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MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1903.

ANOTHER CHICAGO EXAGGERATION.

The Employers' association of Chicago is doing itself proud these days. Sometimes the members and officials of labor unions are accused of exaggeration, but the "literary feller" who is at work for the Employers' association can give points to any of them. He is not afraid to put himself on record in the face of the plainest facts.

We had occasion a short time ago to expose the absurd falsehood of statements from this quarter relating to the increase of building during the past year in various cities of the country. A table was made up in Chicago and telegraphed all over the country showing enormous losses in the building business, all of which were attributed to the prevalence of labor troubles. These losses were fixed at many times the actual amount, and in some cases were worse than fictitious. St. Paul, for example, was credited with a material decline in building industry, whereas the official records show a handsome increase.

The same people are at it again, as appears by the latest statistics sent out by the Employers' association, which relate to wages and cost of living. They purport to show that cost of living in Chicago has increased less than 15 per cent, while wages have gone up in some cases 100 per cent. Much virtue lies in that "in some cases." Possibly there are wage earners whose compensation has been doubled within the past few years, but they are mighty few.

The price which statistics measure the cost of living rest on a comparison between 1898 and 1903. Now no man with the slightest statistical knowledge and desire to do justice would make such a comparison. There was one immense increase of prices before 1898, and the increase in wages has come almost wholly since then. Any valid comparisons would be between the present standards and those of ten years ago. They would show no such results as the Chicago bureau affects to have discovered.

There can be no excuse for this kind of work, and it reflects the greatest discredit upon those who are behind the Employers' association. The true and actual figures would be forcible enough. Undoubtedly there has been a large increase both in wages and prices. There are plenty of statistics to show it, and to declare just about how much it amounts to. The commercial and statistical newspapers are full of them, the government reports publish them and the great commercial agencies record them. At the present moment wages are not advancing, and it is practically certain that they will not increase for some time to come. A lull has come upon prosperity. Speculative ventures are being weeded out, and legitimate enterprises are feeling the evil effects of prosecution for political purposes. In both directions industry suffers through a lessening of investment.

There can be no general or material gain by the wage earner until these conditions have been changed. The advance in prices, on the other hand, has not been checked. Rents, provisions and materials of all kinds have continued to become more costly during the past year, and there is little hope of relief. You can break down the price of a stock by refusing to buy it, but there are embarrassments about lowering the price of meat by refusing to eat.

Now these are the known facts. They are not abstruse. They do not require an expert to investigate them, and they are in no wise doubtful. Just as in the case of the building statistics, the figures referred to show on their face that they were collected for a particular purpose; not to disclose an economic truth, but to support an argument. If the Employers' association is behind this kind of work, it ought to be in better business.

After all, Minnesota may be able to dispute with Illinois the honor of converting Greater New York. The North Star state is represented by John the Baptist II., who has the advantage of being on the ground first and who has already assured Gothamites that Elijah is a fakir.

ONCE MORE DOUBTFUL.

It would be absurd to pretend that the recent election in Indianapolis gives any accurate idea of the condition of political feeling and party attachments throughout the state. Municipal elections are marked in our day by a general breaking across party lines; and this is particularly true in Indianapolis, where independent voting is the rule, and where on this occasion there were all sorts of party alignments.

It is true, nevertheless, that the election of a Democratic mayor and a Democratic city clerk in conjunction with a Republican council in the principal city in Indiana is not a little significant. It could not happen unless the Democrats were getting together, as they are there and everywhere. Such elections as occur this fall, and in a much more marked degree those of next year, will show a Democracy united once more. New issues, and to a very large extent new men, are coming to the front. The party is weary of continuous defeat and impatient of the failures and follies of Republicans in office, endured only because the opposition to them has been divided. A different regime is about to prevail.

Beyond question, Indiana is again to be classed in the list of "doubtful states." In the old days it was more likely to be Democratic than Republican. It could be carried by the latter party only by a tremendously popular candidate, or by the liberal use of "soap" and arrangements for the purchase of "blocks of five." It is returning, we are confident, to its old allegiance.

We firmly believe that all of the former doubtful states will be doubtful again next year if the Democrats of the country are prudent, harmonious and aggressive. That New York is not likely to be carried for the Republican candidate is now admitted by all well informed politicians. Indiana is to be added to the list. The prospects of the Democratic party are brightening, and the probability of its success next year is enlarging every day.

One cannot note the beauteous and varied colors of the foliage in and around St. Paul these days without being obliged to concede that the most skillful artist is Mother Nature.

THE VICE OF READING.

In the North American Review of this month, Edith Wharton contributes an essay with the above caption. Edith Wharton is a Philadelphia woman who has written some novels which are evidence of tremendous historical reading, and therefore she is giving us expert testimony as to the vice to which she refers. She regards the mechanical reader as the one who reads without benefit to himself or improvement to his understanding. There is a large class of readers who are imbued with the wholly modern spirit of desiring to be "in it," and in order to keep posted on the literary trend will read with their fingers a quantity of fiction which they neither understand nor can absorb. This she regards as highly pernicious, and a form of mental dissipation which is ruining and frittering away the minds of the present generation.

Going deeper than this, the writer says that the reader referred to does a four-fold harm. He creates a demand for mediocre writing; retards true culture by his passion for popular rendering of abstruse subjects; confuses moral and intellectual judgments, and by his demand for "peptonized" literature and inability to distinguish between the means and the end, "he has produced a creature in his own image," declares the writer, "the mechanical critic."

Mrs. Wharton would apparently condemn most of the reading done by rote, even that inseparably connected with certain courses of study, and from her remarks we must inevitably conclude that she regards as valuable only that reading which is done spontaneously and enjoyably. She likens the reader who wants to "get in" just so much reading a day, to the housekeeper who has calculated to an ounce the daily consumption of food in her household; and the stores of food thus brought into the house, to the laying in of intellectual stores by the mechanical reader.

She believes the born reader will make his reading an undercurrent to all his affairs, and fix no limit of time or inclination. With all due respect for Mrs. Wharton's conclusions—which from her premise are logical—it would seem that she has not duly taken into account the rush and hurry of life, the little time there is for leisurely and enjoyable reading and the multiplicity of books and other printed matter, of which and about which the busy man or woman desires at least to know something. When some tremendous question is being discussed of which entire ignorance would be deplorable, it is a great temptation to pick up a magazine which, as the writer puts it, discusses abstruse matters in a popular manner. The casual and busy reader gets in this way an epitome of the whole matter, and when he hears the subject discussed he is informed at least upon its general points.

The mechanical reader, hurried and harassed, undoubtedly encourages and promotes surface treatment of deep questions and the popular method which Mrs. Wharton deplores, but surely this is more the fault of a rushing age and the complexity of modern life than of the readers themselves. When the millennium arrives and we have time unlimited to enjoy the best of everything, the mechanical reader will be banished to outer darkness; but until that age comes those who feel obliged to keep up with the procession find it moving too fast to allow other than specialists to devote all the time they desire to the vast question reflected in the literature of the day. The real question is, ought rational men and women to desire to keep up.

Some idea of the rapidity with which the Pacific coast has developed may be derived from the fact that even a town like Aberdeen, Wash., which has not been heard of much away from home, can have a million-dollar fire.

PREMIER AND PAMPHLETEER.

While his former colonial secretary is "stumping" the country for imperialism, Premier Balfour is feeding the fire underneath England's seething political pot with the political pamphlet. Chamberlain is a step in advance of British politics. The prime minister, so far as methods are concerned at least, is a step behind. The man from Birmingham in order to turn a crisis into an opportunity has cut loose from English political conventions. His sometime chief, at one with him in the desire that an opportunity must be evolved (though he regards the opportunity as England's rather than as Chamberlain's) has found his strength and method in Gladstone.

It is quite probable that Americans understand the colonial secretary a trifle better than his own countrymen understand him. The man of ready resources and impenetrable sangfroid, the convincing "stump" speaker and the vigorous campaigner, the player in the game political, whose "hand" is never more than a vague speculation to his opponents—such a man seems a transplanted product in the isle which is held in the tight grasp of conventions. But Balfour is less understandable and therefore, perhaps, more appreciated. To Americans his is really the picturesque figure in British politics today.

And Yankees who possess a sense of the eternal fitness of things will appreciate the man who appreciates the fact that there exists in England today a situation that demands the political pamphlet. From that time in English history when the reigning monarch was content to be comfortable merely and to allow her ministers to rule, great crises have brought forth great pamphlets. Today the pamphlets of Balfour are noticeable chiefly for their lucidity and for the honesty they breathe forth. When the present crisis is history they will be important because they will be helpful in solving what will doubtless be regarded as a puzzling period. They will have a place in the literature of history.

But English people have read political pamphlets that deserve a place in the literature of the world. When poor Defoe sacrificed self-respect to serve a prime minister whose claim to fame is that he was able to appreciate the value of such services as this son of a poor tradesman could render, he revealed the possibilites of the political pamphlet. His pamphlets brought him a posthumous disgrace, and a kindly world has remembered him only for his novel, but they helped to save a ministry in their day and they are literature as well as history.

He and Swift, Sir Philip Francis or whoever it was that invented "Junius," Burke and Gladstone are some of the famous pamphleteers of English history. And now it seems that Arthur Balfour has no intention of casting this political weapon aside as useless and out of date. Even Chamberlain has tried his hand at producing one, but Chamberlain is not a pamphleteer. The situation may produce greater pamphleteers than Balfour, but at least his pamphlets deserve credit for dealing intelligibly and in a manner becoming the dignity of a premier with a great question.

The Gotham Republicans will of course be able on the morning after the election to boast that they still have the Low, but the high, jack and the game will be elsewhere.

We will not have unbroken peace between Russia and Japan until a few of those belligerent, thing-seeing correspondents are locked up and deprived of their typewriters.

Contemporary Comment

A Good Example.

A good example has been set by the Alabama legislature, which has adjourned for four years after a session of sixty days. There is little to be said in favor of yearly sessions of state legislative bodies. The good work too they may do is often overwhelmed by the bad. The Alabama legislators passed a number of excellent laws, and it is said of them by the newspapers that they were entirely uninfluenced by political rings or lobbyists. Of course, less frequent sessions would not necessarily in every case prevent political chicanery or prohibit the passage of undesirable bills. Perhaps four years would be in most instances too long an interval between sessions. But the general principle, that we suffer from too much legislation cannot be impugned.—Providence Journal.

The Langley Fiasco.

There has never been a more complete and ridiculous failure of a much-heralded invention than that of Prof. Langley's so-called airship. Scores of uneducated mechanics dependent on their own wits and means have come nearer making a successful flying machine than this professor of the Smithsonian institution with an appropriation by congress to draw upon. Whoever is responsible for wasting public money on this visionary scheme deserves a public reprimand.—Indianapolis Journal.

No Need for Worry.

The political obstacles which Columbia thinks it is erecting in the path of America's manifest destiny will be traversed as readily as a pen crosses a fly speck on a piece of paper. Let them worry nobody. The American people are usually level headed. We do not believe they can be scared by the war whoops of party organs, playing petty politics, into such a gigantic blunder as the choice of the Nicaragua canal would be.—Chicago Tribune.

The Doom of China.

The most inevitable thing that can be read on the world's map is the coming partition of China. She is the one great obstruction in the pathway of a world-encircling civilization. She is becoming constantly a thorn in the flesh of the progressive nations. Russian aggression is forcing a verdict in her case, and perhaps now is as good a time in history to have it rendered finally as can be anticipated.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Unreasonable Mayor.

Things have come to a pretty pass when the mayor wants city employes to actually work for their salaries as if they were employed by business firms or individuals. If this absurd notion is clung to by Mr. Harrison, we may expect many of his former friends too get so busy earning their living that they will have little time to fight him politically.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Or Swap Some of Those Bonds.

If Mr. Carnegie is really afraid of dying rich he might trade off some of his preferred steel stock for common.—Washington Star.

And Then Have Indigestion.

When Morgan and Schwab get hungry they make a sort of financial sandwich out of John W. Gates.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What the Editors Say

A few years ago when a manufacturer announced that he employed union labor it was known that he had superior workmen, men of intelligence and skilled mechanics. As time passed on the restrictions of the union have been abandoned and any man who could drive a nail was allowed to join the carpenters' union and any print who could tell nonpareil from small pica was admitted to the printers' union. The result has been to depreciate union labor. Serene in their strong organizations they have become independent and neglectful of their employers' interest, forgetting that their success was dependent upon the success of their employers. The result has been to compel good men and strong corporations to retire from business, thus throwing labor out of employment, and instead of benefiting themselves securing the opposite result.—Blue Earth County Enterprise.

The courts surely were not to blame for that lynching yesterday in Hamilton, Mont. The accused murderer was tried quickly after his crime, and was sentenced to death. His attorneys then appealed to the supreme court for a new trial, and at once a mob was organized, and the lynching followed. There was mighty little excuse for the mob in this case, for the courts were doing their duty with expedition. There were seventy-five men in the mob, in a small town, and still "the identity of the members of the mob is unknown." A brave prosecuting officer is much needed just now in that portion of Montana.—Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader.

Under the McKinley law of 1890 we used to buy the best white sugar at the rate of from twenty-two to twenty-five pounds for a dollar. That was "down east" where there was open competition and under a policy of free trade in the necessaries of life. In these later years of piping prosperity we have been compelled to pay almost exactly one-half more for all the sugar we consume. And yet we are told that the trusts and Republican policies have cheapened the cost of things wonderfully. Possibly to the much-favored monopolists, but not to the wage earners and consumers.—Montevideo Leader.

It is noticeable that the cry for tariff reform in the Republican ranks becomes weaker with the approach of next year's campaign. The protected interests, of course, expect the people to vote the "let well enough alone" theory just for the prosperity which the said protected interests are enjoying at the expense of the public.—Pipestone Leader.

We hope that Congressman Volstead will lend his influence for the increase in rural free delivery appropriations. Rural free delivery is here to stay, but the faithful carriers will not stay at the present wages. Even a small increase in wages will be an incentive to the carrier to stick to his position—The Franklin Tribune.

The board of control is succeeding no better is administrating the university than opponents of the inclusion of the university within its jurisdiction predicted. The experience with board of control management of the state's greatest institution, up to date, is very unsatisfactory.—Crookston Times.

An immense sum of money is being spent in furnishing the new Minnesota capitol. We wish that some of the politicians back of the state capitol project would be just as enthusiastic to get men of brains to fill the state offices as they are to get the capitol furnished so luxuriantly.—Chatfield News-Democrat.

At St. Paul Theaters

There is lots of human nature in Lottie Blair Parker's drama of the South, entitled, "Under Southern Skies," presented at the Metropolitan last night.

"It needs no ghost come from the grave" to tell us that a woman wrote this play. That delightful uncertainty, which has ever made woman man's most interesting problem on this mundane sphere, is effectively exploited in this play. The average masculine playwright could scarcely have done it so well.

Love is the theme, and green-eyed jealousy its sauce. The combination makes an appetizing dramatic dish.

Crudities the play has, but they are more than counterbalanced by honest sentiments couched in vigorous, straightforward language, and by dramatic situations that appeal successfully to the spectators.

Two hot-headed Southerners love the same girl. The lover with a swarthy complexion and hair like night, loves her so fiercely that he is willing to break his oath to her father and blast her mother's character to marry her. Her other admirer is a whole-souled gentleman with deep auburn hair, but just as ready to fight his brunette rival as he is to kiss the girl.

This combination offers fine opportunities, of which the dramatist takes full advantage. It is really good—that scene in which the jealous, black-haired man stands in a balcony and beholds his red-haired rival with his arm about the neck of the girl they both want. This love story never grows old.

It isn't a great play that Lottie Blair Parker has written. It isn't an "Alabama" by any means. But it is a good and honest play, and like "Alabama," it has an atmosphere, a quality too often lacking in modern efforts.

A little scene in the last act between a frolicsome colored girl and the sinning but repentant wife of her master, is one of the prettiest touches of nature in the drama.

No member of this company is starred. For this relief much thanks. Players of more distinction occasionally grace the boards in our city, but companies whose average caliber is much narrower too often appear.

The emotional burden of the play falls on the shoulders of Miss Minnie Victorson, a woman of slight build but of considerable temperament. In the role of Lelia Crofton she is confronted with the painful alternative of marrying a man she hates or provoking him to disclose the alleged fact that her dead mother is tainted with negro blood. She consents to wed the scoundrel, and a portion of the marriage ceremony is represented in the next act.

When the Episcopal rector arrives at that interesting question whether she will take the man standing beside her for her husband, Lelia weakens and repudiates the groom, much to that villain's chagrin. Simultaneously her supposedly dead mother, whose blonde complexion denotes her simon pure white origin, appears and faints, and the marriage contract is not completed, the minds of the contracting parties, as the lawyers say, "failing to meet."

All this necessitates the display of emotional powers, which Miss Victorson finds it difficult to adequately express for lack of voice. Her facial expressions are appropriate and her make-up in the wedding scene effective in denoting utter despair and hopeless desolation.

A creditable portrayal of Maj. Caruth, the father of Lelia, was furnished by Burr Caruth. William Perry contributed a breezy characterization of Col. Paul Daubeny, who was consumed with a passion to fight an editor who had maligned him, and Louise M. Dickson gave an amusing impersonation of Aunt Doshey, the "old mammy" who knew the family secrets and kept them in her big heart.

Petite Ida Mulle, the Cinderella of "Crystal Slipper" fame, played a 12-year-old pickaninny with irresistible comicality.

The scenes in the second act representing the indulgence by the young folks in Hallowe'en sports pleased the audience immensely. Such touches as these invariably appeal to the hearts of the spectators, who have "been there."

The outdoor scene, representing the exterior of Maj. Crofton's Southern home, is very pretty. F. G. H.

Ward and Vokes at the Grand.

"A Pair of Pinks." That's the title of the kaleidoscopic concoction of which Ward and Vokes are the cherries, the pieces de resistance, at the Grand this week.

"A Pair of Pinks" is quite the best thing that these two comedians have appeared in for some time. It has variety. It moves. There's something doing all the time, and generally something clever. Nearly every member of the company can do something, and they all get a chance to do it. Ward and Vokes do not attempt to spread themselves all through the two acts, and monopolize the evening, which is commendable.

What there is of plot to the piece is very broad satire, and the same motif in the hands of that genius of farce, the late Mr. Hoyt, would have evolved into a fine farce comedy. Briefly, it is something like this:

"Billion Ayer," the richest man on earth, owns a little world of his own; has his own actors, criminals and burglars, with whom he makes arrangements to have them break into his house and rob him at times agreeable to himself; has his own detectives and his own jail, which is a most luxurious affair, something after the manner of our own county institution.

In this place the criminal is treated with the utmost consideration and everything that will tend to make him desire to prolong his sentence is provided. A bunch of beautiful maidens, "the murderers' admiration society," call and bring flowers, etc., and "the law's delays" and legal laxity are broadly satirized. When it is time to end the piece, "Billion Ayer" says:

"I'm tired of this place; let's go to Hong Kong," "Hong Kong" being the name of the song which is the finale. That is an easy way of finishing, and consistent, too, when you remember that "Billion Ayer" had money enough to go where and whenever he chose.

There are several bright musical numbers in the piece. Most of them are of the topical variety, and the lines are bright. "If I Had You" is a ballad of the gentler sentiment and was encored a number of times.

The people surrounding Ward and Vokes have ability. Margaret Daly Vokes is, unfortunately, suffering from a severe cold, but in spite of it, performs her share of the entertainment in her usual happy manner. Lucy Daly, the vivacious, she of the twinkling toe and that swagger walk, is very captivating in a soldier suit, and was compelled to repeat "The Maiden I Left in Hong Kong" several times. Vinie Daly's acrobatics were a source of much applause and justly so.

Ward and Vokes need no comment. They have considerable new material in the humorous line and they deliver the goods in the same old way. A very creditable impersonation of a French count is done by Gus Bruno, and Lou Miller as "Tuff Nutt," a burglar, is also worthy of mention. The chorus is excellent from the picturesque viewpoint, and very fair in vocal ability.

It's a good show.

"Watson's American Burlesquers" at the Star.

A lively and varied entertainment was presented to the usual large Sunday audience at the Star yesterday. The company is composed of clever people, all of whom are familiar to patrons of this tehater.

The centerpiece of the cluster is Billy B. Watson, the little Dutch comedian, who was with Irwin's Big Show last season. He is always funny, is a hard worker and has the unctious and easy manners of the natural comedian.

The olio contains a number of meritorious specialties. Paul and Arthur Bell, apropriately called the "Musical Bells," do a very commendable turn with a number of different instruments. The intermezzo from "Cavaleria Rusticana" is often done by "musical artists," but rarely as well as the Bells play it on two concertinas.

Wheeler and Washburn contribute a lively song and dance specialty much above the average. A big acrobatic feature is the Meeker-Baker trio, one of whom is Johnny Bell, a St. Paul boy, who is as popular as he is gifted. He was greeted with profuse applause, and a host of friends waited after the performance to offer the congratulations to which he is justly entitled. He is a fine looking lad with a splendid physique and does some marvelous stunts.

The Sisters Batchelor perform most creditably on the violin and mandolin and sing and dance well. McFarland and Murray are here once more doing "The Millionaire and the Iceman," which is only another name for a lot of laughable nonsense and probably by any other name would make people laugh just as much. At any rate they drew their share of applause, which is the official stamp of approval.

The burlesquers are about the same as burlesquers usually are. The chorus is of the heavyweight class. Doubtless this is a matter of economy on the part of the management, for only half the usual number of these generously proportioned show girls are required to fill the space. However, they are mostly handsome and perform their allotted portions of the entertainment quite commendably.

MEXICAN BANK IS FORCED TO CLOSE

Withdrawal of $600,000 Was More Than It Could Stand.

MEXICO CITY, Oct. 18.—That portion of the community doing business with the various American banks in this city has been excited over the failure of the International Bank and Trust company, which has an office in New York and here. Recent rumor had pointed to trouble coming for the institution and President Hunt says that the cause of the closing was nothing more nor less than enormous withdrawals of funds by depositors. Within the past week depositors took out more than $600,000.

The bank's insolvency was demonstrated Friday, when the German Trans-Atlantic bank of this city sent in a check of $25,000 for collection and the International Bank and Trust company was compelled to admit that it had no funds to meet it.

Many people are in financial distress on account of the locking up of their funds. The amount due depositors is some $800,000.

Among the Merrymakers

With the Fathers.

Washington had just accepted the presidency.

"Now," he faltered, "you must remember I have never shot any mountain lions!"

"But you didn't do a thing to the British lion," whooped the populace.

Blushing under the honors bestowed upon him, he retired to the backyard to practice baseball, singlestick and history writing, thus seeking to fit himself for the burdens of office.—New York Sun.

Hi Sublime Faith.

They dug the bruised and battered form of the inventor out from under the ruins of his flying machine.

"I want to say," he whispered hoarsely, "that my invention is going to be a magnificent success! I have found out just what ails it!"

Waving the surgeons away he continued to talk to the reporters.

She Myrrhmyrrhed.

A lady once purchased some myrrh
And the druggist said gaily to hyrrh:
"If it's for your lips, Miss,
Have a care how you kiss."
And she myrrhmyrrhed indignantly,
"Syrrh!"
—Life.

Very Popular.

"Why was it the bad men out here suddenly took up religion?" asked the tenderfoot.

"They discovered there was more chance to scrap about it than anything else," responded Amber Pete.—Chicago News.

NEVER SAD.

The melancholy days! Not much—
We're always happy here;
It's always cold enough for booze,
Or hot enough for beer.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Up-to-Date.

Mrs. Hatterson—Your new house, I suppose, will be finished in modern style?

Mrs. Catterson—Oh, yes; nothing in it but antiques.—Town Topics.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Minnesota—Fair and warmer Monday; rain Tuesday; fresh northwest winds.

Upper Michigan and Wisconsin—Partly cloudy and warmer Monday; probably rain Tuesday; variable winds, shifting to fresh northwest.

North Dakota—Partly cloudy Monday, with warmer in eastern portion; Tuesday fair and cooler.

South Dakota—Fair Monday and Tuesday; cooler Tuesday.

Montana—Fair Monday and Tuesday; cooler Tuesday.

Iowa—Partly cloudy Monday and Tuesday; warmer Monday.

St. Paul—Yesterday's observations, 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, 60; lowest temperature, 35; average temperature, 48; daily range, 25; barometer, 29.96; humidity, 72; precipitation, .0; 7 p. m. temperature, 56; 7 p. m. wind, northwest; weather, partly cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Alpena	42	44	Moorhead	52	60
Battleford	62	70	Los Angeles	76	96
Bismarck	60	70	Marquette	40	42
Buffalo	46	46	Memphis	58	62
Boston	46	60	Medicine Hat	66	74
Calgary	52	72	Milwaukee	52	54
Chicago	50	54	Minnedosa	42	56
Cincinnati	52	58	New Orleans	62	66
Cleveland	46	48	New York	48	54
Denver	68	80	Oklahoma	60	68
Des Moines	58	66	Omaha	64	70
Detroit	48	52	Philadelphia	52	56
Duluth	52	58	Qu'Appelle	58	66
El Paso	66	74	Frisco	74	84
Edmonton	66	74	St. Louis	56	60
Galveston	66	66	Salt Lake	64	72
Grand Rapids	46	50	San Antonio	64	72
Green Bay	50	52	Ste. Marie	38	38
Havre	74	78	Washington	48	54
Helena	68	76	Winnipeg	42	50
Jacksonville	62	68			

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

River Bulletin—

Stations.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	12.5	—0.3
La Crosse	10	11.0	—0.2

—Fall.

BLIND PUPILS WILL "SEE" WORLD'S FAIR

Palace of Education Will Present No End of Useful Object Lessons.

Special to The Globe.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 18.—Pupils from representative schools for the blind will see the world's fair. Pupils from institutes for the deaf and dumb will hear and talk about it, and the visitors will see and understand how the science of education has made this possible. In the Palace of Education thirty model schoolrooms have been built for the reception of pupils from these schools for afflicted persons. The rooms are built as exhibits by representative firms. They are equipped with the latest approved apparatus and furniture, all of which are exhibits. The blackboards, desks, tables, globes and books are supplied as exhibits and as such will be of the highest standard.

The schools will be conducted exactly as they are in the school making the exhibit. One school for the blind in New York state will send six of its aptest pupils, in charge of an expert teacher. They will remain at the world's fair for one or two months. Comfortable quarters have been provided for all pupils in the dormitories of the Washington university, whose new buildings are included in the world's fair grounds. The pupils will pursue their studies at the world's fair just as they do in the school that sends them. Broad aisles will intersect the group of schoolrooms and visitors may pass through the aisles and witness the pupils at study or when they are reciting. Partitions divide all the rooms, but there is no wall adjoining the main aisle. Thus the visitor in passing through the exhibit may hear in the section for the education of the deaf the recitations of the oral classes, learn the object and action of work and see how language and other primary methods are taught. In the industrial section he may see the pupils at work in the shoe shop, in the art rooms, the tailor shop, carpenter shop and the printing office, and he may observe the methods of the sewing and cooking classes and the Sloyd class.

In the section for the blind the revelations will be equally interesting. There may be seen the writing class, using the various point systems, and the reading class. In another room language, geography and other methods are taught. In the industrial section may be seen the blind pupils making baskets, sewing and cooking, making brooms, binding books and upholstering and all of the other accomplishments that the blind may acquire.

Many states will send pupils and teachers and supervisors. The stay of the pupils will be limited to one or two months, thus allowing all prominent schools in all the states to take part in the demonstration. Certain hours will be used for "seeing the fair." During these hours the pupils will be in charge of the supervisors and they may go at will through the grounds. The supervisors will point out to the deaf and dumb the wonders of the fair and in the silent language explain the details.

The classes for the blind will also be conducted through the grounds, and they will be made to see the fair through the eyes of the teacher, who will describe what he sees, and the pupils will be permitted to increase their understanding by feeling of articles.

The week of Oct. 18, 1904, will be of special interest for those interested in the education of the deaf, dumb and blind. Miss Helen Keller, who will be graduated from the Radcliffe college, Cambridge, Mass., next June, will be the guest of the exposition that week. The special international congresses of instructors for the deaf and blind has been called for that time, and Miss Keller will address the congress. She will also visit the schools and address the pupils. Oct. 18 will be known at the world's fair as Helen Keller day. Mrs. Alvin E. Pope is superintendent of the model school for the deaf and blind.

The First Bell.

In the misty long ago a nobleman of France came up the Mississippi from New Orleans. His errand was to find a place for a trading post—a place on the great river whence the furs which the red men bartered to the white might be floated down to civilization. Many a pleasant spot he saw, but always shook his head, and said, quietly but firmly, "We will proceed, my friends."

On they went, past bluff and bar and river's mouth, until one morning they came to a place where the land, instead of rising abruptly, or going back for a mile in a low sandy beach, sloped gradually upwards, hundreds of feet. Here they landed, the Frenchman and his companions. They walked to the summit of the hill. To the east was the mighty river, its farther shore but a faint outline, and all around was forest.

As the Frenchman looked, he said: "My friends, our search is over. Here shall be the spot—and more, for we now stand where in coming years shall stand a great city!" And he planted a flag there and called the place after him who was to the French the greatest of men, St. Louis.

Years later, when a village grew there, the residents expressed one great want; it was for a church bell. When in the evening the sounds of the Angelus should have floated out on the silent air, only the harsh beating of a drum told that it was the hour for prayer.

The people longed for a bell, and as none could be cast nearer than South America, they prepared to send for one. The silver that should give the tone nearly every family contributed—one a teapiot, another a tankard or a platter, still others spoons. How the silver was sent down, how the bell was cast, how it was stolen by pirates, ransomed and sent up the river, is a story too long to tell, but one day, when the barge came up from New Orleans, a package carefully wrapped so as to conceal its contents was brought to the house of Monsieur Le Cure.

The good priest, with two men to help him, climbed into the steeple of the little church, long ago made ready, and hung the bell.

"Ring," my children, he then called out. "Ring, and may God's blessing be on my flock."

The soft notes floated out and all who heard them fell on their knees. On that spot, from where the bell's notes rang forth, now stands the great Louisiana purchase exposition, but of all the bells that will ring in 1904, none will be sweeter than the one which first sounded the hour of evening prayer.

Christian Missionary Societies.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 18.—There were no meetings today of the missionary societies of the Christian church, which is holding its international missionary conference in this city. Tomorrow the Foreign Christian Missionary society will hold sessions. Tuesday morning sessions of the American Christian Missionary society will be resumed and will continue until Wednesday night. Z. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, Ind., it is said, will be elected president of this society, to succeed A. B. Philputt.