The St. Paul Globe

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WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota—Fair Sunday; warmer except near Lake Superior; Monday showers, with cooler in west portion; fresh south winds.

Upper Michigan—Fair in west; showers in east portion Sunday; Monday showers and warmer; fresh south winds.

Wisconsin—Fair Sunday; warmer in west portion; Monday showers; fresh south winds.

Iowa—Fair warmer Sunday; Monday fair.

North and South Dakota—Fair, warmer Sunday; showers and cooler at night or Monday.

Montana—Partly cloudy Sunday; probably showers and cooler at night or Monday.

St. Paul — Yesterday's temperatures 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, 71 lowest temperature, 50; average temperature, 60; daily range, 21; barometer, 29.86; humidity, 62; precipitation, 0; 7 p. m., temperature, 66 7 p. m., wind, west; weather, partly cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Alpena	..	54	Kansas City	76	83
Atlanta	..	70	Marquette	58	70
Battleford	68	72	Memphis	74	82
Bismarck	..	72	Medicine Hat	78	84
Buffalo	..	66	Milwaukee	68	78
Boston	..	58	Minnedosa	62	68
Calgary	..	68	Montgomery	80	86
Cheyenne	..	74	Montreal	60	66
Chicago	..	72	Nashville	80	86
Cincinnati	..	72	New Orleans	84	90
Cleveland	..	68	New York	66	70
Denver	..	78	Omaha	68	72
Des Moines	..	72	Philadelphia	64	74
Detroit	..	64	Pittsburg	68	68
Duluth	..	62	Qu'Appelle	66	70
Edmonton	..	58	Frisco	60	66
Galveston	..	84	St. Louis	76	80
Green Bay	..	62	Salt Lake	82	84
Helena	..	84	Ste. Marie	52	64
Huron	..	72	Washington	68	76
Jacksonville		74	Winnipeg	60	62

River Bulletin—

Stations.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	2.9	*0.2
La Crosse	10	3.0	—0.1
Davenport	15	1.9	*0.1
St. Louis	30	19.6	—0.4

*Rise. —Fall.

River forecast till 8 a. m. Monday: The Mississippi will rise slightly tonight and remain nearly stationary Sunday and Sunday night in the vicinity of St. Paul.

*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 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.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 7, 1902.

The increase in the circulation of The Globe, daily and Sunday, continues in most satisfactory manner. The Democrats of the state appreciate the hearty support the paper is giving the ticket and principles of the party. The Globe is straight Democratic and will continue so henceforth and forever.

WILLS OF ECCENTRIC MEN.

The death of a Californian named Henderson the other day, who left a will directing that his houses, barns and ranch be made food for the flames as soon as his funeral was over, once more calls attention to the theory that genius and madness are seldom far removed from each other. As a rule these directions that property be destroyed are so ridiculous that the heirs and the courts find no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that the person who made the will was suffering from insanity, and hence that the document could have no force in law or equity. An instance came up at Faribault a couple of years ago. An eccentric man of that city left $15,000 or $20,000 in greenbacks which he ordered burned at his death. His wishes were, however, completely ignored, and the money placed where it would at least do some earthly good.

History, on the other hand, records several instances of the carrying out of the provisions of these queer wills. Dr. Tobias Borthwick, of London, known as "the wealthy hermit," accumulated a fortune of over $500,000, but he converted all of it except $60,000 into ancient jewelry, tapestries, beaten goldware and modern gems. All this treasure he directed to be sunk off the coast of Anglesey, asserting that, as there was hardly a gem or a valuable in the collection that had not been the object of some crime or other or might in the future be so, it would be better for mankind at large if the whole lot were done away with. This will, absurd in every particular, would have been upset except for a provision that Dr. Borthwick's son should receive the $60,000 if he carried out the wishes of the father in all details. If he refused to do this, the whole was to be divided among three charitable institutions. A tangle of large proportions resulted. The heir expressed a willingness to give up his interest in the estate, but as the will affected several parties, it was held that it could not be set aside in favor of anybody. The matter was for a long time dragged through the courts and a decision finally reached to literally carry out the provisions of the will. The treasure was therefore sunk in the presence of the executors and the $60,000 was paid to the son.

Another instance of freak wills was that of Symons Lacey, one of England's largest coal operators. Mr. Lacey was in endless trouble with his workmen and in sheer disgust directed his heirs to set the Ednyfed pits on fire and let them burn until the workings were completely destroyed. After his death efforts to set the will aside were under way, with good prospects for success, when the Ednyfed pits did catch fire—whether by accident or design will never be known—and became what they have since remained, a blackened ruin.

It is hoped there will be very much less of this sort of thing in the future, and there are signs that this will be so, as there is a growing tendency among wealthy men to dispose in large measure of their holdings before death.

Sir Thomas Lipton's announcement of intention to build a boat that will outsail either of the Shamrocks is met with the declaration that a boat will be built to defend the cup that will run away from the Columbia. And there you are.

OIL AS FUEL FOR THE NAVY.

Lieut. Winchell, the navy expert detailed to investigate the efficiency of the oil fuel system recently installed in the steamship Mariposa of the Oceanic Steamship company, makes an extremely interesting and favorable report upon the experiment. The Mariposa made the voyage across the Pacific from San Francisco to Tahiti, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles, with the newly-installed oil burners in lieu of coal; so that the experiment was thorough enough to be deemed of great practical value.

The first point of value is that the oil fuel was only 50 per cent of the weight of the coal. A pound and a half of oil was sufficient to produce one horse power, and a consumption of 278 barrels of oil per day produced a speed of 354 knots or a mean average of not quite fourteen per hour.

Another economy was the saving in labor of firing, the engine force being reduced from thirty-six to twenty men. This was an economy of about 40 per cent.

The steamship was required to use only twelve of her eighteen furnaces, another marked economy, and all of the burners were not used in the twelve. Crude oil was fed to the furnaces by means of an air compressor of a capacity of 1,000 cubic feet per minute at thirty pounds pressure.

A marked reform in management through the use of oil fuel is the disappearance of ash waste, which is a heavy source of cost and inconvenience in the case of coal. Only two buckets of refuse waste remained after the voyage. There were no unfavorable effects upon the boilers from the flames, and there was no difficulty of any kind experienced except some trifling trouble with oil strainers and the regulation of the feed.

Greater mechanical skill and nerve, however, are required and a higher degree of intelligence and closer watching of the firing system than in the case of coal. The future engine force of the ocean steamship, therefore, will be about one-half in number of the present force and will consist of trained and intelligent men who are versed in the science of their profession and have the nerve and skill to do their work with precision and high-grade efficiency. This tendency is what it should be, for it lifts the men in professional and intellectual standing, as well as in salary and standard of living.

There is no question that oil is the future fuel of the high seas. The 50 per cent less weight of fuel and the greater condensation in bulk enables a steamship to take on board enough fuel to double the length of its voyage before stopping for refueling. This is an advantage of vast importance, not only in naval operations in time of hostility, but from a commercial standpoint. The abolition of ash waste, the dispensing of a crew of shovel hands for an air compressor, the economy in both labor and in space and the far greater convenience in handling and shipping combine to give oil a winning superiority and mark an era in ocean transportation.

Soon the primaries will be held and then the campaign will be on in earnest; the fight will grow warmer until election day, and may the best men win—for the best men are Democrats.

ALFONSO THE BAD.

Alfonso XIII., king of Spain at eighteen, is out looking for new towns to paint while his mother, the pious Christina, sits grieving at home over the waywardness of her boy. And perhaps the mother, acting under the purest of motives, may to some extent be to blame for the wildness of her son. All through his childhood up to the day that Alfonso was crowned king, the queen regent kept him from evil influences and did not even let him see a bull fight, the Spanish national sport. The child was constantly surrounded by devout people and his teaching was all along religious lines. It is stated that daily the mother and clergymen with whom she surrounded herself offered up supplications to the throne of grace that the young king should live along right lines.

When the crown was placed upon his head and Alfonso realized he was his own master, like a tiger unleashed after long confinement, he rushed forth into the vortex of life with a scarlet tinge, and ever since he has disgraced himself and scandalized his kingdom. In his tour through the country he has almost hourly done such extraordinary things that he has been the sensation of both the court and the common people. Efforts to reason with the young man have been without avail, and of as little use have been the attempts to scare him with the story that he is so frail he cannot stand the life he has been leading the past few months.

While the young king is out sowing his wild oats, it is recalled that Alfonso has apparently inherited the traits of his father, a thoroughly bad man, and of his grandmother, who was so wholly unregenerate that she is to this day known to the Spanish people as Isabella the Bad.

The situation is indeed a sad one for the Castilian kingdom, which just now needs more than any other government of the civilized world an aggressive, progressive, intellectual monarch.

Young Mr. McMillan has withdrawn from the race for the senatorship made vacant by the death of his father, and of this good example let us hope Mr. Alger will take note.

HEAT AND REVOLUTION.

Students of political and economic affairs on the Western continent are wondering what is to become of that large population in and around the Caribbean sea. Always turbulent, these denizens of the equatorial region appear to be getting further and further away from any attempt at the observance of law. Everybody seems to work on the theory that he is right and everybody else is wrong. So it is that whenever an individual thinks he has been injured in property, person or dignity, he does not, like a Minnesotan, apply to the courts for redress, but buys a big rifle, a good supply of bullets and a dagger or two and goes forth to square accounts with those whom he believes to have trod upon his corns.

At this time there are revolutions in Venezuela, Colombia and Haiti, and nearly all of the other little republics are in a constant state of turmoil, nobody knowing on going to bed at night whether or not there will be a revolt against the government before the rising of the sun of the following day. Cuba, too, although recently made a republic under most favorable prospects, is overflowing with a spirit of restlessness indicative of firearms and rebellion against the constituted authorities.

There are varying views as to the cause of this perennial turbulence among the peoples of this section of the world. Not a few ascribe the trouble to race, and yet others to a general laxity of morals. In a measure either of these probably has a bearing, but temperament is frequently largely a matter of temperature. The Central Americans and the West Indians live in the neighborhood of the equator. It is difficult to have cool-headed men in a climate which is excessively hot during most of the twelve months of each year. Heat causes irritation, not only in body, but in mind. Under the scorching rays of the tropic sun men act on impulse rather than reason. The disposition of the overheated individual is to crush whatever is between him and the goal of his ambition. The sun is the arch enemy of equipoise. The Caribbean sea contingent is under a solar spell.

Cuba may decide to go into the lottery business as a means of raising the much-needed revenue. The scheme would no doubt get the money.

LADY WARWICK'S GREAT SCHEME.

Much interest has developed in both Great Britain and America in the plan of the Countess of Warwick to make a new opening for educated women by training them in the lighter branches of agriculture—cookery, housewifery, laundry and dressmaking, dairy and poultry farming, flower, fruit and vegetable gardening. Lady Warwick started with a capital of $7,500, but she wants $150,000 to build an agricultural college for women. She makes a general appeal through the New Liberal Review for August for funds to carry on her work. With an endowment of $150,000 Lady Warwick thinks she could found a college which would be ample for the present. At the present time 168 students are attending the courses of training. One of the important things taught is to find quick substitutes for every-day necessities; for instance, the making of yeast from the potato.

As a sort of branch of the work, Lady Warwick has founded an agricultural association for women, with the Woman's Agricultural Times as its official organ. She announces that one of her dreams for the future is that several women shall take a cottage and several acres of land to start with, so as to form women's agricultural settlements in various parts of the country. She would have them work it on the allotment system as a market garden or horticultural farm or small dairy farm, combined, perhaps, with bee keeping or fruit growing. Her college once built, Lady Warwick believes the women could build their own laboratories, supply their own teachers, and rent two hundred acres of ground on which all of the practical work could be done.

The Countess of Warwick is a woman of great enthusiasm, magnetism and intellect, and to bring to a successful issue a scheme of such comprehensiveness she is the right person in the right place.

Henry Watterson shying a brick at the 400 is apt to recall the idea of the pot calling the kettle black.

LEAVING HUSBANDS BY WILL.

The leaving of her husband to another woman by will by a New York woman has started a spirited discussion in the East as to the power of a wife to dispose of her spouse as a chattel. In this particular case the unique clause of the will was quite agreeable to the parties in interest and was carried out to the letter, if not gleefully, at least without any decided dissent. It will be remembered by many that Sam T. Jack, noted or notorious in the theater business a few years ago, left his wife to his brother. It so happened that neither Mrs. Jack nor the brother cared to literally live up to the terms of the will, so they each selected another partner.

The nice question arises over a demurrer on the part of one of the persons mentioned for matrimony in a will of this character. Breaking of wills is a serious matter, because if found vulnerable in one particular they usually are so in all. It can be seen that complications both ludicrous and grave could arise from bequests of this strange character. For instance, if one woman has a grievance against another, she can square accounts to some extent by willing her her husband. On the other hand, if a woman gets such a bequest, she is not really obliged to accept the gift. It is always possible to turn a piece of property that is not wanted over to the public administrator, who is not debarred from offering it at public sale to the highest bidder. Of course, if a husband is considered a slave he cannot be sold, but if an ordinary chattel, a point might be made that he could be disposed of for a money consideration.

It is plainly up to New York husbands to find out where they stand. If henceforth they are to be considered chattels they are in constant danger of being disposed of by the wife with the same freedom as of her jewelry or her millinery. Anyhow, it should be at least established through the courts that if a wife can will a husband, a husband has an equal privilege of bequeathing his wife.

It was the most successful of a series of successful fairs, and is prophecy of still greater success next year.

LABOR FIGHTS IMPERIALISM.

The glamor of war, the romance of flashing arms and heroic feats, the jingoism of national glory on gory fields may deceive and win the support of the average half-earnest citizen who has an easy struggle in life; but it has no power of allurement for the workingman, who pays for the doubtful glory with his blood and with political and economic oppression.

The Trades-Union congress of Great Britain, right on the heels of British victory over the Boers, registers its vehement protest against wars of conquest, and the Boer war in particular, in the following vigorous English:

That this congress of British trade unionists places on record its unqualified disapproval of the war against the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, believing that the question of extending the franchise and the protection of industry was not the real cause of the dispute, but the mere shield to cover an unscrupulous conspiracy to grab territory and replace well paid white labor with unpaid, partially enslaved blacks and Asiatics.

Further, This congress reaffirms its continued hostility to all wars of foreign aggression which only tend to enrich the sinister figure of cosmopolitan finance, whose main object is to hold the workers of all countries in universal, social and economic servitude.

The American workingman has not had the bitter experience of his European neighbors on this score, but it is safe to say that the earnest wage-earning voter the world over feels about wars of conquest and the general imperial and colonial policy very much as above expressed by the organized workingmen of Great Britain.

There is no question whatever in regard to the attitude of all European-born workingmen in America. The German-American, the Irish-American, the Polish-American, the French and Scandinavian-American workingmen of this country feel deeply on this question. They recognize that war and labor are at eternal outs. They know that imperialism means class distinction and class power. They know that the more democratic are the institutions of the republic, and the less imperialistic, the greater are the rights and opportunities of the working class under the American constitution and the American flag.

I DARE NOT TRY.

Few, I have heard, grow gracefully old;
The words hold ever the sting of truth;
Grace, with the flowing locks of gold,
The flashing eye and the youthful mold,
Seems to depart with years and youth.

I cannot, I know, grow gracefully old;
The wild sand waste is not for flowers;
My tongue would wag like a foolish scold,
My sense, drivel, my heart grow cold,
As I sat in the corner and counted the hours.

I have wrought with the seasons hitherward borne,
Searched my soul with a critic's view,
A hobby, a habit, uprooted and torn,
Before the ruts had deepened and worn,
That I might roll on with the broad and new.

I sought young hearts and they gave to me
Their loyal trust, their hopes and fears,
A glimpse that thrilled as a sight of the sea,
A kiss that was sweet as the flower to the bee,
A love that was whispered with smiles and tears.

So little I had to yield and give,
For the great glad gifts they sent, in truth,
It hath been such a joy to love and live,
They have heaped my measure, shaken my sieve,
Have fed on my altar the fires of youth,

That I, forgetting the long years flown,
Though eyes are dim and the hair grown gray,
For brave, strong arms are about me thrown,
My young heart seeketh and finds its own,
And the slope of the hill is the best of the way.

The wild sand waste is not for flowers,
I gain no grace as the years unfold,
I would drivel and maunder of bygone powers,
As I sat in the corner and tallied the hours,
And so—and so—I shall not grow old.

—C. J. Greenleaf.

Might Be There Yet.

In a country hotel a group of men were discussing the merits of certain prominent swimmers. One man, who had seen some swimming exhibition entertainments in London, said:

"Why, I saw a man that actually stayed under water four minutes."

Another capped this by stating that Prof. Johnson stayed under water five minutes. A look of surprise appeared on all faces when a little man in the corner quietly remarked:

"I once knew a man to stay down one hour and a half. But," added the little man, as the looks of surprise turned into a loud laugh, "he very probably would have been down yet had they not dragged for him."—Detroit News Tribune.

Mangled in a Mergenthaler

Both the oyster and the champagne season opened mum.

If you don't shoot that straw hat somebody else may.

The society reporters hasten to announce that Miss Kathleen Nielsen, Reginald Vanderbilt's bride to be, has bought lots of lingerie. Well, cut it out, "Reggie" is ready to accept her with or without the handicap.

There seems to be need of a band of expert automobile tamers.

Canada thistles stick to everything except Canada.

Chicago has a horse with a regular Emperor William mustache. He isn't proud, however, as he is working in front of a dray.

What a queer old language is English. When we shingle a house we cover its top; when we shingle a man's hair we uncover his top.

The Chinese will soon be eating saurkraut and picking their teeth with bits of fence rail. Prince Chen says he is going to Americanize China.

The girls, Heaven bless them, have already begun to embroider those Christmas slippers.

An Arkansas mob hanged a negro named Hog Wilson. He had been too enthusiastically living up to the front end of his name.

Roosevelt climed to glory up San Juan hill, but San Juan hill is no trolley car.

John W. Gates has sailed for Europe. It is understood the kaiser had not sent for him.

The Ohio Democrats held their state convention at Cedar Point. Tom L. Johnson hopes to make the Republicans see der point.*

*This was one handed in by the office boy and is printed under protest.

There is hope for Vermont. It showed it was in some degree ashamed of some of the things political it has done in the past.

Stop the press. The 250,000 children of the Chicago schools are carrying canteens and the W. C. T. U. hasn't offered a protest.

Now that Prince Henry has sent Gov. Van Sant his photograph, will the governor return the compliment?

That arsenic wafers are good for the complexion seems to be proved. Two Illinois young women reduced themselves to a pleasing paleness and then they died.

Chicago's Mr. Bartholin is still out in the woods. Chicago's police are also in the woods.

Wisconsin's Rose is now in full bloom from West Superior to Prairie du Chien; likewise from St. Croix Falls to Manitowoc.

By the way, Rose and Rosing look like a pair of daisies.

Tom Johnson may be found to be just about the proper quantity of Johnson at the Democratic national convention of 1904.

Jack Frost belongs to the porkers. He was on the pumpkin and also in the corn the past week.

A week from Tuesday the candidate with the short vote, and his name is sure to be legion, will not be running for office, but from the guffaws of his unsympathetic neighbor.

The September chimneys do not seem to be smoking Havanas either.

The old campaigner, Mr Gum Shoe, is getting in his work this year with great resiliency.

The fair is over and the farmers have gone. Now let's close up the baseball season, buy a ton of coal and get ready for the snow balls.

With Beveridge as Roosevelt's running mate in 1904 the next campaign ought to have a suggestion of the convivial in it.

Had that trolley car been a broncho, Roosevelt would probably have ridden out the storm, so to speak.

Some of the politicians are talking as if they had already got a supply of that last consignment of opium to arrive in San Francisco.

The land forces sunk the fleet, but didn't sink the Duchess of Marlborough. She was on board, too. Funny, isn't it?

The college foot ball season is about to open, and incidentally the colleges.

This weather is good for chicken crops, too.

The state fair officials and the weather man make a great team of collaborators.

A lieutenant in the Virginia militia was dishonorably discharged and sentenced to two months in jail for calling a brother officer a lobster. And it may have been true at that.

What little fellows try to break into offices of great dignity. Van Sant wants to be United States senator.

If anthracite coal were dried apples or beans how it could be swelled materially by boiling.

Perhaps Evelyn Baldwin and Capt. Johannessen could settle their little difficulty with ice tongs.

What a crop of peaches we have this year, to be sure. A lot of them will start to school tomorrow morning.

Those Chicago small boys are not half so thirsty now that they carry the water they drink around in a bottle instead of asking the teacher every thirty minutes or so "Please may I get a drink?"

If Alfonso really wants to be artistically bad he should come over to New York and marry a Bowery girl.

Anyhow the bicycle never made such a pale gray ass of itself as the automobile.

Don't forget, however, that every oyster has its microbe.

Vermont was disposed to throw a few handfuls of salt in the Republican sugar.

And Arkansas put a little more sugar in its mint juleps.

Issues Blockade Tickets.

Elevated railroad tickets of a new style were issued during a block on the Third avenue line at 129th street this week. They were presented to passengers who had to take trolley cars, and read like this:

To be used when the road
Resumes Operation.
Manhattan Elevated Railway Co.

It was said at the company's offices that the tickets were gotten out a few weeks ago and placed in all the stations in case of blocks. It was declared that there would not be use for them more than once in a month.

People and Things

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who is the newest woman of all and who has always advocated the entire submission of man to his feminine relatives, has written a magazine article entitled "Should Wives Work?" No one who has any knowledge of the writer will for a moment think she is not entitled to give expert testimony on that or any subject relating to matrimony, as Mrs. Gilman is now making happy her third husband, and she is still a young woman. After she had been married a year or two to her first partner she began to have scruples as to whether she was the right person to bring up her child, and with a beautiful self-deprecation she concluded that she was not, and presented the child to the Stetsons, who were near friends. Later on she thought matters over again and concluded she was better fitted to be the wife of Mr. Stetson than that of her own husband; and strange to say her husband did a thinking stunt on his own account, and concluded life would be pleasanter with Mrs. Stetson. So all being agreed and of one mind the exchange was made after the preliminaries of two divorces were attended to. Charlotte now found herself in possession of her own child again, and whether she once more presented it to friends is not stated. It is now apparent that she has given herself up once more to deep thought, and found that the eternal fitness of things is sadly marred by her remaining Mrs. Stetson, so she has disposed of Mr. C. in some way, and is now Mrs. Gilman. Whether this game goes any further only time can tell, but we cheerfully award the head prize in the progressive hearts party to Charlotte. It will now be seen that she is well able to discourse on whether or not wives should work. There are very few wives who have worked as hard as Charlotte.

* * *

Some men have very poor luck. A man in Cincinnati, who was tired of always seeing the same face at the head of his table, decided to make a change. Thinking the divorce courts rather slow and altogether too common—they are really used by everybody—he thought out a plan of ridding himself of his wife which was unique and effectual. To the other woman whom he thought would make life one grand sweet song—if he could get her—he wrote that he intended to take number one out in a boat, upset it and leave her to drown. Everyone will admit that this was less expensive than divorce and less likely—if undiscovered—to lead to legal complications. But alas for this lovely plan! Before it could be consummated the intended victim in some manner obtained the letter that outlined the scheme for her demise, and she naturally did not like it very much. So she obtained a lawyer—always an accompaniment of trouble—and proceeded to face her husband. She read the letter to the guilty wretch and he, realizing that his game was up and the beautiful dream was passing away, gave up everything and killed himself, a good thing to have done at the beginning instead of at the end. His wife has a prejudice against boat rides which will last through her life.

* * *

An old man from the interior of the state who came in to the fair, very nearly faised a riot on a Como car on his way to see the greatest fair ever held anywhere. He had just been informing a young man who sat in the seat with him that he knew a thing or two himself: "I ain't no greenie," he said with a pleasant smile, "and I ain't been into town for twenty years, so I promised my old woman not to be led astray by no confidence men," he chuckled. "I'd like to see any fellow get a cent out of me. I'm pretty slick myself." Just then the conductor came struggling through the dense crowd to get the fares; the old man handed out a dollar with a worried air. The conductor took it, put it in his pocket, and just that moment the car stopped and he ran back to the door and hopped off the car to lift a lot of babies on. The old man from the interior rose from his seat with a yell and made for the door. "Stop thief!" he shouted. "Get that fellow with the cap on, he's got my money!" The car was in an uproar, the conductor was much mystified, and for a moment there was a small riot. The old man, still yelling, jumped off the car, took the conductor by the back of the neck just as a policeman arrived breathless upon the scene. He refused to arrest the conductor until he knew what the trouble was. By this time the conductor and the old man were having a fight, the former not knowing what it was about, but resenting the manner in which he had been jumped upon. Finally the young man who had been in the seat with the stranger worked his way through the crowd and explained that he knew what the trouble was and everything was setled after the irate conductor gave back the change. The old man from the interior calmed down while everyone laughed all the way to the fair grounds, but he refused to believe that he would ever have seen his money unless the policeman had arrived. "I ain't taking no chances in the city," he remarked, "and when a feller takes my money and starts for the door, I go after him every time." The incident did much to enliven an otherwise dull ride to the fair.

* * *

Mr. Rukard Hurd gave a party Thursday evening. There were no cards and no gloves. It was a conversasione, or talk-shower. A great many attended in the hope that it was a silver tea.

* * *

It is reported from England that all the coronation odes are in and a large number of them are also out. Alfred Austin has been heard from and several other real poets, but where, oh where, is the ode of our own Weakly Mape? Is it possible that it is still owed?

* * *

When once filled a Moslem grave is never re-opened. If political graves in this country were similarly treated several persons would now be at rest.

—Mab.

Budweiser ad der State Fair.

"Louie," I set, you vos on der der Stade Fair, yes?"

"I should say I haf," set Louie, "I haf been didding der Fair all week to der limit," "You vos dare, too, aindt id?" "Ach! sure," I set, "you did not think I vos going to miss der chance uf mein life, yes? I saw all my olt Anheuser Busch friendts from Sleeby Eyes, Prown's Valley und Shakopee, und last but not least, Reuben Plue, mit der vitkers fon Anoka. Such a crowds as dare vos ad dot Fair standting around in bunches und tearing ub their coin mit dot vild extravaganza und abandoning uf a Chay Gould or a Vanderbilk. Id vos a fright der vay dey led go uf their monies. Some uf dem did nod efen see id get away ven some pickpocketer made a touching uf id. Uf course der detecatifs vos all dare looging vise und vondering vare dey vos going to ged on ad, alretty. Talk aboudt shows, Louise, der life stock took der cakes. I neffer saw such cattles as dose Schleswig-Holstein Mendotas vich took der plue Ribbon und mein oldt landtsman, Adolph Morgenblau, vos der habby man vich belonged to dem. I met Adolph down at Laubenheimer's von night und ve hat a few between us. I don't know chust how many, as I lost der count, but Adolph vos singing 'Der Wacht am Rhine' all der time until I told him he could be pinched alretty, ven he led go. Der sheeps und horses und ponies vos fine. I got bumped on der ponies, bud I vill tell you about id later.

"I also vos in der Vimmens Building, und dare vos such an exhibitionings vich I neffer saw before. Ach! Louie, such a collections uf abbles, peaches, spinch cakes, bickles, blums und chellies uf all kinds vich I neffer saw before. Heinrich Pumpernickel, uf Eden Valley, took der prize. He hat some uf der finest heads uf Saurkraut vich I haf ever hat der pleasure uf biting into. Der Mutter Pumpernickel vos dare in all uf her glory. You know, Louie, id only comes vonce a year und id iss der only time dey are on earth, und ven dot time comes they simbly tear demsellufs loose und led her go. Dey don't efen stop to count their monies.

Dare vos only von thing, Louie, I dit nod lige aboudt der fair, und dat vos der grand standt bitzness. In der feerst blace, eferybody except der best blayers haf to pay twenty-fife cents to ged in, vich iss all right, bud afder you ged up stairs der feerst thing you see in der face iss reserfed seats, 50 cents. Now I belief id iss wrong to charge feefty cents to ged in der grounds, twentdy-fife cents to der grond standt und den throw dem down for feefty cents more to ged a good seat in der grand standt. Ids lige taking id away from a blind man, und id shouldt nod be so. Me und der mutter, by der grace uf a cubble uf yellow tickets, got in free, for nodding, und I seperationel meinselluf to der extents uf two bags uf peanuts, und dare ve vos sidding side by each in der grand standt munching peanuts und enchoying oursellufs lige nobody bud me und der mutter can. Und such a bunch uf eating places. Louie, you haf no itea dare vos so many. Ve boarded ad Vilbur Tibbil's barbercue und id vos a greadt place. "How many pool tables dit he haf?" set Louie.

"Mein gracious, Louie," I set, "you vill be in der crazy house alreatty. Chust pecause I set somedings aboudt barber cues you imachination id vos a pool house. Now a barbercue iss a blace vare dey roast a lot uf oxens und sheeps in a trench filled mit fire. Vilbur hat der Fort Snelling band playing popular rag times und music und you paid twendy-fife cents to der Coliseum fund to ged in vare you ged all uf der dark or vite meat, vich you can eat, und der band thrown in for nodding. You shouldn't miss id."

"How aboadt der ponies?" set Louis. "Such headache," I set. "Bud do you know, Louie, I don't belief I got a run for der monies. I am as game a sucker as effer run avay mit a hook und I neffer holler efen uf I am geschwindeled, so don't tage id as a kich, as I am chust trying to tell you mein experience as vell as der heart breaking circumstances vill permit. I chust set to meinselluf, 'I vill pick ub a leedle easy monies on der ponies.' So I mages a get avay from der Mutfer, because she don't belief in no horse racings, und I vent oudt vare dey mage der bettings. I vos looging for some uf dose 'goot' dings ven I vas approached by von uf dose touters who vispered in mein ear dot I should play Chessie B, a feefty to von shots for place. He set, 'She can't lose. Her chockey tolt me on der side dot he vos booked to vin today.' Now I hat a friend in Hoboken whose wife's name vas Chessie B, do dot gafe me some hunches so strong dot I gafe ub all I hat mit der exception uf a cubble uf niggles in der vatch pocket for streedt car fare. I hat a ticket vich set '$1,000 to $20,' Chessie B to vin. Chust think uf so much monies all ad von time, und I vas fickuring on a new automobupple for me und der Mutter, und how I vos going to surprisal her mit von uf dem. Vy, Louie, ven dose ponies got to der post I hat to unbutton mein weskit und holt on to meinselluf because mein heart vos in such a vild state up plipitationing. Ad last dey got avay und Chissie B vos maging a fine race uf id efen ad der three-quarters she vos ahet und vos doing noply in der stretch ven along comes 'Cabbage' und vins der race by a head. Immediately I threw off a few convulsions at fife tollars a threw, und as I started to run avay der touter headed me off und set, 'I knew Chessie B vould ged a place. Now, uf you vill cash your tigget I vill take mein bit.'

"'Vot are you talking aboudt,' I set, 'I blayed Chessie B to vin und you haf got yours alretty. See?' Chee! Louie, bud I vos fierce mit dot touter. Den I run back to der Mutter.

"'Vy, Fotter,' she set, 'Vot iss der matter, id such a longness you haf on der face, aind't id?' I managed to explanation meinselluf, but id vos such a closeness.

"Den you got bumped goot," set Louie.

"Yes," I set, "Bud for a few minutes I vos a rich man."

—Budweiser.

Unique Offer for a Laundry.

A laundry was newly established in a neighborhood remote in wealth and social pretensions from the Fifth avenue district, New York. In the window after a few days appeared a placard that attracted the attention of every small boy that passed that way. "Every kid," read the irregularly painted notice, "wat brings dirty coles here gets a peece of candy." It is a pretty good guess that every boy who read that sign and whose mother put her washing out importuned her to let him carry it to that particular laundry.

Troubles of Map-Making.

The geological survey of the United States has just issued a report showing that although twenty years has been devoted to mapping out the country, the larger part of it is still unsurveyed. In some part of the western sections the work is attended with the greatest difficulties and dangers. Recently a party sent to map Northern Montana was obliged by the severity of the weather to climb Calf mountain no fewer than eight times—the last 1,300 feet on foot—before an opportunity was presented to get a photograph of the surrounding country. The photographic method is employed in all such wild regions. When the negatives were finally secured it was after waiting all day in a driving snowstorm. Then there was a lull of a few seconds, during which six snapshots were made. During the other seven days the snow was unremitting.

No Longer in Cupboard.

"We are terribly cramped for space in our flat." "That so?" "Yes; we even have to use the family skeleton as the hat rack."—Stray Stories.

Implication Is Unpleasant.

"What do you think of my wood nymphs?" asked the artist of the connoisseur. "Splendid! Anyone would think they were really made of wood!"—New York Herald.

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