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WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota—Fair in western, snow and colder in eastern portion Thursday, with a cold wave; Friday fair; warmer in western portion; diminishing northerly winds.

Wisconsin—Rain or snow Thursday; cold wave by night; Friday fair; high, shifting winds, becoming northwesterly.

Iowa—Fair Thursday; colder in central and eastern portion; cold wave; Friday fair; probably warmer in western portion; northerly winds.

North Dakota—Fair Thursday; warmer in northwest portion; Friday fair; warmer; north to east winds.

South Dakota—Fair, continued cold Thursday; cold wave; Friday fair; warmer; north to east winds.

Montana—Fair Thursday; warmer in north and central portions; Friday fair; warmer in eastern portion; variable winds.

St. Paul — Yesterday's observations, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, P. F. Lyons, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation: Highest temperature, 38; lowest temperature, 29; average temperature, 33; daily range, 9; barometer, 29.72; humidity, 92; precipitation, trace; 7 p. m., temperature, 36; 7 p. m., wind, north; weather, cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

		*5pm	High			*5pm	High
Alpena	.....	42	42	Milwaukee	...	52	54
Bismarck	..	18	20	Minnedosa	.	12	24
Buffalo	.. ...	40	42	Montgomery	.	58	68
Calgary	.. ..	32	32	Montreal	. ...	36	42
Cheyenne	.. ..	44	52	Nashville	. ..	54	62
Chicago	. ...	50	56	New Orleans	.	58	66
Cincinnati	. ..	46	52	New York	..	42	48
Cleveland	. ..	38	46	Norfolk	.. ..	46	50
Davenport	.	58	64	North Platte	.	40	56
Detroit	.. ....	40	44	Omaha	.. ....	32	54
Duluth	.. ...	30	34	Philadelphia	.	42	50
Edmonton	....	20	26	Pittsburg	....	42	46
G. Haven	. ..	46	50	Frisco	.. ....	52	64
Green Bay	..	50	50	St. Louis	.. ..	66	68
Helena	.. ...	42	50	St. Paul	.....	36	38
Huron	.. ...	24	34	Salt Lake	...	50	54
Jacksonville	.	56	62	Ste Marie	....	36	36
Kansas City	..	58	64	Washington	..	44	48
Marquette	....	34	34	Winnipeg	. ..	14	24

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul).

THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1901.

The man who says that his wife committed bigamy when she married him ought to be compelled to prove that he didn't know anything about it when he took her. Else he should be condemned to keep her company in jail for the balance of her days—especially if he is seeking a divorce from her.

WHO OWNS THE STREETS?

It is well that the relative rights and powers of the council and the electrical corporations in the mattter of the stringing of wires on the public streets should be brought to an issue. Having now found its way to the courts through the arrest of the manager of one of the local telephone corporations it will soon cease to vex the public mind.

We are as yet advanced but a brief distance in the settlement of this problem of the proper disposition of electric wires. Sound public policy calls for the sinking of those wires in all cases sooner or later under ground. The issue now at stake is one which involves the power of the common council to grant permits for the use of the public streets necessary to the erection of poles and the stringing of wires on them.

It may be doubtful whether it is a wise municipal policy to insist that all wires be put underground. But the rightfulness of Police Commissioner Lawler's position, that the city has a right to remove all wires for the maintenance of which an express authorization does not exist cannot, The Globe believes, be successfully disputed.

There should be no dispute at all. Relative private and public rights in this matter should be as plain as day. There is only one way in which all such doubts can be effectively removed. That is by appeal, if, necessary, to the supreme court. The prevailing understanding concerning the use of our city highways by private corporations and individuals is altogether too lax. It is of the utmost importance that the courts shall at the earliest moment declare authoritatively on the subject.

The fatalities of the football field are on the increase. Yet no general protest is heard. Perhaps it is because of the general hope that those who pursue the sport may finally succeed in killing each other off.

OUR HUMAN TARGETS.

It seems quite opportune, indeed surprisingly so, that a conspiracy should have been discovered just at this time somewhere in the labyrinth of the Philippine islands to murder an American garrison in cold blood.

On the 4th of the present month a cablegram was sent from Manila which contained the following language:

The commission has decided that all who may be found guilty of treason shall be shot, and definition of the word "treason" is to be made so elastic that natives and other foreign residents of the island are making most vigorous protests.

In order to check insurrection the American authorities will prohibit secret political organizations, and this feature has aroused the most bitter opposition from leading Spaniards and Filipinos.

The prevention of secret political organizations may be demanded by the exigencies of the situation. The Globe does not know. It is certainly a threatening situation—far more threatening than any the American people have believed to exist—which calls for such a remedy. But, whether this measure is needed or not, what can any American, whose understanding of liberty has not been hopelessly corrupted, think of the scheme of shooting men and women for treason, while the definition of treason which is in vogue has aroused the protests not only of the natives but of the foreign residents of Manila?

Shooting for treason! Have we come to this? Supposing that the accepted definition of treason in Manila is armed resistance to the government—which The Globe does not believe to be the case—are we a nation of butchers that we must shoot people down who are charged with it, without the intervention of judge or jury?

Have we not put down rebellion in the Philippines? Have we not got the leader of the insurgents in jail? Are we not every day preaching peace and civilization to these benighted people who are not willing to accept our sway? Well, indeed, may there be conspiracies to kill American garrisons, if the peace and civilization we bring the people of the Philippines is represented by backing up our "treasonable" subjects against the wall and practicing volley-firing at human targets.

The Commercial club's method of abating the smoke nuisance is at least entitled to the credit of possessing novelty. A universal vote of thanks, to friend and foe alike, is a delightful departure from Dr. Ohage's methods.

HOW WE CAN WIN.

The time has come for Democrats of all shades of belief to lay aside unkindly feeling. If they do this they will unite and win. If they do not they might as well leave the field to their political enemies.

Tuesday's elections, regarded in the light of completed returns, are mighty instructive. Why did we win in Kentucky? Because we were united there. In that state Democrats have fought each other as bitterly as elsewhere. Their quarrels ended in turning over the state to an organized band of cutthroats and assassins who called themselves Republicans. The state is redeemed because Kentucky Democrats have realized their own folly.

Maryland returns that stalwart Democrat, Arthur Gorman, to the senate. What Democrat, within or outside of Maryland, now asks whether Gorman is silver or gold? What Democrat is it who does not rejoice that Gorman will be on hand once more, the spokesman of his people, on the floor of the federal senate?

The border states have been uncertain factors in the national political problem. That political and financial adventurer, Steve Elkins, has carried his carpetbag into West Virginia and has been heard from there as a political factor. Why? Mostly because of Democratic dissension. Virginia—the old Mother State of Democracy which looms up in all its historic grandeur from out the figures of Tuesday—had, too, her day of travail. The Republican firebrand, Mahone, is not yet forgotten. He, too, was the product of Democratic dissension. Tuesday's elections show that the border states are as safe as those of the gulf, if only Democrats are true to each other and to their party.

What is the message from Kansas, from South Dakota, from Nebraska? These states were never truly Democratic. They are not today. Can they be made Democratic? Yes; but it will only be when Democrats have forgotten a good deal, and learned more.

The light is breaking in the East. Tammany corruption in New York has received the same rebuke as Quay corruption in Pennsylvania. The only difference is that the Republicans of Pennsylvania had not the devotion to common honesty in politics which the New York Democrats made manifest. Let the spirit of Democratic union be once truly asserted, and New York, New Jersey and Connecticut will resume their old places at the head of the Democratic column.

This is the time for a searching of Democratic hearts. No principle, only foolish feeling and ill will, divide us. We can win in 1904, and before 1904 if only honest with ourselves and true to our party.

Already the Democratic prophets have nominated David B. Hill for president, and the more enthusiastic of them have elected him. No doubt the Republican prognosticator regards the latter undertaking as an up-Hill one.

THE TARIFF ENIGMA.

"The tariff is a question which remains enigmatical to all," is the language imputed to the German ambassador to Washington. The statement is a pregnant one. The tariff principle itself is not only enigmatical, but so is the attitude which those who stand for it occupy.

Congress will soon open. No question before that body will arouse more antagonism or be attended by more general popular interest. The Republican national administration affects to stand for reciprocity. What reciprocity embodies and how far, if at all, it will be made to operate as a modification of the existing high tariff, is unknown. The event will prove whether the cry of reciprocity is a mere party expedient, or whether the party in power seriously contemplates throwing down the high wall of tariff duties so as to enable us to trade on anything like equal terms with the other commercial states.

The Buffalo address of the late president sound well, but it was not specific. It did little more than declare the principle that we could not as a nation hope to do business with other races on the plan of selling all and buying nothing. No two views—even Republican views—of reciprocity are alike.

We have reached the parting of the ways in international trade. Are our subsidized steamers, when they engage in business, to return from foreign shores in ballast? How near will we continue to live up to the old protectionist principle that we are to buy nothing abroad save what we cannot produce at home?

The Democratic minority in the next congress must force the hand of the administration on this subject. The country is demanding as near an approach to a revenue tariff as circumstances will at all justify. Trust-controlled articles must not continue to receive a national subsidy. The party representatives in congress will have a heavy responsibility on them this winter. Democrats everywhere look to them to make their party's attitude thoroughly understood and to put up their best fight for the smashing of a prohibitive tariff in every way that is available.

If Louis runs again "agin" McCardy the Betz will be all in his favor.

Who says it was not a Platt victory? Answer, William Travers Jerome.

The principal value of the arguments now being heard in the Schley case consists in their being the closing arguments.

Andrew Carnegie has declined a baronetcy. He on longer needs government favors since he went out of the steel business.

The impending death of Li Hung Chang is described in the newspaper headings as China's loss. It may be China's loss, all right; but it is also the empress of China's gain.

If our London contemporaries do not seek to arouse popular sympathy for Tammany in the hour of its sorrow, they must instanter stop their abuse of the organization and of Mr. Croker.

There are differing views in circulation as to the effect and value of the Imperial Electric franchise. But according to all reports the imperialist idea generally has been getting the best of it up to date.

Why not make the new ordinance against spitting in "nigger heaven" apply also to the peanut shell? The gain to the human digestive organs would certainly constitute it a necessary sanitary precaution.

He must be a strange product, if he resides in San Francisco and is wholly disgusted with the result of the local election. Over there the voters evidently tried to make a fair division of the offices among the several parties.

His name is Cummins, and he's a comer. Let's see! How many presidential candidates did Iowa have in the last Republican national convention? We know that the number in the last Democratic national convention is not recorded.

The woes of the colored brother are increasing. Now it is proposed to supplant him on the railroad dining cars by the pretty waiter girl. Who is he that is so devoted to the civil rights of the man and brother who will not applaud the change?

According to the London Times the Boers die young. A few of them have reached man's estate, none the less, as the Times has reason to know. Neither the gods nor the children of the gods (who, of course, inhabit the island of Great Britain) love the Boers as deeply as the Times indicates.

William Waldorf Astor will run for mayor over in England, it is said. If the English are as little disposed toward having their affairs conducted by a spurious American as the New Yorkers have shown themselves to be towards having theirs conducted by a spurious Englishman from Berkshire, Astor's political ambitions will never be realized.

A very elaborate statement was published a short time ago showing the awful mendacity of the Boer chroniclers of British losses. Among the other absurdities pointed out was the one that the British loss, as computed by the Boers, would in the aggregate far exceed the entire number of British soldiers sent to the Transvaal from the first. In view of recent events it would be deeply interesting if some authority on South African mortality, who was also a good statistician, would compute how many times, according to British reports of victories, the entire Boer nationality has been captured or wiped off the face of the earth.

At the Theaters.

"A Modern Crusoe," the comic romantic play in which Thomas Q. Seabrooke will be seen at the Metropolitan tonight, has a well defined story which bristles with comic situations. While there are many characters in it that call for superior ability in the actors interpreting them, they are all more or less contributory to the central protagonist—the part of Drexel Ward, played by Mr. Seabrooke. Drexel Ward is a twentieth century multi-millionaire, surrounded by all the luxuries and comforts that wealth aided by science can provide. The latest, and in some cases, the future, electrical contrivances, and other labor-saving devices, are all installed in his palatial home. He touches buttons and his wants are instantly gratified, when he is through dictating to his secretary a pressure of the finger opens a trap door that swallows up the man and his desk. His wealth has made him so exacting that nothing short of perfection in others will satisfy him. As a consequence he has acquired an irritability and other overbearing qualities that make him a terror to those about him. Dissatisfied with the backwardness of the age he has planned a gigantic floating palace, called the "Utopia," that shall eclipse anything of its kind ever seen, and upon which it shall become the fashion to make trips around the world. A distinguished party is made up, and the Utopia sails. In the South Pacific ocean the ship strikes on a reef and is wrecked, the passengers escaping by life boats to an adjacent desert island.

The engagement is for three nights, with a popular matinee Saturday.

Fresh from a successful engagement covering a period of five months in Chicago, the new comedy-opera, "King Dodo," is to be seen at the Metropolitan for four nights and Wednesday matinee, beginning Sunday evening. The Castle Square Opera company management is responsible for the production, which is declared to be of surpassing beauty. Frank Pixley and Gustave Luders wrote the piece. The sale of seats opens this morning at 9 o'clock.

Each succeeding performance of the Mantell engagement at the Grand opera house has been marked by audiences of increased size. Tonight "Richelieu" will hold the boards, and Mr. Mantell will appear in the role of the cardinal. Tomorrow night will offer the last presentation of "Hamlet." For Saturday afternoon "Lady of Lyons" will be the bill, with Mr. Mantell as Claude Melnotte. The engagement will terminate with a presentation of "Richard III." Saturday evening.

The two American Macs, with Mazie Trumbull, will be seen at the Grand the coming week in their new comedy, "The Irish Pawnbrokers."

The City Club is doing an excellent business at the Star this week and is giving a performance that is eminently satisfactory to the patrons of that playhouse. The live burlesques are full of witty sayings and bright, catchy music, and the olio is an excellent one. Next week Harry Morris's Twentieth Century Maids will be the attraction.

STORIES of The STREET

There is one particular hotel porter in St. Paul who will hand in his resignation before he obeys an order to summon anyone in or out of the hotel to the telephone.

Several days ago the telephone bell whirred a few saucy whirrs and the porter answered the ring.

"Will you please go to the billiard room and call Mr. Jackson to the telephone?" pleaded a sweet voice.

"I certainly will do that," replied the porter. "Hold the line till I get back."

Then the men in the billiard room heard from the obliging employe:

"Is Mr. Jackson here?" he shouted.

No answer.

"I say, is Jackson here; he's wanted at the telephone."

No answer.

"Is Jackson here?" shouted the porter the third and last time.

The players stopped poking their balls around, and looked at the excited porter and the porter looked at the players.

"All I've got to say," he muttered, as he turned away from the room, "is that I have my opinion of Jackson. He might have answered yes or no."

The players heard the mutter, and a shout of laughter made the ivory balls wiggle, and now the porter insists that he will quit before he attempts to deliver another message.

He was a cute little Indian. His chubby hands were all covered with dirt and he stood on the corner rubbing the grime all over his face in an attempt to keep the big tear drops from rolling down into his little mouth. He looked as Cupid disguised as a little newsboy, and the motherly looking woman stopped and smiled as she reached the curb.

"Why, you dear little angel, what have they been doing to you?" she asked as she stooped down and pulled the little fists out of the dirt-stained eyes.

"Boo-hoo-hoo," sobbed the kid.

"Are you afraid you'll be whipped if you go home without selling your papers?" coaxed the motherly looking woman.

Several more sobs were the only answer.

"Tell the lady what is the matter and she will help you?" pleaded the woman, as she brushed away a big fat tear with a bit of lace.

The kid stopped crying and looked up. For the first time he noticed the motherly looking woman, and then he curled his little upper lip.

"Aw wot'ell yer talkin' about. How is youse goin' ter help me git ter de fresh young junk on de oder side o' de street. He's copped t'ree o' me poipers an' I can't git close 'nough ter han' him a few rough ones."

The motherly looking woman suddenly remembered that she had to catch the car, and the kid resumed his interrupted sobbing.

A certain Minneapolis business man is thoroughly convinced that his six-year-old daughter is the winner in the bright little girls' class, but at the same time he has decided that the child wonder will in the future live a more retired life. He has no means of discovering just what the angel daughter is to say next, and he refuses to take chances

Child Mary's last public appearance was at a funeral. Mamma took daughter with her and daughter wanted to know all about it. "What's in the big box, mamma?" and then another whispered that Mr. Jones had been called to heaven and was going there in a box.

Daughter remained silent during the remainder of the service, and at home after dinner she appeared more than usually thoughtful. She gazed at the grate fire for several moments, and then turning and catching her mother's eye, she said:

"Say, mamma, do you think Mr. Jones is unpacked yet."

Divers Comments From the Northwest

A Useful Commission.

The tax commission, which is now working over a revision of the tax code, has decided that the first necessity of a just tax law is that property shall be assessed at its full cash value. This has always been a provision of the statute, but has not been enforced and the consequence has been much unequal taxation.—Morris Tribune.

The Great Political Acrobat.

It is hardly to be expected that Senator Hansbrough thought he would stir up such a furor when he got into print on the editorial page of his Devils Lake paper a couple of weeks ago. Since his debut the Inter-Ocean has been working overtime trying to "square" the senator with the administration's views on the questions of tariff and reciprocity. "Han's" periodical stunts as a political acrobat are always worth the price of admission to the whole show.—Langdon N. D., Courier-Democrat.

Jud Has One Friend Left.

If Jud LaMoure enters the field for congressional honors, he'll get there with both hands down. Like all great public men, he has his following of enemies, and, being human, possesses faults. Because a man stands by what he considers right, and is unbending to the whims of ward heelers is no cause why he should not be the nominee—should he desire it—of a party he has staunchily stood by in its prosperity and its minor adversity. The campaign is starting earlier than usual, which forebodes a hot fight for aspirants, but it is none too early to bring good men to the front—and in Jud LaMoure the Republican party has an able exponent.—Nelson County Independent.

A Sofa, a Fire and a Pipe.

There's such a thing as being so good a housekeeper that one's no homekeeper. Things can be painfully orderly and everyone miserable for fear they will disturb the perfect balance. To be a good home-keeper is far more complimentary than to be a good housekeeper. A good servant can accomplish the last easily, but it takes a woman of tact and sympathy to achieve the first. Rooms are made to live in, not to keep in order, and a stray paper or book, a sofa pulled up cosily by the fire with a pillow not too fine to rest one's head upon, with even a stray pipe close at hand does not mar the beauty of a living room.—Austin Herald.

The Estimate of a Neighbor.

"To the uninitiated Mr. Hansbrough's policy may seem to be in line with his true beliefs, but the News questions this. Mr. Hansbrough has for many years been a subservient tool of the great corporations, those "imaginary" trusts of which he so ably treats in his last editorial in the Inter-Ocean. Mr. Hansbrough is preparing the people of North Dakota for the spectacle of seeing him in congress this coming winter voting directly against every measure calculated to relieve the farming community of North Dakota from the oppression of the lumber trust, the sugar barons and the iron kings. Mr. Hansbrough will be an obedient servant of these in the future as he has been in the past, and yet will urge the people of the state, whose interests he is now preparing to betray, into supporting him for re-election to the senate. Will they do it? This is a question over which the senator seems to be much agitated at this time, as he has thrown off his kid glove reserve, and can now again associate with the common people."—Devils Lake News.

The Globe's Home Study Course

The Rise and Growth of Wealth.

BY E. BENJ. ANDREWS, LL. D.

CLARK MILLS BRINK, PH. D.

II.

False Ways of Gauging Wealth; Debt Not Wealth; Is Land Wealth? Sham and Real Wealth.

We said in the preceding lesson that wealth or effective value cannot be gauged by the criterion of exchange value. We must dwell a moment longer on this matter, for it is important. Of course nothing could be more natural at first than to take national wealth as simply the total of the estimated prices which individual and public properties would bring if sold; yet no procedure could be more misleading. For instance, let general prices for any reason slowly decline. All business will be sluggish and there will be much most useful property which perhaps cannot be sold at all, its utility for all the purposes of life remaining as great as before. Value is not the same thing as valuation. In the case supposed the aggregate of exchange values may have lessened a third, yet the mass of satisfactions throughout the nation not have decreased an iota. How idle it seems to say that under such circumstances the country has become less wealthy! Such a state of affairs may retard the production of new wealth, but cannot impair the wealth quality of useful things already in existence.

According to Sir Robert Giffen the money value of British exports and imports between 1805 and 1820 ranged from about £36,000,000 to about £45,000,000 annually. An annual total of nearly £52,000,000 was reached in 1815, but did not occur again till 1826, and no higher figure appeared till 1840. These money figures greatly obscure the real fact. During all those years the quantity of goods exported and imported was increasing much more rapidly than the money figures hint, the tonnage entered and cleared in 1836 being about 7,000,000, or nearly double that at the opening of the century. No one needs to be told that of the mass of satisfactions afforded to the British people by foreign commerce between 1815 and 1836, the tonnage of this foreign trade is a far truer measure than the pounds sterling valuation.

Again, if we are seeking an index of the contribution which the plant of a railway, for example, makes to the nation's wealth, in some cases the par value of the stock is nearer the mark, in other instances the market value. There are doubtless railways so useful that their total stock, however zealously bulled, however copiously watered, would fall far short of indicating the benefit which the existence and work of these railways confer upon the body politic.

Still again, how can exchange value measure the wealth which public works employ? Roads and parks could be sold, if at all, only for the land they occupy. Are they not worth far more in their present form? Harbor improvements it would be impossible to sell to anyone, but surely they form part of the country's wealth. What would the Washington monument bring or the capitol or Cleopatra's needle or the sewerage system of any city? In fact, utility, or value in use, satisfaction affording quality, so far as it is the creature of effort, ought to be the real unit or criterion in reckoning national wealth and world wealth, exchange value coming in only where it can be trusted as a clew to the utility.

In appraising national wealth or the world's wealth certain other cautions are necessary. Clearly it would be inaccurate to reckon into a nation's wealth both property and titles to the same property. If a railway is listed for so much it will not do to put down its stock for so much more. National, state, county and city bonds, too, must be excluded. They are signs of debt, and dept is not wealth. The same is true of property like patent rights and copyrights, and of promissory notes and bank notes so far as they are based on hard money. Notice, by the way, that any of these titles may help to make up an individual's wealth; whence we see from another point of view how erroneous it would be to state the nation's wealth as simply the sum of the fortunes of individuals and corporations, plus the public property of the nation. On the other hand, titles held by people domiciled in one land to values in another are, if good, pieces of the first land's wealth. If, however, we are seeking to make out the whole world's wealth all titles of this sort must be kept out of reckoning.

Where now shall we claim land—as wealth simply or as a basis for or condition to wealth? The answer turns on the sense in which the inquiry is meant. It may relate to improvements upon land, as trees, hedges, ditches, and fertilizers, or to the original non-artificial qualities of land belonging to it by nature and not conferred by labor, or to the value which comes to land simply from its location in reference to human dwellings and activities. Improvements upon land come clearly within our definition of wealth. They are man-created utilities. Just as clearly the natural qualities of land are excluded from the definition and to be relegated to the same class of things as air, sunshine and the ocean. The fact that these qualities are appropriated, made subjects of exchange and price, does not alter the case. Could greedy men fly; had they in any way the restless power, they would probably appropriate air and sunlight, just as land is appropriated now, but that would not turn air or sunlight into articles of wealth. It would leave them, as now, simply conditions of wealth, factors helpful to the creation of wealth, but as existing independently of human effort and not items of wealth itself.

The case of what Henry George calls the unearned increment of land, where mere place has become valuable through the growth of a city, so that to purchase land one must cover it, say, with $10 notes, is a trifle more complex. In London land has often been sold for over $240 a foot, and $100 is by no means a remarkable price. Select spots of London land are even said to be worth as much as it would cost to pave them with English sovereigns laid upon edge. Nor let us think that this enormity of land value is an affair of the Old World alone. The Dutch bought of the Indians all Manhattan island for $24. On some fronts in the city now occupying that island $24 would today not bring you a single foot. When, after the Civil war, Birmingham, Ala., was laid out by a land company, a certain clergyman was urged to take $1,000 worth of the shares at par. His cautious wife dissuaded him. A lawyer bought them a few days later, having to pay $1,100. For one year at least since then the dividend on those shares has reached $24,000.

The utility in these cases is certainly created by human act. Men came; the localities grew; business centered at this or that special point, and therefore land waxed dear. But it will be seen that this dearness, springing though it does in a way from human deed, is not the product of conscious human effort, as such, like houses, food and clothing. Strictly it is nonartificial, after all, since, in bringing it to be, men were instruments, not agents. I therefore class all that value of land which arises from its location in reference to the dwellings and activities of men no less than if it were fertility, richness in ores or any other purely natural attribute not as wealth, but as a condition or basis of wealth, something not wealth which helps wealth to arise and exist.

The notion of wealth is by this time clear. Wealth is whatever originates in purposed human exertion and at the same time ministers to human wants considered as experiences of men's ordinary and earthly life. But for certain purposes we need a deeper analysis than this. There is wealth and wealth; there is wealth which answered men's real and permanent needs and advances them in the dignity of rational beings, and there is wealth that dehumanizes and degrades. Obscene literature, if it can be sold for money, possesses trade value, and so has to be classed as wealth according to the above definition, but it is not wealth in the same sense as bread, clothing and houses are. These and such things relieve men's fundamental and legitimate necessities, whereas wealth, like vile books and pictures, not only does not do this, but, on the contrary, exerts a baneful influence, not only on individuals, but also upon society. Any people would be better off without them. Every reader can easily add to the list of the things which might thus be classed as "fake wealth" in contrast with wealth most properly so called. They are only too numerous in every community. In other words, there are items in which any considerable body of men would be actually richer if they were technically poorer.

A caution, however: Many things might by some be classed as "fake wealth" which are not so. You might at first place all ornaments and luxuries here, but in so doing you would certainly err. There may be ornaments and luxuries the use of which lowers life, but not all have that effect. The appreciation of beauty is a noble part of one's nature; to gratify it in due measure is proper and right, elevating and enriching life more than almost anything else could do. Also many articles or services stigmatized as luxuries are perfectly legitimate, since they refresh the weary, change the atmosphere, keep toil from becoming drudgery, and in many ways protract men's power for useful activity. We can, perhaps, suppose that a luxury has none of these effects, but still enlarges and enriches life, and that without any drawbacks gives net elevation to your experience, yet without adding at all to your power. The existence of a luxury of which just this could be said may be doubted, for most of that better experience increases energy as well; but should there be such it would be wealth, actual and genuine wealth, not "fake wealth."

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The Globe's Daily Short Story

The Lost Purse.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

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The Rev. Harvey Lawson was of that appearance usually called "refined." That is to say, he was slender, pale and hollow-chested, with a wasp waist and uncertain legs. His age was twenty-five, and he intended some day to be a great pulpit orator. At the time in question he was curate of St. Dominick's cathedral, assisting the dean by attending to most of the affairs of the parish and writing at least three-fourths of the sermons.

He got on the elevated railway train and stared absently out of the window. There was a ride of eight miles ahead of him and he went to composing another stanza to an inchoate poem, a sweet thing to be entitled "In Cassock and Band."

Miss Belle Meade, daughter of the wholesale grocer, got on at the next station and sat opposite him, riding backward. Miss Meade had been shopping and there was a beautiful flush on her soft cheeks. The Rev. Lawson had time to notice that she was an unusually pretty girl before she unfolded a newspaper and held it between him and her face. He saw, too, that her Russia leather purse with a gold monogram on its side lay in her lap. Miss Meade was not exempt from the frailties of her sex, always put her purse in her lap when riding on cars and always got off backward. Lawson sighed a little as the beauty of her face entered his consciousness and went on gazing out of the window.

A little further up town two women got on. They were well, but loudly dressed. Also their voices were loud. One sat by the Rev. Lawson; one sat by Miss Meade. Their conversation was forceful and incessant, having to do with one "Billy" and one "Archie" and the running of certain horses at the Sheepshead track and the quality of wine served at a noted restaurant and the relations between a comic opera star and a well known broker and so forth. Miss Meade glanced once at her seat mate and became more deeply buried in her paper. Mr. Lawson lost his rhymes utterly and stared out the harder.

Above Fiftieth street the women rose to leave the car. Miss Meade rose also. The women moved rapidly and were on the platform before the girl had taken six steps. When she took them she stopped suddenly and turned to the seat she had left. The train had started on.

"My purse is gone!" she said, looking at Lawson in a half-accusing manner. He sprang to his feet and assisted her to look under the seat. There was nothing clerical in his clothes. His coat was a brown sack with flaring pockets. She glanced at one of these pockets and saw the purse reposing snugly in its depths. Instantly she grasped him by the lapels and cried aloud:

"You have it! You have it! Villain!"

"I—I—ah—my—dear—I—ah—" and Lawson was much flustered. he did not object to the pretty hands clinging to him, but the accusation stunned him.

"It is in his pocket. It is in his pocket!" Miss Meade screamed.

A budly stranger on a rear seat rose and excitedly knocked his hat off, then threw a powerful arm around his neck, squeezing the breath out of him. A fat woman across the aisle staggered up and smote him with a parasol. Another woman yelled "police! police!"

"These cars are filled with thieves," said a small man with whiskers, whereupon he struck Lawson in the stomach. A child, its fingers smeared with candy, caught hold of one of his legs and hugged it. The curate vainly endeavored to utter a syllable of expostulation. His eyes rolled in his head and he choked.

He was bundled upon the next platform and some considerate person threw his hat after him. It fell to the street and a truck ran over it. A tangled mass of them went down the steps of the station the big man still lugging him by the head and the small man punching him from behind. Miss Mead, half frightened and heartily ashamed, followed. On the corner a red-faced policeman, in a uniform too small for him, took Lawson in charge. His manner of doing this was to catch him by the collar and snatch him a yard.

"Aw, now!" he said. "Come on wid yez!" and he reached for the club which hung at his belt. Lawson accelerated his pace.

The police station was a block away, and a tail of small boys streamed after them. Such phrases as "Con man," "Train worker," "Jimmy, the moll-buzzer," "Got him at last," and so forth came to him. He did not understand them, but knew that they applied to him. Though he was slender and hollow-chested and a curate, there was a latent strain of combativeness in him and he faced the sergeant behind the desk fiercely:

"Do you know who I am, you scoundrel?" he exclaimed. "Do you know who I am, you young idiot?" turning to Miss Meade. "Do you know who I am, you red brute?" turning to the policeman.

"What were in th' poorse?" asked the methodical sergeant.

Its contents were emptied on the desk. They were a bad quarter of a dollar, three samples of dress goods a hair-pin and a powder bag.

"Th' ushil lot," said the sergeant. "Who makes th' complaint?"

Silence. The party looked at Miss Meade. She looked at the little heap of things on the desk with tears in her eyes and biting her lips to keep from smiling. There was no denying that she was exquisitely pretty.

"What's yure name" the sergeant asked kindly.

"Miss Belle Meade, of 181 Fifty-seventh street."

"Sure, I know yer father. An' what's yure name?" threateningly of the culprit.

"Lawson—the Rev. Harvey Lawson, curate of St. Dominick's cathedral." He said this proudly, his narrow chest thrust forward.

Miss Meade gasped and staggered. "I attend St. Chrysostom's," she whispered. The sergeant looked troubled. "There's some mistake, I guess," he said.

"I didn't steal the purse," said the Rev. Lawson, glad of a chance at least to get in a word, running his hands frantically through his disordered hair and rising upon his toes in excitement. "What do I want with those things there? I don't know anything about it. How should I know how the miserable thing got into my pocket? I am a minister of the gospel, I tell you. Clergymen do not use powder rags and—and—and hairpins. This is absurd, ridiculous. I——"

The doors opened and a patrolman came in, leading a much flushed and loudly dressed woman, who was declaiming against the outrage of her arrest. Lawson recognized his seatmate of fifteen minutes before.

"This is 'East Side Katie,'" said the patrolman. "I heard her in a restaurant just now talking to her pal of how she had touched a girl on the elevated beyant. She was swearin' because th' poorse was unlined, so I brought her in. Th' pal got away."

The woman, turned sullen and silent, was led to a cell.

"That's th' roight wan," said the sergeant. "Divil a doubt of it! We know her well. Ye may take your poorse, miss. Ye may go, sor."

Outside the station Lawson, still bareheaded and discomposed, felt a light touch on his arm. Miss Meade stood beside him, looking even prettier in distress than in anger.

"Won't you forgive me?" she pleaded. "I'm sure I can't say how ashamed I am. To think that I should have brought this trouble upon a clergyman. Pray, pardon me!"

Lawson still felt the clasp of the burly man about his neck. His stomach ached where the little man had struck him. Glancing down he saw the marks of the candied fingers on his trouserleg. He was a generous fellow, however, and he put out a slim delicate hand.

"You were not to blame," he answered. "I had the purse. It is true that its contents would have been of small use to me," and a wan smile flickered over his face, "but I had it."

Miss Meade was not a girl to do things by halves. She felt that she had injured him. She asked him to call. It was no great way from St. Dominick's to the Meade mansion. It is hardly worth while to go on with the story. Belle Meade tells her friends who offer congratulations that she had never supposed it possible she would become a minister's wife, but she felt compelled to make full amends. In Lawson's desk, among loose-leaved manuscripts of half-finished sermons and poems, is a Russia leather purse with a gold monogram on the back which he keeps as spoils of war.

Imitating Kitchener.

Recent dispatches from the Philippines conveyed the intelligence that the government had been forced to adopt radical measures in order to end the insurrection in the island of Samar and elsewhere. Uncle Sam is frowning on his brown wards, and unless they comply with certain requirements, they are to feel his displeasure.

The presidentes and head men have been notified that unless they give up their arms and surrender to the government the leaders in the massacres in Samar before Nov. 6, they will be banished to Guam, their villages destroyed and their property confiscated.

These steps may be necessary from a military standpoint, but they are none the less humiliating for all that. The United States has adopted the policy inaugurated by Gen. Kitchener in South Africa. It is a policy that has been denounced by every American newspaper. And shall we now be forced to fall in line and imitate him? If so, it is humiliation with a vengeance.

In addition the people of Samar have been notified to gather in the towns on pain of being considered public enemies. This is more humiliation. It is merely reconcentration under another name. It is the course pursued by Gen. Weyler in Cuba, which so incensed the people of the United States that they interposed in behalf of the oppressed Cubans.

The Filipinos will not, of course, be allowed to starve in Samar, or elsewhere. They will not be subjected to the barbarous treatment the Boers and the Cubans received. But we have fallen back, and, by imitation, indorsed the policy of "Butcher" Weyler and Lord Kitchener. We shall be taunted by foreign critics. And all we can plead in justification is that it was necessary to adopt these measures.

Probably this is true. But it hurts, just the same.—Kansas City World.