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RESULTS COUNT—THE GLOBE GIVES THEM.

MONDAY, JAN. 30, 1905

IN SANTO DOMINGO

Our dealings with Cuba and Santo Domingo on one side and with Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines on the other illustrate the wabbling character of American diplomacy where inferior states and helpless peoples are concerned.

Every problem that could trouble us in any of the other places mentioned; every problem, for instance, that furnished President Roosevelt with a plea for our gross violation of honor in Panama, was present in Santo Domingo.

This is a titular republic, whose people have not yet advanced to the state where real republican government is possible. It is a country of incessant revolution. It is a country where these changes of government are attended necessarily by disordered finance.

When it comes to cussing the Cosacks Father Gopon is almost as eloquent as and much more effective than when he prays to the "Little Father."

LANGUAGES AND SERVANTS

A Chicago woman announces that if the mistress of the house is a linguist she is not apt to be troubled with the servant problem. "All that is necessary," she explains with the confidence born of long years of happy experience, "is to select a maid who does not speak English and to speak to her always in her own tongue."

Every woman, even the busiest, should find time in her life to acquire one foreign language, but it is an unfortunate fact that one nation does not furnish all the maids to this country, so it is extremely doubtful if one foreign language would solve the problem for the average mistress.

Millions for defense, not a cent for tribute." She has been willing to acquire languages for defense, but she does not acknowledge that she has ever held out any inducements to the maids she has employed; she has paid no tribute. Perhaps a few of the more desperate housekeepers will pay foreign dictionaries and try her plan.

The Northwest must meet with what courage it may the imminent possibility that it will become a winter resort for blizzard-ridden New York.

THE RED MAN'S ANCESTORS

That cherished theory, that the Indian of America, enjoyed in common with the mule complete freedom from pride in his ancestry or hope of posterity, is about to be dissipated. Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago—who knows the Indian better than the Indian—says that he has found a record in hieroglyphics which contains proof of the origin of the red man. We are compelled to take the professor's statement on credit for the present. But as he is of the University of Chicago, and therefore facile princeps in original research, the tale of the Indian is most certainly about to be told.

It is to be hoped that the writing which Prof. Starr has come into possession of will be explicit. Lo, the poor Indian, has been going about so long without any trace of an ancestor worth mentioning that he has become a sort of national reproach. Certain ladies and gentlemen of Boston town who have long been interested in the moral and material welfare of the Indian have been more intent upon getting a blanket for the red man than upon finding out who his grandfather was; more devoted to securing a pledge from him that he would abjure freewater than to determining whether he was an early emigrant by way of Bering sea or a mere floater from the islands of the Pacific.

So far as the future of the red man is concerned he is safe. As soon as he is denuded of such treasures in the way of lands, cattle and expectations as he may now be possessed of he will go to work and take care of himself. The proficiency of the young man of the red race in football and mathematics shows that, given a college education and denied the privilege of returning to the reservation tepee, he will work out his own salvation. Hence we do not need to be concerned about the present or the future of the Indian. For the present he is being trimmed of his possessions and for the future he gives promise of trimming the white man, even as he took the hair of another generation of white men. What we want to know now is where the Indian came from—and why he came. We have too long been satisfied with the theory that the red man was created merely to the end that he might organize a reception committee for the Pilgrim Fathers.

The report that Col. Watterson, who is at Paris, has become a devotee of the automobile was probably instigated by some envious Republican who would have us believe that the colonel is no longer the spokesman of the masses and the high priest of the star-eyed goddess.

CITY LIFE AS A TEST

The other day in this city a young man was brought into the police court to answer to the charge of highway robbery. Evidence given showed that the prisoner was a stranger in the city and that previous to the commission of this one crime his record was clear. To many people his case will represent fresh proof of the culpability of the city in the matter of placing temptation in the way of the ignorant and the inexperienced, for the court proceedings brought out the fact that he had fallen in with young men who were well on the downward path, and that he was induced by them to participate in the crime.

But there is another side, the city's side, to the story. The average American city provides the stranger within its gates with the environment he desires and seeks. If the young man, or the young woman either, who is over twenty-one seeks a doubtful environment when he or she comes to the city for the first time, it is natural to expect that he or she will bear at least part of the blame when temptation proves irresistible.

As a matter of fact city life is a great test of character. It has shown time and again that a blameless record is often the result of an absence of temptation. No man knows his own strength or his own weakness until he has been tried; and if he is tried and triumphs, he is not apt to speak disparagingly of that which has provided the test nor is he apt to accuse it of unfairness.

It is the fashion nowadays to paint lurid pictures of city life, and it would not be surprising if many people have come to believe that the city itself has a distinct and vicious personality; that it is a kind of hydra-headed monster that feeds on youth and innocence. This view of it is picturesque, but it is also false. Somebody declared once that what the American traveler obtained from Europe, depended very much on what he took to Europe. This is more exactly true of the city. The stranger gets from it what he brings to it.

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY

Mr. Ray S. Baker, who wrote an account of his investigation of Southern lynchings for the January number of McClure's, has in the February number of the North. Mr. Baker finds that every town both in the South and in the North that has been disgraced by the public lynching or burning of a criminal by a mob had, previous to the occurrence, a record of an unusual number of homicides. He finds that courts of justice have been slow to punish and that in many cases the punishment has been nominal merely. He finds the lynchings and the burnings to be the logical result of a contempt for the sacredness of human life.

There have been writers who have sought to prove that the mob is the inevitable result of the commission of a certain crime; that as a rule such a mob was made up of respected citizens, that it did its work quietly and dispersed in orderly fashion. Mr. Baker declares that the crimes vary, that the mob is invariably made up of the reckless element in the town, and that every lynching and every burning has been followed by a carnival of lawlessness. His articles, while discouraging in that they picture mob violence and its consequences vividly, are encouraging in that they show that mobs are inevitable only because lax excoctors of the law choose to make them so.

Perhaps no writer before him has so dispassionately, so sanely investigated for the benefit of the public this serious municipal problem nor so unmistakably pointed to the cause. The problem of the mob has heretofore as a rule been treated as one phase of the negro problem. The other writers who have attempted to deal with the subject have either approached it from the standpoint of a sympathizer with the negro or from the standpoint of one who firmly believes that the negro criminal of the worst type necessitates the mob. But Mr. Baker arraigns each community where the mob has held sway and proves that not the misdeeds of the negro but a lax enforcement of the laws that were made for black and white alike is responsible for those gatherings which respect neither life nor law. He suggests no remedy, but so clear has been his diagnosis that it would be impossible for the intelligent to err in regard to the treatment.

Contemporary Comment

Sunday Liquor
Public sentiment in New York demands some drinking on Sunday; the law forbids it or surrounds it with harsh and costly restrictions; the privilege of violation is to all intents in the hands of the police for sale, and is constantly sold. The radical remedy lies in changing the law.—New York Times.

Libraries and Morals

A wise speculator on the morals of municipalities has remarked that one library is a more efficient conservator of the peace than ten town marshals. This may be the opinion of an enthusiast, but it is certain that the community blessed with a good public library has advantages that cannot be reapplied to the front.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Canal and Rates

At the very moment when the president is insisting upon governmental regulation of railroad rates legal proceedings are instituted to delay the enlargement of the Erie canal, which would be a much more effective regulator of railroad rates than any commission or court.—Philadelphia Record.

Placing the Blame

Whenever a trust or any other concern is enabled to make excessive profits under the protection of some discriminating law, the unfavorable gain comes at the expense of the people in the long run, and the people are finally to blame when they tolerate this form of oppression.—Kansas City Star.

You Have to Show These People

A Missouri paper has just published the Ten Commandments by request. While such commendatory journalism must at once appeal to all, we cannot help thinking that the editors were a little nervous in pressing the story with "From Moses, Our Regular Correspondent."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Can't Get Ahead of the Old Boy

"Commonlaw" Cooney now declares that he anticipated Mr. Bryan by ten years in his anti-railroad programme. The next thing we know he will be in bed, and the people are finally to be glad that they own the fat office he holds as well, and will proceed to kick him out.—Dawson Sentinel.

Where the Beggar is Approved

Living on nothing at all is a lost art in the West, or any practice worthy the aid of vulgar swindlers. In the East the mendicant life is still considered natural and proper for scholars and religious persons.—London Times.

Mobs and Labor

It mobs refuse permission to the Japanese and Chinese to labor the fruit industry must contract and perish in the province. It is easily seen that labor will do the work required to maintain it.—San Francisco Call.

Unanimous Approval

President Roosevelt has adopted one of the best of the funniest lyrics in approval in the large cities, and in opposition to the dense smoke nuisance is an advance in "clean government."—St. Louis Republic.

Wouldn't That Jar Tom Watson

William J. Bryan called at the white house Saturday and obtained a copy of Mr. Roosevelt's subscription to the Commoner. Mr. Roosevelt says he couldn't get along without it.—Milwaukee News.

Quantity vs. Quality

Publishers say the reading public demands shorter books, but so many readers wouldn't complain so much about the size if the author would just put something worth reading inside the book.—Baltimore Sun.

May Represent the Humane Society

On Ohio legislation is preparing a bill which will make the presentation of "Daisy" and "Daisy's" a peculiar howl these ex-Kentuckians get into legislatures.—Kansas City Star.

That Will Be Perfectly Dreadful

It is enough to make King Edward shudder to think that the states of the Northwest beyond the deadline in freight rates may have a fair show.—Winona Republican.

Has a Vague Idea, Anyway

Senator Smoot declares the Mormon church still receives revelations. Has he any premonition of what the senate is going to do in his case?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

They Gave Just What They Received

It would be said of the Great White Bear that his loving subjects have a somewhat embarrassing way of expressing their affection.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Pot and the Kettle

It would be a little odd if congress should force the railroads to reduce their rates, and then should seek to reduce its own.—Philadelphia Record.

More Than a Kiss in the Cup

Despite the most stringent amendments, it will never be quite true that on Sunday New York drinks to Mr. Raines only with its eyes.—New York World.

TODAY'S WEATHER

Table with columns for location and weather conditions. Includes Washington, D.C., Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Des Moines, Detroit, El Paso, Edmonton, Galveston, Grand Rapids, Green Bay, Havana, Helena, Huron, and Minneapolis.

What the Editors Say

From out of the haymow echoes the homely cackle of busy "hobbies" lining their nests with 2 cent eggs. The wheel trees creak a shrill melody on the frosty track, while the roadside wires, linking the farmstead to the throbbing heart of the great busy world, keyed to Aeolian pitch, fill the air with rhythm. The bouquet of rich, old wine is in the air. It races through the veins, mounts to the forehead, sparkles in the eye, and bursts from the lips in laughter and shouting. Sing if you please, the beauties of the tropics, of teeming, swarming life of perennial foliage, flowers and fruit; extenuate the "lukewarmness" of more temperate climes and endure the penetrating chill of lower altitudes if you know no better—give me the chery, rejuvenating, glorious Dakota winter.—Howard (S. D.) Spirit.

At St. Paul Theaters

"The Girl From Kay's" rightly designated on the bill of the play as a "farceful comedy" was most amusingly entertained an audience of liberal proportions at the Metropolitan last night. The reasons for the success are two in number: intrinsic merit in the play, and the fact that it is so effectively and effectively. Indeed the grade of feminine beauty of face and figure as exemplified in the principals and chorus is exceptionally high. It is always a delight to the eye.

This is more than half the battle to begin with, but the complete victory is won in many instances in which the interest is never permitted to lag, and the bright dialogue and the amusing situations into which the characters are thrown.

Sam Bernard, a comedian new to this section of the country, provokes the major portion of the laughter. An enchanter of original methods and eccentric personality, his "willow" arousing merriment where antics of the same character in a conventional farce comedy clown would seem flat and numberless. Bernard plays the role of Max Hogenheimer, a London brewer, and makes him truly imitable in dialect, makeup and behavior. That the humor is not a mere jumble of German idioms in English, but is with malapropisms, laughable, introduced as they are at moments when their absence would be most noticeable.

Mr. Bernard is amply and agreeably aided by Miss Hattie Williams, an exceptionally comely woman, who plays the role of the milliner from Kay's establishment. Miss Williams possesses besides a pleasing distinction of face and figure, unmistakable musical talent, entertainingly demonstrated by her song in the second act, "Customers From Kay's," in which she cleverly imitated the affectations of customers ranging from an awkward school teacher to a dandy. The songs, which were numerous, were merited, and so insistent as to interrupt the progress of the play for a while.

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The most melodious numbers are the solo, "Egypt," sung by Winnie (Miss Williams), and a duet between Winnie and Harry (George Howard), "Make It Up," while the funniest lyric is "Sufficiency," a character lyric by Bernard, which evoked much laughter and applause. A mixed quartette sang a wryly composed composition, "Lucy Lindy and the Builders," in which the words of "Dave Read Jr." "Sufficiency" and "Egypt" were composed by Clare Kummer.

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The performance, which comprises three acts, is rather lengthy, and the curtain will rise at 8 p. m. on Monday evening.

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The company has been well chosen. The leading roles are filled by the skilful and experienced actors. The chorus is not large, but is lively and good looking and sings well. The musical numbers are numerous and mostly tuneful. The opening number of the hits of the piece is the clever topical song, "What a Very Sad Affair," sung by the Masons and Della Stacy. Another pretty number is "A Man of Proper Height," nicely interpreted by Miss Stacy.

Aside from their good work in the action of the piece, Frank Hild and Anna Suits contribute a splendid specialty. Miss Suits is favored of nature and is pleasing vocally. Hayes is a wonderful dancer and dropped a few steps last night that earned him much applause.

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Prince's Condition is Serious

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