

GLOBE'S TELEPHONE CALLS.

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The St. Paul Globe

OFFICIAL PAPER, CITY OF ST. PAUL.

THE GLOBE CO. PUBLISHERS.

Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., Second-Class Matter.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with columns: By Carrier, 1 mo, 6 mos, 12 mos. Daily only, 40, 2.25, 5.00. Daily and Sunday, 50, 2.75, 6.00. Sunday only, 15, .75, 1.00.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with columns: By Mail, 1 mo, 6 mos, 12 mos. Daily only, 45, 2.50, 5.50. Daily and Sunday, 55, 3.00, 6.50. Sunday only, 15, .75, 1.00.

BRANCH OFFICES.

New York, 10 Spruce St., Chas. H. Eddy in Charge. Chicago, No. 57 Washington St., The F. S. Webb Company in Charge.

WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa—Fair Friday and probably Saturday; warmer Saturday; light westerly winds becoming variable.

North and South Dakota—Fair and warmer Friday; Saturday probably fair with rain in eastern portion; westerly winds.

Montana—Fair and warmer Friday; Saturday fair, southwesterly winds. Upper Michigan—Fair Friday and Saturday; westerly winds.

St. Paul—Yesterday's observations, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, P. F. Lyons, observer, for the twenty-four hours ending at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation: Highest temperature, 47; lowest, 37; average temperature, 42; daily range, 21; barometer, 30.1; humidity, 85; precipitation, 0.7 p. m., temperature, -5.7 p. m., wind, west; weather, cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—3pm High: Alpha . . . 38 Kansas City . . . 40 Battleford . . . 40 Marquette . . . 40 Bismarck . . . 40 Minneapolis . . . 40 Buffalo . . . 42 Montgomery . . . 40 Boston . . . 42 Nashville . . . 42 Calgary . . . 42 New Orleans . . . 45 Cheyenne . . . 42 St. Louis . . . 42 Chicago . . . 42 Norfolk . . . 40 Cincinnati . . . 42 North Platte . . . 45 Cleveland . . . 42 Philadelphia . . . 42 Davenport . . . 42 Pittsburgh . . . 42 Detroit . . . 42 St. Paul . . . 42 Edmonton . . . 42 St. Louis . . . 42 Grand Haven . . . 42 St. Louis . . . 42 Green Bay . . . 42 St. Louis . . . 42 Helena . . . 42 St. Marie . . . 42 Huron . . . 42 Washington . . . 42 Jacksonville . . . 42 Winnipeg . . . 42

Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul).—Below zero.

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 1065.

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 1065.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1901.

Admiral Schley will do a very foolish thing if he uses Historian Macley for libel. The Globe is of opinion that no man ever improved his reputation by suing a newspaper or author for libel, and the instances of pecuniary profit are exceedingly few.

WHY WHO IN THE PHILIPPINES?

"History affords no parallel of a whole people thus practically turning war traitors, and in the genius of no other people was ever the idea of a state ever erected or ever to be erected on such immoral and unenlightened foundations."

This language is quoted as used by Gen. Chaffee concerning the natives of the Philippines. It is strong, even though vague as an indictment of our Malayan subjects.

Gen. Chaffee should give us his idea of what constitutes a war traitor. Are the Filipinos war traitors because they cannot be depended on by the military representatives of the race which seeks their subjugation? Is it because they do not always fight according to the white man's methods that they are to be designated "war traitors"? Could Gen. Chaffee or any other civilized soldier or man reasonably look for fair dealing on the part of a race which is being hunted and harassed in the effort to bring them under a new national dominion which they repudiate as bitterly as they did the old one?

There is no expectation entertained by anyone that the Philippines will ever develop into a powerful state, no matter what rule they are subjected to. It is not in the genius of the race, nor in the environment or climate, to achieve greatness. All such talk is little better than foolish. If these people are masters of secrecy and dissimulation that circumstance of itself offers no justification or palliation of the wrong which brings Gen. Chaffee to their homes. He is there by no right which any human being is called on to recognize whose civil rights and privileges are made the subject of national barters, as theirs have been made between Spain and the United States of America.

Attempts are of daily occurrence to mitigate in some way the enormity of the position which this free people is made to occupy toward the rights and liberties of another race. We are told in one breath that they are as our own aboriginal savages, and should be treated accordingly. In the next breath we are assured that the proper thing to do in regard to them is to establish the closest approach possible to representative institutions among them; to give them control of their own local affairs; to promote their education and ultimately, if thought most advisable, to leave them to paddle their own national canoe.

The truth is that it is this people which has shown itself a masterful power of secrecy and dissimulation in all that has been done and is being done

toward those unfortunate people. We promised them liberty if they would help us to dislodge the Spaniard, and when they were in our power we gave them powder and ball as a substitute. By our insensate ignorance of their national tendencies and peculiarities we have succeeded in convincing them that we are not only their enemies, but that we are from choice their sworn oppressors. No fine talk which Gen. Chaffee or his superiors in either civil or military life may indulge themselves in will ever set us right with ourselves or with any other liberty-loving race in regard to our present policies in the Philippines.

If some one would reduce Minnesota air to liquid form and send it South it might be possible to get a supply of the warmer sort.

TO TAKE UP THE PEN AGAIN.

The resignation of Charles Emory Smith from President Roosevelt's cabinet in order to become an editor once more proves that the privilege of being near the person of our strenuous president is not one of unalloyed pleasure, or else that there are transcendent attractions in the newspaper business.

Mr. Smith had established a reputation as a brilliant newspaper man before he lapsed into the cabinet of the late President McKinley, and his efficiency as a member of the official family of the chief executive was never questioned. Editor Smith had richly earned the rewards of office by faithful and effective party service, but it was understood at the time he went into the cabinet that he did so against his own wishes, solely to oblige his friend, the then president.

The whirligig of politics brings about its changes, and the editor in the cabinet found himself the confidential adviser of another and much different man. Apparently he and Roosevelt had not been dwelling in that harmony which the poet praises in members of one family. Mr. McKinley was essentially a man of gentle manners, courteous and diplomatic, while his successor is a man of entirely different nature. It is not difficult to imagine that the members of the former's cabinet would not find conditions so congenial as the Roosevelt table, and the wonder is that some of them have not left it before this. Especially is this so inasmuch as they are all able to take care of themselves and are not dependent upon the emoluments of office for their daily bread.

The postoffice department will lose a faithful and conscientious head when Mr. Smith leaves, and the profession of journalism will recover one of its brilliant workers when he again takes up the direction of affairs in the office of the Philadelphia Press.

There seems to be very little difference between the main editorial pipe and the alleged artist of the Dispatch, at least on the score of orthography. If there should be any difference, however, they are at liberty to "arbitrate" it.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH.

The report comes from Washington that the administration contemplates favoring the absorption of the telegraph service of the country for use in connection with the administration of the postoffice department. There is apparently enough of substance in the suggestion to bring the general subject under public discussion.

The tendency of public thought has unquestionably been for a long time past favorable toward the idea of the federal government taking control of the telegraph service. Postmaster General Howe was the first official to take this subject under serious consideration. His report on the subject while a member of President Arthur's cabinet embodies the strongest argument in favor of government ownership of the telegraph that has yet been made. All the arguments which can be advanced today in favor of the project are there set forth with the greatest force. The recommendations of that report fell on barren ground, and no thought has ever been seriously entertained of putting them in operation.

The fact that Prof. Morse sought to have his invention owned and controlled by the general government, and that the project was seriously considered will be always regarded as one of the chief reasons why the country should own and operate the telegraph. The fact that modern progress is naturally suggestive of the telegraph and telephone as adjuncts of the mail service of the country will also be made available in that direction; and the undertaking is bound on general principles to be regarded with much public favor.

While there is much to be said in favor of the proposal there is also much to be said against it. The difficulties in its way seem at first thought insuperable. If we are to take the telegraph service over we must certainly do likewise with the telephone service; and the money necessary to accomplish such an end will be simply limitless. If we do not think proper to purchase the proprietary rights of the telegraph and telephone concerns we must go into the dual industry on our own account, which would be a new and necessarily hazardous venture from every point of view.

But there is, then, a big treasury surplus that must be kept down; and the tendency toward government paternalism is so well-developed as to perhaps palliate such an experiment. The new administration feels called on to make a record in some direction or other; and the project of connecting our colonial possessions with our mainland by cable has evidently led to the conviction that the telegraph and telephone business should be done into a national scale.

If President Roosevelt is capable of carrying this project to a success he will be in a position as a candidate for nomination and election beyond all necessity of surrendering to the dictation of the now recognized bosses of his party.

"President Roosevelt is getting along all right after his fashion," declares Senator Hanna, with a chuckle. Evidently the rough rider's fashion is not over much to the taste of the former boss of the nation. Marcus Aurelius had

better withhold his chuckle for a little. Three years of militant civil service, with the Ohio statesman on the outside, may not prove to be altogether a laughing matter for him.

No doubt the popularity with his guests of that negro farmer down in Georgia who invited the white folks of importance in his vicinity to dine with him was due to the fact that he did not insist on sitting at the same table with them. Doubtless if Booker Washington had proceeded on the same plan during his recent appearance at the White house there would have been far less fuss made about the event.

The cable dispatches declare that a proclamation will be issued in the immediate future putting certain counties in Ireland under the crimes act. It seems to be the normal condition of one or other section of that country to be under the operation of some such act at all times; and why the authorities should find it necessary to proclaim the fact was not seen at all plain.

It was a low-down trick which that cowboy out in North Dakota played on the noble red man of paying for his horse in Confederate money; but when the court discharged the cowboy the Indian must surely have been convinced of at least one of the advantages of white civilization.

It does not appear that the managers of the St. Louis exposition have put any time limit on Congressman Tawney's speech on the day chosen for breaking ground. It is a safe guess that within six hours after James has got fairly started they will wish they had.

Dr. Ohg should see no time in getting sample copies of the invention destined to clear away London fog and all smoke nuisances. If the samples are up to the representations a large order could be placed at once for machines to be used in St. Paul.

The weather man at Medicine Hat gave the weather man at Belgrade, Mont., a decided advantage by making his report first. Having the last say, the Belgrade man can be depended upon to accentuate his unveracity several degrees.

Does the very air we breathe belong to the cable company? The contention is that it does in Newfoundland, for the company is trying to prevent Larconi from using the atmosphere for wireless telegraphy.

The decision of that St. Louis judge will be gratifying to the fellows who take their ease, since it declares the sacred principle that a man don't have to work if he don't want to.

If this weather hangs on much longer it would not be a bad idea to appoint a court of inquiry to locate responsibility and deal accordingly with the man responsible for it.

That the Elks are among the best, if not the best people on earth, the local fraternity leave no doubt of since they announced themselves assistants to Santa Claus.

It is now an even bet that Miss Stone will return from her captivity among the brigands with liberal contributions for the support of missions. And perhaps a husband.

President Roosevelt ought to clear the hook of applications for office by offering to put the applicants to work on the canal.

Senator Hanna is anxious to solve the capital and labor problem on the lion and lamb plan—with the lamb inside.

Come Side Remarks

The Frye ship subsidy bill is likely to be a cooked goose.

His name may be Mudd, but the Maryland representative who is going to introduce the pro-Schley resolutions into congress is nevertheless a corker.

"The railway commission is best known by the junkets it didn't take."—Republian Organ, verily, brethren, and by its general uselessness.

Really these persons who are going to be, or not going to be, married make a terrible middle of the affair. Only the other day Mrs. Lane said she and Chevalier Trentano were to be married—he says he isn't; rumor asserts that Miss Ludlow and Lieut. Hobson are to be wedded—she says she isn't, and adds with rather unnecessary cruelty that she "cannot deny it too emphatically." This last is rather hard on the naval hero, and the greatest known kiss of the age.

That iconoclast, Senator Clapp, is so new and verdant at the senatorial business that he sees no use in keeping secret what everyone knows. He would actually smash the vain and hollow traditions of the executive session. Out upon you, senator; have you no respect for the matter from all these view points, though on several of them there must arise considerable difference of opinion.

The important legal question as to the value of the cat is so soon to be settled in Minnesota for a woman whose Persian tabby was killed by a neighbor's dog. The complaint does not state whether the value of the animal is appraised as a sweet singer, an animated rat trap, an article of oriental diet, or a coat lining. Possibly the learned judge will consider the matter from all these view points, though on several of them there must arise considerable difference of opinion.

One of the Republican prints says "Van Sant is not trying himself up to the extra session so that he cannot break loose." Most of us thought those solemn promises he made last year were pie crusty; but it took a Van Sant organ to tell us so.

While this visiting band and forth between our city officials and those of Minneapolis has much to recommend it, if our city council insists upon importing Minneapolis city council manners and addressing each other and outsiders as "boodlers" and "liars," as they did on Tuesday, we had better shut straight down on any more hobnobbing.

Gov. Herried, of South Dakota, says he will attend the governors' meeting whenever Van Sant calls it, but as for the alleged railway merger, he will take no hasty steps, and he prefers to wait and see what happens to Gov. Van Sant before he does anything. In fact, he appears to believe that Van Sant's "rush in where angels fear to tread."

Sporting pages speak of Young Corbett as "Denver's most prominent citizen." Long lord, but that is a vast world. English monopolizing the titles hitherto accorded only politicians.

What is a mere little South American revolution compared to the deadly universal war raging between Revolutionist Froedman and Dictator Spalding in the baseball world. Both sides have been among the victors in the real South American style, too.

THEATRICALS

"Florodora." An English Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Owen Hall; music by Leslie Stuart. Produced for the first time in St. Paul at the Metropolitan last night by a carefully selected and entirely competent company.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Cyrus W. Giffain . . . Mr. W. T. Carleton Capt. Arthur Donagel . . . Mr. Louis Hooper Frank Abercrombie . . . Mr. Charles E. Bowers Leandro . . . Mr. Philip H. Ryder Anthony Tweedlepunch . . . Miss Laura Millard Dolores . . . Miss Ida Deoerg Estelita . . . Miss Selma Adams Angela Giffain . . . Miss Frances Gordon Lady Holyrood . . . Miss Grace Gordon Flo . . . Mrs. M. J. Giffain Mrs. Giffain . . . Miss L. J. Giffain

It is not difficult to believe that in the case of "Florodora" the veracious advance man has told nothing but the truth in the glowing sentences he has written of the success of the attraction of which he was the avant courier. Three years ago, last year, the "Florodora" was the record-breaking attraction of two years in New York—record-breaking years, at that, and still packing the houses to the doors; two, or it is three? companies en tour, and all of them attracting a stream of golden coins—this is the record of the "Florodora" as it is vouched for, and there is no reason to think that the tale is even an hyperbole.

For "Florodora" is easily one of the most entertaining of the many good things that are being staged in this season to come out on the frontier of the theatre.

There is no reason why the piece should not be popular; there is every reason why it should be. The plot of the piece is as strong and full as any recently carried forward to a denouement which is a happy one. The lyrics have a music of their own that is enhanced by the charming melodies to which they are set; the choruses are strong and full of resonant harmonies, and the solo numbers are, as a class, far and away above the average of those usually encountered in a musical comedy. Color runs riot throughout the piece, and the stage is filled with brilliant hues that come and go and come again with kaleidoscopic swiftness. It is not the same for very long, but the piece is so well put together that it is not held riveted to the stage must surely lack in appreciation of ensemble effects, grouped and arranged in a manner that has done credit to some great colorist.

But it is not the music alone that appeals to the spectator. From the time the curtain rises until it descends on the last act, the play is a continuous delight. And it is all done with a rush, indeed, there are times when the action is so rapid that it requires the closest attention to grasp the details. Graceful and beautiful as the play is, it is suggestive of the gyrations of a howling dervish, follow one another in quick succession, and the swirl of dainty robes and the flash of the feet are as exciting as a comedy, and more of it is excellent. At times it is a trifle ponderous, but for the most part it is sharp, pointed, incisive. The dialogue is crisp, and the plot is as strong and full as any that has been put on the stage with a proper conception of the relations they sustain to the piece as a whole, the scenic investiture tropical in its warmth of color; the costumes are of the most beautiful and appropriate. What more is needed or can be asked for?

The presenting company could scarcely be more acceptable. Those who have the pleasure of seeing the play do not have a selves with honor, and the chorus is large, wide awake all the time, and keenly responsive to the direction of the conductor. From a vocal point of view the honor of the company must be awarded to Mr. Charles Bowers, whose fine baritone voice is easily one of the best that has been heard in this city this season. His hands are excellent, and his quality and full of music. His solo "Under the Shade of the Palms" was the gem of the evening, and was warmly enjoyed. It is not too much to say that Mr. Bowers is a singer of great talent he possesses, has a great future. Only at rare intervals are such perfect voices as his met with, and he has, besides, an exceptionally good stage presence, and a manner wholly void of affectation and self-consciousness. N. T. Carleton, a singer from the time when memory runneth not, is happily cast as the character of the island of Florodora. His once fine voice lacks its pristine brilliancy, but it is adequate to the demands made upon it, and he is still the finished artist that he was two decades ago. Mr. Philip H. Ryder is an unctuous comedian with a funny pair of legs, which he makes use of in some unique dances of a semi-acrobatic character. The others of the men are satisfactory.

Miss Grace Dudley, vivacious, chic, dainty, leads the feminine contingent. As a singer she is excellent, and she has an ultra-English accent, but her enunciation, both when she is speaking and singing, is delightfully clear-cut, and every word can be easily understood. Her dancing is excellent, and she has a number of stanzas that she has permitted to retire after her topical song, and she has a number of stanzas that she has permitted to retire after her topical song, and she has a number of stanzas that she has permitted to retire after her topical song.

The new man on the World continued to write, but he was listening. "What's that number?" inquired Sommers in an excited tone. "One thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, Grand street? Is it north or south? North! All right. I'll look it up tomorrow."

Sommers tried to look unconcerned and sauntered by, but he was not to be deceived. The telephone bell whirred and the jaller answered the phone. "Yes," he shouted in the phone, and the Star man did not have a moment to talk to him. Sommers hurried over to the instrument. The world-beater continued to grin out "copy" at his table.

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STORIES OF THE STREET

The man with the sun-worn overcoat and blue-lined nose, who worked on the New York Sun, the Chicago American and a few of the other metropolitan sheets. He did not explain how he happened to be making a tour of the provinces, but he modestly admitted to the city editor that he could "chop copy," hold down the telegraph editor's chair, or if necessary go up stairs and "make up" the paper. As the managing editor was fairly well satisfied with the working force, the city editor sent the man of more than ordinary ability out to cover the provinces under the terms of the treaty.

Fifteen minutes later the central police station detail knew all about it. The new reporter had opened his heart to the entire blue-coated squad. He made the stand a certain chink on a three-minute schedule by condescending to address the ruler of the precinct as plain "Mike," and the jaller was a little provoked when the man from New York, Chicago and the other big cities whispered to him the boast that he intended making monkeys out of the nine-spots who were beating the reporter's own papers out of ten or eleven dollars a week. There was to be just one newspaper in town printing all the news when the new police reporter secured his running start.

After the first night "Mike" locked himself in the captain's office and the jaller worked overtime in the cell room, but the driver of the patrol wagon and the other members of the squad were compelled to remain in the station proper, and they heard every night for a week the tale of the finish of six or seven dub reporters that had been made.

The captain and the jaller, the patrol driver and the plain patrolmen caught a feeling of pity for the poor backwoods fellows creeping into their breasts. The "boys" had become old friends, and the officers hated to see them marked for the slaughter. The newest man had been there for more than two years, and he had seen the same old faces in the precinct boss by addressing him as "Mike." It was plain "captain" with all the dub reporters, but "Mike" was the only one who had not attempted to vote official time to get out of the office out how he could save the young fellows.

"I am sorry," he said to the new reporter, "but you have got to look for a story, but your fish is written. This new man on the World has it all mapped out. He is going to scoop the eyes out of you. He is all prepared to come to you all so bad that you won't even dare to go to the offices for your pay checks."

"I am really sorry," repeated the captain, in a moody and thoughtful tone, "but I really realize that there was a naughty twinkle in his eye. This boy from New York, Chicago and other places is a world-beater, and your end it written."

The reporter, even if he had dreamed of the time when they were to go to the big cities and command large money, but now the light looked turned out, and he had to resign. It would be hard to be nipped right in the bud of a bright career, but if it came to that, he could not help it. He saw gloom all around him, but with a rising vote they decided to battle along until the waves overpowered them. They would work, and work hard, until the morning brought a bringing back.

"That very night they started their hard work. Sommers, of the Star, was sitting in the room. The 9 o'clock detail had filed in, and the Star man did not have a line of news. The man from New York, Chicago and other large cities was at a table writing what to Sommers looked like a column of news. The telephone bell whirred and the jaller answered the phone.

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The new man on the World continued to write, but he was listening. "What's that number?" inquired Sommers in an excited tone. "One thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, Grand street? Is it north or south? North! All right. I'll look it up tomorrow."

Sommers tried to look unconcerned and sauntered by, but he was not to be deceived. The telephone bell whirred and the jaller answered the phone. "Yes," he shouted in the phone, and the Star man did not have a moment to talk to him. Sommers hurried over to the instrument. The world-beater continued to grin out "