

The St. Paul Globe

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WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota—Fair; warmer Tuesday. Wednesday fair; cooler in west portion; variable winds, becoming south and fresh. Wisconsin—Fair; warmer Tuesday. Wednesday fair; warmer in east portion; fresh northwesterly winds, becoming variable. Iowa—Fair; warmer Tuesday. Wednesday fair; cooler in west portion; variable winds, becoming variable and diminishing. North and South Dakota—Fair; warmer Tuesday. Wednesday fair; cooler in north central and east portions. Montana—Fair Tuesday; warmer in southeast portion. Wednesday fair; cooler in north central and east portions. 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, 41; lowest temperature, 35; average temperature, 38; daily range, 6; barometer, 29.91; humidity, 72; precipitation, .30; 7 p. m. temperature, 40; 7 p. m. wind, northwest, weather, clear.

Yesterday's Temperatures—°Spn/Hght. Alpena... 40/50. Kansas City... 43/50. Battleford... 56/64. Marquette... 38/42. Bismarck... 40/46. Milwaukee... 40/48. Buffalo... 58/64. Minneapolis... 42/48. Boston... 56/64. Montgomery... 78/82. Calgary... 50/56. Montreal... 62/68. Cheyenne... 59/64. Nashville... 66/72. Chicago... 44/50. New Orleans... 74/88. Cincinnati... 59/64. St. Louis... 62/68. Cleveland... 54/60. Norfolk... 70/78. Davenport... 42/48. North Platte... 46/54. Des Moines... 48/54. Omaha... 42/48. Detroit... 48/54. Philadelphia... 68/78. Duluth... 48/54. Pittsburgh... 62/68. Edmonton... 52/58. St. Paul... 42/48. Galveston... 78/82. Salt Lake... 46/54. Grand Haven... 52/58. San Francisco... 62/68. Green Bay... 52/58. Seattle... 46/54. Helena... 62/68. Washington... 72/78. Huron... 42/48. Winnipeg... 38/44. Jacksonville... 42/48.

River Bulletin—Stations. Line. Reading. Change in. St. Paul... 14. 2.1. -0.1. La Crosse... 15. 2.5. -0.1. Davenport... 15. 2.1. -0.1. St. Louis... 30. 18.3. -0.1.

TUESDAY, OCT. 14, 1902.

The Apaches on in Arizona are said to be getting ugly. This is not to be taken as an intimation that the race was at any time noted for its good looks.

BULLETIN VERSUS ORGAN.

Gov. Van Sant's press bulletin, published in the editorial columns of the faithful 80, charged Leonard A. Rosing a week or so ago with spending the time of the extra session in lobbying against the tax code and with being responsible for its defeat.

Mr. Rosing in his speeches admitted the charge and claimed credit for it. The Winona Republican and Herald, the personal organ of Gov. Van Sant, at his Winona home, now comes out with the criticism:

"Mr. Rosing indorsed the action of the Republican legislature in defeating the tax code."

Now it is plain that Gov. Van Sant should get his bulletin and his organ together.

They are as badly mixed as the governor and his correspondent on the coal strike question.

The good Lord and good devil policy does not always make good politics. If the Republican candidate for governor wants to take to himself credit for the defeat of the tax code, the passage of which he advocated in a special message to the legislature, why has his press bureau peddled all over the country districts of the state the campaign document which begins:

"It remains for the people of Minnesota to say if they want as governor a man who during the extra session of the legislature made it his exclusive business to lobby against the tax bill."

...This is what Mr. Rosing, the Democratic candidate for governor, did."

On the other hand, if Gov. Van Sant criticizes Rosing for defeating the tax code which he himself as governor advocated by special message, why does he now boast through his organ of "the action of the Republican legislature in defeating the tax code," which Mr. Rosing indorsed?

Is it the Van Sant programme to claim for the Republicans the credit of the tax code's defeat when speaking to city audiences, and to charge Rosing with its defeat when talking to country audiences?

Has he one howl for the country and the opposite for the city? Has he one song for the bulletin which stands for editorial in the columns of the faithful 80 rural hand organs, and another for the city organ which has exclusively a city circulation?

The Van Sant habit of blow-hot and blow-cold is becoming tiresome. Voters and taxpayers now know full well that, first, Gov. Van Sant advocated the tax code in a special message to the legislature; second, that Leonard A. Rosing opposed it with all his influence, advocating in its stead a constitutional amendment providing for franchise taxation and an income tax; third, that the legislature would not have the tax code, and that it did submit a constitutional amendment, which, although not all one could wish, does permit of progress in the direction of the tax reforms advocated by Mr. Rosing, and that the latter in his speeches advocated the passage of said amendment.

Leonard A. Rosing proclaims his views to the world. One hundred

thousand copies of his St. Paul speech, wherein he stated his opposition to the tax code and his reasons therefor, have been given to the voters outside of this city, who were not fortunate enough to hear him. Do the people of Minnesota want for governor a man of clean-cut views and convictions, and who stands by his convictions at all times and places, or a man who is pro-tax code today and anti tomorrow, blows hot in the country and blows cold in the city, and has never hesitated to shift responsibility whenever and wherever he thought it would get him off?

The latest returns from the anthracite region in connection with the presence of a big military force have not resulted in proving the operators to be prophets.

SOMEWHAT OF A FROST.

It is apparent that the first big Republican event of the state campaign, the Fairbanks meeting at the Exposition building in Minneapolis on Saturday evening, partook of the nature of a frost.

In the same auditorium where, the Monday evening before, John Lind and Mayorality Candidate Haynes drew an audience of 4,000, Senator Fairbanks and Congressman Fletcher and orators Peterson and Hay brought together only 2,000.

It is not known whether Senator Fairbanks was ignorant of the stand of the Minnesota delegation in congress or intended to be sarcastic when he gave out as his main text:

"We want a house of representatives which will sustain President Roosevelt."

If that is the issue in the election of Minnesota congressmen this year, then by all means no Republican should be re-elected, because every mother's son of them voted and worked dead against the president on the one bill of the session which specially represented the president's views.

On the other hand, three-fourths of the Democratic members of the recent congress voted for the president's reciprocity programme; and every Democrat nominated for congress in the nine congressional districts of Minnesota this fall stands for reciprocity with Cuba and Canada as against the Republican delegation's stand for the beet sugar and pine stumpage combines.

Senator Fairbanks was wise in dodging the coal issue with the 67-cent duty which the Republican tariff gives the operators' trust.

The demand of Minnesota Democrats that the tariff shall be taken from trusts, the Indiana spell-binding dismisses as a demand for "free trade." That is the way the attorneys of the protected interests are accustomed to meet any and all demands for tariff revision. But this bugaboo no longer terrifies.

With a coal famine in the land, with protected trusts dominating the country, and the party in power sustaining and protecting the trust power in its gigantic exploitations—the American people, at least the clear-headed and thorough-going young men of this North Star state, are not to be scared from their duty by a cheap and worn-out bugaboo.

SUPERSTITION IS INSANITY.

The theory recently advanced that fully 80 per cent of the American people are insane to a certain degree is borne out by a test made the past few days by the Chicago Tribune, which set a tall ladder against a building on a busy street and watched the people as they walked under or around it. Five hundred were carefully counted and notes made as to whether they walked straight ahead or side-stepped the ladder. Of the 500, 366 walked to the outer edge of the sidewalk to avoid passing under the ladder, and this solely because they were superstitious, because they believed it had luck to pass under a ladder.

The ladder is only an instance of the scores of things that people regard with suspicion. The figures 13 give a good many a cold chill every time they see them. Not infrequently one sees a person hurriedly leave a street car because it is numbered 13 or there is a 13 somewhere in the combination of figures which marks it. The same condition of things exists in hotels and to such a degree that nowadays one seldom finds a room in any first-class hotel bearing the number 13 unless it is a closet or ante-room. In the railway sleepers it is much the same. It is almost a daily occurrence for a passenger assigned to No. 13 to get the conductor to assign him to some other, or, failing in this, sit up all night in a regular coach.

And the women, heaven bless them—they go around all day picking up pins head toward them and pat themselves on the back, figuratively speaking, of course, over the good luck that is just over the hills for them. But if they get the pins point toward them they lie awake nights thinking of the burglars they are going to find under the bed, the balloons they are going to fall out of or the horrid men they are going to marry only to regret it ever after.

All these superstitions are solely a species of insanity. Every reasoning man knows that it doesn't matter whether one sees the moon over the right or left shoulder, whether one meets one two or five funerals or none, whether one has a rabbit's foot or a horseshoe. These things have nothing whatever to do with the sunshine and shadow of life. Let all those who can forget the ladders, the thirteens, the rabbits' feet and the moonshine. This at least would be great good luck to any man.

"Hail to King Coal!" said the weary man yesterday. And it nearly snowed.

BORIS HAS A GOOD EYE.

There was some good in the Grand Duke Boris after all. Stopping in Paris, on his way home to the realm of the czar, he said: "American women love to dance and sing and be merry,

but their morals are higher than those of the women of any European country." To which every manly American will give a hearty second, Henry Waterson to the contrary notwithstanding. Boris' testimony is valuable, as he made a close study of the situation from a long-distance view of the girls of San Francisco to drinking champagne from chorus girls' slippers in Chicago and attending all sorts of functions of the "400" at Newport. With all this before him, and having no ax to grind, Boris pays the highest possible tribute to the women of Yankee land.

The grand duke adds that American girls are the most graceful in the world and that many of them are intellectual marvels. He takes pains to assert from a critical examination that the story started in St. Louis that Chicago girls have the largest feet of any in the world is grossly untrue. He says, on the contrary, that the feet of the Windy City girls are exceptionally small and shapely. For this every sensitive young woman in Chicago would have a photograph of the grand duke in her library, except for a side remark that he throws in at closing to the effect that Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor is the most beautiful woman of the 1,000,000 in the big, bustling town. Remarks like that almost cause a riot on the Lake Shore drive, Michigan avenue and Drexel boulevard. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor is pretty, but the others are not going to admit that she is the prettiest.

And, in passing, it should not be forgotten that Boris says complimentary things of the men of America. He asserts that "American men's existence is a life-long devotion to their women." Let's all chalk up a big credit mark for Boris. We can forgive the drinking of champagne out of a slipper and the fondness for the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a man who talks so sensibly about a great people whom he has visited.

Two more aeronauts have yielded to the inevitable. The rapid automobile as a deadly machine is in danger of losing its laurels.

THE PARTY WHIP LASH FALLS.

There are few more rock-ribbed Republican counties on record than Fairbault county in Northwestern Minnesota. It went 2,761 to 988 against the Democrats for the office of state treasurer in the last election, and in much the same proportion for the entire ticket.

Fairbault county comprises the Twelfth legislative district of Minnesota, and in the last election elected Representative J. A. Armstrong by 1,000 majority.

Rasmus Mork, a Norwegian farmer, came out for the Republican nomination at the primary election last month against Representative Armstrong, who was a candidate for the customary reelection.

Representative Armstrong's committee brought out the charge against Mork that he was not a true-blue Republican, that in the past three campaigns he voted and worked for John Lind, the Democratic-people's candidate for governor, and that in so doing he worked in harmony with Leonard A. Rosing, John Lind's campaign manager and this time candidate for governor.

Rasmus Mork admitted the charge. He did vote and work for John Lind. He did harmonize with Leonard A. Rosing, Lind's manager and now himself the Democratic nominee for governor.

So the issue was joined, and on that issue the Republican voters of this Republican county, which goes two or three to one for the Republican ticket, went to the primary election polls and cast their ballots.

Rasmus Mork, who confessed his vote for Lind and worked with Rosing, was nominated.

Representative Armstrong, who waved the party lash was defeated.

Daylight is breaking on hidebound partisanship.

The whip of the party boss has lost its power to control the 3,000 Republican voters of Fairbault county.

And why should Republican voters stand and be herded and voted like cattle any longer when their bosses have turned traitor to every interest of the people and to every pledge of the party?

Why should they be voted for the trusts that are protected by Republican tariffs which rob every Republican producer and consumer in the state?

Why should they stand and be lashed into voting for the lumber tariff which according even to the admissions of the Republican press—between campaigns—taxes every builder of a home and granary \$8 per thousand for lumber?

Why should they stand and be lashed into supporting the duty for the protection of the coal trust which threatens every home in the land?

Why should they stand and be voted for a state administration which increases the taxable valuation of farm property over \$100,000,000 this year, while letting off the Twin City Rapid Transit company with an assessment of only \$5,720,000 for \$23,000,000 of actual market value?

No wonder they rebel, and no wonder Rasmus Mork, who has the courage to snap the party whip into shreds, has the support of his fellow Republicans against the candidate who places party above country and home.

are something like telegraphic characters and that they are of a high order of intelligence. Prof. Hoeckel believes the Martians far surpass ordinary men and women in intelligence and that they excel in strength and gracefulness. Prof. Chander also thinks they are heavier and stronger than ourselves, with much thicker skins and eyes and ears quite different from those of the men of earth. Flammarion is sure there are men and women on Mars, but he inclines to the belief that they are formed like dragon flies. Dr. Joseph Charles Strjet talks like a comedian, but he is serious when he says the Martians are of the same general shape as man, but are fiery red and about eight feet tall. He says they are hideous and have no beards or eyebrows and no hair on their heads.

All of this talk is entertaining, but at the same time unsatisfying. In reality we are not in telegraphic, telephonic or telegraphic communication with the Martians. We do not see them, hear them or hear from them. Whether they are there or not is largely a question of atmosphere. If they have air such as ours animal life could exist there, but if there atmosphere has no oxygen or nitrogen in it such beings as we are would perish. Then, again, they may be so different from the men of earth, their lungs so differently constructed that they could not only live but thrive without oxygen and nitrogen. The question broadens, but how little real light is thrown upon it.

The policy of the one beet sugar company of Minnesota in fleeing the farmers by deduction of 10 per cent to 30 per cent from the proceeds of the beets for alleged "tare" became so notorious that President Theodore Roosevelt, who was a native of Vermont, resigned rather than be parties to the mulcting regime. The farmers have had to appeal to the courts for relief, and the courts have ruled in favor of the farmers. The beet sugar industry is a favorite decision. Is this the industry for which the Minnesota delegation in congress deserves the interests of Minnesota in commercial relations with Cuba?

Senator Fairbanks insists that the Republicans cannot be trusted to revise the tariff. Well, they were intrusted with that job in 1888; and what did they give us? The McKinley tariff. They were intrusted again in 1896, and they gave us the Dingley tariff which gives protection to 206 trusts, capitalized at \$6,000,000,000. Do we want any more of this kind of "revision"?

The divine right of kings has a revival in two directions; as witness the announcement of Baer in regard to himself and God running the coal supply of the country, and the speech of Senator Fairbanks in which the G. O. P. is pictured as a part of "the loom of the Almighty."

Republican orators should take pains to look up the facts before they dilate on the untariffed trusts of Great Britain. All the so-called trusts and corporations of the country, the trusts combined have less than half the capitalization of the United States Steel corporation alone.

By substituting the name of Baer for that of Mitchell, Correspondent Caviller would have given Gov. Van Sant credit for sound judgment. The sentence would then have read: "If Mr. Baer would resign, his resignation it would not be difficult to arbitrate."

If the shock to the presidents of the coal-carrying roads resulting from having to submit to a proposal from Mr. Morgan to arbitrate could be fatal, it is highly improbable that this people would observe the event as an occasion for prayer and fasting.

It looks as if they were trying in Indianapolis to anticipate the day of judgment, when the graves give up its dead. The Indiana capital, until lately, was not one of the American cities which were supposed to be ready to discount eternity.

It is now announced that Russell Sage is about to take a rest at the age of eighty-eight. Judging from the fact that he is in poor health, Mr. Sage, he has discarded the most essential requirement to continued long life.

How deeply Mayor Maybury, of Detroit must be regretting just this time that he is not a citizen of New York or Ohio, in which case he would have been able to draw the experience of being struck by lightning.

Admiral Casey is expected to bring about peace in the pending strife down in Panama. Let us hope he will have the courage to do so. He has the name of a man of whom great things were expected when he went to bat.

Holding the mirror up to nature is all very well in its way, but it evidently does not impress that Omaha pedagogue favorably, at least when only feminine human nature is presented to view.

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How the Cities Grow. The calendar year 1901, according to a recent report of the United States geological survey, was the greatest in the history of the city building. Forty-two cities submitted reports to the department in response to inquiries and these showed that the total number of buildings erected in those cities was 85,571 as against 68,447 for 1900, a gain of 17,124. The total value of the buildings was \$272,173,681, compared with \$247,561,149 in 1900, a gain of \$24,612,532, or 10 per cent.

AT ST. PAUL theatres

Lewis Morrison, in "Faust," is playing to good business at the Metropolitan this week. He is surrounded by an excellent supporting company, and the performance is, in many respects, the best "Faust" ever seen in this city. Morrison's Mephisto is identified with himself, and it would be difficult to establish another in his place. This is his twenty-first season in this role, and his interpretation has improved and broadened with age until it may now be considered classic. The engagement will close with two performances tomorrow, the matinee being given at popular prices.

A Modern Theatre presents a half-week engagement at the Metropolitan Thursday evening. The company is headed by Roselle Knott and W. J. Ferguson, and is one of the strongest dramatic organizations ever seen in the Northwest.

An audience enthusiastic to a degree, and especially well dressed, filled every point of vantage in the large auditorium of the Grand opera house last evening, and if vociferous and continued applause be taken as a criterion, thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the four acts of Blaney's big military melodrama, "Across the Pacific."

When Ward and Vokes show us their second production of "The Head Waters," at the Grand the coming week, it is promised that an all-new entertainment will be found. New in every sense—music, songs, fun, variety, scenery—will be made available, provided to maintain the trade-mark of these favorite comedians. The great success opens Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

Eight sweet-voiced boy choristers and half a dozen men singers, all from London, entertained an audience that was largely Anglo-Saxon and correspondingly enthusiastic last night at the Metropolitan. The boys' chorus, which was largely Anglo-Saxon and correspondingly enthusiastic last night at the Metropolitan, was largely Anglo-Saxon and correspondingly enthusiastic last night at the Metropolitan.

The vocal work of the men of the party was quite as satisfactory as that of the boys. Edward Rambo, a tenor; Percy Gordon, a baritone; Charles Ackerman and Albert Archdeacon, basses, did some excellent solo work. The programme was made up largely of English ballads, old and new, with the exception of three patriotic songs. For an encore number the choir sang the Coronation hymn, and the choir also sang the hymn, "The Bird and the Rose," and the latter, "Orpheus and his Lute," by Sullivan. Henry Leslie's "Swallow" was sung by the choir.

Everything done by "The World Beaters," the attraction at the Star theater this week, is first-class. There will be a capital evening performance all the week.

SUFFOCATED ON THE STILLWATER LEVEE

Adolph Sprich, an Old Resident, Loses His Life in a Building Which Is Burned.

Adolph Sprich, a well known resident of Stillwater for many years, lost his life yesterday morning by being suffocated in the old warehouse on the levee belonging to the estate of A. T. Jones, deceased, which was almost totally destroyed by fire. Mr. Sprich, who was a contractor and builder, occupied the two upper floors of the building, and was on hand yesterday morning to start the work on the building. He had been working about the shop an hour or more before the fire started, and had left his brother Emil on the upper floor about ten minutes before the fire was discovered. Just how he lost his life will never be known, but the presumption is that he was at work in the inner room and that the flames prevented him from getting out through the door on the west side. There is a door on the north side of the building, and the flames had been subdued by the fire department, but the fire was raging it was supposed that he had been in the building, and the firemen worked with might and main to locate him, but the smoke was so dense that they could do nothing until the fire in the north side of the building had been extinguished. As soon as he was discovered he was carried to the front end of the building, and there he was found dead. He was not injured by the fire, but he died of suffocation.

Admiral Casey is expected to bring about peace in the pending strife down in Panama. Let us hope he will have the courage to do so. He has the name of a man of whom great things were expected when he went to bat.

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The fire department responded to a call from the Minnesota Flouring Mill company's plant in Minneapolis yesterday morning, and a fire broke out in a pile of edgings, adjoining the engine room. The outer walls of the mill were scorched a little, but the damage was small.

The Chaucery Lamb and bowboat

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