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WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1903.

THE WOLF INDUSTRY.

The wolf in Minnesota is so scarce an animal, that the occasional wolf hunt which is organized in a rural district in the winter time to keep the young men out of mischief, almost uniformly results in no capture and often in not even discovering a wolf or a track.

But as a key to the state treasury and an open sesame to the heart of the legislative appropriation committee, the wolf of Minnesota is a large and numerous proposition. The last legislature appropriated \$30,000 for wolf bounties.

When we consider that Marshall county, up in the Red river valley, just across from the North Dakota prairies, presents a list of 251 applicants calling for \$1,017 of wolf bounty, we are not specially surprised.

We are not specially surprised at Polk county with 200 claims, or Otter Tail county with 173, or Roseau, up on the Lake of the Woods shore, with 130, or at Hubbard, which embraces Mississippi headwaters, presenting 123 claims for wolf bounty.

Why should Anoka county, just outside of the city limits of St. Paul and Minneapolis, present 66 claimants; while Beltrami county, a great empire of northern wilderness large enough to make an Atlantic state, has only 4 claimants?

It is apparent, first, that the industry of wolf breeding is growing apace; second, that the principal cause of wolves in the state of Minnesota is legislative appropriation, and third, that the state will never be free of wolves until it puts an end to legislative appropriations for wolf skinning.

So enterprising and up-to-date have the wolf breeders become, that they are equal to any appropriation emergency forced upon them by the legislature. Give them a year or two years' notice, and they would without doubt be able to corral a \$100,000 wolf-pelt appropriation. The bounty seems to be a greater incentive to the production of wolves than to the production of sugar beets.

The copyright on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has run out, which makes the action of the New York school superintendents in excluding it from the public schools altogether inexplicable. What's the use of advertising a book that yields no royalty?

WHY MARROQUIN RESIGNED.

President Marroquin, of the United States of Colombia, has resigned. He has laid down the cares of office and betaken himself to his country residence. Just why anybody should want a country residence in Colombia is not clear—perhaps Marroquin had one because he had the money and couldn't think of anything else to do with it.

There is really no wide field for speculation. Marroquin was an energetic party of humble origin. All his life he lived in the midst of turmoil. He attained the presidency by virtue of an election that took place as the result of an insurrection. For a time he liked the job, but it began to pall on him as he found the treasury empty and the natural born insurrectos whom he took into office with him got uneasy.

He found himself confronted with the alternative of starting a revolution himself or having one started against him. Experience had taught him that his fellow countrymen were inclined to the side of the oppressed—that it was easier to win with an insurrection than to put one down. He remained in office until he saw the fires of revolution kindling. He wanted to be in it. Obviously he could not start a revolution against himself. Quite as obvious was the fact that somebody else was about ready to start one.

Marroquin took the bull by the horns. He resigned and went out among the people. His unhappy successor will now have the losing job of putting down the insurrection, and, in the course of a few months, Marroquin, the idol of a liberty-loving people, having brought the revolution against the tyrannical monster who took the presidential job to a satisfactory conclusion, will again take the presidency and lead a happy and care-free life—until the time comes around again for him to go out and start something.

Senator Marroquin has the theory of rotation in office reduced to a scientific nicety.

Now, if one were looking for a sinecure, what could one wish better than to be a sprinkling cart in the lovely days of the springtime?

THE MOTHER OF THIRTY-FIVE.

Your strenuous man is seldom a tactful man. Nothing illustrates this so well as the latest Roosevelt story. Monday the president lunched in California under the stately redwoods. He was served with a dish of Spanish beans. This in itself would seem a trivial matter were it not for the fact that the dish was prepared by the mother of thirty-five children. Teddy's bronzed face glowed when he received the information and in a burst of enthusiasm he exclaimed: "Why, she should be the president of some society—I don't know just what."

To what society would the prolific lady be specially eligible? A literature society? Literature demands leisure.

Would the mother of thirty-five feel justified in stealing time from the perusal of Mrs. Winslow's pamphlets to decide whether or not Hamlet was really mad? A mother's club? What time has the mother of thirty-five to waste devising theories for the bringing up of other people's babies when there are at least a dozen of her own waiting to be guided through the treacherous labyrinth of babyhood? An old maids' society? Of course, she could not qualify there, though they might admit her as a horrible example. Daughters of the American Revolution chapter? Ancestors, not babies, make for eligibility in this. And even if the ancestors could be procured, what time would the mother of thirty-five have for the preparing of a toilet that would befit so important an occasion as a chapter meeting? A political club? If one is called upon to rule thirty-five young Americans, what time has one to bother with the affairs of the nation?

No, the hand that rules one cradle may rule the world, but the hand that has to rock thirty-five is not the hand best fitted to wield the gavel of a woman's club. There is only one organization that the lady might preside over with any degree of credit. That would be a Mutual Admiration Society with the president the second and only other member.

The nice facility with which Hennepin county juries keep on convicting derelict officials is not conducive to the happiness of those persons who have regarded public office as a private snap and have profited thereby.

HAS CUMMINS "SLID"?

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, who represents the state of Iowa in the president's cabinet, says that Gov. Cummins has given up the "Iowa idea" and "slid down the pole."

Secretary Shaw himself is a "stand pat" on the tariff. In his idea the tariff cannot be too high to reach the zenith of Republican principle. The more tariff the campaign platform carries, the more Republican it is. Tariff reduction is Democratic heresy, and the removal of tariff protection from the trusts is treason.

Gov. Cummins shouts as loud as Shaw for the Republican god of protection to whom is ascribed all glory and all American progress and prosperity, from the drafting of the Declaration of Independence down to the last rainfall. Cummins is also a devout proclaimer of the unparalleled virtues of reciprocity—if, perchance, after a dozen years of false pretense and broken promises, anything of that nature should be allowed to emerge from the pigeonholes of a Republican congress. But Cummins has absorbed enough of Democratic heresy to write in two Iowa platforms, that the tariff should come off, whenever it "affords a shelter to monopoly."

That is the "Iowa idea." And now Washington reports say that this phrase is to be recanted; and Shaw says Cummins has "slid down the pole."

The friends of Cummins deny the impeachment as to sliding down the pole. They admit, however, that the sheltering-monopoly indictment is to be withdrawn.

Asked as to the meaning of his figurative reference to pole sliding, Secretary Shaw explains that it is understood in Iowa, that Cummins has consented not to press his idea at the next state convention and that the platform will be "conservative."

Friends of Cummins explain this as follows: Where as it is true the monopoly reference will be withdrawn, there will be a clause retained to the effect that schedules are not sacred and that they may be "revised" from time to time to meet changed conditions.

"Revised" the tariff was "revised" when the McKinley bill was drafted. It was "revised" again when the Dingley tariff was substituted. Save us from Republican "revision."

Has it got to the point that a Republican leader, the governor of a great state, at a time when three-fourths of the tariff schedules are devoted to the protection of trusts and when the tariff-protected trusts have multiplied until they reach the hundreds and can show over \$6,000,000,000 of tariff-protected capital, cannot permit his state convention to hiss the faintest whisper about the tariff-sheltering monopoly, and is summoned down to Washington and called upon the carpet by the president and at length forced to "slide down the pole"?

Secretary Shaw holds the most important position in the president's cabinet. He holds the one cabinet folio which deals with the tariff and other revenue laws. If anyone speaks by the card for the administration ideas on the tariff, it is Secretary Shaw. And Shaw says: First, that there shall be no tariff changes until after the campaign of 1904; and second, as to the tariff platform of his own state of Iowa, it will be "conservative," and the governor "slid down the pole."

The situation presents a pitiful picture of the abject subjection of the Republican organization to the dictates and campaign contributions of the tariff-protected trusts.

The "negro question" and the "race suicide problem" promise to go bounding down the corridors of time bracketed. Wherefore posterity will not be to blame for anathematizing us and our times.

A BRITISH MILLING COMBINE.

The latest in the way of British industrial enterprise is the organization of a London flour milling combine with a capital of \$14,000,000. The proposition is to shut off American importations of flour and import American and Canadian wheat for the development of a British milling industry.

For the inception of this idea the American tariff on Manitoba wheat is directly responsible. Manitoba's wheat crop last year exceeded 50,000,000 bushels. The American tariff of 25 cents per bushel prohibited this wheat from going to its natural Minnesota market to be ground at Minneapolis and Duluth mills. These 50,000,000 bushels were forced by the American tariff wall to be shipped to Great Britain for the development of the British milling industry. The first direct result was a reduction of nearly 2,000,000 barrels last year in the export of American flour to the United Kingdom. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, the falling off in our flour exports to Great Britain will be far greater than even last year.

The wheat crop of Manitoba, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan this season will be not far from 100,000,000 bushels; and, thanks to our American tariff, the British millers can count upon securing the whole of this at their own prices. How this affects Minnesota is apparent from the fact, that although the Minneapolis flour product increased from 15,000,000 barrels in 1900, to 16,200,000 barrels in 1902, the direct exports of Minneapolis fell off from 4,704,825 in 1900, to 3,410,405 last year, a shrinkage of nearly 1,200,000 barrels.

This is a fine example of how our so-called American protective tariff is striking at the foundation of American industry to aid the development of foreign enterprise.

There is an inelegant but pat slang phrase which describes the man who is made to suffer for the wrongdoing of another as "the fall guy." Bulgaria is the "fall guy" for the Turk.

Now that Cleveland and Bryan agree that the former is not in the race for the presidential nomination why should the agreement not be carried to the logical limit?

Col. Walter Wilcox seems to have the indorsement of the weather man. There hasn't been a game played since the colonel was put on the bench.

The American invasion of Canada begins to take on a serious aspect when Minnesota men start buying up the dominion in three million acre bunches.

President Roosevelt has taken to the tall timber of California.

At St. Paul Theaters

Nat C. Goodwin, who is delighting large audiences at the Metropolitan opera house in "The Altar of Friendship," will play his engagement to-night. There will be no matinee to-day.

The advance sale of seats for the engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in this city has been very large but there are plenty of good seats still left. Mrs. Campbell will appear in "The Joy of Living" on Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee, Friday evening she will be seen in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and Saturday night in "Aunt Jeannie," the comedy in which Mrs. Campbell made a hit in London.

Miss Nance O'Neill and her company, under the direction of McKee Rankin, will play a brief engagement at the Metropolitan opera house the latter half of next week. Miss O'Neill will present a repertoire.

Amy Muller, who created the leading role in "Are You a Mason?" which is due at the Metropolitan next Sunday night, and who has been in the comedy ever since its original production in New York, is a native of this city, and returns to it for the first time in many years.

The first matinee of "When the Bell Tolls," which is playing at the Grand the circus, will take place this afternoon at 2:30.

"A Gambler's Daughter," a new sensational melodrama, will come to the Grand opera house next week. It is said to be full of thrills and heart interest.

The City Club Burlesques are attracting good houses at the Star and giving an excellent performance. The vaudeville turns out a high class and the music is good throughout. The burlesque is one of the best seen at the house this season.

At the Hotels

"I see that ex-Deputy Sheriff E. A. LaFaw is up in the Benjuni district," said a guest at the Windsor last night. "I've just come back from there." He continued to say that he had seen a little town between Bemidji and Black-bear and he appeared to be having a good time. "That is the Benjuni district," he said, "and I saw a man who I recognized as a porcupine while out for a mouse. The man was a high class, all right, and the speculation among the rural boys was about how long it would take for the porcupine to get away with a pole-cat."

Those at the Ryan last night were: John A. Keyes, Duluth; A. L. Leon, Vol-vo; J. D. Jones, Long Prairie; G. J. Morgan, Thief River Falls; J. C. Chertoff, City of Iowa; E. W. Durant, Stillwater; N. N. Woolley, Sleepy Eye; G. W. Gaudin, E. Miller, Fort Canby, Wash.; W. Blodgett, Faribault; W. H. Bailman and wife, Northfield; C. D. Griffin, Sleepy Eye; P. G. Woodward, Anoka.

At the Windsor: A. J. Welr, Le Mars, Iowa; J. D. Jones, Long Prairie; G. J. Morgan, Thief River Falls; J. C. Chertoff, City of Iowa; E. W. Durant, Stillwater; N. N. Woolley, Sleepy Eye; G. W. Gaudin, E. Miller, Fort Canby, Wash.; W. Blodgett, Faribault; W. H. Bailman and wife, Northfield; C. D. Griffin, Sleepy Eye; P. G. Woodward, Anoka.

At the Metropolitan: J. Lincoln and wife, Duluth; C. H. Trover, Duluth; J. B. Grand, Grand Rapids; F. H. Camp, Grand Forks, N. D.

THE LETTER THAT CAME.

"We become interested in a great many private matters as we make our rounds," said an old mail carrier recently, and read very different stories in the faces that bend over his letters as we hand them in at the homes on our routes. There is a little cottage on the edge of the woods, where the father, mother and an invalid girl of fifteen years every fall and spring I had carried them a letter from a life insurance company, and I remember inspecting its advent the same as they did, having been told that it contained a notification for payment on a policy. Sometimes I wondered how the girl was, and thought I could tell from the look on the mother's face if they were prepared to meet it. Occasionally I knew they were quite ready, and was nearly tempted to offer them help, so interested had I become.

Last month the father was crippled and the mother was in bed. I came yesterday I disliked to deliver it almost as much as if it had been to my own home. When the door opened and I handed the letter to the mother she burst into tears. I tried to say a cheerful word but she only looked up and said with a smile: "I don't want you. The payments I make on the policy made and this is the company's check for the whole. John can now be cared for, and Nellie is getting on all right; and she showed me a draft for \$5,000."

Low in Nature's Scale. Sea-urchins, star-fish and frogs are inferior low in the scale of nature, and no higher species has yet been produced by artificial fertilization.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Minnesota—Fair Wednesday, warmer in the afternoon; Thursday fair, warmer in the east portion; light showers and coming fresh southeast. Cloudy Wednesday; Thursday fair and warmer; west winds, diminishing. Fair in west Wednesday; warmer in east; Thursday warmer in west; northwest winds. Fair and warmer Wednesday; warmer Thursday. Iowa—Fair in west, rain and cooler in east and central portions Wednesday; Thursday fair and warmer. Wisconsin—Fair and warmer Wednesday and Thursday. Montana—Fair Wednesday and Thursday.

St. Paul—Yesterday's temperatures taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, Oliver service, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—barometer corrected for temperature and elevation. Highest temperature, 48; lowest temperature, 42; average temperature, 46; daily range, 6; barometer, 30.16; humidity, 83; precipitation, .40; 7 p. m. temperature, 48; 1 p. m. wind, 7; 4 p. m. cloudiness, 7.

Table of temperatures for various cities: Alpena, 40; Kansas City, 40; St. Louis, 40; etc.

Danger Gauge. Change in Reading. 24 Hours. St. Paul, 11, 7.6, +0.5; Duluth, 15, 2.1, -0.2; Davenport, 15, 2.1, -0.2; St. Louis, 30, 16.6, -0.2.

Men, Women and Things

Mr. Hobart Chatfield Chaffield-Taylor is writing a new novel. Whenever there is a great stillness in literary fields and nothing doing in any direction it can be reasonably sure that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is writing a novel. And it will be noticed that when for several weeks, say, months, we have heard of no record breaking sales, no tremendous popular works of fiction, we may soon expect to hear from Chicago that Hobart is at work. And so this item of news is not so far-fetched as it may seem. The author of the novel says he is going to be three years in writing this chef d'oeuvre. This is a long time to wait, but if he must, we must wait.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, who writes innocuous stories, is considered the model. By that we mean he has cast a slur on the feminine sex, and it is very nice of him. In print in one of the May numbers of the Atlantic, the unpunctual sex. He says they do not seem to care very much for time, things that are not worthy of their attention, and he is always late for dinner and spoils the first act of most plays. Without a doubt it is his husband. And if it is his wife, then women have not much time for him, he should not thereby conclude that they have not time for other things and persons.

George Bernard Shaw, who was a socialist of the type, is reported to have changed his type, and all on account of Eliza. A few months ago Mr. Shaw was all for the people and against the rich, he believed in the People with a large P and was for the Masses with a large M. Consequently, he had a large following of long-haired men and short-haired women, all with a mission. This latter was generally to the effect of "distribute the wealth of the few to the many, and begin life again. Mr. Shaw discovered after a while that though reform in theory was all right, in practice one can neither eat it, nor will it keep one warm. Animate with an admirable desire to try all sides of the question, and the society of the reformer with no desire to make the world over and with a plethora of purse, and they might as well argue the question of social reform. The result was that the widow entirely won Mr. Shaw over to her way of thinking, and while he did not become so indignant to the masses as to say with the late Mr. Vanderbilt, "the public be damned," he decided to try the theories of the widow to the extent of the reform. Now Mr. Shaw lives in a fine house and is not a socialist. Such is the effect of a fair and open trial on conviction on subjects of importance.

It is usually out of Chicago that the last word comes on the subject of Shakespeare. Therefore it is no surprise to us to learn that an erudite professor of that city has weighed the late Mr. Shakespeare in the balance of the world and decidedly wanting. The name of this courageous and honest man is Watts. He says that Shakespeare was a cheap punster and his wit was of a very slim order. Also his language is sadly behind the times. It would be better to argue the question of the best models of modern drama before the students of today, rather than the coarse and ribald utterances of a Shakespearean poet. The professor's feelings on the part of Mr. Watts and we cannot expect a man who has been used to the classic language of George Ade and Mr. Doolittle, to be anything of Ham Garland—to look kindly upon the crude efforts of the effete Shakespeare. With his experience and from his point of view the professor is undoubtedly right, and Chicago students should confine themselves to the veraculous.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Hoyt, of Tiffin, Ohio, recently died and left a will that has excited some comment, but it is difficult to see just why. Her will begins: "I want a simple funeral, but a respectable burial, in Greenwood cemetery, in case I should die without remarriage, etc., and an annuity of \$50 a month to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the proper maintenance of her cats and dogs. The very part of this which might cause criticism is the clause in which she provides for a respectable burial in case she should die without remarriage. It is very evident that she has her doubts upon remarriage and gives one who had leanings toward cremation. The executors of the will are the trustees of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it is not surprising that a burial one would be that is not so respectable and it must be admitted that the idea of a disreputable burial gives us pause. She has not had her anticipated dying a natural death, she remarried. But as to the money for the dogs and cats, no one can deny that the show of the highest type of humanity on the part of Mrs. Hoyt.

The woman who wears a bird on her hat from this time henceforth shall be anathema, according to the Audubon society, of New York. The girl has made an agreement with the Millinery Merchants' Protective association whereby the latter promise to refrain from the importation or sale or use for decorative purposes of birds. So ends the birds on bonnets and the beginning of the reign of the plain brush which rears itself so triumphantly on spring millinery. But it would seem to the unprejudiced observer that unless the woman also comes to the idea of decorating a piece of toast with a bird, the protective association will not do much for the cause for which it is the difference between a bird on a bonnet and on toast?

Of course nothing but sorrow can be felt or expressed at the news of Miss Alice Roosevelt's indisposition as a result of a too strenuous social life, but at the same time one cannot but think of the large amount of space that the disposition of editors if the young lady in question shall be confined to her room for a few days. In fact it may be said that much public business which should have been recorded in and news which has been laid over can now be printed. For it takes a score of reporters even to keep Miss Roosevelt in sight, and much space is just to record her visits. It is thought in Porto Rico, today in North Carolina and tomorrow she is likely to be in Cuba or New Orleans. So while everyone or New Orleans, is one good, and weary editors and reporters will be able to get a little sleep and a well earned rest. Those that follow Miss Roosevelt's strenuous leader never expect any sleep and listen about the reading of letters that therefore hardened to the life they lead.

St. Paul, May 12, 1903.

THE BANKERS ARE ENLIGHTENED.

SHERMAN, Tex., May 12.—The Texas Bankers' association met here today and listened to the reading of letters from prominent bankers in other states. One was from ex-Secretary of the Treasury Gage, who discussed the question, "Is the money supply of the United States sufficient?" Another letter, from James B. Foregan, of Chicago, discussed the same question. Governor Daves also transmitted his views.

Stories They Tell

Tom McCormick, local manager at the Grand, is wondering whether or not it pays to be accommodating. Last Saturday afternoon while he was in the theater watching the matinee performance, he noticed that a 4-year-old youngster, evidently with his mother, was becoming restless. It was just before the first intermission, and "Mack" saw a chance to distribute a little of the milk of human kindness.

"If you will let me take the little fellow," he said to the woman, "I will buy him some candy and take him to the box office. You can come out and get him before the intermission."

The woman smiled gratefully and acquiesced. "Mack" took the youngster and departed. The intermission came and went, and others passed by, but the woman came not for the boy. The little fellow developed an amazing appetite for chocolate creams, and enjoyed the performance. Mack was in a state of collapse, and the youngster was cooling over an empty chocolate box.

"Thank you so much," said the mother, when she finally came for the boy. "You have no idea of how I enjoyed the performance. I will come often hereafter and allow Willie to play in your little cage."

"I wonder if she will," says "Mack," when he recalls the dear little fellow shudders and glances over the resignation he has prepared.

"It is bad enough to wait for a street car the way they run them on some of the lines, but when a car that you have been waiting for nearly thirty minutes rushes by you without stopping and the motorman grins at your discomfiture, it becomes an outrage, and you are not a waiting passenger on South Robert street yesterday.

A half filled car preceding No. 870 had just rushed by him and he was mad enough to fight.

"The car I suppose was en route to the barn and because of the rules it was not allowed to take passengers," he continued. "I don't know that there is any way of getting at the management, but if I was a member of the city council, I would encourage a law to compel every car to stop when signaled.

St. Louis has cast an effectual chill over its great exposition by the right and robbery guests at the exposition by the landlords. No one but those who have money to burn will want to attend the world's fair at St. Louis next year.—Le Sueur Sentinel.

The coal trust is preparing for next winter and are the people doing to prepare against the coal trust?—Fergus Globe.

Cole Younger's new book does not say that the James boys were not in the raid at Northfield nor does he say that they were. He has made two characters to play the roles, one of these he calls Howard.—Northfield News.

Forty-five years ago today Minnesota was admitted to the sisterhood of states. Then it was the smallest in population, and was prosperous on the prairie. It has since become a state with great natural wealth—good soil, good climate, vast quantities of timber and fabulous deposits of iron. It has been exceedingly fortunate in the character of its inhabitants, the settlers coming here being of New England stock, Scandinavian, German and English. No state has had a better record in the short space of forty-five years developing from a primitive state to a great commonwealth. It is a marvelous record.—St. Cloud Journal Press.

Some members of the legislature are accused of wanting to loot the old capitol. Better wait a bit; it may be better to meet there again to vote a few more millions for the new capitol.—Crocketon Times.

There seems to be a growing discontent in the propertyed thorax. The most of the trade and commercial journals of the country who make their living off the protected industries have been howling at the continuous and harmonious chorus about the abundant and Republican-sent prosperity. Some of them are beginning to get a little nervous, and assert that we have already ceased to prosper. The most pessimistic of these is perhaps the "Wool and Cotton Reporter" which expels the sales of woolen goods this year and the prosperity of the shoddy industry by saying that the coal and other trusts have brought about such a price that the purchasing power of the people is curtailed and that they cannot afford to wear any but cheap clothes, which, according to the writer, makes a cheap man. It is possible that the trusts are going to be kept in the mouths at one another, that the pot is boiling, and that the black? If so, honest men may get their dues.—Mankato Review.

IT WAS THE AUTHOR OF MISSOURI ANTI-ALUM LAW

Ex-Senator Lyons Sees Bound Not to Tell Too Much. ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 12.—Former Senator W. F. Lyons, of Kansas City, author of the anti-alum law, was a witness before the St. Louis grand jury today and was held for the grand jury. It is believed that Lyons is standing on his "constitutional rights" in refusing to give testimony that might incriminate him in the case of the Rockdale and his mind has been falling more for the do.

C. G. Goodrich, vice president, and W. J. Hill, general manager of the City Rapid Transit company, came here yesterday afternoon with a delegation of Minneapolis attorneys and spent two hours as the guests of Warden Wolfert at the state prison. The party numbered about twenty.

Won't Inform for \$60,000. NEW YORK, May 12.—Collector Stranahan's reply to the recent statements of Former Agent Theobald, in which Mr. Theobald declared that smuggling is going on with the increased activity and that he knows of increased diamond necklaces, worth \$20,000 apiece, recently brought into this country without payment of duty, is that the former special agent has an opportunity to make \$60,000. This is half the value of the necklaces, and if Mr. Theobald will furnish information on which seizures can be made, this sum will be his. Mr. Theobald declines, however.

No Evidence Against Lombardi. MALDEN, Mass., May 12.—Tommaso Lombardi, the Italian arrested on suspicion in connection with the murder of Miss Nellie A. Starrett, of Medford, was released today.

Grist of the Political Mill

Frank Eddy, former congressman from the Seventh district, will be a candidate for governor before the Republican state convention next year. This statement is not made with the sanction of Mr. Eddy, but it is a proposition to place bets on and concede odds.

Eddy was in St. Paul yesterday stirring up some of his land investments. In reply to a direct question as to his gubernatorial aspirations, he said: "I am busy trying to make a living now and it is altogether unlikely that I should be able to bring out a campaign next year. The people of Minnesota are not so intensely interested in politics now as they are in business and I believe they want a rest. I am not an avowed candidate for the office of governor, or an active or will not be a candidate will naturally enough depend wholly on circumstances. I certainly should not decline nomination to an office, which is big enough to tempt any man. I retired from the congressional field with the idea of getting on in politics and the next state campaign is a long way off."

All the same, Frank Eddy will be a candidate for governor, and it is possible that he has not fully made up his mind on the subject, but he will be in the race and he will be a formidable factor. Early, as Mr. Eddy says it, the gubernatorial situation is rapidly narrowing down to three men—Tan Sant, Dunn and Eddy. The politicians may be able to bring out other candidates; may be able to show some strength in the convention, but the real fight for delegates will eventually be between that trio of big guns.

Eddy retired, he says, with the idea of getting out of politics. That is probably true, but he was in too long to be able to get out of politics. The itching for political strife will come back, if it has not already, and Eddy is clever enough politician to know that the coming state campaign is about the last call for him. He will have to get in the coming fight or hang up his lance. It will not be difficult for him to line up the Seventh district as a starter and it requires no very great stretch of the imagination to believe that with his known strength in the First, Second and Ninth districts that he can go down to the convention with 400 delegates or one-third of the delegate body.

Senator Hill Horton will have a try with Congressman Fred C. Stevens for the Fourth district nomination next year. Horton declines to deny or affirm this, but it is an open secret that strong friends of the Seventh ward man are now working day and night in the interest of his candidacy. The primary fight is a long way off and Horton's friends are biting off a large chunk, but they are optimistic and say that while they expect a fight, they also expect to win.

Senator Horton yesterday said that he has been urged to become a candidate, and while declining to admit that he has consented, did admit that the congressional field offers an alluring prospect. He said that when the entry arrives he may be found in the running. Horton's campaign will be made on his legislative record. He has served in both houses and in both occupied prominent and powerful positions. He still has half of a re-elected term in the senate to serve.

Congressman Stevens is serving his fourth term in the lower house of the national legislature, and his friends urge that four terms should be sufficient. Four terms are, however, enough to make a congressman a dangerous opponent. Stevens has paid very close attention to his district and thereby built up some pretty tall fences. Last year even with the alluring allurements of the new primary law, he was renominated without opposition. Proportionately, he is stronger in the country districts than in Ramsey. In Ramsey county he has, perhaps, only the advantage of possession, but in the other counties he has the advantage of possession and acquaintance. Seven years is not a long time ordinarily, but in politics it is long enough to give a congressman a decided handicap over the man who has never appeared in the county positions. He still has half of a re-elected term in the senate to serve.

George A. Van Smith.

NO JURY CASE TRIED IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

New Record Established at Term of Court at Stillwater.

Not a single jury case tried at the May general term of the district court in Washington county is a new record for the court at the present term of court. The petit jury was impaneled at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and the first case taken up was that of the Lotus-Hubbard Elevator company against John G. Knox. This case was settled and dismissed after three jurymen had been selected, and all of the remaining cases were disposed of by the court, and the jury was