

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE
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babies and the babies' mothers to a more comfortable endurance of the sultry weather. The experiment that has already been made here in St. Paul, and the attendance, showed how much the excursions were appreciated by the little ones and their mothers.

Public play grounds and day nurseries, the former for the summer, the latter for all the year round, are two forms of philanthropy of which the city stands greatly in need.

The unkindest thing that has been said of the Chicago Tribune since other editors used to sit up night to think of things that would irritate the late Joseph Medill is that "it is representative of its city."

It looks very much as if it were now "up to Russia." The note of the Japanese ministers at Peking to the Chinese government demanding the immediate evacuation of Manchuria by the Russian government cannot fail to convince the big Slavonic nation that the time has come for her to show her hand.

When this country declared plainly that it would not permit anything of the sort, even though it was openly offered the bribe of an open door in the Chinese territory, Russia promptly disavowed the treaty, declaring that it was merely a mistake on the part of her minister to Peking.

But Japan has never taken its eyes off of Manchuria or of the Russian there. The world knows that the Japanese government is Russia's most powerful Asiatic foe.

It knows also, now, that she is prepared to fight if necessary to prevent Russia obtaining a foothold on the Pacific coast. Japan, of course, has England behind her.

For an ally, Russia has France, but she has already borrowed so much money from that country without showing any favor in return that it is suspected that France is growing a trifle weary of the alliance.

For it looks now as though in her efforts to obtain an outlet to the high seas Russia would have to drop the weapon of diplomacy and take up the weapon of war.

Between that and abandoning her dearest ambition there is no choice. England is watching her jealously in the Persian gulf, and has already warned her that she must keep her hands off there.

Japan has been playing the part of the watch dog in the far East, and the watch dog has growled. Will Russia draw back or will she fight?

Will she must some time or be content to fall back to the position of a second-rate power. The question is whether she is prepared to fight now. China's answer will determine this.

The auto did not make much of a hit with the Irish peasantry during the race the other day. What is the use of a deadly engine that won't even kill a landlord?

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," sang the poet. Were that poet alive today he might add, "and to banish the mosquito."

He discovered this new means of exterminating the bacilli-bearers declares that practical application has been effected by raising to a great number of vibrations per second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned.

But the discoverer fails to tell us how we are to discover the note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. Are we to infer that mosquitoes, like individuals, have widely varied musical tastes and that each one must be studied in order to find the note to which he is most sensitive?

The question is an important one, for if this proves to be the case, gone forever is the harmony of summer evening sounds. Fancy the musician of each family in the boat seated on his porch twanging away at a banjo, a guitar, a mandolin, or whatever instrument he most affects in the hope of discovering the musical taste of the particular breed of mosquito that infests his premises.

The cat concert in the back yard would seem harmonious by contrast. And the musician might twang away for a life time before he found the note to which the mosquito was most delicately attuned.

It is probable that those who are always ready to welcome an innovation will follow the example of the Brooklyn board of health, but it is pretty safe to prophesy that the majority of people will stick to the kerosene can. To be sure, between discord and smell there is little choice, but at least one can fly from the latter, whereas should the practice of strumming the mosquito to death become a popular one, there will be no escape. Of course, it would be very pleasant to see pestiferous "buzzers" plunge headlong to their deaths. That would impart to their passing a dramatic feature that the kerosene method or the slap of the hand method does not furnish. But this is really the only thing that recommends this new method of destroying an old pest, and it will probably fail to make the method popular.

"If," asks the Chicago Tribune, "the Russian government should address to that of the United States a courteous remonstrance on account of the ill-treatment of the colored people in the South, what would happen?"

But why does the Tribune go so far from home to make this point? There is no Southern state who has treated the colored people as badly as Illinois has treated them.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The later and more complete reports on the casualties incident to the proper observance of the nation's birthday demonstrate that American ingenuity is still equal to devising strange and unusual methods for reducing the population.

The ice trust in Chicago seems bent on taking the palm for unpopularity from the surface traction trust of that town.

Everything comes to him who waits. The "is-it-hot-enough-for-you" party is about to have its innings, it appears.

At St. Paul Theaters

"Man From Mexico" at the Metropolitan.

In the presentation of "The Man From Mexico," the farce comedy in which the Ferris Stock company opened its week's engagement at the Metropolitan last night, Mr. Ferris and his company repeated the hit made two weeks ago, when "My Friend From India" was the bill.

Two men lost their lives in the flames. The loss is estimated at \$1,500,000. It is entirely covered by insurance.

The part of Col. Roderick Majors, the blundering friend of "The Man From Mexico," was assigned to Fred Montague, an actor well known to local theatergoers, whose creditable work was well received.

Miss Mattie Choate, as Clemenina Fitzhugh, spoke her lines in an acceptable manner, and although the opportunities afforded her were not such that call for any unusual talent, the applause accorded her indicated that Miss Choate has gained a place in the hearts of the summer theatergoers.

"The Man From Mexico" will be the attraction at the Metropolitan the rest of the week, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

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The buildings and machinery were covered by insurance to the extent of about \$500,000 and the stock was insured to about \$600,000.

The call says the federation is carrying out the mission laid down in the resolutions of the XIII, whose blessing has been bestowed upon this Catholic movement.

The call also announces that the federation now has the approbation of the papal delegate, cardinal archbishops and forty-five bishops.

Among the national organizations to send delegates are the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Order of Holy Name, Catholic Knights of America, Catholic Mutual Benefit association, L. C. B. A., German Central Verein, Catholic Knights and Ladies of America, Knights of St. John, Young Men's Catholic union, C. K. of W., Catholic Benevolent Legion, Irish Catholic Benevolent union, Knights of Father Mathew, Polish, French and Bohemian federations, the state federations of Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Vermont, Louisiana, Georgia, Texas, Pennsylvania and hundreds of county federations, state leagues and other organizations.

Several Indian tribes and the Porto Rican societies will also send delegates, and the president of the Central Catholic Order of Papiests of Philippines will attend.

The business sessions will be presided over by President B. T. Minihan, of Columbus, Ohio, and every evening there will be open meetings, with prominent speakers. Invitations were sent to every prelate, and the promise has already been given that over fifty dioceses will be represented.

There will also be in attendance the presidents of many of the leading Catholic colleges, many of whom will deliver addresses. The card requests that delegates should secure their credentials blanks from Secretary A. Matre, Cincinnati.

"Whenever you come across any diseased pork," said the professor, who was looking for trichina to experiment on in his laboratory, "please send it down to me."

The butcher promised to do so. Not having received any by the end of the week the professor called again to remind the butcher of his promise.

"Why, I did send some," said the butcher. "That is strange! When did you send it?"

"Down to your house, of course."

A Generous Judge. Judge—You must reform and stay sober. Prisoner—I will, your honor; only give me time. Judge—All right; thirty days.

BIG PACKING PLANT GOES UP IN SMOKE AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Two Men Lose Life in Fighting the Flames—Loss on the Structure Estimated at a Million and a Half.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 5.—The main building of the Hammond Packing plant was destroyed by fire this afternoon. The loss is estimated as high as \$1,500,000. It is entirely covered by insurance.

Two men lost their lives in the flames. One of them is reported to be Charles Miller, fire marshal at the plant. This could not be verified. Three men were injured, one of them seriously.

For a time the entire stock yards district was threatened. By hard work the Nelson Morris plant, 300 feet north of the Hammond plant, was saved and this saved the Swift plant, which is to the north of the Nelson Morris building.

The fire started a little after 5 o'clock. By 9 o'clock most of the building was gone. The greater danger was at 6 o'clock, when part of the north wall of the Hammond plant, which is the Nelson building, though dense smoke was blown on the buildings, the work of the firemen saved the building.

Many firemen were volunteers. There were three of the city companies at the fire and the fire fighters were directed by Chief Kane, of the city department.

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The Bachelor-Maid's Courtship

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It was April. Outside the rain fell in torrents; inside the Bachelor-Maid and the Bachelor-Maid sipped tea. The wood fire crackled, the bright little kettle's song was a cheery one.

The tea warmed the Bachelor-Maid through and through. He leaned back contentedly, looked at the Maid, and said: "If you don't mind, I'd like to go on drinking your tea all my days."

"The Maid put down her cup. "Poor dear," she said. "Your birthday, too. I—the tea's made a new way, and you are too old for innovations."

"Yes," said the Bachelor, seriously. "I'm old. I've said bon voyage to my youth. It's a serious thing to be old and feel constrained to matrimony; it's more serious to go down the hill alone. Now, I want to settle, I like you—I like your tea; so, if you don't mind—"

"But I do mind." The Bachelor-Maid was very pretty when her tricksy dimples flashed and her white teeth gleamed. "I like to have you drink my tea. If we were—if things were different—you'd drink some other woman's tea. Why, the way to lose a man friend is to—let that way. If you don't mind, you'll settle elsewhere and still drink my tea."

April lingered when the Bachelor next called—March had crept into her arms and frozen her through. The Maid leaned against silk cushions piled high, indolent and graceful, a great crimson-shaded lamp shone down on her beauty. The flames leaped behind sparkling fire-gods; the room was warm and still and fragrant with the faint breath of violets.

"I'm going to be married," the Bachelor announced. "Good," laughed the Maid. "Are you very much?"

"At twenty I was—very much. I wrote rhymes and lost sleep. But it comes away from a twenty-year-old chap like his milk teeth. Now, at thirty I don't come away so easy."

"Neither do teeth," said the Maid. "Very," said the Bachelor. "Immensely so for her years. She knows the Bachelor-Maid of today is the spinster of tomorrow; she knows that a spinster is a sort of orphan—a miserable old woman who looks out from some little corner in a relative's house at happiness, having none of her own—so she's going down the hill with me."

"I shall call, being your very old friend." The Maid couldn't have been anyone's very old friend. "I—when did she say yes?"

The Bachelor hesitated. The Maid was terribly wise for her twenty-seven years.

"Some girls are too eager," he parried. "They have yeses all prettily prepared and tucked away just out of sight. One has a suspicion—"

"Yes," said the Maid, with scorn, "one has—quite a suspicion."

"It isn't true." The Bachelor had feet apart, and the Maid stood, one foot on the fender, her strong, young eyes on the coals. "It isn't true, but it will be—some day. Perhaps—no," sternly, as if to an invisible culprit; "you'd be a caged bird—you'd be the starling that wanted to get out—get out. And, dimpling, 'he'll still drink your tea."

The first of May found the Bachelor-Maid in the country. She gazed at a hammock and gazed at an orchard that was a white and perturbed mantle flung on the hillside's shoulder. Marriage was not for her. If she had been meant for marriage she wouldn't have

PEORIA MOB SEEKS LIFE OF WOMAN

Her Offense Was the Beating of a Boy, but She Is Colored.

PEORIA, Ill., July 5.—A mob composed of 300 white people sought the life of Minnie Pearl, colored, who beat Perry Coombs, a white boy aged eleven years, with a club, this afternoon, until his body was covered with deep cuts and welts.

The woman was arrested and taken to the police station before the mob could reach the house. When the mob discovered that she had fled they tore down her house and threw the household furniture into the river. The attack on the boy was made because he had a mule across the woman's lot. The case will be prosecuted tomorrow morning by the local humane society.

GIRL AN ORGANIST AT ELEVEN YEARS

Remarkable Musical Genius Has Been Given Place in Cathedral.

LONDON, July 5.—An unaffected little maiden, with happy face, laughing eyes and fluffy hair rebellions beneath a red tam-o'-shanter that was appropriate to her Scotch plaid frock—such was Kathleen Norah Mills.

This is the tiny lady who, at the extraordinary age of eleven has been appointed organist at St. Helen's Roman Catholic church at Ongar.

She is the daughter of Sergeant Instructor Mills, of the local volunteer corps, and her early days were spent in Jersey.

When quite a mite she betrayed a wonderful taste for music. For hours she would sit at the doorstep listening intently to the girl next door practicing her music. Her favorite playing was a toy piano.

When five years of age she began taking lessons. The teacher was so remarkable, and soon indicated what was revealed when, on her parents moving to Ongar, she was placed under the tuition of H. C. A. Noble, one of the masters of the grammar school there.

On being asked to play, the youthful organist readily assented, and, walking over to the piano, played the first piece she had ever learned. Operatic selections and difficult sonatas followed, all executed with an accuracy, precision and delicacy of touch amazing in one of such tender years.

Recently, when high mass was celebrated at St. Helen's, she revealed remarkable powers in dealing with the rich and stately music employed on such occasions.

Stories They Tell

All day long, on the Fourth, she had sat in her room at the Windsor and listened to the terrific noises produced by Young America, as he cavorted around on the street below armed with pistols, crackers, torpedoes and other munitions of independence.

At last, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, she could stand it no longer and down to the office she pranced, fairly bubbling with indignation and wrath.

"Is there no manner in which one can proceed in order to have that noise stopped?" she asked in a wrathful voice of Billy Hayes, the clerk, who was sitting at the desk listening to the sweet sounds of merry-making outside the door.

"The voice was unmistakably English and he turned to see who could be making such a strange request."

"Yes, madam," he replied, "it is possible by tearing to tatters the Declaration of Independence and throwing the contents in the river. I don't know of any other way—oh, yes, you'd have to burn the Stars and Stripes, too!"

"But, don't you know, it's horrible! I can't rest! I called one of the bell-boys and gave him a half dollar to go down and ask the others who were making the noise to kindly desist. I was told that they had proceeded directly to spend that 50 cents for more crackers and came and set them off under my window. It's disgusting—one wouldn't hear such an outlandish racket in any other country."

"No, madam, I guess that's right! They don't celebrate the Fourth in any other country, do they?"

"But, you know, had I known that it would have been like this I'd have gone right through and been out of it by tonight!"

"Well, you'd have had to make either the Atlantic ocean or the Pacific and chartered a boat immediately; for this racket extends from one ocean to the other today, and from the lakes to Mexico. This kind of thing is the United States today all right."

"Well, anyway, you look up the first train going to Winnipeg for me—I've got to do something, for I cannot stand it another minute."

What the Editors Say

Heatwave rises to remark that he is not a candidate for governor. Joel should now get out his fishing tackle and go down to Maryland to keep Grover company.—Belle Plaine Herald.

The Union has in mind a right smart caliber of a man, holding an important state office for the first term, who will more than likely be retired at the end of it. He certainly ought to be.—Anoka Union.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

For Minnesota—Fair Monday, cooler in northern portions; Tuesday, showers and drizzle, variable winds, becoming northeast.

For Iowa—Fair and warmer Monday and Tuesday.

For Upper Michigan—Fair Monday and Tuesday, warmer Monday, in northern portion, light variable winds.

For Wisconsin—Fair Monday and Tuesday; light southwest to south winds.

For Dakota—Showers Monday and probably Tuesday.

For South Dakota—Fair and warmer in east; showers and drizzle, west Monday; Tuesday, showers; cooler in east portion.

For Montana—Showers Monday, with cooler in central and east portions; Tuesday, fair and warmer.

For St. Paul—Yesterday's temperatures, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, W. E. Oliver, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation: Highest temperature, 81; lowest temperature, 59; average temperature, 73; daily range, 25; barometer, 30.02; humidity, 60; precipitation, 0; p. m. temperature, 81; 7 p. m. wind, south; weather, clear.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Temperature. Includes entries for St. Paul, La. Crosse, St. Louis, etc.

THE POPE.

The condition of the sovereign pontiff is so precarious that it is more than probable that he will have ceased to breathe before this meets the eye of the reader.

With the passing of Leo a period is put to the lives of the grand old men who dominated the thought and politics of Europe in the latter part of the nineteenth century. To Gladstone, of England; Bismarck, of Germany; Crispi, of Italy, and Leo, the supreme head of the Roman Catholic church, the world owes much of its advance. Each in his way made his impression on his time, and, quarrel as we may with the politics of some of them, there is no escaping the fact that they were men of immense importance in the world. It was given to all of them to retain their great powers far beyond the ordinary life of man. Each was at the zenith of his intellectual powers when past eighty, each remained in touch with human thought and human emotion well into the evening of life.

Leo was by far the most remarkable man of the four, even as his influence was more far-reaching than that of the others. Gladstone's influence extended beyond the British empire because he aimed at something more than politics; Bismarck changed the history of the world because it was necessary to do so to carry out his plans for the Fatherland; Crispi was a great power in his own country and impressed his time by the vigor of his intellect.

But Leo's influence was rather educational and religious than political. He was a worthy vicar of the Prince of Peace, and his aim during the whole of his long pontificate was the betterment of man and the promotion of the welfare of the race by the eradication of the tendency to strife.

A man in whom piety and learning dwelt in harmony, he contributed largely to the knowledge of his day and helped many to a better understanding of the demands of the religious life. The whole world was the gainer by his life and works, and the Catholic church profited beyond measure by his teachings.

Devoted to the sacerdotal life Leo lived, as an individual, remote from the world, but his teachings reached the distant peoples, and the sweet purity of his life was an exhalation refreshing to men who lived by strife in the struggle for preferment or material success.

It is given to few, even in his exalted place, to exert so benign an influence on humanity as did Leo, the longest lived of the popes, and his place may not soon be filled. The universal grief that will be felt at his passing must be qualified by the certain knowledge that he has been long very close to death, but in the mourning of his children in the church there will be the solace of his saintly bearing in his high office, while all the world might join in the eulogium:

"* * * His life was gentle, And the elements so mixed in him That Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Senator Lodge has undertaken the management of Roosevelt's campaign. It is none of our business, but common humanity prompts us to suggest that Lodge had better hurry west and get some experience in the broncho busting line.

THE INFANT CORPS.

New York has initiated a new philanthropy. It is the saving of the babies. Her department of health has a newly organized infant corps, which includes sixty persons, forty-three of whom are physicians and seventeen nurses. The duty of the corps is to inspect all babies, whether the parents are rich or poor; see that they are being intelligently protected from those ills to which babies are subjected in summer, and to give, when the parents need it, such advice as will insure more intelligent care of the babies.

Chicago in this matter is following in New York's footsteps. She is conducting a rigid inspection of dairies and milk depots, and is insisting that only sweet and pure milk is sold for infant consumption. She has not gone as far as New York has gone in the matter, for her health department boasts no infant corps, but she is doing everything in her power to increase a baby's chances for weathering the sultry summer season. And both New York and Chicago, with their fresh air fund and similar forms of a philanthropy whose chief care is that the children of the poor are given an opportunity to escape for awhile, at least, the noise and the stifling heat of the city, are accomplishing good work.

The environment of the St. Paul baby, even the very poorest baby, is apt to be pleasant rather than the reverse during the summer, for the city has no slums, and she is not visited by the oppressive heat that makes existence in the summer time so painful and hazardous a thing for the babies of New York and Chicago. But there are a few things that might be done for the St. Paul baby's physical welfare. A series of four or five excursions up the river during the months of July and August—St. Paul's hottest months—would help the

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THE PORTE DENIES MASSING OF TROOPS

Formal Circulars Are Sent to the Powers.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 5.—The porte yesterday sent circulars to the Ottoman ambassadors in Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris, vigorously repudiating the accusation made by the Bulgarian government of concentration of Ottoman troops at strategic points along the Bulgarian frontier. Representations to this effect have already been made to the Bulgarian government.