger in hot than in cold climates. The size of the drop when it reaches the earth depends on the height from which it has fallen. In summer the lower strata of air are warmer than in winter, and therefore clouds are formed at a greater height. The drops falling form these clouds, therefore, are larger than the winter drops.

Would Have a Treat.

An old darky went to Memphis the other day to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to $11, the old ex-slave sauntered down Front street to a produce house and bought three crates of cabbage. When they were delivered at the wharf that afternoon the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good time ahead. "Whut yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbages?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them. "Eat 'em," was the quick response. "I'se bin free forty years and dis is de first time I'se had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I'se gwine ter eat cabbage till I furgit de way ter my mouf."

Not Possible Before That.

Philadelphia Record.

The poetess of passion had submitted her verses to the publisher. "They are hot stuff," he remarked. "Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed; "when will they appear?" "Just as soon," said the publisher, "as we can perfect a system of printing upon asbestos paper and can afford to give a hand grenade as a premium with each book."

THE MAN BEHIND THE PEN.

Morning, evening, early and late,
Rain, or sunshine, or snow,
Behold our friend of the fourth estate
In the hives of Newspaper Row!
Who so tireless day by day?
Who so modest of men?
Who so young, tho' his head be gray?
The man behind the pen.

Headache, heartache, merry or sad,
True to his chosen trust,
Recording the deeds of the good and the bad,
Gentle, generous, just.
Happy-go-lucky, fond of good-cheer,
Little to show for it when
He balances books at the end of a year—
The man behind the pen.

Popular idols! Children of fame!
Which of you pauses to think
That most of the glory encircling your name
Was born of printer's ink?
Towns turn out—the people shout
With rapture ecstatic—ah, then
Remember the wizard who brought it about—
The man behind the pen.

Morning, evening, early and late,
Rain, or sunshine, or snow,
Behold our friend of the fourth estate
In the hives of Newspaper Row!
Who so tireless day by day?
Who so modest of men?
Who so young though his head be gray—
The man behind the pen.
—Magennis Iveagh in Leslie's Weekly.

GLOBE'S CIRCULATION

FOR APRIL.

[Advertisers may remember that the average daily circulation for December last was 17,201. For April last it was 19,060. Therefore an increase of nearly 2,000 has been made since the beginning of the current year.]

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 April, 1901, was as follows:—

Total for the month..571,800
Average per day.....19,060

ERNEST P. HOPWOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of April, 1901.

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

FURTHER PROOF IS READY.

The Globe invites anyone and everyone 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.

Song of the First Minnesota

Just forty years ago yesterday the First Minnesota regiment, encamped at Fort Snelling, marched into the city and paraded the down town streets, the occasion being the presentation of a flag to the regiment by the ladies of the state. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. Alex. Ramsey. As the boys marched, clad in a uniform, the most conspicuous feature of which were their red flannel shirts, they sang that famous song, composed by three members of the regiment, "Fort Snelling is the Happy Land of Canaan." After a day of feasting the regiment marched to the river and went back to the fort by boat. As the boat wound up the stream the faint murmur of the song came back, "Fort Snelling is the Happy Land of Canaan." The song is as follows:

When the ladies come to court
The soldiers at the fort
On days when we are all out a-trainin'
We look so fine and gay
That the little darlings say
Fort Snelling is the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
Snelling is the happy land of Canaan.
Our lives would be merry
But for the commissary,
We wish that in hell he was trainin'
For the rations are so poor,
That the soldier boys are sure,
He will never reach the happy land of Canaan.

We love our sweethearts dear,
And our mothers we revere,
In tears we have left them remainin'
Our safe return to wait,
But if otherwise our fate,
May we meet them in the happy land of Canaan.
Chorus.

Jeff Davis at the South
Will be frothing at the mouth,
When he hears that we're up here a-trainin',
But our gallant Colonel Gorman,
Will march us some fine mornin'
And we'll ship him to the happy land of Canaan.
Chorus.

Their Wives and McGoffins
Have advertised for coffins
For to put us when in battle we are slain in,
But we'll put the traitors soon
In a mighty big balloon,
And send them to the happy land of Canaan.
Chorus.

Our colonel is true blue,
And his gallant captains too,
The major and staff that sustain him,
They will lead us when we go
To fight the Southern foe,
To glory o'er the happy land of Canaan.
Chorus.

We love our country wide,
And its banner is our pride,
We have pledged our lives to sustain 'em,
If we perish in the cause
Of the Union and the laws,
We are sure of the happy land of Canaan.
Chorus.

The song was composed by Major Martin McGinnis, who a short time ago was appointed to succeed Senator Clark, of Montana, when the latter was denied a seat in the senate chamber, and M. A. Hoyt and R. N. Bevans, two St. Paul boys. The three young men were members of Company F. To W. H. Hoyt, a brother of M. A. Hoyt, the Globe is indebted for the song, the reading of which by most old soldiers has long since been forgotten.

FROM THE EXCHANGES.

The Lesser Evil.

Chicago Chronicle.

Possibly the talk about a third term for Mr. McKinley grows out of the proposition now receiving considerable serious attention to make Mark A. Hanna president in fact.

But the Creditors Have.

Washington Star.

Mr. Zimmerman has been trying to compromise the Duke of Manchester's debts at 50 cents on the dollar, and the duke's ancestral pride has not revolted a particle.

Not a Laughing Matter.

Milwaukee News.

With the mantle of the administration upon his shoulders, Mr. Hanna's presidential aspirations are very remote from anything approaching a joke.

One Eye on It.

Cleveland Recorder.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mark Hanna says he is not a candidate for president he is watching the progress of his boomlet with great interest.

Unnecessary Words.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Quay's declaration that he intends to quit politics "for good" is wholly superfluous. He couldn't quit politics for anything else.

Curious Chinese Custom.

Leslie's Weekly.

According to the rule sanctioned by centuries of Chinese observance, no document can have the authority of the imperial throne of China unless it bears a red spot placed there by the sovereign. To the grand council the tsung-li-yamen and all other departments of state take their business, and the grand council in its turn considers all documents, and attaches to each a piece of red paper on which its own decision is written. Each morning at daybreak the grand council proceeds to the palace to submit the papers to the sovereign, who, as each document is produced, signifies approval by making a small spot with a brush on the margin of the red paper. With the red spot upon it the paper is the most sacred thing in the world to a Chinaman; without it, it may be torn to shreds with impunity.