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SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1903.

MANNERS AND EDUCATION.

In delivering the Founders' day address at the commencement day exercises of Lawrenceville school, Trenton, N. J., last week, Bishop Potter declared that modern education dismissed good manners. "We are getting to be in such a hurry in America," he said, "that the ordinary civilities are disappearing out of our education and our life."

While it is true that manners, like charity, should be practiced first in the home, it is also true that the school room offers an excellent opportunity to the teacher to supplement the efforts of the parents, or to supply a lack that is the result of defective home training. By personal example and by well chosen anecdotes she can impress on her charges the value of kind hearts, for without these, of course, politeness becomes a mere veneer. But if the home training is directly opposed to these school lessons, teachers can accomplish little.

It is to be regretted that in the majority of cases parents who are well-to-do set a false standard of worth for their children. Apropos of this, Bishop Potter said: "We are face to face with a great social problem concerning which the minds of most of us are moving upon distinctly wrong lines. No one who is conscious of the social and industrial situation can be unconscious of the fact that the classes have drifted away from the masses."

One would imagine that a public school would be a common meeting ground for the rich and the poor and that free intercourse there would, to a great extent, level the barriers that superior social opportunities have raised. But unfortunately such seems not to be the case either in public schools or colleges. A teacher who has taught for many years in the schools of St. Paul touched upon this question in discussing a case the other day. "I have in my room a very bright girl, an Icelander, who works for her board in order that she may obtain an education. She is a girl of excellent character and of, apparently, lovable qualities, but I do not believe that she has a friend in the school room. The other girls are pleasant to her, but the fact that she works for her board bars her from all their social diversions. I feel sorry for the girl, but so far my efforts to make things more pleasant for her have been futile."

Certainly that teacher cannot be blamed for the rudeness of these pupils, for their attitude is directly the result of home training. In the speech already quoted, Bishop Potter said: "It is impossible to create a democratic situation by creating a democratic form of government. The solution of pending problems cannot be brought about by legislation, but by a kindlier feeling on the part of all the classes." And this kindliness must begin in the home. When snobbishness and other evidences of ill-breeding are banished from there, the lessons that the majority of teachers strive to inculcate will be well and easily learned. Graduates, then, will think less of modes and more of manners and the American standard of good breeding be raised.

Russell Sage will build a $30,000 mausoleum. And Hetty Green has purchased an automobile of the most expensive make. Are they trying to outdo each other in extravagance?

EXCELSIOR.

Miss Annie S. Peck, a graduate of the University of Michigan, sailed last week with a party of scientists for South America. She hopes to climb Mount Sorata, an Andean peak, which scientists claim to be the highest elevation on earth. Many men have failed in their attempts to reach the summitt, but this does not discourage Miss Peck. Nor does the fact that she will have to carry on her shoulders an oxygen tank for breathing purposes, give her pause. Miss Peck hopes to ascertain important geographical, archaelogical, topographical and meteorological facts.

There are many people who think that women have risen high enough. There are others who believe that the greatest height possible to her sex has already been attained. With neither contention, apparently, does Miss Peck agree. To her, higher education represents but so many steps up toward that ultima thule, the loftiest elevation on earth. She will not be content until she has surpassed all the rest of the world and from a peak hitherto inaccessible has looked down on mere man.

To many her aim will doubtless represent the worst result of the higher education—an unfeminine desire to rush in where men have failed to tread. In Longfellow's immortal poem, it will be remembered, it was a maiden who sought to stay the youth who had his eyes fastened on a high peak. The poem illustrates how times have changed and women with them. She has seized the banner herself and if any men are with her when she plants it on the topmost peak, it will be because they have followed in her footsteps. All the honor will be Miss Peck's.

But her quest seems to be as reprehensible as the deed itself. She goes in search of facts—cold, hard facts, as Mr. Dickens most appropriately labeled them. Had he also pronounced them unladylike, he would, doubtless, not have been criticised for it. Miss Peck climbs in the interests of geography, archaelogy, topography and meteorology. This is flattering, of course, to the 'ographies and 'ologies, but what is their luck is mere man's misfortune, for Miss Peck is said to be young and comely. But the fact that so much sweetness is to be wasted on an Andean peak is but an aggravation of her offense.

Alexander Selkirk did not enjoy being monarch of all he surveyed. Is it not probable that Miss Peck will find, when "like a sweet little cherub she sits up aloft," that scenery palls and that a high altitude is uncomfortably frosty? Having climbed in the interests of science, is it not probable that she will descend in her own interest and that of humanity?

The old-time lover used to kill himself when his love was spurned. Now he kills the girl.

SETTLING WITH THE SHERIFF.

In Minneapolis tomorrow the sheriff will proceed to levy on those of its citizens who have neglected to pay their personal taxes. It is not the unduly rich tax-dodger who is to be made to settle, but that other class of tax-dodgers who simply ignore the tax assessor and who are arbitrarily assessed. The sheriff will start out a number of vans, each under the direction of a deputy sheriff, who will be armed with power to levy upon and take away such property of the person who has not paid his taxes as may be necessary to liquidate the county's bill. The experiment will be new in this section and it will be worth while to observe the outcome. If the people of the town up the river exhibit one-half of the enterprise in defying the sheriff as their representatives in office have in carrying off the public funds and increasing thereby the burden of taxes the vans will not be overworked.

It is to be regretted that these means have to be resorted to in Minneapolis for the collection of taxes, for it is a sort of reflection on St. Paul. Since the capital of Minnesota was located by a great editor in Minneapolis, people abroad have got in the habit of mixing the two towns. Of course Minneapolis has features that are not to be regarded cheaply. It is the home of that distinguished financier and politician, Col. Thomas Lowry. Col. Tom is not to be sneezed at as a feature or an attraction. On the other hand, it is the rendezvous of the Ames family—and that almost stands off the advantage afforded by the possession of the street car magnate. It is the head of navigation—for air ships. Sometimes they make flour up the river. But all the time they have queer public officials and the burden of taxation is something to be viewed with awe.

St. Paul does not like to be identified with Minneapolis for many reasons, hence we deplore the necessity for collecting taxes by force of arms—people in foreign parts will think the practice is common to the Twin Cities.

St. Paul people have not yet got to the point where they pay their taxes only when threatened with a seizure. They sometimes pay up with bad grace, but they do pay. Therefore are we constrained to invite our brethren up the river to settle and have done with it. What's the use of making the deputy sheriffs who took their jobs because they were too strong to drive moving vans actually work?

Baroness Isacescu, Princess Obelensky and Countess Lubomirsky will swim the English channel. The first thing they will have to do, of course, will be to discard their names.

THE AMERICAN DERBY.

With all its trumpery pretensions, its shoddy imitation of society and its vain exploitation of the field of art—in the pursuit of pelf—Chicago makes good just once a year in making a success of a big affair. The American Derby is undoubtedly a big turf event, the biggest, all things considered, in this country. There are other races that are worth more to the winner and some other events are quite as largely attended, but for widespread interest among horse owners in the great breeding districts of the country there is none of the race events that touches the Washington park affair.

The English Derby has developed in the course of many years, but even now it is a Cockney holiday rather than a great racing event. The great value of the prize and the fame that is won by the Derby winner make horse owners eager to try for the stake, but there are other races in England that attract greater attention from the more exclusive breeders. All England watches the event of the Derby and the sporting Cockney's year is marked by two great trials, the Derby and university rowing match.

We of the West are growing to our Derby, but it must be admitted that we are taking to it kindly. Horse owners have been inspired to get better results by the possibilities held out to the breeder of a Derby winner. It is a tremendous thing for a comparatively unknown horse, like the winner of yesterday's race to win over such a field, in the presence of 70,000 wildly enthusiastic admirers of the horse, and take down a stake worth almost $25,000. It brings the horse, his owner and jockey fame in plenty and adds enormously to the value of the animal. Picket was yesterday morning a little known beast who was recognized by a few as having a chance to make his mark. Today his name is heralded all over the world, he is regarded by some hundreds of thousands of Americans as the ruler of the turf and his owners are rich men—if they backed their entry.

Let us then admit that Chicago is not altogether pinchbeck. It has a redeeming feature which it actually justifies for admirers of the horse and the credit of the town may yet be redeemed by the American Derby.

King Peter of Servia has ordered his crown. That, of course, was a simple matter. The difficulty will be in keeping it on straight.

A Hackensack weather prophet has predicted that overcoats will be worn July 4. Well, no one has packed his in camphor yet.

Lord Beaconsfield once said that assassination never changed history. No, but it always inserts a new date in the history book.

Cariveau seeks to immortalize in poetry the sweet girl graduates of the Central high school. But who is Cariveau?

That Kentucky juryman who held out against conviction probably saved the lives of all the other jurymen.

EDITORIAL EXPRESSIONS.

Living Down Reputation.

The larger part of the traveling men who attended the U. C. T. convention here last week, left the city Saturday night or yesterday afternoon, and a signally successful meeting terminated. It was successful in more ways than one, and the visitors went away with a good taste in their mouths.

The meeting was characterized especially by the excellent behavior of the large crowd of men who came here to take part and look on. The officials of the U. C. T., as well as the Duluth people who had a hand in their entertainment, were loud in their expressions of praise for the drummers. It used to be, a long time ago, the traveling men say, that the typical drummers were sporty high-flyers, and general all-round rowdy-dowdy boys. But today it is far different. The men of the road today are gentle, kind and meek and are not of the boisterous class. The traveling men resent the imputation that the profession is still as it was, when the "cold bottle and hot bird" game was apparently the sole object of life for them. The business conditions have changed, they say, until the profession demands strictly sober men to transact the representative business that they do.

This observation was borne out by the deportment and conduct of the men who came to the Duluth gathering. With several hundred men turned loose from the cares of business, and with a holiday, away from home, among congenial company, with no restraint whatever, they attended to the business and social duties presented with a will that was admirable.—Duluth Herald.

Flood Lays Bare Political Pretensions.

Pension Commissioner Ware has been roundly denounced for saying that Kansas did not need outside help for the sufferers by flood, and pointing to the plethoric condition of the banks as proof of a prosperous condition. It turns out that those bank balances were for political illustration purposes and not evidence of the real condition of Kansans. Peffer appears to have mowed his whiskers too soon, according to this wail from the drowned.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

Kara's Troubles Only Begun.

The choice of Prince Peter Kara Georgevitch to be king of Servia and his acceptance of the throne probably are but the beginning of the troubles for the just graduated king, who for some time has been inhausting smoke at Geneva. That he takes his life in his hands who ascends the Balkan thrones is obvious in view of the experience of his predecessor in Servia.—Boston Journal.

Species Is Not Extinct.

Queen Draga was not the only beautiful but bad woman on earth. There are a few others.—Chattanooga News.

Men, Women and Things

It is not often that anything so enterprising comes out of the South as Mr. William J. Farr, or J. William Farr, as he frequently signs himself. But when it is known that Mr. Farr calls Chicago home, it can be seen that he comes naturally by his talent. Mr. Farr went South and established himself at Nashville, where he opened the National College of Law, taught legal intricacies while you wait, and issued degrees of LL. D. for the small sum of $10. The number of LL. D.'s that are now to be found in that vicinity is tremendous. The letter that accompanies the degree is another evidence of Mr. Farr's genius. Among other things he says: "I have the honor to inform you that the honorary degree of doctor of laws (LL. D.) has been conferred upon you by this corporation, and could your friends feel the unostentatious ecstacy which now pervades the recesses of your heart in rejoicing in your happiness, I am sure they would say, 'It is well * * *'" There is more of the same, all of which shows Mr. Farr to be worthy of the city that gave him to the world. He should go down into history, if for nothing else than originating that charming expression "unostentatious ecstacy." It is presumed that when the $10 pour in Mr. Farr sees no harm in a little ostentatious ecstacy.

There is a man in Los Angeles who has attained fame without ever lifting his finger. His name is Huddleston, and he is President Roosevelt's double. So remarkable is the resemblance that when away from home, Mr. Huddleston is constantly pointed out as the president. In this way Mr. Huddleston is enabled to enjoy the fruits of distinction without any of its dangers, such as being surrounded by secret service men in sik hats, or living in constant fear of anarchist plots. The president's double has by far the best of it.

One of the shibboleths of the time is the elevating influence of education and the value of culture in uplifting men. Strange then, is it to read of a case of a highly educated man with a cultivated mind whose present—and perhaps permanent—address is Sing Sing, New York. The name of this student is "Al" Adams, and is known as the policy king of New York. His greatest pleasure and recreation is reading the best literature, and it was probably during a moment of philosophic thought that he did the careless thing which turned his steps towards the Sing Sing hotel that the state keeps for the absent-minded. Since his residence at this resort, Mr. Adams has been engrossed in the works of Dante, which he particularly appreciates, and Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which is a great favorite of his, as are also the works of Thoreau. Mr. Adams is a cultured gentleman, in spite of his surroundings, appears always well dressed, with his fingers carefully manicured, and is altogether a specimen of the finest up-to-date criminal. He is raising the standard of Sing Sing by remaining there. Though Mr. Adams desires only the society of the best literature, a rough and uncouth man who is hired to wait upon the gentlemen guests of the establishment awakened him the other day from his studies of the "Inferno," and told him rudely that he would hereafter be obliged to make mats. Every scholar who has been torn from his academic seclusion and from his precious books will feel a sympathy with Mr. Adams in his uncongenial avocation.

Time was when this was a free country, but the day is now far in the past, and we are so surrounded by laws and hemmed in by restrictions, that liberty has become a by-word. This is apropos of a most annoying rule that has just been made at Hartford by the New York, New Haven & Hartford road which deprives young persons from throwing rice after the newly wedded. If the bridesmaids and ushers of the entire country should form a union and then declare a strike, it would be only what could be expected after this iniquitous ruling. What, we would like to ask, have railroad corporations with no souls to do with brides and grooms and rice? This is in line with the outrageous request of another road that there shall be no kissing between the departing and the stay-at-homes, as it makes the train late! If the trains are not for the accommodations of the traveling public, may we presume to inquire what they are for? The reason given by the road for the rule about rice-throwing is that it prevents other persons from getting on the train and sometimes they slip on the rice and are hurt. In other words they may sue the road. But what do brides and grooms care how many other persons get upon the train and whether they slip or not? Rice-throwing is a matter that should not be interfered with by station agents who have outlived sentiment.

An exchange says that brick picture hats are the fashion. They must be intended for heavy swells.

First aid to the injured in St. Paul is usually a ride in the patrol wagon.

The only comfort in the cold weather of the past week was that is prevented the girls from wearing their thin waists on the street.

—Mab.

St. Paul, June 20, 1903.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Minnesota—Fair Sunday, except showers in southwest portion. Monday fair in north; showers in south portion; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Generally fair Sunday and Monday; fresh north winds, becoming variable.

Wisconsin—Fair Sunday; warmer in southwest portion. Monday partly cloudy, probably showers in south portion; variable winds.

Iowa—Fair Sunday, except showers and partly cloudy Monday.

North Dakota—Fair Sunday and Monday; warmer Monday.

South Dakota—Showers Sunday; warmer in extreme west and cooler in central portions. Monday fair and warmer.

Montana—Showers Sunday in west and central, fair in east; warmer in west and south portions. Monday fair.

St. Paul—Yesterday's temperatures, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, W. E. Oliver, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation. Highest temperature, 64; lowest temperature, 55; average temperature, 58; daily range, 9; barometer, 29.87; humidity, 78; precipitation, trace; 7 p. m. temperature, 61; 7 p. m. wind, southeast; weather, partly cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Alpena	58	64	Milwaukee	56	64
Battleford	64	66	Minnedosa	64	66
Bismarck	68	72	Montgomery	80	90
Buffalo	60	70	Montreal	66	72
Boston	54	62	Nashville	84	86
Calgary	66	68	New Orleans	84	90
Cheyenne	58	68	New York	64	68
Chicago	54	58	Norfolk	70	80
Cincinnati	72	74	North Platte	72	76
Cleveland	60	66	Omaha	74	84
Detroit	60	62	Philadelphia	68	68
Duluth	52	60	Pittsburg	68	68
Grand Haven	56	68	Qu'Appelle	62	64
Green Bay	60	68	Frisco	54	58
Helena	46	58	St. Louis	76	82
Huron	70	74	Salt Lake	80	82
Jacksonville	78	80	San Antonio	88	90
Kansas City	78	84	S. Ste. Marie	50	62
Marquette	54	56	Washington	74	76
Memphis	88	90	Winnipeg	66	70
Medicine Hat	70	70			

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

River Bulletin—

	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change 24 Hrs.
St. Paul	14	4.5	—0.1
La Crosse	10	6.6	—0.3
Davenport	15	8.3	—0.4
St. Louis	30	26.3	—3.3

—Fall.

The Mississippi will remain nearly stationary during the next thirty-six hours in the vicinity of St. Paul.

Sunbeams from the South

By FRANK L. STANTON.

THE DEVIL'S DANCING LESSON.

Br'er Jinkins say dat dancin' gwine ter lan' us in de place
Whar dey ain't no ice in summer, en dey's wood en coal
ter was'e!
En he helt ter dat opinion 'twel he met up wid de Ha'nts,
En de Devil tell him "Howdy," en de Devil make him
dance!

Lef' foot, Br'er Jinkins—
Lef' foot en right,
Dancin' wid de devil
On a Sunday-meetin' night!

De Devil make a music what wuz louder dan a ban's,
En kep' Br'er Jinkins gwine ter de clappin' er his han's;
Br'r Jinkins say he toired, but de Devil say, "Keep on!—
I never see such dancin' sence de day dat I wuz bo'n!"

Lef' foot, Br'er Jinkins—
Lef' foot en right,
Dancin' wid de devil
On a Sunday-meetin' night!

He say de bell a-ringin', en hits time fer him ter go—
"Dey'll tu'n me out er meetin' ef I double-shuffle so!"
But de Devil make him answer he mus' go it anyhow—
"You got ter dance Hereafter, so you better l'arn it now!"

Lef' foot, Br'er Jinkins—
Lef' foot en right,
Dancin' wid de devil
On a Sunday-meetin' night!

En fum den ontel de present—on de big road en de street,
Br'er Jinkins keeps a-gwine wid a shuffle in his feet!
En he don't want any fiddle, or de music er de ban's,
Fer dey sez he hear de Devil des a-clappin' er his han's!

Lef' foot, Br'er Jinkins—
Lef' foot en right,
Dancin' wid de devil
On a Sunday-meetin' night!

LIVELY TIMES IN BILLVILLE.

"Well, sir," said the Billville citizen, "ef they ain't a power o' confusion in the skies atter a-while, I'll give it up!"

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, over yander is Deacon Jones, prayin' fer rain, an' jest 'crost the way is Elder Brown petitionin' fer dry! An' the whole poperlation's crowdin' 'roun', bettin' which'll win; an' the High Sheriff's done sarved notice to all of 'em to appear in court an' answer to the charge o' gamblin' in Futures, an' he says he'll git enough cash out o' the gang to finish the Artesian well an' paint the Town Hall."

A PROVIDENTIAL THUNDERSTORM.

"Yes, suh," said the pious colored brother, "it wuz de biggest' thundersto'm dat ever I seed sence de days I raise en bo'n! But Providence wuz in it, atter all."

"It wuz?"

"It sho' wuz! De lightnin' flashed his lantern, lak he done los' somepin', en had ter fin't it fo' de sto'm blowed over, en 'peared lak he got so mad kaze he couldn't fin' it, dat he lit in ter hittin' ev'ythin' in strikin' distance, en he strick 'bout twenty big trees, en split 'em inter kindlin' wood, des de wideness er de fireplace at home, en no sooner did he do dat dan here come a mighty harricane, en lifted de wood, en piled it up, house-high, in de yard! En w'en I seen dat, I lef' de plow in de furrer, give de mule a holiday, en tuck out a license fer a woodyard!"

"ROCKABY."

Angels comin' tip-toe down de stairway er de sky;
Singin' bird'll wake you in de mawnin' by-en-by,
Rockaby, my purty li'l Honey!

Rockaby, my Honey—en a heap—
Rockaby, my Honey—shet yo' li'l eye;
W'en de mawnin' Sunshine thoo' yo li'l winder peep,
Tell me what de angels been a-sayin' in yo' sleep—
Rockaby, my purty li'l Honey!

BROTHER DICKEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

De gold at de end er de Rainbow is got de fool's runnin' wild 'twel dis day.

De problem er de Sun gwine out don't bother me at all. How ter support de Son-in-law is what gits me.

Some folks spen's half dey life huntin' fer trouble, en de yuther half in cussin' out de worl' kaze dey foun' it.

Dis is a great country fer folks ter rise in; but it would take a ton er dynamite ter sen' some er dem higher.

De fattes' 'Possum is always on de highes' tree, en it's mighty seldom de harricane comes ter blow him down ter us.

Dis thing dey calls Civilization is well enough in its way, but what we needin' in dis country is mo' picnics in de woods.

De small Man in de big place is lak a Lizard in de sunshine, wavin' his blanket en tellin' creation dat's he's a Alligator.

De ears er a Jackass is long enough ter hear ev'thing dat gwine on, but de po' creetur' ain't hardly got brains enough ter flop 'em.

De way er de Transgressor is hard, onless he tuck enough money wid him w'en he lef' de Bank ter lay in a supply er feather-beds.

Dey's several reasons why Wisdom don't cry out in de big road; en de principal one is dat de Fool saves her de trouble by doin' all de hollerin'.

De sayin' is, you mus' fight de Devil wid fire; but dat won't do—kaze he's use ter it. En ef you th'ow water on him you only raise mo' steam!

Dey may be a time a-comin' w'en de Lion en de Lamb will lay down tergedder, but, jedgin' fum de way things is gwine on now it's my opinion dat de Lamb won't lay dar long.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S INVITATION.

De Rattlesnake tell de Mockin'bird
He sing so fur en fas',
Hit's mighty hard ter hear him
'Way down dar, in de grass.

"I wish you please come nigher,
En den you'll fill de bill,
En w'en I rings de breakfas' bell
I'll feas' you—dat I will!"

De Mockin'bird, he wink his eye—
He don't do no sech t'ing—
"W'en you gits thoo' won't be enough
What's lef' er me, ter sing!"

JUST A LITTLE FAVOR.

A Billville prisoner addressed the following note to a friend on the outside:

"Dear Bill: I want my case postponed till the next term o' court. Please invite the Judge to take a ride behind the hoss that killed yer mother-in-law, an' spill him in the big road, an' cripple him so's he'll have ter take to his bed fer about two weeks, or better; or, ef he won't go a-ridin' with you, couldn't you manage to shoot him in the leg fer me? Ef you'll do this fer me, Bill, I'll call you my friend forever!"

A TOUGH PROPOSITION.

"Kunnel," said the colored campigner, "you know it takes money ter drum up votes?"

"All right. Here's a dollar?"

"Much obleeged ter you, Kunnel; but it'll take 'bout a dollar en er quarter ter 'lect a man lak you."

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Grist of the Political Mill

According to the Washington dispatches the president yesterday called time on an ugly scrap in the ranks of the Minnesota Republicans, and settled the location of the general land office. The president signed the commissions of J. D. Jones, register, and Bert Oakley, receiver, which means that the Cass Lake proclamation stands.

The settlement of the long-drawn-out land office fight is not alone a decisive victory for the Sixth congressional district, but it is a brilliant feather in the new congressional cap of Congressman Buckman, of Little Falls. Six months ago the Sixth district stood to be torn up by the removal of the St. Cloud office to Cass Lake or some other point in the upper end of the district and see two offices settled upon the Ninth district. As it is St. Cloud and Cass Lake both have land offices and the Sixth district stalwarts the plums incident thereto.

It was Buckman's first fight as a congressman. If St. Cloud lost its land office Buckman's pick would be broken in turbulent Stearns county. If the upper end of the district were not equipped to transact its land business at home, the northern leaders were prepared to be restive. The new congressman managed to pull off the proclamation and then found that he had to fight a movement to reverse him led by Tams Bixby, who wanted the land office located at Bemidji.

If Buckman lost after the signing of the original proclamation, it meant a loss of prestige that would go a long way to offset the remarkable majority by which he was elected last fall. If he won after Bixby had given it out that he would make the president listen to reason his prestige would be increased several fold. Plainly it was up to Buckman to bestir himself. The Little Falls man heard Bixby would be in Washington to finish up the Sixth district's discomfiture. He drifted through St. Paul, managing to evade his friends and the newspaper men, and reached Washington a day ahead of the reported smashing of things by Bixby.

☼ ☼

Frank Eddy called on the president yesterday to say a pleasant farewell. Eddy is returning to Minnesota, which means that in a few days gubernatorial gossip will again occupy a prominent place in the affections of the paragraphers and political writers. Eddy has been out of the state three weeks but his friends staid behind and now no one pretends to believe that Frank Eddy is not hunting the gubernatorial nomination with large ammunition.

☼ ☼

Members of the legislature and others in close touch with the political pulses of their several communities who have been in St. Paul recently have taken cognizance of the fact that the Eddy boom, though comparatively noiseless, is a very lusty infant. It may be bad form to run for the nomination a year before the convention, but strong men here and there pledged to do their best will bring others into the fold and unless the Eddy tire is effectually punctured by some unforseen circumstances, the gentleman from Glenwood will go into the next convention a formidable quantity.

☼ ☼

Pease, of the Anoka Union, is not impressed with the practicability of the alleged schemes for consolidation to beat Robert C. Dunn out of the nomination as Van Sant's successor. He says:

"What's this? A combination being formed to put Bob Dunn out of the race. Isn't that biting off more than can be safely masticated?"

—George A. VanSmith.

Budweiser's Fourdt uf Chuly

Und id came to pass dot der schmall poy shall be silent on der Fourdt of Chuly.

Vot a great text dot vould be for some goot blayer to get ub und mage a spiel for der schmall poy. To tell der truth I don't lige id, der vay some uf dose "achitators" are chumping on der schmall poys' Fourdt uf Chuly chust because he iss schmall und can't vote. I vos a schmall poy meinselluf vonce. I haf nod forgotten id, und I hobe I neffer vill. Dare iss only two events in der schmall poys yearly life—der Fourdt uf Chuly und der circus. Id iss all he lifs for—von grand anticipationings uf dose two sublime events vich bring so much choy to his kid heart. He safes der leedle pennies, does all kinds uf any olt chobs to mage more monies to see der elephant und to buy schooding crackers, pistol caps und dings lige dot. Vy he don't schleeb nights thinking aboudt der noise he iss going to mage on der Fourdt.

Und to dink dot a few round heads vant to spoil id all. Ach! Gott forbid id. Id should nod be so. Led 'em alone. Uf dare iss any von sick in der block, speak to der poys aboudt id und dey vill be chentlemens und mofe ub in der next block. Led dem mage all der noise dey vant. I know dare iss a dancherousness connectioned mit der fireworks und boom shells vich ve didn't had ven I vos a schmall poy. I don't lige dose big cannon crackers, und dey are nod necessary for der schmall poy's habbiness. He can ged along midout dem. I vould only do avay mit der deadly cannon cracker und der mud can, bud noddings else. I know some uf dem are bound to get hurt, bud id vos alvays so, und alvays vill be so. Uf you do avay mit his Fourdt uf Chuly schooding vy den dare iss nodding doing except dot he might go schwimming some blace avay from der Public Bathings und get drownded, aindt id. Now let us be goot, und not forget our own childhood days ven we vos young und habby und enchoyed der only habby days ve vill effer haf. Dit you effer stob to think aboudt id?

Our troubles in life begin ven ve are grown ub. Id machts nix aus how much money you got, how many bupples you own, how many houses you haf or how many debts you haf id iss all der same. You think und strife und plan und vork und vorry aboudt tomorrow. How you must do this or iss id better dot you do id some odder vay or uf you don't do id ad all vot iss der liability uf id chumping ub und schlamming you between der face, aindt it?

But der schmall boy, does he vorry aboudt any ding? Ach, Gott! Nein. He stumbles his barefooted toe—he has a fight mid der big boy aroundt der corner und geds licked und runs home crying, maybe some odder boys steals his ball or his top, or throws him in der face a stick—he cries aboudt id lige his young heart vould break, bud vot uf id, in an hour id iss all forgotten und he is habby again ofer someding else vich has came to his notice. No thoughts has he for tomorrow unless id iss to ged ub early und go fishing. Habby childhood. How thou art to be envied. Und dis iss der poy dot ve vould deprife uf der Fourd uf Chuly schooding. Vot lesson does id bring to him. Vot iss der Fourdt of Chuly? By der Greadt Pumpernickel und Schweitzer Kase, id iss der Independence Day uf der greatest nation in der vorld. How mein bosom svells mit a chestiness ven I say dot. I must say id again—Der Independence Day uf der greadtest nation in der Vorld—nod only der schmall poy bud all uf us shouldt ged oudt und mage a noise dot can be heard around der vorld.

Ve are dare mit der goots und ven I read aboudt dose poor misguided peoples vot vish to do avay mit der Fourdt uf Chuly id listens to me lige dey are forgetting der greatest day in der history uf our belofed country. So I say led der schmall poy alone, bring him ub to mage a noise on der Fourdt uf Chuly und see dot he knows vot id iss for und dot der stars und stribes stand for der greatest country in der vorld, vare kings und queens are no good unless you haf four uf dem. All hail der Glorious Fourdt of Chuly, led der eagle scream und der schmall poy schoodt. Id's only for a day und led him mage id von to be remembered. Long lif our glorious country—der stars und stribes und der Fourdt of Chuly mit ids schmall poys und fire crackers. Ven der day comes, und may id neffer came, ven ve shall as a nation become so forgetful uf der greadest event in our history dot ve shall pass id in silence und muzzle der schmall poy on dot date, den I am all in.

Louie, me und you to her high bridge side by each und den dare vill be maybe fireworks always. Yes?

—Budweiser.

Sweet Girl Graduates Defend Themselves.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Sir—As a favor to the class of 1903 of the Central high school we ask of you to publish these statements in opposition to an article given in the Dispatch of Friday. The editor was under the impression that the sweet girl was lost in extravagance and worldliness.

As a rule the gowns are inexpensive, being made of simple white goods, trimmed with lace. We are flattered, indeed, to have so blinded the editor as to have given him the impression of costliness. The designing and making of the gowns has in many cases been done by the graduate herself, but in others the complete gown was a present, given by outside friends.

The same applies to the class day gowns. Both of these gowns may be worn on many occasions to come, while a black cap and gown, as suggested, would be of no use whatever.

There was not one pair of kid gloves worn. The four pairs of gloves worn were of silk. The neat coiffeurs were arranged by the girls' own hands. French heels were decidedly in the minority. Many of the girls were given flowers by kind friends, so this would cause no expense on the part of the parents.

We will admit that we have had two gowns in one week, but for all the girls this occasion is the last if colleges insist on the caps and gowns. We feel certain that the editor is the only one who views the class from such a standpoint.

—Two Members of the Class.

At the Hotels

"I heard a funny little thing while I was down in York state recently," said Howard Estes, of the Windsor last night.

"I was in a saloon where they had a German orchestra to play in the evening, but it happened to be in the morning when I dropped in and they were busy rehearsing a new piece.

"All at once the leader, a man right from the fatherland, got exasperated and shouted: "Dweil more on dose notes—cut 'em longer. Dese are dree-quarder notes—dree-quarder notes, by goily, yust like 75 cents.' Ingenious simile, wasn't it?"

Those from the Northwest at the Windsor last night: F. C. Doolittle, Spokane; F. C. Howard and wife, West Superior, Wis.; William H. Sallman, Northfield, Minn.; F. A. Nelson, Le Seuer, Minn.; A. C. McCoy, Byron; Mary H. Bohn, Ashland, Wis.; E. E. McDougid, Bemidji, Minn.

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