

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

THE GLOBE CO., PUBLISHERS. CITY OF ST. PAUL. OFFICIAL PAPER.

Telephone Calls. North-western-Business, 1065 Mats. Editorial, 78 Mats. City-Business, 1065. Editorial, 73.

Table with columns: City Subscriptions, Country Subscriptions, and rates for 1 mo, 6 mos, 12 mos.

FRANCH OFFICES. New York, 1065 Broadway, Chas. H. Eddy in Charge. Chicago, No. 67 Washington St., The F. S. Webb Company in Charge.

FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1903.

IN NO SENSE A PANIC.

The demoralization in the values of securities in the great stock markets of the country does not perturb the public mind. Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the complete revolution that has taken place in economic and financial conditions in this country.

The difference lies in the quality of our industries and the general business conditions prevailing throughout the country. Business is not only good, it is built upon the rock. Banks are not covering in fear of what news the wires may bring from Wall street, because they are not loaded down with worthless securities taken as collateral for adventurous loans.

The formation of multifold trusts has thrown upon the investing market an untold volume of securities whose value had to be proved. In part these remain in the hands of those who issued them; constituting the "undigested securities" referred to by Mr. Morgan some time ago.

A considerable share of this very paper from which the water is still oozing under pressure is held by the private investor and by the banks as security for loans. But under what terms? Prior to the great panics of our history, the unwary investor had bought stocks and bonds at the highest prices, based on their face values.

This is why we have had no panic; and, still more important, why we are not going to have any. A great many men have been hurt, some of them seriously; but they are not, as a rule, men whose losses will do more than change the circle in which they fly in the centers where wealth flaunts itself.

The makers of yellow newspapers have been hopelessly distanced since the University of Chicago started its sensation factory. Its latest announcement is that the climate "and environment" are changing the people of this country into a physical resemblance to the Indian.

DOWN WITH THE MOB.

The disturbances in Chicago are an echo of a sound too familiar to our ears, the ominous growl of the mob. In reality the disagreement there existing between a private corporation and a labor organization is a mere pretext; the pin upon which is hung the delight of the reckless and lawless element that exists in every community in a display of its tendencies and its strength.

One can see exactly what happened there because it has happened in so many other cities of the country. It is known that a local strike is on. The moment that a move is made one way or the other, there gathers a crowd of idlers and hoodlums who have nothing to do with either side. It would gather just as quickly at the sound of any other note of warning, indicating a breach in the lines of order.

Evansville, Ind., has just been through the same experience, and for many a day that city will bear the marks of the disgraceful occurrences that were the theme of the news of the country. There it was the race issue that furnished an excuse and that was the original motive.

sible power, that had to be shot into submission at a fearful cost not only in life but in disgrace and education into disorder on the part of a whole community. The mob is the mob, in all countries and in all times. Everywhere it is the same rapacious, disorganizing, destroying monster. Everywhere it resolves society into its original elements, and reduces the individual to the level of the primitive man, war club in hand and hand against every man. That is the fact which public authorities everywhere must recognize and with which it is their first duty to deal.

The Philippine commission, we are glad to see, has been attacked by a spasm of regard for the interests of the Filipinos and the feelings of the people of this country. It has tabled two bills intended to exploit the traffic in opium among the people of the islands. The shame of it is that any party and any section of the people in this country should have been disgraced by the proposal to do for the Philippines what all the world has cursed Great Britain for doing for the Chinese.

AN ENCOURAGING DEVELOPMENT. The report that comes from Indianapolis is to the effect that the better class of negroes have formed an organization for the purpose of driving out the shiftless and the vicious of their own color is both disquieting and encouraging. It is disquieting because the vicious and the shiftless must go some place and to rid Indianapolis of them is to solve the negro problem for Indianapolis alone. But in a broader sense, this report is encouraging for it shows that the better class of colored men in Indianapolis, at least, have come to realize the folly of making the cause of the criminal of their own race their own.

As soon as the law abiding negroes, both in the North and the South, give the whites and also their vicious black brothers to understand that they are firmly set against those crimes that have made the black man in many Southern and a few Northern communities an object of loathing and terror, the negro problem will be so much nearer solution. The Indianapolis colored men seem not to have found the best means of letting their disapproval become known and it is more than probable that self interest rather than conviction inspires their present organization. But whatever the motive, the action represents a great advance over the hot-headed advice with which educated negroes, from pulpits and lecture platforms, have been inflaming their own kind this summer.

All citizens, black or white, should unite in denouncing crime. All citizens, black or white, should also unite in denouncing mob law and mob violence, but this attitude should not be induced by the racial claim the black criminal has on self-respecting citizens of his own color. A law abiding negro should denounce crime because he is an American citizen; he should denounce mob violence for the same reason, not simply because it happens to be directed against one of his own race.

The public is gratified to know that tax settlements have brought enough money into the treasury to pay to the employees at the state university a portion of the arrears of salary due them. But what sort of management is it that leaves them, even after this improvement, unpaid for everything subsequent to June 1?

CONSIDER THE NEWSBOY.

A little barefoot boy, a foreigner with the sun of his southern home shining in his face, approached a two-legged animal in the garb of a man yesterday afternoon on St. Peter street and solicited him to buy a paper. The little chap got in the brute's way and he deliberately kicked him in the stomach. The child—he was about one-third the height of the man—fell on the walk screaming with pain. His assailant ran away before the passersby appreciated the wanton act. The boy may die. It is to be regretted that the man was not caught before he escaped. The peculiarly vicious assault would have justified summary vengeance and it would have been exacted if the indignant people who gathered about the fallen boy could have laid hands upon him. No effort should be spared by the police in running the wretch down and his punishment, if caught, should be condign and exemplary.

The little fellows who sell papers on the street are frequently maltreated by men things. Many of the boys speak English imperfectly and they are very persistent in trying to sell their papers. They are often pushed about, even struck by hurrying men who regard them in the light of a nuisance. It is true that there are a few who would be guilty of such an act of brutality as was perpetrated yesterday, but it would make for the betterment of humanity if the newsboys were treated with more consideration.

There is many a pathetic story behind the trade of the newsboy. Many of these little foreigners stand as the breadwinners for families. They are entitled to the right to trade on the streets and they should be so treated that they will regard society as a protection rather than as an institution to be fought with or preyed upon. There is not much hope for the future of a boy who receives his first impression of America in the form of blows inflicted by grown men. Give the boy a chance. The "newsie" is not a charge on society. He is an active, self-supporting youngster who should be encouraged in habits of industry. And just now the most substantial encouragement that could be offered him would be the capture and punishment of the miscreant who kicked the little fellow yesterday afternoon.

Col. W. J. Bryan waxes sarcastic in commenting on the political ambitions of his great and good friend, Grover Cleveland. Which probably does not interfere with the obvious satisfaction with which Mr. Cleveland trims his bait and waits for a bite.

EDITORIAL EXPRESSIONS.

Watch the Politicians Sidestep. According to the Chicago Chronicle, "There has been organized in the Chicago postoffice a Chicago Postoffice Clerks' union, affiliated with the 'Federation of Labor,' of which Mr. Gompers is the chief. It is alleged that this union has between 400 and 500 members, constituting nearly one-third of the entire force of clerks and other employees at the main office." When the government employees become generally organized into unions we shall see some lively dancing and side-stepping by the political powers that be, and the taxpayer, as usual, will pay the piper.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

May Cause a False Alarm. The Oyster Bay fire department ought to be informed when President Roosevelt and Senator Hanna get together so there will be no unnecessary runs started by the smoke from their pipe of peace.—Atlanta Journal.

At St. Paul Theaters

The Ferris Stock company is giving a creditable presentation of "All the Comforts of Home" at the Metropolitan this week, and the attendance so far has been the largest recorded for any week of the summer season. Performance tonight and tomorrow afternoon and evening will conclude the run of this play. For the following week, commencing Sunday night, the company has in preparation the revival of the romantic drama, "Monte Cristo." Frederick Montague, an actor who has created a very favorable impression by his work for the past two weeks, will be seen in the leading role of Edmond Dantes.

Stories They Tell

His hair was long—so long, in fact, that it curled slightly at the ends—and he wore a dark blue shirt with white stripes and a pair of trousers of having done service for more than one day. Intelligence and alertness were apparent in his countenance, but a shifty, evasive expression, the predominant expression of his face, was in his eyes. This facial pronouncement was borne out by his conversation, for as he stood on the rear platform of the interurban car he talked so that all could hear him. It was not that he desired to attract attention to himself, but rather that he wanted to tell his affairs to someone, and was unconscious that his conversation was so generally observed. In clear and natural tones he told the conductor that he had tried for a position as messenger and had worked a time on probation, but his eyes gave out and he was forced to give that up. He believed now he would try to get a position as conductor.

The conductor had stepped inside the car to collect fares, one of the other occupants of the platform turned to the youth and said: "I don't think you would try for something better than a position in the street railway service; that is the sort of thing a man takes to when he can get nothing else, and you look like a fellow who would do anything to get a better position." And the answer came as does sometimes the innocently apt remark of a child: "Well, perhaps I shouldn't have gone to the street railway company, but I had a letter from Gov. Van Sant to the president asking him to give me a job."

The rest of the passengers were silent as they reflected upon the vast machinery that had been put in operation to get the young fellow his opportunity.

What the Editors Say

That sheriff's van at St. Paul is about the best collection agency ever. Personal property delinquents thought it was a joke about sending the wagon around, accompanied by several husky men, and that they wouldn't do anything but make a bluff. It is different now, the delinquents either put up the price or the goods are dumped into the van and carted away.—Stillwater Gazette.

The warship Kearsarge will make a test trip across the Atlantic, having received orders to make the journey from England to Frenchman's Bay, N. E. In the event of a successful trip the ship will rival the famous journey of the Oregon around Cape Horn during the Spanish-American war. The voyage of the Oregon was a tremendous undertaking under the circumstances. That of the Kearsarge will be simply a test to show what an American battleship is capable of doing in the matter of speed.—Aberdeen News.

It is said that J. F. Jacobson is going to retire from office. So far, the St. Paul city government has been a success. So is Frank Eddy going to retire from politics. Every one of these statements can be depended upon, but the only one that is not true is the one related to each one of them is dead. Everything occurs—or ceases to occur—if one waits long enough.—Northfield News.

Missouri has a peripatetic farm school. It travels about on wheels and brings instruction to the door of every town in the state. It is a very interesting and useful institution. It is a very interesting and useful institution. It is a very interesting and useful institution.

AS TO POSSESSIONS.

What boots the blithering fate to you and me? That on the earth we own no property? In his own right, the man who has a right to his own property, with as Russell Sage or Andrew Carnegie. —New York Herald.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Table with columns: Location, Temperature, Wind, etc. for various cities including Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, etc.

Men, Women and Things

The denial of the reported reconciliation between Vanderbilt and Merz is very saddening, coming as it does just after hope had been awakened in the hearts of the public that that domestic difficulty was a thing of the past. Family brawls and broils are bad enough when they occur on a side street, but a family quarrel among the very elect, makes for scandal and sets the worst kind of example to those who naturally look up to a pattern of family life. And when it is recalled that the chief offense of Cornelius Jr. was in marrying the girl he loved who was not acceptable to his family, it seemed a cruel thing to cut him off with \$1,500,000 when, as head of the family, he should have had \$50,000,000. The prospect of comparative poverty—which even with the \$6,000,000 he forced the family to give him, was still poverty—made him naturally very bitter against those who had been instrumental in cutting him off. The story of reconciliation was pleasant, and rather to be expected, as the social triumphs of Mrs. Cornelius Jr. have been far ahead of anything gained by the other factions of the family and the reported making up looked much as if the others desired to get into the hands of the victor. Mrs. Cornelius Jr. has been hand and glove with the mighty emperor of united Germany, dined on his yacht and in turn fed him upon her own. All of which shows that to be cut by some Vanderbilts does not mean social death. Therefore, the story of the reconciliation was hopeful, and it is to be hoped for the sake of Mrs. Vanderbilt, that it may be effected.

In the course of a few days we may hear that John Alexander Dowie, prophet, apostle and preacher, is in jail. And though to those who love him it would be a sad happening to have the great and good man confined in a short period in a prison, still a prophet and an apostle was ever more effective and convincing while suffering martyrdom for a good cause. The reason of these remarks is that Dowie has been sued and judgment awarded against him. There is no question in the mind of any one but that Dowie can pay it if he chooses. For Zionism is a religion that has been lucrative from the start, but will be paid, or will he go to jail and in so doing, gain many sympathetic converts? Whatever he does it is practically certain he will do that which is for the greatest good of the greatest Dowie.

The woman who wrote to the governor and informed him of the prospective dog fight at a small town and which she desired to have stopped by the chief executive, brought out the fact that dog fights are against the law of the state. If this is true, something should be done to acquaint the dogs of the fact, as it is probably nothing but ignorance of the law that is the cause of the dog fights. There are several dogs on Western avenue who evidently know nothing of the law, as they are fighting on an average of once a day and no one is fortunate enough to make a dollar on the event. If the sheriffs of the city were not so busy taking away from the poor man that which he hath, they might be able to acquaint the dogs of the town with requirements of the law.

There is not the slightest doubt that St. Paul municipality is becoming very stylish. Evidently since the death of Tom T. Roosevelt, accompanied by those lovely secret service men in silk hats and tall coats, St. Paul has been paying more attention to dress and outward appearance than it has generally. There is the workhouse tower; the erstwhile campanile of Venice, the other famous Italian bell towers, are completely put into the shade by this work of art within the confines of Como park. It is rumored that the workhouse commissioners are now at work upon a uniform for the prisoners which will be more in keeping with that worn by the city and says that he dislikes to see the firemen without their coats. It is also rumored that the city is to have a new kind of mosquito net, made of appearance in New Jersey, more intense and strenuous than the old one of immortal memory. The new mosquito is an up-to-date development with all modern conveniences, including back-action which allows it to bite you coming and going, and is distinguished by the fact that it is made of one and by antennae which curl backwards. Valuable as is the encouragement to improve in every department of life, and important as is the impetus given by our enterprising president in every direction, this desire for an improved biting facility of the latest Jersey mosquito can only be deplored by the public. It is directly opposed to the influence of a restless president always thirsting for action and improvement. Even the Jersey mosquito has caught the fever and doubled his energies.

It is surprising news that comes from the home of culture, that drunkenness is so common upon the streets of Boston that someone must be done about when culture reaches the very apex of success it begins to topple over on the other side, or it may be that the Bostonians may be intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity. Whatever it is the police are determined to clear the streets of those of uncertain step and unsteady gait. The downfall of the inhabitants of the hub of the universe will be watched with interest by those who supposed that pie was the strongest thing indulged in by Bostonians.

The smart set of St. Louis are evidently preparing to enter the kingdom of heaven. They have been making themselves like unto little children. Some pious folk are wondering how Mr. Rockefeller can be the king of Wall street and at the same time head of the Sunday school trust.

A magazine devoted to foods says that a man is morally what he eats. This statement may furnish the connection between the frequency of suicide and the increase in the number of breakfast foods. —Mab. St. Paul, July 16, 1903.

THE BREAD UPON THE WATERS

BY HENRY NORCOTT.

Copyright, 1903, by Dally Story Pub. Co. "It don't seem to be any use, Polly," said the man, bitterly. "Every time I think I am getting started some confounded hard luck strikes me and I slip back more than I have gained!" "Come, come, don't be a goose," replied the young woman, cheerily. "It's a long road that has no turn."

"You are accurately has plenty of turns," retorted the man, "and they are principally backwards. Oh, I know I'm a brute to bring my ill fortune and complaining to you, but that's just the point. It's you that is the cardinal point of the whole scheme. Here we are growing older and no nearer a possibility of marriage than we were five years ago. It's not fair to you, and not satisfactory to me."

The woman laughed a musical, girlish laugh. "One would think I were a pair of decrepit patriarchs plodding painfully to the grave," she said. "Now, let's see: You are thirty, and I have attained the shocking maturity of twenty-six."

"Yes, I know," he replied. "The hey-day of youth is passing, and others are building homes and gathering families about their hearthstones. I am blundering along, peering into guns I didn't know were loaded, and eking out a miserable existence back of an accursed desk, while you are keeping your body and soul together (because of my incompetence) by teaching school. It's a burning injustice, and I ought to release you from your engagement, and give you a chance to welcome the release and find some man who has ability or luck enough, or both, to take care of you. As a matter of fact, you ought to be married to Stewart Wenam, and I ought to have gotten out of the way and let you. Look at him now, with his millions!"

"You are right," she said. "I suppose you are right. I am sure we are very happy, and have been in our love for each other. Have faith, dear; everything will come out all right." The face of the man softened and he put his arms caressingly about her. He was a fine-looking fellow; tall and slender. His hair was soft and wavy; his brow broad and his face fine and womanly, but not lacking manliness and strength. The mouth was sensitive, the nose delicate and the eyes dreamy. He was of the kind the world walks on—and likes. The wrinkles of care were beginning to creep about his eyes, and a touch of gray into his hair. The woman looked rather the stronger character of the two. In her brown eyes lurked limitless possibilities, both of merriment and of gravity. About her mouth were suggestions of great tenderness and unusual firmness.

"It's just because you do not make money and Stewart does, that I love you and could not love him," she said, smiling into his eyes. "Do you know, dear, when I first made a choice between you? It was away back when we all went camping at Lona lake." "Why we were only children," he interrupted; "I was not over thirteen. Why, if you knew the years of worry you could have saved me, you would have let me know then."

"But think of the fun I would have missed," she replied saucily. "Do you remember the queer little old man who used to hang around the dock at the village and give you a good scolding? The man laughed heartily. "Indeed I do. He's the chap I helped find and fix his glasses, and then he froze to me until I thought I never could shake him." "Yes, that was the very episode that

gave me an insight into your goodness, Oliver," said the girl gravely. "You remember he dropped his glasses and was just stooping his rheumatic legs to pick them up when Stewart and some other boys walked past him. Stewart grinned and gave the glasses a kick and they flew out in the sand. The old man was nearly blind and nearly helpless. He swore frightfully at Stewart and the boys and that tickled them nearly to death, and they paused to jeer at his impotent groping for the lost eyes—and he swearing like a pirate all the time. It was funny to see his picturesque rage. Then Stewart began to negotiate to find the glasses for a quarter, then you came along, gave Stewart a good rattled shake and found the glasses for the old man. He seized them, found that they were broken and then railed at you. You took them and fixed them, he growling at you every minute. When you went on he called you back, asked you your name and where you lived, and then he said that you probably would be hanged some day."

The man laughed at the recollection of the scene. "The old fellow became very decent afterwards," he said, "I remember he used to stop me and talk to me. Then he found I was a Napoleonic crank and that pleased him, as he was one himself, and he got me to go to the barn of a house I lived in. He showed me a lot of rare books on Napoleon. I was greatly interested and went there many times and read aloud to him. He did not seem to read himself, and would sit and listen hungrily, and roar and pound the floor with his cane and shout out profane interjections of approval. Oh, he had some powerful strong opinions on Bonaparte!" "Yes, Stewart and the other boys used to sneer and say you went there because he paid you," said the girl. "I used to wonder if you probably would be hanged some day."

KENTUCKIAN PASSES LIE AND WET LIVES

Ex-Gov. Bradley Gets Excited in the Republican State Convention.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 15.—A second day of political maneuvers in the state convention of Kentucky Republicans today failed to culminate in the nomination of a dark horse. Col. Morris R. Belknap, of Louisville, received the nomination for governor on the first ballot. The threatened stampede to ex-Gov. Bradley was quelled by an emphatic declaration by Mr. Bradley that he would not be a candidate.

The platform favors the continuance of existing Republican financial and tariff policies and the nomination of President Roosevelt, and says: "We denounce assassination and lawlessness in the name of civilization and call upon the enlightened intelligence of the state to employ every means to re-establish order and to punish crime within our borders. We especially arraign the present state chief executive for exercising the pardoning power as to subversive political and partisan purposes with the certain effect of encouraging crime by virtually rendering criminals of Democratic political faith immune from punishment."

MISSOURI EDITORS ARE CITED FOR CONTEMPT. They Accused the State Supreme Court of Corruption. JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., July 16.—Upon information filed by Attorney General Crow, Chief Justice Robinson, of the supreme court, today issued an order to John L. Duff, editor of the Sedalia Capital, and J. M. Shepard, editor of the Warrensburg Standard-Herald, directing them to appear before the supreme court July 22 to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt of court for publishing an article attacking that body for a recent decision.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.—President Roosevelt has issued an order eliminating old age as a disqualification for eligibility to appointment as laborers in the government. The physical qualifications, however, must be met. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.—Secretary Wilson who has just returned from a trip that included Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota, said today that while the farming conditions are generally good, and some of the crops have a large yield, the corn crop will be short.

WEED IS A DEADLY ANTIDOTE

Loco Plant Makes Them Crazy Fighters—Search for an Antidote.

Special to The Globe. LIVINGSTON, Mont., July 16.—A search is being made by the biologists of Montana for an antidote for the loco weed, which has in the past caused great loss to the owners of cattle. Some time ago came a report from the Southwest that a naturalist there had found an insect, resembling the chinch bug, that destroyed the weed. Ever since then the Montana ranchmen have been hot on his trail, but thus far without success. All over the prairies are scattered huge fields of the loco weed, which is beautiful to the eye but death to the cattle and the horses that eat of it. The weed possesses an intoxicating property that drives animals insane and permanently ruins them.

In the vernacular of the Western cattle country, the word "locoed" means crazed. The loco weed habit is harder for an animal to break than is the whisky habit for a human being. After a steer has once eaten of the weed he will travel miles to get it, and after he gets it he will eat until he is in a raving mania, when he begins fighting. Three or four drinks of this kind drive the animal permanently insane, and then he becomes a menace to the other animals. He will fight on the slightest provocation, and generally ends by going half a hundred or more other steers and then running until he drops dead.

MAN AND WIFE IN DUEL, USING CHISEL

Woman is Dead and Husband Stabbed in the Chest. NEW YORK, July 15.—In the presence of their twelve-year-old daughter, Enrico Canapa and his wife, Emma, fought and slashed each other with chisels in their apartments today, the dust finally ending in the death of the woman, who was stabbed in the right temple with the chisel. The man received several stab wounds on the chest before he gained possession of the instrument and was found staggering in the street, his clothes covered with blood. The man admitted, the police say, having killed his wife, but said he had to do it to save his own life.

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