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The St. Paul Globe

OFFICIAL PAPER, CITY OF ST. PAUL.

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WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa—Fair Sunday and Monday; rising temperature Monday; diminishing northwesterly winds.

Upper Michigan—Fair and cold Sunday; Monday cloudy and probably warmer; light variable winds.

South Dakota—Fair Sunday and Monday; warmer Monday; variable winds.

North Dakota—Fair and warmer Sunday and Monday; probably snow in northwest Monday; northeasterly winds.

Montana—Cloudy Sunday, with snow in western portion; warmer in eastern; Monday snow, except in southeast portion; variable winds.

St. Paul—Yesterday's observations, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, P. F. Lyons, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation: Highest temperature, —14; lowest temperature, —25; average temperature, —20; daily range, —11; barometer, 30.48; humidity, 66; precipitation, 0; 7 p. m.: temperature, —15; 7 p. m., wind, west; weather, clear.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*5pm	High		*5pm	High
Alpena	8	18	Helena	20	20
Battleford	—12	—12	Huron	—12	—6
Bismarck	—16	12	Kansas City	0	4
Buffalo	28	52	Marquette	—4	0
Boston	62	64	Montreal	52	60
Calgary	10	22	Nashville	10	26
Cheyenne	8	14	New York	56	56
Chicago	—6	—8	N. Platte	—12	—6
Cincinnati	8	32	Omaha	—6	—2
Cleveland	26	38	Philadelphia	62	66
Davenport	—8	—2	Pittsburg	36	54
Detroit	18	30	Qu'Appelle	—18	14
Duluth	—16	—10	St. Louis	0	2
Grand Haven	10	18	S. Ste. Marie	2	14
Green Bay	—6	0	Winnipeg	—18	—12

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul). —Below zero.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Anyone unable to secure a copy of The Globe on any railroad train leaving or entering St. Paul will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1065.

Subscribers annoyed by irregular or late delivery of The Globe will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1065.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15, 1901.

An instructive and encouraging article from the pen of Mr. H. P. Hall is printed elsewhere in today's issue of The Globe. It deals briefly but comprehensively with the jobbing and manufacturing business of St. Paul for the year now closing. Mr. Hall is so well known that the fact that the article is from his pen is all the certificate needed of its character. He is an authority on matters treated of in the article. His position as secretary of the Jobbers' union affords opportunity to get the information from the most reliable sources, and his long and brilliant career as a newspaper man enables him to put the matter together in an attractive manner. Every reader of today's paper should make it a point to give especial attention to Mr. Hall's article.

THE POINT OF THE JOKE.

The excellence of a joke is not detracted from necessarily when the more obtuse of those who hear it accept it seriously. Senator Clapp's resolutions offered in the senate suggesting that the speeches delivered in executive session should be reported by the official stenographers in order to assure greater fullness and accuracy may be taken as a joke or they may be taken seriously, according to the temperament of the individual; but if they are designed as a joke there can be no question whatever as to who are intended to be the victims of the joke.

The very extensive report of the proceedings of the executive session of the senate while the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was under consideration which was published in the columns of The Globe might be considered in the language of Senator Clapp's resolution, as "not as full as it might be" although it was quite full and accurate enough for all practical purposes. The fact that it was a report of proceedings which were supposed to be held in secret did not seem to enter into the consideration of anyone who had anything to do with them until Senator Clapp offered his resolutions. The only thought which seemed to prevail was that the reading public desired to know what was said, and its desire was complied with.

The Globe finds little fault with the reports now emanating from the executive sessions of the senate, save that they tend by their completeness to cause the public to pay less attention to the need, dictated by every consideration of common intelligence, that such debates shall be held in open session. Of course the American public does not care a button where or how the speeches are delivered so long as their purport is made known. This will no doubt tend to continue the stupid practice of the senate, evidently deemed necessary by its own dignity and sense of conservatism.

There is nothing that can come before the senate in executive or open session that the enlightened American public is not fully apprised of beforehand by the press of the country. The farce of closed sessions is at worst a harmless one, save so far as relates to the reputation of the body which plays it; but it is one which the American people are not quite willing shall be maintained by a body of the recognized great intelligence and ability of the senate. It involves a reflection on their own right to know, within reason, all the circumstances attending the conduct of their public business.

If current reports are true Senator Hanna will put a sharp knife into Senator Foraker's stocking Christmas eve.

TODAY'S GLOBE.

A large number of people will receive as a sort of Christmas present a copy of today's Globe. The distribution of sample copies is made for the purpose of introducing The Globe to those who are not constant readers, and who have not had the opportunity to note the improvements which the publisher believes have been made in the newspaper during the last two months. It is his hope that from the perusal of today's issue many may be induced to become regular readers of the Daily and Sunday Globe.

Additional features of interest to all classes of readers will be added to The Globe's table of contents from time to time. It is the intention to make the newspaper second to none in the Twin Cities—in fact, The Globe today, and every day of the week, is as good a newspaper as the people of its territory can secure. It contains daily the full Associated Press leased wire telegraph service, special telegraph reports of important events from all over the world, complete and accurate market reports, pages devoted to women and children, to sporting matters, a superlative home study course, a daily short novelette by the ablest contemporaneous writers of fiction, able and forceful editorial comment on topics of current interest, many pictures of people, and things of general interest. In no department is The Globe lacking; in many it excels.

And not the least important feature of The Globe is that it is the only straight Democratic morning newspaper in the state, in fact in the whole Northwest. It is in line, is sound in doctrine and zealous in support of Democratic men and measures.

Now is the time to subscribe.

The presence of the strenuous young Roosevelts in the White house will lend zest to the holiday season in that solemn old structure.

THAT BUTTER TRUST.

Political principles, like opinions on economic and social questions, are usually colored, if not dictated, by personal interests. A man is a protectionist because he believes that the consummation of that theory in practice will benefit him in a financial way. The ultimate results on the community at large is too remote for his consideration. Trusts and combinations are opposed because it is believed that they will in some way affect, deleteriously of course, all those who are not in the deal. The average human being opposed to monopolies becomes a monopolist of the first water the moment he is admitted into the charmed circle of profit.

Of this general principle we have a striking example in the attempt to form a butter trust. Frantic efforts were made last year to pass the Grout bill and nothing but the shortness of the session and the determination of the administration to block the appropriation bill kept it from becoming a law. This year, however, the advocates of the butter trust have taken time by the forelock and propose to force their monopoly upon the public or know the reason why. The Grout bill has been reintroduced and the trading stock arranged for immediate business.

And yet these men who are bent upon forcing upon the statute books a law creating one of the most barefaced monopolies are all committed to anti-trust legislation. For their attitude toward this butter trust they offer no excuse except the time honored political gag that their constituents demand it.

The avowed object of the Grout bill is to drive out of the market oleomargarine, a cheap and wholesome food, because it interferes with the monopoly of the butter trade. The people must have butter and if a cheap substitute can be kept out of the market the price of the real article can be maintained. A more barefaced attempt to secure government aid in the formation of a trust never was known. There is no claim that oleomargarine is unhealthful. It is admitted that the poorer classes must have something of that sort or go without butter. It is admitted that oleomargarine is superior, as a food, to the lower grades of dairy butter. It is further admitted that when colored the same as creamery butter—when the same coloring matter is used in both—people will prefer oleomargarine to creamery butter at the present prices. For these reasons the dairy interests boldly ask congress to legislate one industry out of existence because it will have a tendency to furnish to the poorer class of people a cheap and wholesome food which will come in competition with and possibly drive out their own unwholesome product.

The advocates of the Grout bill have been driven from one defense to another until they have nothing left but the argument on color. The only complaint they now offer is against the imitation of creamery butter by the use of the same coloring matter. Just how the laws of the United States are to remedy this is difficult to determine. Has the butter trust a patent on the coloring matter used in butter? Is it to become a settled principle in this country that a new imitation which is as good as the original is to be forbidden because it interferes with the vested rights of the old? It is easy to see to what this would lead.

The position of the supporters of the Grout bill is absolutely untenable unless it is assumed that congress has the right and the power to interfere between two domestic productions which are in competition, and for the benefit of one tax the other out of existence.

This power we do not think is possessed by any legislative body under the constitution. Should the Grout bill pass it will live only so long as it takes to secure a decision from the supreme court of the United States. Such legislation is clearly against public policy and dangerous as a precedent. It is class legislation carried to the superlative degree.

There is one deed on which the entire people of Minnesota will unite in sustainment of their representatives in congress, without regard to party, if it is carried out—that is the refusal of certain of those gentlemen to ratify the infamous attack on free institutions which is involved in the passage of the Philippine tariff measure.

BUYING FOR CHRISTMAS.

This is the season of giving and receiving, and readers of The Globe who have prospered during the year should not forget that it is more blessed to give than to receive. An appropriate gift, given in the true spirit of the season, is twice blessed—it blesseth him that giveth and him that receiveth; it is like the quality of mercy.

Reference to the announcements in the advertising columns of The Globe will very materially assist those in a quandary as to the nature of the token of friendship desired for friends of all ages and conditions in life. The dealers of St. Paul have supplied their shelves bountifully with the very best the markets of the world afford, and there is small excuse for anyone sending from the city for any article of use or ornament desired for a Christmas present.

Shoppers should not forget the advantage to themselves of making their purchases early, while the large stocks are practically complete. They will thus have a much larger range of articles and materials from which to select, and the merchants will be enabled to exercise more care in the delivery of the purchases. Eleventh-hour shoppers must take what is left and also incur the danger of not having their goods delivered until after it is desired to use them. A moment's thought will make plain to anyone the wisdom and advantage of shopping early for Christmas.

The Republican majority in the American house of lords ought not to confine themselves to reducing the minority representation on the several committees. Why not cut off that representation entirely? It would make but a minor difference anyway; and it would be entirely consonant with the idea of absolutism which has found so much favor in doing the national business within the past three years or so.

A FLAG REVERSED.

The published reports of the conviction of the president of the Federation of Labor of Porto Rico and certain of his associates of conspiracy to raise the price of labor on the island present to view a state of facts which gives the ordinary person additional reason to wonder what the real political status of that island is with reference to the United States.

The alleged crime for which Mr. Iglesias has been ordered imprisoned for upward of three years seems to have consisted in uniting with the other members of his organization in securing an increase in wages. The occasion of taking the steps whatever they were in that behalf seems to have been when the currency of the island was being changed, from a basis of the pesos to that of the dollar as dictated by our constitution and laws. According to the report these men did nothing more than any other dealers in a commercial commodity; they took steps to get the largest possible equivalent in dollars for the commodity they had to market, such equivalent being estimated in dollars rather than in the pesos as before. They were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for the commission of this offense.

The explanation is offered of the conviction of these men that it was accomplished under the operation of Spanish laws; and Mr. Gompers is represented as inveighing very bitterly against the Spanish code because it could have embodied any such provision. Mr. Gompers is quite right in his animadversion on the Spanish code; but he seems to miss the point. American authority has prevailed on the island of Porto Rico for a considerable period of time. The inhabitants of the island look to the United States for protection in their rights and privileges. It must, indeed, be regarded as an extraordinary circumstance that after such a lapse of time standards of measuring the social and personal rights of the people of Porto Rico represented by this barbarous judicial decision should still prevail, and that such a state of society should be tolerated by American authority that the men now convicted could have been shot at and otherwise maltreated for their efforts on behalf of their fellow laborers in the direction of improving their material condition.

It is not many months since a number of representatives of organized labor down in Florida were maltreated in an utterly barbarous manner because they sought the advancement of their own interests, doubtless after the fashion of these men in San Juan. Whatever their methods in so doing may have been those adopted by the class which resented those efforts were utterly indefensible under any state of society whatever; while nothing was ever made public to show that the cigarmakers of Tampa were not acting strictly within their legal rights.

It is a shame and a wrong that a code of laws should be in operation at this time in Porto Rico as to render such ill-treatment of any class of the residents of the island possible. It is very plain that not Iglesias and his companions, but those who are instrumental in bringing about their conviction, would now be in jail in San Juan if the American flag were not there and elsewhere being made to cover offenses of the most flagrant character against every recognized civil right of the individual.

Senator McLaurin in absenting himself from the Democratic senatorial caucus shows that the demand for his resignation, made a day or two since by the pitchfork statesman, was not such a fool proceeding after all. If McLaurin is not a Democrat he should get out and let the governor of South Carolina appoint a Democrat in his stead. It would even be more to the interest of the state and more in accordance with political morals if the public representative who cannot go into his party caucus should go into the caucus of his opposing party and cast his fortunes politically with the members of that party.

The Tammany superintendent of police has just dismissed a captain for neglect of duty in failing to report disorderly houses in his precinct. There is a degree of consideration for the new police commissioner, who comes into office with the new year, shown in this case which it would not be unbecoming to explain. It would not give the people of New York heart failure if it should turn out that that captain would be reinstated after the New Year. His name is Diamond, and he may prove a jewel of priceless value to the reformers.

Your Uncle Loren is out once more with a measure of the highest public importance, which he has just introduced in congress. It is designed to add two new stories to the Minneapolis postoffice. It will, moreover, afford additional stories for the Minneapolis newspaper men when they are running short of copy. Surely Doc Ames must be as crazy as his political enemies say he is when he seeks to bring such laudable activities as those of your uncle, the statesman from Hennepin, to an unprovided close.

The additional amount declared to be needed to finish the work on the Meeker island dam is $20,473. We do not know who should have the credit for the saving of the $537 which the amount falls short of 20,000, but even with that sum eliminated it might be said, if one were disposed to get mad about it, that it is a—well, a very expensive undertaking.

While the labor men are endeavoring to have the native of the Flowery Land, no matter who or what he may be, permanently excluded from this favored land of ours, the merchants of New York are seeking to have the bars let down for the benefit of Chinese merchants. There is no accounting for the way in which people's tastes differ.

During the holiday recess of congress the country can rest easy in the assurance that no harmful legislation will be enacted.

If Senators McLaurin and Tillman would both go away back into the woods and get lost the country would vote it the merriest Christmas in many a year.

Some Side Remarks

After that Schley decision we can almost forgive Dewey his presidential bee.

If this is the old-fashioned sort of weather the pioneers tell us they had when Minnesota boasted forests, for goodness sake let us send some one out to cut down another tree, and let the thermometer up a degree or two.

And yet another town, this time St. James, wants the girls' training school. This makes the 'steenth so far heard from.

This little gas fight is very interesting, but if the city council really forgot to make the contracts read from the first instead of the end of the month, we are likely during the interregnum to find ourselves where Moses was when the light went out.

In default of a regular exhibit at the St. Louis exposition a Republican newspaper proposes that Gov. Van Sant attend. An eminently proper suggestion, seeing that he has been making an irregular exhibition of himself so long.

Mr. Hickey, of baseball fame, says sour grapes—he was just going to resign from that old Western league anyway.

To make the title of his lecture accord with the subject, Ald. Hunt should change it to "Municipal Misgovernment."

Baseball Magnate Spalding is determined to not only wipe Freedman off the baseball map, but appears anxious also to wipe him off the face of the earth.

The South Dakota Indians are getting quite civilized—they now average about a third of the divorce cases tried in that state.

Senator Mason says the output of "mixed flour" is so small as not to cause the legitimate trade any worry. Of course the unfortunate consumer is not worth mentioning.

Some compassionate friend, pitying the former woes of the poverty-stricken Roosevelts, who, according to the afore mentioned grieved person, were starving on $7,000 or $8,000 a year, is now rejoicing because for the "first time Mrs. Roosevelt will not have to figure with paper and pencil how to meet next week's grocery bill." Dear, dear, what appetites those Roosevelt boys must have! There are quite a number of persons to be found in the Union who would be willing to starve on $8,000 a year.

Mr. Tawney having, as it were, rewrested his oleomargarine honors from Mr. McCleary, the latter can now console himself with a ko-nuts, cottolene, cooking oil bill, as all these and several others are advertised to take the place of cooking butter.

An entirely new jag habit has been developed in Denver, where the flavoring extract employes go on a razzle-dazzle on vanilla, lemon and other flavoring extracts. Vanilla is said to give the most gorgeous results for the smallest expenditure.

Boston has found three split infinitives in the president's message. Boston can be depended upon to find "beens" split or otherwise in almost anything.

Isn't this business being just a trifle overdone, when a man is refused an appointment solely on the ground that when the Maine incident occurred he spoke hotly of the late president, though before and afterward he was a warm supporter?

Isn't it an awful relief to have found that Schley won that Santiago victory, after all? There seemed a danger at one time of our discovering that Sampson, Lord, Roberts, Cervera or almost any other unlikely person or thing was responsible for this glorious achievement. Of course, our relief is somewhat modified by the fact that the two other judges knew eleven different ways he might have lost the day, but seeing that he knew one of winning it, we shall have to content ourselves with that fact.

Wagging his stump of a tail, the brindle purp trotted quietly along behind his master. He was just a common cur, homely enough to make a string of pug-dog bells jingle out of tune, but there was a mean looking overhang above his left eye that told of blooded ancestors. The master had noticed the overhang when he assumed ownership of the purp and was willing to pay for a license tag.

The master stopped near the postoffice to exchange greetings with an old friend. The purp with the mean looking eye trotted over to the curbstone and squatted down on his haunches to wait patiently until the march should be resumed. Once the purp yawned and two white rows of nasty looking bone crushers stood out against a red background.

While the master and the friend conversed a coal wagon was sighted at Sixth and Wabasha. In front of the coal wagon trotted one of the fiercest looking bulldogs allowed to run without a muzzle. The brindle purp saw the bulldog, but his master was still busy in front of him and duty demanded that he wait for his master.

The coal wagon was in the lead when Fifth street was reached. The fierce looking bulldog had stopped to growl at the window of a chophouse.

"Hey, there," shouted the driver of the coal wagon as he pulled up even with

"Terror."

the master of the brindle purp. "You had better git yer bow-wow out of sight before my bull comes up or there'll be a dorg funeral."

The brindle purp continued to wag his stump of a tail.

"Hey, you!" shouted the driver a second time. "This is no kid. Me dorg will chew the life out of your brute if yer don't git him off the street quick."

"Well, you need not get excited about that," drawled the master of the brindle purp as he broke off his conversation with the friend. "Where is your bull anyway?"

"Here he comes right now," shouted the driver of the coal wagon, "and you'll have to hurry some or your dorg will be sausage meat in a minute."

"Is your dog a fighter?" asked the owner of the brindle purp.

"You jest bet he is, an' it's too late now cause he is goin' to mix with yer dorg right now."

The driver of the coal wagon spoke the truth. The fierce looking bull had heard the shouts from the coal wagon and here he was coming up on the jump. He looked at his master and saw the coal man staring at the brindle purp. The bull read that look to mean go after him, and he started on the jump for the purp on the curbstone.

All this time the brindle purp just wagged his tail, and the latter never moved. True, a big tear appeared at the corner of that left eye and the tear rolled out and down his nose, but he sat still and waited.

It looked like a plain case of dog murder when suddenly the master of the brindle purp raised his hand.

"Go after him, Terror," was the only order issued, but that one order was enough; for Terror sidestepped and then as the bull rushed by he lunged through the air and snapped those two rows of bone crushers. The teeth were buried deep in the neck of the coal man's dog, and Terror did not intend to let go.

Over and over the two brutes rolled, but it was all one sided. The bull snapped his jaws again and again, but he never closed them on any part of the brindle's anatomy. All the while Terror kept grinding away with those bone crushers.

For five minutes the fight waged and then the coal man threw the sponge into the ring. "I give up," he said; "try and help me save my dorg."

The owner of the brindle purp whistled a peculiar whistle, and the coal man grabbed the hind legs of the bull. Terror let go his hold and backed up, but the bull was too far gone to make a move.

The coal man picked his dog up in his arms and lifted him to the coal wagon. The master of the brindle purp resumed his interrupted conversation and the pedestrians coming around the corner only saw a homely cur with a mean overhang above his left eye sitting on his haunches waiting patiently for his master.

Divers Comments From the Northwest

When Thieves Fall Out—

Congressman Tawney and McCleary are at loggerheads over an oleomargerine bill, with the prospect that, unless they get together, no practical legislation on the subject will be enacted, in which case Mr. McCleary will be entitled to all the honor, as he is the aggressor.—Blue Earth News.

But Where Banish the Preacher?

A prominent Minneapolis preacher declared in his sermon last Sunday that the Northern Securities company is as bad as an assassin and as anarchistic in principle as the wretch that killed the president. How would it do to banish the company to some distant island in the Pacific?—Evansville Enterprise.

The Assumption Is Well Founded.

It is assumed that Speaker Henderson will follow the precedent set by the senate and cut down Democratic representation on the various house committees. It may reasonably be expected that the Republicans will appropriate to themselves about everything worth having in both the senate and house.—Glencoe Enterprise.

North Dakota Needs It.

Since the opening of congress Senator Hansbrough has introduced a bill to encourage the establishment of a school of forestry in North Dakota. It provides that the government shall donate 30,000 acres of land for the purpose. The state has already inaugurated the school at Bottineau, the legislature having set aside a tract of land for it. The senator also offered a bill arppropriating $200,000 for the construction of a public building at Grand Forks, N. D. The latter bill has twice passed the senate in an ineffectual attempt to secure the desired appropriation.—Langdon, N. D., Courier-Democrat.

The Globe's Home-Study Course . . . .

Correct English and How to Use It.

BY JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER.

CHAPTER VII.

Common Errors of the Careless Speaker.

It is the careless speaker who says, "I wish I was going to Europe," and, "If I was going I would study French," instead of the correct forms: "I wish I were going to Europe" and "If I were going I should study French." It would be a better plan for the careless speaker to stay at home and study English. However, many persons who are not careless in speech have difficulty in determining when to use "If I was" and when to use "If I were." The essential difference between these two forms is that "If I was" expresses a past event about which there is certainty, while "If I were" expresses a past event about which there is uncertainty. Again, "If I were" and "I wish I were," with the infinite form of some verb, express a future event about which there is uncertainty. So that "If I were" has not only a doubtful past, but a doubtful future as well. In order that the mystery enveloped in this uncertain past and equally uncertain future may be cleared away the entire work on grammatical construction in this article will be devoted to the proper use of "If I was," "If I were" and "I wish I were."

Common Errors of the Careful Speaker.

It is the careful speaker who says, "I should have been obliged to have gone, although I should have found it difficult to have done so," instead of the correct form, "I should have been obliged to go, although I should have found it difficult to do so." Having introduced all of these "haves," our careful speaker experiences a feeling of satisfaction. He did not err in saying "I would have been obliged," nor did he say, "I would have found it difficult," instead of "I should have found it difficult;" but he found his Waterloo in If-A-V-E. One will have no difficulty in using the infinite if one will remember that the time of the action recorded by the infinite is not absolute, but dependent upon the time of the principal verb. Thus, "I should have been obliged to have gone" is incorrect because it is impossible for a person to feel obliged to do something in the past. "I should have found it difficult to have done so" is incorrect because the difficulty would arise from the speaker's attempt to go and not from his having gone. The following rule will be helpful in enabling a person to remember when to use the present infinitive and when to use the perfect. Rule: When the infinitive refers to a time coincident with or after that of the principal verb, the present (as, to be of the verb to be) should be used. But when the reference is to a time prior to that indicated by the principal verb (or its equivalent) the perfect infinitive (as, to have been of the verb to be) should be used.

Grammatical Construction.

If I was and if I were.

PAST TENSE.

First person—If I was. If we were.
Second person—If thou wast. If you were.
Third person—If he was. If they were.

PAST TENSE (ANOTHER FORM).

First person—If I were. If we were.
Second person—If thou wert. If you were.
Third person—If he were. If they were.

Note—If we were, if you were and if they were are the same in both forms, consequently it is only necessary to determine when to use if I was, if I were, if he was and if he were. "If I were" and "If he were" (modern grammarians regard "If I was" and "If he was" a past forms of the indicative mood, and "If I were" and "If he were" as past forms of the subjunctive mood) are the proper forms to use when the supposition of the action or state is merely thought of.

"If I was" and "If he was" are the proper forms to use when the supposition of the action or state may be regarded as a fact.

Were is always used after the expression of a wish. Examples: I wish I were going with you. I wish he were here. He wishes he were rich.

Note—Were is used with the present infinitive or the present participle to express a future event about which there is uncertainty. It is properly used when should can be used in its stead. Examples:

If I were to go I should pay half of the expenses.

If I were going I should pay half of the expenses.

Note—If I were to go or if I were going is equal to "If I should go," which is the form of the future tense of the subjunctive mood.

A Conversation.

Mrs. A.—I have been thinking about farther and further, and what you said in regard to their interchangeability, but it don't seem to me that they are always interchangeable. For example, I say, "I will further your interests." It would certainly be incorrect to say, "I will farther your interests."

Mrs. B.—You may remember that we spoke of the adjectives further and farther, and I said the same rules obtained in the use of the adverbs. In the sentence, "I will further your interests," further is a verb. The reason that you think it sounds incorrect to say "I will farther your interests" is because you rarely hear the verb farther used by good speakers and writers. If you will refer to the definitions of the verbs further and farther you will see that further means to promote, to advance, and that farther means to promote, to advance. You will also find the word rare inserted after the definition of the verb farther, with instructions to see the verb further. So, while the two verbs are interchangeable, further is the better form, because it is used by good speakers and writers, while farther is rarely used.

Mrs. A.—I notice that you say "It sounds incorrect." Of course that expression is correct, but it does not sound correct. If it is correct to say "It sounds correct" it must be incorrect to say "It sounds badly," and yet it sounds incorrect to say "It sounds bad."

Mrs. B.—Certainly it is incorrect to say "It sounds badly," and it may sound incorrect so say "It sounds bad," but you can very easily understand that when we say "It sounds incorrect," or "It sounds bad," no action is expressed by the verb, and in consequence the adjective and not the verb should follow the verb. We may say "I sounded a horn" and "I sounded it loudly (adverb) and when I sounded it loudly it sounded bad (adjective)." Figuratively speaking we say "I sounded him carefully" before asking him to lend me some money. We also say "the physician, carefully sounded the patient's lungs." In each of these sentences action is expressed by the verb sounded, and, in consequence, the adverb and not the adjective is required, although we might add that the same degree of care is not required in sounding one's lungs as in sounding one's pocketbook.

Mrs. A.—I told a friend of mine about the series of articles on "Correct English and How to Use it" and she said, "I should feel very badly if I thought it would be necessary to study English after having devoted so much attention to the subject at college." I wanted to say to her, "If you would only study the first lesson you would never feel badly again." But, before I forget it, I noticed you said "I sounded him carefully before asking him to lend me some money." Shouldn't one say loan instead of lend?

Mrs. B.—No, lend and not loan is the proper verb to use. Loan is a noun and should not be used as a verb, because the old verb lend sufficiently expresses the meaning we wish to convey. The use of the noun loan as a verb is recent, and if you will look up the verb loan you will find that it is denounced as an objectionable use of the noun loan and that loan as a verb is rarely used in Great Britain.

Mrs. A.—Well, I never remember to have seen that.

Mrs. B.—You should say "I don't remember ever to have seen that." "I never remember means "I always forget," and while "I never remember" is the correct form to use in some instances it is incorrect in the sentence "I never remember to have seen," for that is equivalent to saying "I always forget to have seen."

Babblings of a Bachelor Girl.

"One's opinions wobble so nowadays," said Mme. Sarah Grand the other night in Minneapolis during the course of her lecture on "Mere Man."

Certainly one of the Bachelor Girl's opinions wobbled frightfully when she gazed on the creator of "The Heavenly Twins," and of that impossible "Babs." Confidentially, she expected to see a long, lean woman clad in a curveless green-blue frock, with a quantity of wispy bronze hair done low over green-blue eyes. It seems rather unfair for a woman to crowd between the covers of her book all the fascinatingly unconventional things one would do oneself if one didn't have relations, and then come out of her literary seclusion and face her expectant public clad in a conventional black and white frock, her head coiffed in a conventional coiffure.

But it was the lecture itself that made the Bachelor Girl's opinion wobble most—if there can be degrees of wobbling. Now, certainly, nobody can accuse Sarah Grand of writing her books to point a moral. There was not the vestige of a moral in "The Heavenly Twins;" that is, not one that could apply to the general public, although the literary public might have discovered one for itself. And Babs—well, her worst enemy could not accuse Babs of having such a thing as a moral concealed any place about her. But with the lecture it was different. There was a moral, an aggravating, impertinent, not-get-aroundable moral to it. And the moral was tacked on to the end of a good little talk that was a cross between a woman suffragist's address and a Bok editorial. The lecture had been memorized—perceptibly memorized. Babs certainly would never have memorized anything. Occasionally, however, flashes of Babs' irreverence broke roughly through the conventional veil that made the lecturer-novelist seem like one of her own esoteric heroines Bostonized. Comparing the Paris exposition to "a tawdry big shop that contained not a solitary thing whose possession would contribute to the happiness of mankind" was a "Heavenly Twins" touch.

A discussion of Sarah Grand naturally leads to a discussion of matrimonial problems, and it was apropos of the latter that, at a little supper which followed the Grand lecture, the Chaperon made the following remark:

"Do you know," she observed, gazing pensively into her glass, "that more divorces result from breakfasts than from anything else?"

No one responded. In fact, the remark so obviously requires an explanation that its eemed superfluous even to ask for one.

"Yes," continued the Chaperon plaintively, "breakfasts destroy many domestic dreams of bliss. Of course, by breakfasts I do not mean those fashionable affairs that one is invited to nowadays where there are several courses, and one has to examine one's forks and spoons as carefully as at a dinner. I mean the breakfasts that are served every morning at 8 o'clock in the bosom of one's family, where one's happiness depends upon the condition of the bacon, the shade of the coffee and the pliability of the egg. Coffee is my bete noir, for I can never remember how many lumps Jack takes in his, and we have been married five years. Now you must admit it takes the temper of a saint to respond every morning to the query, "How many lumps, dear?" with a "Just——"

The Chaperon broke off, looked embarrassed and then asked her husband appealingly,

"How many do you take, dear?"

After the laughter had subsided the Chaperon continued.

"But it isn't the coffee, only, that always makes breakfast seem to me like one of those horrid algebraic problems I was never able to solve at school. It's one's general appearance. It's seldom good at breakfast time, and when one's general appearance is not good then one is not good oneself. Not, "irrelevantly," that, in order to be entertaining, it is necessary to be good. On the contrary, indeed. However, I was referring to a mental state rather than a moral state of mind, anyway. And apropos of breakfasts, have any of you ever noticed how red one's nose is apt to be at breakfast? I don't suppose there is anything in the world that has the same effect on a woman's frame of mind as the color of her nose. When it is nice and white she feels stately and aristocratic and is glad to remember that her grandfather was somebody. When it has just a suspicion of pink to humanize the white—provided, of course, the color in the cheeks matches it—she feels frivolous. But if it's red, an uncompromising, homely, horrid red, she feels ordinary and cross and is incapable of overlooking trifles. And it must be difficult for a man to be nice to a woman whose nose is red."

I have a little philosophy of my own concerning meals," said the Poster Girl, who agrees with Gibson that it's permissible to put one's elbows on the table. "Breakfasts are of necessity impersonal affairs. It is at this meal alone that it is proper to eat simply to live. One should breakfast alone or with people to whom one is perfectly indifferent. Luncheons, although they are necessarily light, gay, frivolous affairs are deserving of more attention. One should lunch with one's friends and the conversation may be frivolous, but it is the unwise woman who wastes her bon mots on a luncheon for no men should be present at this meal. I do not mean tot infer that my own sex cannot appreciate a bon mot. On the contrary! But it is always an impersonal appreciation that one woman gives another's pretty frock or witty saying, and what woman has ever been satisfied with impersonal appreciation?

Dinner, however, is an entirely different affair. One must dine with those one loves. That means that at least one man shall be present, for love, like a good dinner or a bon mot, is wasted on a woman. And supper—well, supper belongs to the night "the high, fastidious night." Covers should be laid for two only.

He Is a Great Political Care.

While the American protected interests are insisting that there be no withdrawal of protection to American labor against the "pauper labor" of Europe, European manufacturers are clamoring for a tariff to protect the European laborer from his American competitor. It is altogether remarkable, the friends the laboring man has when an office or a bit of loot is at stake.—Milwaukee News.