The St. Paul Globe

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THE ST. PAUL DAILY GLOBE'S circulation now exceeds that of any other morning newspaper in the Twin Cities except only the Minneapolis Tribune.

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RESULTS COUNT—
THE GLOBE GIVES THEM.

SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1904.

JUDGE PARKER SPEAKS

Never before has a national convention been treated to such a sensation as that created at St. Louis yesterday by the receipt of a telegram from Judge Parker, announcing his position in these unequivocal terms:

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and I shall act accordingly if the action of the convention today is ratified by the people. Inasmuch as the platform is silent on the subject, I deem it necessary to make this communication to the convention for its consideration, as I should feel it my duty to decline the nomination except with that understanding.

At one bound the Democratic nominee passed into the full light of national publicity. In these brief sentences he revealed to the country his character, as months of campaigning and volumes of speeches and interviews could never have disclosed it. Here is the man of immutable conviction and of indomitable courage. Here is the man who will accept nothing under false pretenses; the man who boldly throws down the gauntlet to public opinion, manfully declares himself, and desires no high honor that does not find him with a clean conscience in the eyes of God and man.

The country has been pestered for many weeks with whining cries for an utterance from Judge Parker, with silly lampoons and base innuendoes against the man who dared to preserve a dignified silence when silence only was befitting. This clamor is answered in a way that those who raised it little dreamed of or desired. Judge Parker has spoken. In that single utterance he has found a comprehension in the minds and a place in the hearts of the people that he can never lose. In a few moments he has advanced his cause more than by all the eloquent periods of his supporters. The people know him now, and nothing can make them forget the daring and the nobility of an act almost without precedent.

We say these words and we would pay to him the high tribute that the American people always render to fearless manhood and honor that can brook no blot, without in the least reflecting upon the action of the convention. For reasons that we have stated and that we repeat this morning, it was neither necessary nor wise that the convention should incorporate in the platform a plank relating to an issue that has been settled by the course of events and the firm determination of the people. But that course, wise as it was, laid a duty upon Judge Parker.

Where the platform spoke, it spoke for him as the candidate. Accepting the offered honor, he would accept it under the expressed conditions. But where it was silent, there was need that he should speak; need that he should keep his honor unimpugned; need that no one should ever say that he had skulked, that he had sought office under false pretenses, that the country could not rest with unshaken faith upon his future action. The instant that the duty appeared, it was performed with a disregard of consequences no less than heroic. The people have had a flashlight glimpse into the soul of an absolutely sincere, upright, honest and conscientious man.

How many men are there in the country who would have risen to the level of this valorous deed? How many who would have faced boldly the certain disapproval of the opportunist? How many who would not have weighed the chances of political loss against the preciousness of personal integrity? Is not this the manner of man of whom the republic should be proud and whom it should seek for its highest honors and its most exalted trusts?

Nay, is it not permissible to draw a parallel? There is a candidate for the presidency whom we might name whose touters are never weary of telling us that his chief capital is his reputation for courage, well meaning and good intentions. This man told the people, less than two years ago, in public addresses, of his belief in the necessity of tariff revision. This man was nominated by his party at the instance of the protection-fed trusts, on a platform which breathes only the word, "standpat." Did he decline? Did he tell the convention that his opinions on the tariff were unchanged, and that if they took him they must take him with all his consciousness of duty and his resolution to perform it? The winds have brought no such shout and no such whisper from the White house or from the seclusion of Oyster Bay.

Judge Parker has spoken. He has spoken to the point and to great purpose. The people know him today as they might not otherwise have done through years of faithful service. They exult in the thought that the republic breeds such men. They find in him, by the quick and blinding test of a great emergency, a man to trust through evil and through good report; a man, after the description of the great chevalier, "without fear and without reproach." In the discharge of a solemn duty to himself and to his country he has commended himself to the inmost heart of the people. He has won the allegiance and the suffrages of hundreds of thousands to whom yesterday he was no more than a name.

This is the man for the Democracy. This is the sign and token of leadership. This is the man for custodian of the destinies of the republic, whom neither hope nor fear nor ambition can swerve one line from his utter fealty to duty and to honor. Judge Parker has spoken; and the reverberations of his speech will echo through the land until that day of next November when the people shall come to judgment.

OUR CANDIDATES

The united Democracy has spoken. It has declared its choice for president, and Judge Alton B. Parker is the party's nominee. Toward this events have been moving for months past, acquiring within the week preceding the convention date an irresistible momentum. All through the proceedings of Friday the desire and the purpose of Democracy's representatives declared itself, and after an all-night session Judge Parker was nominated in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, was nominated for the vice presidency. His large experience in public life fits him for the place, and in his person the South once more finds representation on a national ticket.

Judge Parker is a man worthy of the high place, of the loyal support of a great party and of the suffrages of the American people. He is of the finest, highest type that America produces. The bitterest enemy has found no flaw in his armor and no blot upon his escutcheon. His party record is without a blemish. In the great judicial position that he has filled so ably he has won the golden opinion of the bar, the bench and the public. He is beloved by all who know him, and respected by rich and poor for the purity, integrity and strength of his manhood. In the best sense of that grand old word, he is a Democrat.

There are many days before us in which to tell the worth of this splendid standard bearer. It is enough now to herald the event, to congratulate the party and the people that have waited for such a man, to sound the note of coming triumph. Let Democrats everywhere prepare to face the fight with an assurance of coming victory. For just as this man, strong in his simplicity, his courage, his patriotism, has grown and grown in the party's esteem with the passing of days, until from a comparatively little known figure he has emerged the center of a great party's hope, so will he grow into the popular mind and heart and conscience from this day forth. It is a winning battle that we fight. Democracy has found itself and found its leader. To him the steadfast sons of the republic will turn with undeviating faith, and with him as our candidate we shall win.

PRINTING THE NEWS

Thirty minutes after the result of the ballot was announced to the delegates in convention hall, St. Louis, a troop of boys awoke the echoes and the sleepers in the neighborhood of Fifth and Wabasha streets yesterday morning announcing the second extra of The Globe containing the news of the event. To be exact, it was just twenty-seven minutes after the tellers completed their work on the ballot that the first copy of The Globe extra came off the press.

The Globe may be allowed to express some modest satisfaction because of the celerity of its news service—and this satisfaction is not at all the less because no other paper in this field had the news from the convention on the street within a very considerable space of time of the production of The Globe extra. About one hour later the newsboys appeared with extras of other publications.

In this connection a word regarding the marshaling of the news, the manner of its presentation, and the faithful adherence to the facts and their publication without political bias, in The Globe may not be amiss. While the partisan press among our competitors gave its columns to the exploitation of the news for political purpose The Globe adhered absolutely to the lines of truth and justice, displaying the news for what it was worth. This practice in The Globe during the recent Republican ante-election campaign, and the many comparisons that have been made with our competitors, and to their disadvantage, has brought us much satisfaction. It has demonstrated to the reading public the complete reliability of The Globe in its handling of political news. The Globe proposes to present the political news of the day with the same fidelity to the facts that it practices in handling any other form of news. Democrats who hope that its columns will be used to present the news distorted for party purposes will be disappointed, as will Republicans who look for partisanship in the presentation of the news.

The Globe's aim and expectation is to print the news first if possible, but with fidelity to fact. With that aim and the capacity to accomplish it The Globe is quite willing to go before the public on its merits as a newspaper.

JAPAN AND THE HUMANITIES

Nothing serves better to illustrate the Japs' love of system and appreciation of organization than the explanation made recently by the Japanese minister at Washington of the workings of the newly opened bureau of information in Japan. The vice minister of war is chief of this bureau, the object of which is to give information concerning prisoners of war. The department appears to be well equipped down to the smallest detail for performing its work accurately and speedily, without any superfluity of red tape. Each naval and military commander sends into the chief of the bureau information concerning the prisoners taken, and as much as can be obtained concerning the enemy's dead. Every ten days the bureau communicates through the foreign office and the French legation at Tokyo the information it has obtained concerning prisoners, including the places to which they have been sent, the state of their health, etc.

But the bureau is not only a fresh evidence of the little brown men's mastery of detail. It is also an acknowledgment of their regard for the humanities. For besides furnishing full and accurate information of the condition of prisoners of war to all who ask for it, the bureau seeks to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners. It has made arrangements by which they can send and receive letters and it has also made provisions for the transportation, free of charge, of all articles given to the prisoners and for the exemption from custom duties and internal revenue taxes on gifts sent them from abroad.

The West has been Japan's teacher, but, as has been frequently the case with nations as well as individuals, the pupil has shown herself to be, in many respects, more brilliant than her instructor. No outside nation would have prophesied, however, at the beginning of the present struggle with Russia that the little island nation would, in its humane conduct of the war, set an example to all nations. A struggle for supremacy reveals better than anything else just how real a nation's civilization is. So far Japan has given no indication that hers is merely veneer, and now the establishment of this bureau of information offers further proof that the civilization of which she has not hesitated to boast is the real stuff.

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS

Judge Parker is being made to feel the penalties of greatness before he has fairly tasted the fruits of it. The crank, the man with the ax, and the camera fiend have already sought him out and he is coming to understand that for the present an end is made of the ideal life he has led at Esopus.

Living the life of a country gentleman, he has been used to reposing at ease under his own vine and fig tree, free from the trammels of conventional society, receiving his neighbors and visiting them, devoting a few hours each day to work in his library, another period to recreation, a great portion of his time to the superintendence of farm work. His has been a well-ordered and satisfactory existence. The other day Fame looked in at Esopus and Peace fled.

Judge Parker thought to escape the cranks, interviewers and descriptive writers. He fled through the woods to the brink of the Hudson. As he was about to plunge into the river for a swim a camera fiend snapped him. The judge protested. The camera man told him that his paper wanted to show the public just the sort of man he is and refused to sell or give up the plate. The public has by this time been made acquainted with all the curves of the next president. The camera fiend was joined by a group of reporters. They kept the judge in the water and tried to compel him to subscribe to various interesting, but, unhappily, untrue stories of his boyhood, manhood, home life, preferences in books and plays, the romance of his youth and other readable things necessary in a new-made candidate for the presidency. He made his way home attended by this mob, to find his house in the hands of a female writer for a magazine, his wife hidden with her grandson, his stable the meeting place of an anti-racing convention desirous of informing the public as to the truth of the rumor that he kept fast horses. His farming operations were watched by emissaries of agricultural papers, his library invaded by embryotic lawyers seeking a course of reading that would fit one for the presidency.

That day was the forerunner of many others of the same sort. In order to escape his persecutors Judge Parker will be compelled to shut himself up in his house. Whereupon the persecutors who succeed the pioneers will declare that he is an aristocrat hating the common people. If he were a different sort of public man he would throw his preferences to the winds and invite the mob in. Even then he would be open to the suspicion of playing to the galleries.

A man who has been chosen the presidential candidate of a great party is not exactly an object of pity, but there are people in this country that have never heard the rustle of the wings of fame who will have a much better time than the sage of Esopus during the next four months.

CONTEMPT OF COURT PROCEEDINGS

To run through the long list of Stillwater prisoners who are petitioning the state board of pardons this quarter is to be convinced that there is a large number of people confined in Stillwater who believe themselves innocent, or that the trial proceedings which resulted in their conviction failed to impress them with the dignity and the serious intent of the law. Probably the majority belong in the latter class. Certainly the three convicts who petition for pardon on the grounds that they are not guilty, that even if they are guilty their sentence is too long and that confinement in state prison is destructive of their health, are in this class. Such an application is flippant to a degree and reveals a lack of appreciation of the purpose of the law that is surprising to say the least.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and it is too much to ask of an individual, perhaps, to submit quietly to the punishment the law imposes when there is the slightest chance of having that punishment remitted or lessened. The prisoner knows and his friends know that no matter how slight the grounds are for doing so they have the privilege of petitioning the board for a pardon. The board can refuse to grant the petition, but it cannot refuse to accept one even when it reflects, as so many of them do, on the majesty of the law.

Within the past few years this state has repeatedly witnessed the spectacle of a convicted man beginning to sue for a pardon almost before he has got into his convict suit. If trials are so notoriously unjust, some means should be sought for making them fairer, but no prisoner should be allowed to treat a trial as if it were a farce so long as the majority of citizens are convinced that it gives him a fair hearing.

No individual has been placed in Minnesota's state prison without first having had as fair a trial as it was possible to obtain for him; and the statutes governing the punishment of crime are not severe in this state. Therefore, unless some new evidence has been discovered which lessens his culpability, he and his friends should not be allowed to petition for his freedom the instant the prison doors close upon him. It is true that such a petition avails nothing, but it is ridiculous that a board of pardons should spend most of its time considering applications for pardon based on no grounds at all, practically.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

The public has heard with some mixture of sympathy an account of the man who was found in camp not long ago and taken to an insane asylum because he insisted on living in the open air as the only possible escape from death by tuberculosis. Of course there were other reasons for his fate, as he was provided with weapons and poison, although he denied that he intended to make away with himself. It was probably dangerous to have him at liberty, and we are not quarreling with the decision of the court; but pointing out the fact that there was method in his madness in the particular to which we have referred.

If everyone afflicted by tuberculosis should follow the course that this man did it would be evidence of the highest sanity. We have gone far enough to know that life in the open air is the only specific for this dread disease. Nature has provided the remedy. Impaired lungs, if not too far deteriorated, can be restored by an ample supply of their natural food, which is pure fresh air. All over the world sanatoriums for tuberculosis are being constructed on this principle. Patients are kept in the open air night and day; and this, with an ample and highly nutritious diet, works a cure wherever a cure is possible.

It is not necessary, however, for the hapless victim of tuberculosis to repair in great expense to an institution for his cure. Fortunately, the remedy is within the reach of the poorest. Such a person should follow the example of the man who had at least one sane point about him. He should purchase a tent, pitch it in some place where the breezes are uncontaminated by city dust and give himself night and day to the restorative influence of fresh, wholesome air. In nearly all cases, except the most advanced, this will prove sufficient for a cure. The one sound point in the diseased mind of this lunatic is exactly that in which the minds of most sane people are weakest.

VERY UNHAPPY

It must grieve every Democrat to the soul to see how unhappy the Republicans are about the absent money plank of that St. Louis platform. They have forgotten that there is such an issue as the tariff, and that their own party is split down the middle between the trust-controlled standpatters and the bucolic candidates who rightly fear the wrath of the tariff-burdened farmer. They also forget that their own party is absolutely incapable today of agreeing upon a single item of monetary reform. It dare not retire the greenbacks. It dare not move toward an asset currency. It dare not whisper a word about the recoinage of silver dollars. It has been in power eight years and has not moved one step toward the provision of a complete and harmonious monetary system beyond the act adopting the gold standard.

Nevertheless, it is on the verge of apoplexy because the St. Louis convention decided to let the money question severely alone. All the Republican newspapers are shouting over the wrath of the Eastern Democrats, who wanted the gold standard recognized, and the wrath of the Western Democrats, who wanted the Chicago and Kansas City platforms reaffirmed. They tell us in one breath that the friends of Mr. Bryan are delighted because he won over Mr. Hill in the platform committee, and that they are offended and humiliated because he lost his fight for reaffirmation. They are all of them talking through their hats and trying to make the best of what is for them a bad situation.

It was the confident hope and belief of the Republicans that there would be a bitter row and possibly a split in the party at St. Louis. They left no means untried to bring about this result. They fathered and fostered the Hearst boom. They have coddled Mr. Bryan whenever he seemed discontented, and spread the least admirable of his utterances far and wide. They prophesied a walkout at St. Louis, and they were cocksure that the convention would be punching noses and tearing hair over the financial issue in the platform. They are entitled to some consideration and to cut up some capers, in view of their total and deplorable disappointment.

On the financial question Judge Parker is his own platform. The country knows where he stands by his own unequivocal and magnificent utterance. Every man, East or West, knows that the financial question as a party issue and as a subject of possible legislation is behind us as far as the Democratic party is concerned. No believer in the gold standard, East or West, will withhold his vote from Democracy because of any doubt that it might prove a disturber of the existing order of things. No believer in bimetallism, East or West, will withhold his vote from Judge Parker because he is convinced of the same practical fact.

The platform omission is simply a ratification of the old monition, accepted everywhere by the wisest, "let the dead past bury its dead." With a view to the assured return of the gold Democrats to their ancient faith and the assured loyalty of those who fought the great fight for the silver standard, we can afford to let the Republican heathen rage. The event will vindicate the wisdom of the St. Louis convention, and demonstrate the complete and restored confidence of the people of this country in the Democratic party.

We congratulate the members of the First Ward Improvement association on their refusal to enter into a federation, and the other improvement associations upon the fact that this will probably put a stop to the whole project. The plan to combine the improvement associations of St. Paul into one big machine was originated in an association which has been notorious because it has subordinated the proper purpose of its existence to political ends. As an improvement association it has been a practical failure for exactly this reason. As a political machine it sought to draw other associations into its net, destroy their value, nullify the effect of their work and build up a machine within a machine for the further complication of city politics. The people of the First ward, who are rightly proud of the practical results that their association has achieved, decline to walk into the parlor. The failure of the meeting called to promote a general federation would indicate that all the other associations take the same view of the scheme. We hope that they do, and that the project is completely and finally squelched.

Contemporary Comment

The Boycott in Denver

The newspaper boycott in Denver will attract wide attention. It is an evident attempt to stifle the expression of public opinion and influence private judgment in dealing with questions of vital concern in the locality in which the newspaper is published. It is a menace to free government when an organized effort is made to suppress the liberty of the press. If successful in such an effort the same influences might organize to regulate religion, social organizations and individual action. The issue involved in the newspaper boycott at Denver is more important and more vital than the question of martial law, the use of bull pens and the resort to banishment to suppress a labor union organization. All of the martial strength of the state cannot win a victory that will be lasting if it is gained by muzzling the press and suppressing the right of independent thought and free speech.—Washington Post.

Menace to International Peace

It would be a great gain for the cause of international peace if the meeting of the emperor of Germany and his royal uncle of England should lead to a restoration of neighborly relations between the two countries, much as this would disappoint the jingoes in both. The treaties between France and England and France and Italy have enabled those countries to look forward to the early prospect of reducing their enormous expenditures for naval armaments. A thoroughly good understanding between the governments of England and Germany would greatly increase this prospect. As Russia does not count for much as a naval power, there would remain only the jingo administration of Roosevelt to threaten the world's peace with increasing fleets of armored cruisers and battleships. It will be for the American people to say how long this menace shall last.—Philadelphia Record.

Civil War Pensioners

We are now in the fortieth year since the last Confederate laid down his arms, and as the average volunteer in the Union army was about twenty-five at that time, it can be seen that the age of sixty-five represents the average survivor. This is only partially correct. Most of those above the average have died, at least more than those below it, if we can take the life insurance mortality statistics as a guide. Sixty-five is not old in these days, but it represents a period when a man is willing to do less than formerly. The man at sixty-five has an expectation of over eleven years, so that most pensioners can expect normally to arrive at the age of seventy-six.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Allison's Reappearance

Senator Allison was present at the Chicago convention. That was his first attendance on such an occasion in forty-four years. He was one of the tellers at the convention in 1860, when Lincoln was nominated, and was the first one to figure out that Lincoln had the nomination. He told the chairman and the latter announced the fact to the convention. Although Mr. Allison is now in his sixth term as United States senator, he was never before sent to a national convention as a delegate since 1860, and for some reason did not attend in an unofficial capacity. It was long the custom of Iowa not to include its senators among its delegates.—Kansas City Star.

Need Only Eighteen

As the loss of only eighteen districts would take from the Republicans their majority in the house, it is hardly conceivable that an overturn big enough to cast Mr. Roosevelt out of the White house would be too small to give the Democrats at least a nominal majority in the house. Speculation along that line may, of course, better be deferred till the St. Louis convention has completed its work. But even if that body falls short of the hopes of the best party leaders the Republicans cannot safely assume that their control of the house is assured.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Business Has No Fear of Politics

Business seems to have little to fear now from politics. The number of strikes has diminished. There is less speculation than in several years. The prospect is for large crops. Our foreign and home markets are steadily growing. Railroad earnings are increasing. Why shouldn't business men brighten up?—Kansas City Journal.

The Last of His Tribe

Hon. John Wesley Gaines is reported as saying the very name of Grover Cleveland is obnoxious to "true Democrats." But the "true Democrats" have nevertheless returned to the Cleveland platform, all of them, at least, except Mr. Bryan.—Nashville Banner.

No Wonder Miles Dodged

The chairman of the Prohibition convention said that the choice lay between "absolute monarchy" of the Republican party and "absolute anarchy" of the Democratic party. The Prohibitionists offer absolute dryness as an escape.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Wait Till They Get Started

It required six hours' time for the Japanese to win the battle of Fenshuiling. This is an excellent improvement on the part of the Russians, and if kept up the Russians should yet win a few games.—Atlanta Journal.

Can't Let Him Enjoy Himself

"Grover's gone a-fishing," so the paper states. Keep your eye upon his hook and on your delegates; for he's great at fishing, knows the kind of bait that will land the biggest fish for a candidate!—New York Herald.

Must Get Some Speed and Curves

It is thought that the Japanese management will not release Kamimura before putting him back into the box to pitch one more game, so that he may have a chance to show what is really in him.—Atlanta Journal.

Nothing Petit Larceny in Them

Congressman Grosvenor's objection to the word graft is an indication that the merchant marine commission contemplate something too large for that sort of classification.—Detroit Free Press.

William Better Watch Out

That Jack the Slasher at St. Louis is manifestly after wind instruments. First, a balloon; next, an organ bellows, and next—horrible to think—perhaps Bryan.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Needs Them All Now

It seems to be Candidate Roosevelt's idea that while his lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return and assist in whooping things up.—Boston Herald.

They Can't Trust Grover

Both Cleveland and Roosevelt would be their own platforms, and it wouldn't be hard to choose between them.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Was Always Known as Charles

We have not yet heard from those men who went to school with Senator Fairbanks and who still call him "Charlie."—Washington Post.

What the Editors Say

The Chronice will own that it is disappointed in the selection of R. C. Dunn for the Republican nominee for governor. Since the Chronicle believes yet what it has said in discussing Mr. Dunn as a candidate, and has nothing to take back, it would be hypocritical to pretend otherwise.

However, since what is done is done, and Mr. Dunn is the regularly nominated candidate of the party for governor, the Chronicle believes that loyalty to the interests of the party demands that it say nothing more of its disappointment in the matter than the foregoing, which its own self-respect and good faith with its readers requires.

The majority, even if but a seeming majority, rules in this country, and to that principle the Chronicle bows acquiescence.—Owatonna Chronicle.

The Minnesota Republican convention resulted as the Forum predicted it would when it was announced that Gov. Van Sant had come out in support of Judge Collins for governor. Every effort of the state machine was used to further the judge's candidacy, and the rank and file in the great state of Minnesota had become wearied with this machine and they set about to smash it. Judge Collins made an enviable record on the bench and had warm friends all over the state, but they could not overcome the loadstone caused by the machine support. R. C. Dunn becomes the standard bearer in the North Star state, and he will not disappoint his friends in the record that he will make as governor of the state.—Fargo Forum.

The attitude of the state officeholders who controlled the party organization during the convention angered the Dunn men as well as other delegates. These men were appointees of Van Sant, and there is no question but the feeling against the governor was bitter. So his other appointees, Judge Douglas and Attorney Donahower, were rejected by the convention. The unfair effort that Gov. Van Sant made to dictate who his successor should be was emphatically resented by the Republican delegates.—Little Falls Transcript.

Mr. Collins may safely lay his defeat to too much "Johnson," and others of the ring who, instead of tending to the duties of the positions they hold, really made themselves obnoxious to the people of the state irrespective of party affiliation and drove votes away from their candidate.—The Mankato Review.

"Perdicaris liberated." "Perdicaris is free."

O joy! Our heart leaps at the news! By the way, "what is it to us?" A stranger would guess by our agitation that, instead of a cheap Greek-American, this Perdicaris is our national pericardium.—The Arizona Guardian.

Now, let us not hear any more about "harmony" from either side. That overworked and much abused term has been finally relegated to the class unknown. A squad of St. Paul police was found far more effective in keeping the peace at the last harmony meeting in this state.—Belle Plaine Herald.

Congressman McCleary, of Mankato, wants to revise the tariff by raising the duties. That is consistent at any rate. If a high tariff is such a good thing the higher it is the better.—Litchfield Independent.

Except for being off color in its Democracy, the St. Paul Globe is the most entertaining and best paper in the Twin Cities.—Freeborn County Standard.

And now all good lovable Republicans will go to work in a solid phalanx to elect the ticket. But oh, how it will grind some of them.—Crookston Times.

United Senator Moses E. Clapp came out of the fracas without a scratch.—Mankato Free Press.

Among the Merrymakers

The Inconveniences of War

"Cocqliquot," remarked the Mikado complainingly, "I'd like to know what in Samala Hillio is the reason that my wines are served to me in jugs nowadays instead of in bottles, as they were before the war?"

"We have no bottles left, oh, Majesty!" replied the faithful first-gentleman-of-the-booze-bin. "Every single one we had here in the palace is at present occupied by a Russian fleet."

"Your apology, Cocqliquot, is accepted," said the mikado; "but do not let it occur again."

"I could not if I would," replied the high official; "for there are no other Russian fleets."—Judge.

An Orphan Defined

The word "orphan" occurred in the Sunday school lesson. Miss Ida V. Stamps asked if any of the boys in the class knew what an orphan was. There was no response. Thinking to help the little fellows to search out a right answer, the teacher said:

"Why, children, I'm an orphan; now, can't you tell me what an orphan is?"

Up went the hand of a little boy.

"All right, Johnnie," said the teacher, "that's a good boy. You tell us what an orphan is."

"An orphan," replied the little fellow, "is a young lady what wants to get married and can't."—July Lippincott's.

Experienced

A certain general takes great interest in youthful soldiers. On one occason he addressed a company of Lads' brigade boys, and was entertained by them at dinner. A little chap near the general displayed a good appetite.

"You eat well, my son," said the soldier. "Now, if you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot."

"Yes sir; but I've been practicing eating twelve years, and I ain't used a gun but six months," was the laconic reply.—London Tit-Bits.

The Mysterious Future

The Canine—Say, Bucephalus, I am somewhat of a theosophist. I believe that after death my next appearance on this earth may be in the form of a frankfurter.

The Equine—Same here. I'm not sure but that I'll be turned into a can of beef.—Judge.

There, Too.

The usher showed the Upjohn family into a pew.

But the man seated next to the aisle refused to move, and the Upjohn family had to pass him.

"Got end seat hogs here, too, haven't they, papa?" said little Johnny in an audible whisper.—Chicago Tribune.

Continuous Curriculum

Beware the school of love—beware!
Oh, enter with discreetest care,
For Cupid makes this proclamation:
"We give our pupils no vacation."
—Detroit Free Press.

Not Bad Enough

"How do you like the cheese, sir?" asked the waiter.

"It's not half bad," replied the diner.

"Very sorry, sir, but we were assured it was quite ripe."—Philadelphia Record.

Teaching the Teacher

New Curate—Now, boy, if, in defiance of that notice, I were to bathe here, what would happen?

Boy—You'd come out a great lot dirtier than you went in!—Punch.

Hope for Him

Fond Mother—Some say baby looks like me, but I think he looks like his father.

Caller—Well, you know he may change as he grows older.—Chicago News.