

GLOBE'S TELEPHONE CALLS.

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The St. Paul Globe

OFFICIAL PAPER, CITY OF ST. PAUL.

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BRANCH OFFICES.

New York, 10 Spruce St., Chas. H. Eddy Chicago, 207 Washington St., Williams & Lawrence in Charge.

WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota—Fair Saturday; Sunday partly cloudy; probably rain or snow in extreme northeast portion; fresh southerly winds, shifting to westerly and northwesterly by Sunday. Upper Michigan—Cloudy Saturday and Sunday; probably rain or snow Saturday; variable winds, becoming fresh southerly Sunday. Wisconsin—Generally fair Saturday and Sunday, except probably rain or snow Sunday in extreme northern portion; variable winds, becoming fresh, southerly. North and South Dakota—Fair Saturday; Sunday fair, colder; winds becoming westerly. Montana—Partly cloudy Saturday; Sunday fair and generally fair; westerly winds.

Table with 2 columns: City and Temperature. Includes Alpena, Battleford, Bismarck, Boston, Buffalo, Calgary, Cheyenne, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Evansville, Green Bay, Helena, Huron, etc.

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

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Anyone unable to secure a copy of The Globe on any railroad train leaving or entering St. Paul will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1005.

Subscribers annoyed by irregular or late delivery of The Globe will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1005.

SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1901.

The Globe sincerely hopes that Mr. J. J. McCarty will be alive, in good health and in good appetite to enjoy his next Thanksgiving dinner with his friends, Flower, Hicks and Castle. It will do its utmost in the interval to see that there shall be no danger that the cares of official life may interfere with his digestion on that occasion.

NOT A DEMOCRATIC FORMAL.

The Globe has never been especially impressed with the capacity for leadership of Congressman Richardson. Indeed neither the capacity nor the desirability of the leadership of Mr. Richardson on the floor of the house of representatives has ever appealed with any particular strength to this paper. It seems, however, to be accepted as a certainty that that gentleman will be the party's candidate for speaker. If this should prove to be the case The Globe will not have a word to say, save, perhaps, that the members of the Democratic majority in the house know much better than does The Globe who is the best man for the position.

With all respect to any such choice made by the Democrats of the house of representatives it may be proper to suggest that Mr. Richardson is not showing, at least through published statements, that he will warrant his associates' choice of him for their leader on the floor. That gentleman would do well to get access to those statements and revise them if they do not represent his real views on the subjects on which he is represented as enlightening the public as to the policy of his party in the incoming congress.

One of such statements that doubtless needs revision is that which represents Democrats as ready to make a fight for reciprocity. They will be ready to do nothing of the kind, as the Democratic congressional caucus will probably speedily enlighten Mr. Richardson, if he needs the enlightenment when the time comes. Reciprocity is wholly a Republican funeral; it is none of ours, and will not be. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Kassar and Mr. McKinley, and all the other Republican statesmen, living and dead, who have ever espoused so-called reciprocity made very little thought of the Democratic party in so doing. They had no need to do so, since the Democratic party does not believe in curing gangrene with the aid of a wash of lukewarm water.

Whatever Mr. Richardson expects, the Democrats of the country expect to see members of the Republican majority left to fight out the question of reciprocity among themselves. There are other issues on which Democrats can fight with more advantage both on the floor of the house and elsewhere.

War may or may not be hell; but they certainly are having that kind of a time

down at Buena Vista, near Panama, just now, while Your Uncle is playing the ungrateful role of referee. There was terrible mortality in the last engagement down there between the government and insurgent forces. Whether there would be any survivors of the desperate battle if both sides had not stopped to let a train pass may well be doubted. As it was the railroad track was covered with dead bodies. They weren't run over neither; they were mostly run through.

HE'S A GOOD FELLOW.

The Globe salutes a friend who wrote recently from Lake Benton, Minn., and wishes him the rewards that are met for a good fellow. Mentioning the circumstance of his stopping the paper a year ago, and the fact that he had frequently and vigorously applied the hammer in the time intervening, he announces that former pleasant relations with The Globe have been re-established by reason of the declared policy of the newspaper.

"Gentlemen," he writes, "I lay down my ax. Henceforth my nickels will be daily spent on The Globe. Moreover, shall work as hard in its interest and circulation as have worked against it in the past. Feel that it is my duty to support and aid every honest advocate of the principles of the party."

Now, there's a good fellow for you. The Globe imagines he is a Methodist brother in good standing—one who believes that there is hope and salvation for the backslider who comes to the altar and offers to prove his renewed fealty by his works. It is an approved doctrine that "while the lamp holds to burn, the vilest sinner may return," and also that there is more rejoicing over the return of one lamb-strayed from the fold than over the ninety and nine that never wandered.

The Globe has made its explanation of the circumstance of its wandering and has declared the meekness of spirit in which it again comes to the door of the fold. With malice toward none, with charity for all, The Globe hopes in the future to dwell harmoniously with its Democratic brethren, working in the ranks for the success of the party it served so long and left for a short time so long and deep regrets.

Come, now, the rest of you, and be good fellows, too. The four hundred may be engaged in building up an American aristocracy all right. Plain democrats are probably not qualified to pass on that subject. But if they are, and the progeny of such scawag Benedicks as Gebhard and his ilk are to represent the aristocracy that the American commodity will probably not prove to be much of an improvement on the foreign article.

THE GRAND JURY'S REPORT.

The grand jury, whose report has just been published, is one composed of men of the highest standing, business ability and personal rectitude to be found in any walk of life. They performed their duties conscientiously and without fear or favor. The extent of their report shows that they did not shrink the full discharge of their duty in any direction. It is certainly a subject of congratulation to the existing city administration that such a body has found itself called on to give to the officials of that administration what is equivalent to a clean bill of health.

The most valuable suggestion made in the grand jury's report is, in the judgment of The Globe, that which calls for the establishment between the offices of the county treasurer and county auditor of a system of checks and counterchecks such as now prevail between the city treasurer's and the city comptroller's office.

The existence of the present admirable system between the city fiscal officers is wholly due to the insistence of City Treasurer Bremer, who, against all the prestige of the city comptroller and while yet himself but a few weeks in his present office, made battle for such a system. Mr. McCarty may have been honestly in doubt of the expediency of meeting the requirements of his younger fellow official; but The Globe is now and has always been disposed to think that Mr. McCarty's continued refusal in that case was due entirely to the proverbial insouciance of office, born of too long incumbency of official place.

It may be that the suggestion of the grand jury in favor of the creation of a special expert accountant who would be charged with the duty of checking the accounts of the various county offices is a good one; but The Globe doubts any such expediency and practicability.

There is but one effective remedy for the looseness, extravagance and general unwieldiness of the county system of government, and that is to abolish it.

With the disposition to take the small-pace added to his accomplishments in the direction of trichinosis, there is ample reason for alarm as to the future of the American hog.

GET TOGETHER OR GET OUT.

Chairman Campbell, of the New York state Democratic committee, is reported as having declared that Richard Croker must retire from the position of dictator at state conventions if a union of the Democratic factions in that state is to be accomplished.

The St. Paul Globe cares as little for Chairman Campbell as it does for Richard Croker, and it cares nothing for either save as he may be an instrument in promoting Democratic success. It is satisfied that there is an element of good sense, however, in the suggestion of Chairman Campbell, even though it is in terms more ill-natured and more evasive than any statement should be emanating from a man of his prominence in the party concerning a fellow Democrat as prominent and powerful for good and evil alike as Mr. Croker.

So far as Mr. Croker is concerned a dictator at state conventions or elsewhere has ceased to be a Democrat, and is deserving of no toleration. But Mr. Croker is the leader of a great and powerful

At the Theaters.

Killed, bare-kneed and platted, the bard of the night Highlanders, Canadian volunteers, familiarly known as "The Killies," played its way into the hearts of an audience mostly Scotch and entirely enthusiastic last night at the Metropolitan.

Chairman Campbell says that we must get back as speedily as may be to the old days when the state convention represented the Democratic voters rather than the Democratic bosses. There he is right again, although again somewhat vague.

What the Democrats of the entire country are looking for from Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hill and Mr. Croker and the rest of them is not crumination or recrimination, but united and spirited work. If this cannot be had without the retirement of Mr. Croker, why let Mr. Croker retire. If it may be hastened by the retirement of Mr. Campbell or Mr. Hill or anybody else their duty is plain in the premises. The Democrats of the country outside New York do not care a playmate who retires or who goes to the front. All they are looking for is a united and harmonious party in that state.

Addressing itself to all men in the state of New York, and, for that matter, in every other state, who conceive themselves to be Democratic leaders, The Globe, in all deference and good nature, says to them: Gentlemen: Get together, or get out!

There is a slight dispute prevailing in Chicago as to whether it was a comet which appeared in the sky a few evenings ago. It is positively asserted and remains undenied that it had a head and a well defined tail. Who knows but it was one of the denizens of the stock yards trying to emulate the performance of the cow that jumped over the moon. Just as wonderful things happen in Chicago.

Alonzo Phillips, former sheriff of Hennepin county, fills his finger and thumb at those who ask him to refund. Megardian made a virtue of necessity by turning over \$5,000 for fear he would be compelled afterward to turn over just three times the sum. Which goes to show that Megardian is three times a bigger fool, if not three times a bigger knave, than his predecessor.

President Roosevelt telegraphed his congratulations to the sultan of Turkey on the anniversary of his birth, which was Thanksgiving day. The sultan is certainly to be congratulated that he was born on the day when such countless thousands of meritorious turks are compelled to die.

Mr. Terrence McGovern will have time to learn how to govern a very bad temper before he is given an opportunity to recover his lost prestige. He may, of course, lose his next fight with young Corbett, as he did his last; but he is infinitely less liable to lose his head.

Conan Doyle says that he thinks that the English speaking peoples will stand together in the future. There is one noble purpose for which they should stand together, if necessary, for all time—the suppression of trashy novels, such as Mr. Doyle is quite familiar with.

It is, indeed, a remarkable thing, that there was no a prisoner at any of the police stations on Thanksgiving afternoon to enjoy the city's hospitality. Weather conditions were probably not satisfactory.

Young Corbett wallowed and young Jackson got wallowed. It will all amount to the same in the end. The wallower shall be wallowed, as old Corbett and old Jackson can respectively testify.

Come Side Remarks.

The "Killies" will give a sacred concert at the Metropolitan tomorrow afternoon at 3 p. m. The Killies band is an adjunct of the famous Forty-eighth Highlanders regiment, and is recognized throughout the city as a popular and able musical organization.

What are the chances that this Brooklyn Partridge who has just been appointed police commissioner will get winged?

Prof. Gorman's decayed met light may be all right, if it is not accompanied by a 100-candle power smell.

The British secretary for home affairs says that if those stupid Boers would only find out that they are beaten Great Britain would gladly make peace. That has a probable sort of sound, too.

You have to take your birth certificate along with you when you go to Dakota these days, as a means of identification, as since the safe robberies there the whole population has gone into the Sherlock Holmes business and strangers are taken to the lock-up on general principles.

Seymour Bell, British commercial agent, says we want Scotch whiskey and tea. Not mix. Mr. Bell, not mixed. We take ours plain.

Listen to that New Jersey professor trying to make us believe that the mosquitoes in that part of the country do not bite, that all the biting kind found there is imported from the neighboring states.

These are the days when the anxious mother wishes Johnnie was fitted with some sort of steam gauge or safety valve so that she might know exactly when the filling act has reached danger point.

"Tame Moose" is what they call the fiery cup that does not cheer, but irritates, in North Dakota. This is hardly an appropriate name for that foaming sort they have been selling the lumberjacks.

Secretary Root decided not to try to repeal the anti-convict law when he learned that the W. C. T. U. was organizing a tremendous fight for it. He merely remarked: "Don't shoot, ladies, I'll come down."

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Divers Comments.

The Austin Herald drops into philosphizing on the inevitable result of a political career, as follows:

Politics is the only game, avocation or profession at which a man is sure to fail if he keeps at it long enough. "Not long enough" is the motto of the successful politician. He is a man who has never been considered invulnerable must fall and retire from a field where he has long been popularly recognized. Ahead of every political leader lies a Waterloo unless he is wise and steps out of the race the moment he reaches the height of his popularity.

According to the Granite Falls Journal, Mike Dowling has scored a point that will place him in the Roosevelt class. He has not killed a mountain lion, but a moose. Should Ella Wheeler Wilcox hear this, another story about the redoubtable Mike will appear, The Journal says:

Well, that man Eddy might just as well throw the sponge and give the congressional race to Mike Dowling without any further trouble over the matter, for he has accomplished something Eddy never did even at his best. Eddy shot and killed a moose, while Eddy has never killed anything but a pig. Mike has driven a breaking team of six oxen, and Eddy, Mike always doing something to get the inside track.

The advice regarding the country school teachers from the Wisconsin Star is timely by at least. The incident throws some light upon the lack of knowledge of common things which characterizes many of the pilots of the rising generation:

A school teacher stopped for a night in a hotel, and the landlady asked him if he was a teacher. He replied: "Yes, I am." She then asked him if he was a teacher of the English language. He replied: "Yes, I am." She then asked him if he was a teacher of the English language. He replied: "Yes, I am." She then asked him if he was a teacher of the English language. He replied: "Yes, I am."

We clip the following pointed paragraph from the Delano Eagle:

The decision of the supreme court in the Philippine cases is anxiously expected by the people of this country. The decision is a relief to the people of the Philippines, and it is a relief to the people of this country. The decision is a relief to the people of the Philippines, and it is a relief to the people of this country.

It is a toss up between the colorless and the yellow newspaper. We are to accept the estimate of the Minnesota Lake Tribune:

There is a consensus of opinion now that the yellow newspaper is the colorless newspaper is not the best. If the demand for our time is for men of conviction, for men of purpose, for men of courage, for men of understanding and of wisdom, then it is broadly true that we have need of newspapers of such type.

The great office of the newspaper is a police. And why should the word of a newspaper be doubted any more than that of a man?

The question as to the St. Paul Globe being a Democratic newspaper is seriously being asked in Arizona, Nevada, California and Montana, as a beginning of a scheme of Western irrigation. He does not, however, think the entire problem, which involves the construction of an empire of productiveness upon a vast Western area, can be solved without the aid of the secretary does very well, however, in introducing the subject. It is for the future to develop a project now in its infancy, the full significance of which has not yet dawned upon the nation.

On the subject of irrigation the Sioux Falls Press makes these pertinent observations:

Secretary Hitchcock of the interior department, favors irrigation and reclamation of arid lands in his annual report, just submitted. He recommends storage reservoirs in Arizona, Nevada, California and Montana, as a beginning of a scheme of Western irrigation. He does not, however, think the entire problem, which involves the construction of an empire of productiveness upon a vast Western area, can be solved without the aid of the secretary does very well, however, in introducing the subject. It is for the future to develop a project now in its infancy, the full significance of which has not yet dawned upon the nation.

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The Globe's Home-Study Course.

The storm center of the world.

BY DR. R. WARREN CONANT.

ARTICLE V.

Hong Kong and Canton. A sea voyage of about 1,700 miles to the south will take us from the capital of the Chinese empire to the second city in size and importance, Canton. Like Peking, it is situated on a river about 100 miles from the coast, and it is the great commercial center of the country. The population is over 1,000,000.

In some respects it is admirably situated. At the junction of the Si-Kiang and Pe-Kiang rivers, and where a delta which furnishes many outlets to the sea, it is a natural meeting point of exports and imports. These advantages were early recognized, for it is a city which has been the seat of the Chinese records being in the fourth century B. C. The main outlet to the sea, which is really the union of the two rivers above mentioned, is called by the natives the Canton river. Canton is a foreign corruption of Kwankung.

It is a typical Chinese city. Although it was here that the opium war started in the late thirties, which resulted in the opening of Hongkong to the British, Canton has kept itself almost uncontaminated by the sanitary and architectural reform nonsense of the hated and despised foreigners. Its streets have long since overgrown and filthy as need be to delight the heart of every Celestial, and the mortality threatens to overpopulate the Chinese heaven. There are 3,000,000 in the city, and 5,000,000 in the province. The Chinese are left to enjoy their own nastiness to the full, for the English prefer to live in settlements of their own. The concealed stupidity of the natives is shown by the example of the foreigners, even when it is right before their eyes.

Canton is a walled city, in part. But its rickety houses have long since overgrown the walls and spread along the river bank in both directions, and then across the river to an island on which is the city of Honan. The river is here three-fourths of a mile wide, and the water is so shallow that it is impossible to duplicate elsewhere in the world, for it is covered with junks and sampans. The latter are household boats, about a dozen feet long, and the thousands of families who are born, and die, scarcely ever setting their feet on dry land. The boats are packed together in solid blocks, with water between them, and a Chinese waterman leaves her child to play as it will, only with a string tied to it for the purpose of pulling it in should it fall overboard. That is to say, if the child should fall into the water, and there should happen to be no string to save it by, no one would feel badly about it.

Canton has always been a very independent city. In 1683 it took up arms in behalf of the Ming dynasty, or real Chinese emperors, and against the Manchu conqueror. It stood siege for a whole year, and was punished by the slaughter of 70,000 of its inhabitants and the sack of the city. Canton has since been ruled by the Manchu emperors, and the city has not changed for centuries. Yet it is the home of many industries. Besides the cotton and silk manufactures, it also manufactures great quantities of silks, paper, porcelain, glass, lacquer ivory and wood carvings, and embroideries exquisite in design and delicacy of workmanship. The first step in circulation that curious patois known as pigeon (or pidgin) English, the general medium of communication between the Chinese merchant and the foreign buyer, its base is English, grotesquely and ungrammatically used, with some admixture of Portuguese and Hindustanee.

Now, let us glad good-bye to the slow and smells of Canton and drop down the river about ninety-five miles to Hongkong, to enjoy once more the white man's order, system, sanitation and the fresh air of the open sea. In contrast, and the moral is too obvious to need pointing.

Most people suppose Hongkong is a city. It is not a city, but a headland, situated on the coast of Canton, and just at the outlet of the river. Its location and nature are admirable for the English use. Ten miles long, by seven wide, its thirty-three square miles of area, its high mountains and rivers, rocky mountains and level beaches, reefs and islets, and there is a magnificent harbor in which all the

navies of the world might ride at anchor amply. This harbor is on the north shore and from the rocky edge rises the city of Victoria, backed up the sides of a mountain whose granite peak towers 2,000 feet above. The island has been in English hands since 1841.

Lying a little north of latitude 22 degrees, Hongkong is about on a line with Havana and Calcutta. In many respects it is a wonderful island. Any of the inland cities of the world, with a change of climate can get it at home by moving a few miles. Near the coast it is possible to find, eight months in the year, and especially in July and August, a hot, muggy atmosphere, with a continuous British bath; while on the tops of the hills are delightful breezes and cold nights calling for blankets.

For those who prefer the north shore stretches the city of Victoria, backing up also against the mountain in streets which quickly fray out into the scattered vistas of the plateau. To the summit, to them the head officials and English merchants retreat in summer every night from the awful steam and stew of the lowlands. To those who prefer the summit, to them the head officials and English merchants retreat in summer every night from the awful steam and stew of the lowlands.

But, although it is an English city, there are very few English in Victoria. In a population of 100,000 there are only 3,000 whites at all. The rest are of almost every race under heaven—Farsees, Hindus, Malays, Burmese, Polynesians, Portuguese, negroes and, most of all, Chinese.

The latter thrive and work in a heat which kills a white man. A coolie will work for four and a half pence. A Jinticks man will drag you around by the hour at a six-mile rate, and you will go up the mountain you can hire four coolies for a trifle to take you up in a sedan chair, and you will find that it is so hot that a white man can scarcely exist sitting still, yet two of the coolies will carry the sedan chair, and you will have to push the sedan chair, and you will have to push the sedan chair, and you will have to push the sedan chair.

And so, by push and by pull, you reach the summit of your ambition. Now a white man can scarcely exist sitting still, yet two of the coolies will carry the sedan chair, and you will have to push the sedan chair, and you will have to push the sedan chair, and you will have to push the sedan chair.

Over all is poured the most dazzling sunlight from a cloudless sky of brilliant blue, while cool breezes fan the brow and make the killing heat of an hour ago seem like a dream of Dante's hell. But there are 6,000 buildings of brick and stone. The streets are laid out according to European ideas, and there are 120 European police, of whom only 120 are Europeans. The rest are Sikhs from Indian and Chinese. The rest are Sikhs from Indian and Chinese.

There is need of something different from that of most cities. The Chinese are an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants, and the Chinese are an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants, and the Chinese are an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants.

Public Opinion.

The Policy of "Let Alone."

It is more than suspected that the patient supporters of the Philadelphia ritz were inoculated by the let-well-enough-alone virus—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Evolution of the Shirt.

A Chicago professor seeks to enliven the gale of nations by sundry speculations as to the origin of articles of dress now in vogue. He thinks that the shirt is a natural aesthetic growth of the bronze breastplate of the earlier Romans, and has numerous other fanciful analogies along the line of what might be called the Darwinian theory.

Quarantine the Mosquito.