THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts indicate that to-day will be fair, with light northerly winds.

Senator Lodge must put in his anti-immigration bill a proviso against the Italian flea.

Mr. Joe Chamberlain is now performing his great act of making a complete defeat look like a victory.

Wilhelm has been furbishing up his little navy, but he hasn't said a word about flying squadrons yet.

The contractors are altogether too hopeful. They cannot compel the Brotherhood tailors to give in.

Colonel Waring couldn't stop Mayor Strong's mouth with proverbs. He wants something more substantial.

Great Britain says she does not intend to occupy Venezuela. Of course not; she has other fish to fry just now.

Old Mr. Kruger goes right on exacting his conditions exactly as if there were no such power as England in the world.

Senator Pavey thinks that he was left off the Cities Committee because he didn't pay court assiduously enough at No. 49 Broadway.

Quay has found out that he doesn't want Reed for a Presidential candidate after all, and has decided to shout for Governor Morton.

Mayor Wurster, of Brooklyn, has appointed his rival for the office of the Mayoralty to be Fire Commissioner, the office which he himself held under Mayor Schieren.

The Excise bill which Senator Raines is pushing has his full confidence. He says that it is bound to pass. Doubtless he expects it to creep in under the shade of the other commissions.

The chairman of the Excise Committee of the Assembly is a member from a rural community with ten thousand population. What he doesn't know about metropolitan needs would fill a book.

STRENGTHEN THE NAVY.

[illegible] of the Navy is the question of the hour. Secretary Herbert's eloquent appeal to Congress is likely to be listened to with earnest attention. Even those Congressmen from the fat plains of the teeming West, who have hitherto scornfully derided the building of a Navy as an encouragement to European entanglements, have at last become convinced of the wisdom of creating and maintaining first-class fleets. We have made a good beginning, but it is no time to manifest weariness in well doing just now. It is a time to build battle ships and cruisers, and to have at least a dozen torpedo boats, when powers like Spain and Italy have a couple of hundred of those indispensable little vessels always ready for war. The United States have very recently assumed the attitude of a great Power. If they were to stop building ships now, and to let their navy remain barely half powerful enough for their needs, they would be inviting the assault of some one of the nations jealous of their progress, and sufficiently acquainted with their weak points to know just where to strike them.

It is foolish to suppose that the United States will never be attacked by a formidable naval power. The echoes of the angry dispute over Venezuela have hardly died away, and a renewal of the difficulty is not yet among the impossibilities. A navy cannot be improvised in an emergency. A mighty nation may be humiliated suddenly if, possessing extensive coasts and a vast sea-going commerce, it allows its naval power to remain crude and undeveloped. It is the duty of the Government of the United States to be prepared, just as England is prepared in this hour of her quarrel with Germany, so that fleet after fleet can be sent forth, both as a demonstration of force and, in extremity, as a hostile arm. A grand, well-ordered fleet, up to all modern requirements, is the finest, most concise, most cogent expression of the national will. It strengthens the hand of diplomacy; it prevents injustice; it is an epitome of the country's force, which can be seen and understood by civilized and uncivilized men alike. To be without it in these days of universal travel, in this epoch of international affairs, is the part of unwisdom.

What the Navy needs is more ships, and yet more ships, until it stands abreast with the great war fleets of England and France and Russia. Build more battle ships first, that our coasts may be adequately protected against the scampering squadrons which England would send over here in case of war. Build more cruisers which shall carry America's flag around the world, and announce the revival of the naval spirit among us. Let Secretary Herbert have authority to enlist men enough so that our naval forces may one day rise to the dignity of those of France or England. If France thinks it wise to have more than fifty thousand sailors on her war ships, and England more than fifty-two thousand on her newest ships alone, with nearly forty thousand besides on her reserve fleet, why should we hesitate at enlisting a few thousand men, as if we were permitting a frightful extravagance? The Navy needs to be thrilled through and through with the informing touch of new legislation, like that just proposed by Congressman Wilson, of Brooklyn, which is intended to increase the efficiency of the personnel, to reinforce the weak departments and increase the strength of the strong ones.

Aided by such measures, and furnished with generous appropriations, Secretary Herbert cannot help adding greatly to the prestige of the Navy of which we are already so proud, and which has behind it—back in the days when the new flag was hailed with respect on deep water everywhere—such glorious traditions.

That Olney boom which the New England Democracy is prompting seems to be received with favor in certain circles in Washington. Has the Administration adopted him as a promising candidate?

CLOSURE IN THE SENATE.

The practical modification of the rules of the Federal Senate urged by Senator White, of California, should be adopted. The nation ought not to be subjected to the risk of again undergoing such a contest of tongues, for no earthly reason except delay, as that originated at a former session by Senators Stewart, Peffer and others.

For many years it has been clear that the rules made for the Senate in its infancy were no longer suitable to the manners of a great nation. As Senator White said yesterday, "A bill can be passed only when the opposition is taken out on a shutter." The whole Senate is often at the mercy of some prolix and fanatical adherent to a theory which he is almost alone in sharing. The only effective remedy for this is closure, and the Senate must not suppose itself too sacred to be submitted to restraint upon unreasonable prolongation of debate. From the days of Randolph until now this question has been troublesome, and delays consequent on unlimited discussion have cost the nation a mint of money. Closure will bring an immediate and sensible solution, and closure should be applied.

As might have been expected, the exclusion of New York City from the four-cent fare measure proposed for surface roads has resulted in a clamor for three-cent fares here. And the public will get it if it asks loud and long enough.

NO MORE CHAINS.

Now that the exposure has brought forth its good fruits, and the chain and the knout have been abolished at the Westchester Home, it seems monstrous that, in this enlightened age, when the bright sunshine of publicity flows around each one of us, it should have been possible to punish little boys for that longing for freedom which is part of the boyish nature, or for some trivial faults, by keeping them in chains night and day.

The poorhouses of remote and secluded country districts, where wretched dependents have been grouped under the care of brutal and avaricious men, have sometimes been the scene of similar crimes against humanity, even in recent years. But that such horrors should exist in the immediate neighborhood of a great city, and in an institution which had a large number of influential patrons, shows how important it is to have constant State or county inspection, that a cruel man may be soon found out and his cruelties checked. It is certain that other institutions for the poor throughout the State will be more carefully inspected henceforth. And, as a warning to men who have cruel inclinations, the man Pierce, who chained up little boys as if they were wild beasts, should be instantly dismissed from his post.

Senator Morgan's resolution conveying congratulations to the people of the Transvaal, and those of France in her African Colonies, for establishing the republican form of government in Africa, has gone to the Committee on Foreign Relations. England will not like it, but Senator Morgan was not thinking of pleasing England when he offered it.

THE SALOONS ON SUNDAY.

No excise bill now before the Legislature provides for the opening of saloons in New York during any part of Sunday. This is unfortunate, because the present Police Board has demonstrated that it is absolutely impossible to enforce the Sunday closing law as it exists at present.

Whether or not President Roosevelt admits it, or knows it, the fact remains that his effort to prevent the sale of liquors in New York on Sunday has signally failed. The "side doors" are now open all over the city on every Sunday, and it is possible for men who are known to the waiters to buy drinks in almost any hotel cafe without going through the farce of ordering something to eat with their liquor. To be sure, President Roosevelt was able entirely to prevent the sale of liquors on Sunday for several weeks, but that was because the saloon keepers believed that the ban put upon their trade was only temporary, in which belief they did not resort to the expedients which they are now adopting to serve their customers.

Putting aside entirely the question of the right of the Police Department to enforce a Puritan Sabbath, that department is confronted with the fact that, by exerting the most strenuous effort, it is unable to prevent the sale of liquors on Sunday. Mr. Roosevelt has claimed all along that his warfare upon the saloon keepers was in the interest of the purification of the police, since, as he correctly argued, corruption in his department begins with the extortion of blackmail from the liquor dealers who keep their places open in violation of the law. The natural inference, in view of existing conditions, is that blackmail is now being extorted, and that the corruption of the force is begun again.

It is physically impossible to enforce the present Sunday closing law. Approximately there are in the metropolitan police district two and one-half saloons to every policeman. In order to insure absolutely the closing on Sunday of every one of these saloons it would be essential to post one officer at each door, which would necessitate increasing the police force to almost three times its present dimensions, and then devoting its Sunday labors exclusively to espionage upon thirsty citizens, while other criminals followed the dictates of their pleasing fancies.

If President Roosevelt really desires to enforce the law in New York, and to place the members of the police force out of reach of temptation, he will use his efforts to amend the Excise bill which he assisted to draw so as to allow the sale of liquor during specified hours on Sunday.

It is very doubtful whether the carnival of burglary will ever be stopped in New York City if persons are allowed to treat directly with the burglars who offer to return stolen goods for a modicum in cash. Toward the criminal who preys on society there should be but one attitude, that of incessant and well-organized war. A system of taking back jewels and other valuables after they have been stolen would soon result in the blossoming into existence of a perfectly stupendous system of blackmail. Burglars would not be satisfied until they had taken every reputable set of diamonds at least half a dozen times.

AVERTING AN EPIDEMIC.

One of the wisest things the House of Representatives has done this session was the voting down of Mr. Dearmond's proposition that members receive no pay when absent unless compelled to remain away on account of sickness. This was a rule of the last House, and Mr. Dearmond, who comes from the malarial district of Missouri, insisted that as a matter of justice to the people who pay Congressmen it should be continued. There were 182 against him, however, while, but 39 voted with him; which is evidence that the present House regards its highest duty to be the removal of temptation from the way of its members.

As a theory, the doctrine of the Missouri statesman is right in line with true political economy, but morality demanded that it be side-tracked. The experience of the last session showed that the rule caused more sickness than bad drainage or a Congress of epidemics. Statesmen formerly healthy were stricken down by the score, and physicians' certificates were run off on hektographs, and were certified to with rubber stamp signatures. The result was, in fact, a most serious reflection on the climate of Washington, and had it not been that the conscience of Congressmen is pretty well understood the Capitol building would undoubtedly have been pronounced a breeding place for disease.

For Mr. Dearmond to suggest what would establish another era of Congressional illness is as serious an offence as if he were to import a few foreign specimens of bacteria and inject them into the forearms of American statesmen. The only excuse he can possibly give for his action is that out in Missouri all men are honest, and he supposed that the rule is universal.

Tranquil yet grim, President Krueger keeps steadfastly at work putting down the Uitlanders, and rendering it out of their power to undertake another revolt without the direct aid of British troops. He demands that every Uitlander in the Transvaal shall give up his gun, and discloses the rather curious fact that there are some eighteen or twenty thousand of these armed "outsiders" in the domain of the Boers. He could not proceed with more indifference to the opinion of England if he were actually at war with her, although he says that the English Government may have the privilege of trying Jameson and the other prisoners. Meantime a large number of leading residents of Johannesburg—mainly Englishmen—have been arrested charged with treason. England is going to inaugurate a long investigation, during which it is to be supposed that war preparations will go briskly on, and the Kaiser will keep a sharp lookout on Great Britain's conduct toward the Transvaal.

A GREAT PAPER.

Some of the Interesting Features of the Sunday Journal.

Be wise, prudent and fortunate. Order next SUNDAY'S JOURNAL in advance. Come early and avoid the crush.

Thousands will be asked for after the last is sold. To fail to get it is to spoil your day. It will be worth remaining up all night to get. Better than a magazine, of more interest than a book, the next Sunday's Journal will be the best paper ever spread before a public.

Every JOURNAL is better than its predecessors. While last Sunday's paper was a marvel, to-morrow's issue will outstrip it. Other New York Sunday papers will pale before it as wax tapers before a sunrise.

Among the many excellent features will be one full of warning to that select clique bent to give dinners to celebrities. It will deal with the tastes and appetites for wines, roasts and puddings which belong with certain of our best known public favorites. It will show how richly they will feast when you do the paying and they the ordering. This feature should be read by all who, on an income with a limit, are still prone to make feasts and invite great folk to sit down to them. It will mark exactly what it will cost to feed severally and collectively divers and sundry lions of the day and just how much nearer an assignment and general bankruptcy one will be after recklessly plunging into the dinner-table vortex with the people named as one's guests.

Happiness is not always a question of condition, not always the child of an environment. The gilded palace is often the home of pain; the world's so-called fortunate ones are frequently the most preyed on by defeat. Contentment and the success of peace often live on a side street. Joy has its disguises. The Journal takes to-morrow extreme specimens of low and high life, selects individuals belonging to the upper and the nether castes, and makes them tell their stories. Read them. They are of thrilling interest. They might point a moral or adorn a tale. One will be filled with new thoughts when he lays this story down.

No child should go without the Sunday Journal's colored supplement, "Puss and Her Family." It will please the little ones and be a kindergarten lesson in the beautiful. See that your baby has "Puss and Her Family." It will engage the infant's attention and give you the fullest, quietest opportunity to read the paper.

Don't fail to read the story of that New York seminary where muscle, not mind, is considered, and where the students are taught to wield a bludgeon as some would be taught a fine art. This is not an article on pugilism. Sober men are brought together in classes and quietly shown the soft spots in the human make-up and shown how to wield a weapon so as to lay out an adversary or an assailant in the quickest and completest fashion and still not kill.

Adam and Eve had their paradise and lost it through their pomological gayeties. Through centuries and decades of centuries the lost paradise has been sought by the sons and descendants of the first man and woman. No hunt succeeded until the one the history of which will be set forth in to-morrow's Journal. The location of the lost Garden of Eden will be absolutely indicated, and its place on the actual map pointed out. This is not simile and misleading metaphor; it is the dry and blunt assertion of a fact of moving interest. The original Paradise Garden of Adam and Eve has been located and will be told of in Sunday's paper. If you take the slightest interest in your first parents' old homestead you can read all about it, even to the metes and bounds and present claimants in to-morrow's Journal.

Turn back to the days of the Inquisition, and read of tortures by rack, by thumbscrew, by hot coulters and iron boots. They will be found even in their bloodiest and most flesh-creeping details, weak and futile by comparison with the story, told without exaggeration, of atrocities and cruelties, in to-morrow's paper by a war correspondent of the Journal. Did you ever hear of the Chinese torture known as the death by the thousand cuts? It would be relaxation and pleasant exercise to the victim when brought side by side with blood-curdling enormities told of in to-morrow's paper.

And now we get among the crowned heads and crested nobility of earth and show how a brute of royal blood, with forty quarterings on his coat, wearing a king's name, supported by a sweating public with a gratuity of millions, beats his wife like the vilest and lowest ruffian who ever crossed from the city to Blackwell's Island. Scandal in court circles is the basis of this true but almost incredible story, and in printing it to-morrow the Journal is the first to tell a tale which before the month is out, is like to agitate every royal house in Europe. Get it and read how a kingly brute makes bodily war on the helpless woman who married him.

There are women and women. They say a woman tells everything she knows. So far as the sewing circle and its members written of in to-morrow's Journal are concerned, it is a slander and a lie. This curious band of sewing women come together voluntarily, and from the moment sewing begins until the last stitch is taken not one of them will speak a word. Mum as mice they ply their needles, and not a syllable for love or money will one of them speak until the session is over. This curious sisterhood of needle folk is here in our midst. Read of them and then learn for the first time that some women at least can be reticent, wordless even, if they will.

Jack the Ripper is dead or gone out of business. Jack the Grabber is a criminal who overshadows the other in general villainy and majestic crime, even as the oak overshadows the grass blade which grows at its roots. Read of this world's greatest villain in the paper to-morrow.

And now comes a bullet-proof party, whose hide will stop lead or turn the edge of a razor. Talk of freaks! Here is a man whom no knife can cut, no javelin pierce, no bullet penetrate. He will roll naked on beds of broken, jagged glass and arise refreshed by the exercise, without so much as a cut of the magnitude of a pin's point on his skin to mark the ordeal. Read of him in to-morrow's paper.

All New York was speculating on a mysterious maid. Her name was in every one's mouth. Why she lived as she did and how she lived at all were questions never answered until the Journal went to the girl herself and got her to tell her story. She tells all about herself in to-morrow's Journal, and New York's curiosity will be fed.

And now comes a wonderful magician, who has discovered a way for the human eye to pierce the most opaque substance in its search. You can look through a stone wall and see what goes on in a house. You can read a book through its cover, tell what is in your friend's pocket, explore his safe when that strong box is locked and all with the eye assisted by this wondrous invention. Nothing can be hidden when this machine is about. Read about it in the Journal to-morrow. It will be the brightest and most replete with interest of any publication ever thrown off by a press in New York. It will cost three cents. Come early and order it in advance

It will surely be the

TALK
OF
THE
TOWN.

Only THREE cents.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

For some unknown reason it has seemed until quite lately almost impossible to write an interesting novel about New York. In "Washington Square" Henry James was duller than usual. Edgar Fawcett's mild tales failed to rouse the slightest interest, and later on Crawford became a striking example of this theory. But things have grown better of late, and in "His Father's Son" Brander Matthews has given us a thoroughly interesting story. The character of Ezra Pierce is well drawn, and with the aid of the very good illustrations we have an almost perfect picture of the keen, shrewd financier; uptown a member of his church, liberal in his gifts to it, kind in his domestic relations and his somewhat narrow sphere; downtown an unscrupulous manipulator of stocks, finding his greatest pleasure in gambling in Wall Street, and apparently unconscious of the inconsistency of his practice with his principles. Under the influence of his father's example Winslow Pierce's moral nature, never of the strongest, disintegrates slowly, but surely, and at the end of the volume his father finds himself face to face with the fact that his son is a forger. Among the minor characters Sam Sargent is very well drawn, and the following exposition of his ethical code is excellent:

"You have your kind of morality," he says to Ezra Pierce, "and I have mine. Mine is very different from yours, I know, and you don't take much stock in it—but I've got it all the same. But that boy of yours, he hasn't any morality at all—not any. Probably you wont agree with me in this; but I believe it doesn't much matter what kind of morality you have, so long as you've got enough of your own kind. Almost any kind is good enough to carry a man through the world. But if you haven't any at all, why, then the devil can have you for the asking; and I don't believe your son has enough to keep over night."

The book is published by the Harpers.

GOTHAM'S GUESTS.

Ex-Governor R. C. Taft, of Rhode Island; ex-Governor C. H. Sawyer, of New Hampshire; Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, and C. W. Hackett, of Utica, are at the Fifth Avenue.

WALDORF.—Barton Chesney, Philadelphia; Robert A. Brit, Boston; C. D. Simpson, Scranton; C. A. Butler, Utica; G. W. Smeyer, Boston; William R. Odell, Chicago; General E. A. McAlpin, Albany; William A. Wilson, Yokohama; J. H. Day, Portland.

HOLLAND.—Charles D. Ettinger, Chicago, H. E. Decatur, Boston; R. A. Parmenter, Troy; P. Henry Holt, Liverpool; H. P. Robinson, Chicago; John C. Patterson, Chicago; Max Gross, Chicago.

IMPERIAL—D. Graham, Montreal; W. H. Chatfield, Cincinnati; G. W. Tilles, Little Rock; J. G. Young, Jr., Boston; E. S. Donaldson, Pittsburg; Charles F. Tabor, Buffalo; W. P. Hanna, Lafayette, Ind.; William Hageman, Philadelphia; H. A. Wolf, Boston; Charles M. Scott, Pittsburg; S. A. Wheeler, Buffalo.

ST. JAMES—H. L. Borden, Wilmington, N. C.; J. F. Ramsay, Toronto; A. F. Killian, Akron, O.; D. McClinch, Philadelphia; F. W. Griffin, Philadelphia; C. S. Richards, Washington.

GILSEY—A. Adams, Cleveland; L. W. Arnold, Westerly; F. F. Woodman, Chicago; J. W. Smith, St. Louis; A. M. Sheppard, Watertown.

ALBEMARLE—A. B. Beardsley, Jr., Auburn; W. M. Johnson, Philadelphia; O. M. Harris, Montreal; E. S. Buffman, Boston; J. J. Storrow, Boston; S. Simpson, Montreal; J. S. Clark, Boston; F. T. Walton, Philadelphia.

HOFFMAN—C. Lambert, Paterson; B. Robinson, Detroit; H. W. Fuller, Washington; G. B. Dennett, Denver; E. Hughes, Syracuse; F. Mack, Boston; H. W. Cramp, Philadelphia; R. C. Moore, Baltimore; C. P. Bernett, Wilmington.

WESTMINSTER—F. A. Sharpless, Philadelphia; J. D. Williams, Scranton; J. B. Lockwood, Buffalo; Benjamin Dorrance, Dorrance, Pa.

PARK AVENUE—Joseph Ronlette, Maryland; H. R. Kasson, Kansas City; R. V. Pierce, Buffalo; James Swan, Chicago; D. T. Ellis, Springfield; J. M. Downs, Albany.

Resources of Venezuela.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

There are 200,000,000 acres of unbroken forests in Venezuela, including the finest mahogany, rosewood, ebony and satinwood forests in the world. The exports from Venezuela are mainly these fine woods, coffee, hides, cocoa and cattle. The distance from La Guayra, the port of Caracas, the capital, to New York is 2,200 miles; the distance to London is 5,000 miles. The coffee crop is about $12,000,000 per year. Maracaibo coffee is famous the world over. The present republic was organized in 1813. About $1,000,000 in gold was mined last year and its mines have not been developed. Venezuela bought of the United States last year of manufactured goods $4,100,000, and from England $3,800,000, from Germany $2,100,000, and from France $2,000,000.

Voice from the Mud.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

A New York scientist brings forward a claim that "life is nothing more than a luminous effluvium." Life in New York may be nothing more than this, but the professor ought to see what it is out here.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Senator Sherman outlines his method for settling international disputes as follows: "I am in favor of the principle of arbitration for all questions that do not involve the autonomy of either of the two countries. I hope that the two governments will agree upon such a mode of settlement for all controversies."

General James Longstreet, of Georgia, was seventy-five years old last Wednesday, and the day was celebrated by the appearance of his book on the war from the Lippincott press, of Philadelphia.

Professor Garner, the monkey expert, proposes to start a school in Calcutta for the education of apes. He is confident that he can teach the creatures to talk.

Governor Greenhalge, on behalf of the State, has presented the Massachusetts Building at the Atlanta Exposition to the Georgia Society of Daughters of the Revolution. The building is a reproduction of the famous Longfellow home at Cambridge, and will be used as headquarters for the society.

Bismarck, it is reported, is worshipped as a saint by two or three tribes of Brazilian Indians, who live along the Parana River, who were greatly impressed by the account of his achievements in founding the German Empire given them by some German missionaries. They hung his picture in a church and devoutly worship it, much to the scandal of the missionaries.

Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, says he has looked "over the Republican Presidential field and Reed is the only man in the list of candidates who has any backbone. That is the kind of a man we want for President. We have had enough of the spineless fellows in the Presidential chair. We want a man who has brains and then has enough backbone to carry out the views he believes to be right."

"Saved from the Sea."

The heroine of Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck's "great drama" entitled "Saved from the Sea," now at the Columbus Theatre, Harlem, is saved also from lots of other things. The sea is merely a moist and irrelevant detail dragged in for the sake of those shakable green-canvas billows which have been popular in this style of play for very many years. As a matter of fact, Nancy Ellington, wife of Dan Ellington, "one of Nature's noblemen," begins her little troublous experiences with the sea. If she hadn't been saved from it Messrs. Shirley and Landeck couldn't possibly have engineered five acts, and Messrs. Atkinson and Calder would not have looked at a one-act melodrama. "Saved from Everything on Earth" would be a much better title for this play.

There are three villains in the melodrama, one easily recognizable by his top hat, which has the gloss and elegant bulk of the tile affected by the ward politician. The others are less natty, but quite as naughty. And how they plot! It is cruel to depict them as foiled in the last act, for such energy as they display in their efforts to get rid of the wife of "one of Nature's noblemen" would win any cause, and quite rightly too. There is nothing like industry, and playwrights who invent industrious villains are guilty of immorality if they make them fail. The villains in "Saved from the Sea" fail to make away with Nance Ellington.

They jump from one plot to another. In one scene a villain renders a bridge unsafe by giving it three little knocks with a stick or a gun. He does this because Nancy has gone for a walk with the other villain, who intends to arouse her indignation so that she will run away and cross the disabled bridge. Such ghastly ingenuity should, as I said before, be rewarded. It is not. Nancy halts just in time, and the villain falls into his own trap. Ha! Ha! Foiled!

Think not that this little miscarriage of scheme daunts the villainous trio. Never. Never-r-r-r. Two scenes later they penetrate into Dan's cottage. Nancy has just fallen asleep, to give them a good opportunity to try again. She goes to sleep very rapidly. Melodramatic heroines never suffer from insomnia. One gape and off she goes to by-by. The villains come in through a window and see her dozing there in all her ineffable purity. They try to knife her, but some spark of kindness is kindled in their busts.

"I cannot do it!" the man with the knife cries.

I never expected that he would, as three acts were still to the good, but nevertheless I heard a sigh of disappointment. It was such a splendid chance. Heroine asleep; window open; knife in hand; what villains could wish for anything more? Nancy wakes up presently. She has given them a good chance, and they were too weak to avail themselves of it. Surly Jim comes in, and rather than murder nobody, they murder him. Surly Jim was once in love with Nancy, and Dan hates him, so the villains kill the surly one, rush out, and Dan enters. Immediately they are out of the house they go for the police, bring those officials back to the cottage and accuse Dan of having murdered Surly Jim.

In the next act there is much agony and a condemned cell. Poor Dan is in prison. It's so easy for a hero to get to prison in a melodrama, but so difficult for him to get out before the fifth act. Dan has a troublous and a tearful time of it, for Nancy visits him, and cries out: "Dan, Dan! My heart is breaking!" It is so agonizing, but somehow or other in New York nobody sniffs at that sort of thing any more. Even the gallery knows that on the authority of W. S. Gilbert "Hearts do not break—they sting and ache." Nancy ends happily, of course. The last scene is called "The cornfield and exterior of Nancy's cottage."

I've mentioned all the ridiculous features of "Saved from the Sea" because there are so many of them, but this melodrama is saved from disaster by its excellent comedy scenes. They are very bright and amusing, and, in spite of Nancy and Dan, the play will probably be a road success. There is no reason why it should not be one. It is far better than a great many of those elaborate agony-plays written around limited mail trains and dynamite explosions.

Miss Henrietta Lander is a very quiet and refined melodramatic heroine, much more artistic than the blond ladies who usually go through these plays in black dresses and wan smiles. Boyd Putnam as "one of Nature's noblemen" is fat enough to make at least one and a half. I don't like fat heroes. I never believe in their misery, because fat people cannot and will not be wretched. This is one of the laws of nature. The haggard and lank young man is alone fitted for melodrama. George W. Larsen is the comedian, and a very good one he is. It is a long time since I have seen a funnier or a more convincing person. Miss Effie Dinsmore is a young woman who dances nicely, but who should never, for the sake of her friends and well-wishers, undertake to sing. The villains were all good, and the audiences at the Columbus hiss them appropriately as they pass in smiling nonchalance before the curtain. "Saved from the Sea" might be summed up laconically in this way:

Act I. The rescue.
The sea!
Act II. A jolly picnic.
He! He!
Act III. Parting of husband and wife.
Ah, me!
Act IV. Revolt of convicts.
Hully Jee!

This gives a capital idea of the whole thing. Perhaps its brevity will command it to the management. ALAN DALE.

Doubtful of Morton.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Nobody takes Governor Morton's candidacy seriously, yet if he were ten years younger he would be ahead of Harrison and, perhaps, ahead of Allison in the race. The question of interest in connection with him is, To whom will the New York delegates go when, after the first or second ballot, they drop Morton?

The Last Buyer Wins.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The report that McKinley has "bought" the Louisiana delegation is not of much consequence. The convention is five and a half months away, in the matter of Southern delegations, as history shows, he buys best who buys last.

Get Together, Gentlemen.

[Washington Post.]

Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters says "war is hell," and Colonel Ingersoll says "there is no hell." Now, as there is no war what t'll is all this fuss about?

Crafty Warner Miller.

[Binghamton Leader.]

In despite of his experience in 1888, Warner Miller is said to be casting longing eyes on the Republican nomination for the Governorship. Of course he is heartily in favor of Mr. Morton for the Presidency.

Open Bids Were Better.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A loan in which bids are only to be opened after a month and in which no effort is made to reach the people is first and chiefly an attempt not to get gold, but to justify the policy of the Administration.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Mark Twain lived, some forty years ago, in the limits of a very wild, half crazy frontier mining camp. This was divided into two parties, the so-called "Boston crowd," which contained the better elements, though few Boston men, and the "Missouri crowd," which was a pretty bad lot, though not composed exclusively of natives of Missouri. Fights to the death were of daily and nightly occurrence, gambling outfits were in constant demand, quarreling, bullying drunkards were omnipresent, and few used water except to wash now and then in the little mountain stream flowing through the diggings. Despite it all there was a strict camp etiquette, which was recognized and considered law by all, and it was of this etiquette that Mark Twain told me an example.

A "Boston man" was eating breakfast early one morning at a table near the open door and the half-bar, half-restaurant of the place. He was just finishing his plate of pork and beans when two "Missouri" men passed along and saw the "Boston" man and his breakfast. They stopped within a foot or two. "Look at that!" said the bigger of the "Missouri" men contemptuously, "do you see what that blank-blankety-blank Boston thing is eating? Why, down in Missouri, where I came from, we feed them things to our horses. Only the brutes eat that grub down there." Presently the bully stepped inside and sat down opposite the "Boston" man, at the same table. When the plate of beans had been eaten, the "Boston" man called out to the bartender: "Pete, give me another plateful. Pile it up. I like 'em." When the heaped-up plate came the "Boston" man, quick as a flash, had pulled out his revolver, had the "Missouri" man covered with it, and then, pushing the full plate of beans across the table, told the "Missouri" man to "eat it and like it, or he'd shoot him like the dog that he was." The bully had his choice between beans or death, and he knew it. When he had eaten every bean he was made to say that he liked beans, and then, and not till then, did the "Boston" man put up his pistol, paid for both orders of beans and left the saloon. "Now," said Mark, "the reason the 'Missouri' man didn't whip out his gun and shoot as soon as the bean-eater's back was turned was because of camp etiquette. Each man had had his fun with the other, and they were even. If the "Boston" man had been shot the "Missouri" man, as quick as news could fly, would have had his body filled with lead from the revolver of every man in camp, regardless of party. You see we were quite sticklers for fair play in those days."

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The Korb case, of an intended double suicide, which resulted in the demise of a man and the survival, physically uninjured, of the woman, illustrates anew a phase of trustful curiousness of character worthy of the observation of all impartial and disinterested students of life in this cosmopolitan town. Mr. Korb, a Bohemian, and his wife, Mrs. Korb, a German, determined upon a joint suicide and sent to their friends, acquaintances, relatives and some others joint letters, wherein a time was fixed for the suicide, and reasons deemed adequate for it were given in detail. At the time fixed the projected suicide occ[illegible] or rather, occurred so far as the [illegible] and was concerned, for the wife was resuscitated from an overdose of illuminating gas, the volume of which, as supplied to local consumers, Journal readers may have observed, is none too liberal. The suicide husband left bonds to the value of $70,000, surreptitiously taken, so the police say, from the firm for which he was working, and, a reasonable time having elapsed after the obsequies of Mr. Korb, his German-speaking wife called into consultation Herr Herrlich, a German undertaker, to whom she intrusted the delicate financial task of negotiating the sale of West Shore, Long Island Railroad, Lake Shore, and Wabash Railroad bonds. The transaction was to be a secret one, and Herr Herrlich, to keep it so, secured the co-operation of Gustav Stegman, Heinrich Moritz, Peter Kief and other drivers of hearses and funeral coaches, who betook themselves to Wall Street with the bonds in hand, explaining in each case that they were for sale for less than their market value because the owner did not desire to have it known how she came by them. The sleuthhounds of Detective O'Brien's office, with this clew in hand, ran the German liveryman to earth, and Herrlich is asking what is up!

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"Being inured, as a dude would say, I always listens with pain to the moans of these here parties which complains of the cold," observed Bill Barnacle, as the lubber oozed into the sailor boarding house clad in ear muffs and a sealskin coat. "That's right," replied the shivering visitor. "No matter how low the mercury drops here, we always find some freak who has seen it colder."

"My remarks not being personal, I stands by to repel boarders," said the able seaman, rising unsteadily and making a lunge at his insulter. They calmed him with another hot toddy, whereupon Mr. Barnacle resumed his narrative.

"This frosty spell recalls a incident wot in cold and science brings disaster to a whaling skipper I once knowed."

"Whereaway does this incident occur?" asked several of the seamen.

"In the Arctic, and a proper cold season it was, too. It was so chilly we could hear the North Pole crack when the tide turned and the whales had all sounded in deep water. Also, the ship being froze in the ice and all harpooning delayed, the skipper grows morose and yearns to absorb liquor.

"'Wot sower kind of drink has we aboard of this hooker?' the skipper inquires of the steward. After overhauling his stores the steward reports one jar of this here chemical they uses for making ice."

"Ammonia?" suggested the lubber.

"The same; which the skipper has sent aft and tapped."

"Great Scott!" gasped the lubber, "he didn't drink the ammonia?"

"Well," said Mr. Barnacle, apologetically, "when no real liquor aint to be had these here soft drinks produces a passing thrill wot no mariner can afford to omit. For three days the skipper revels in this scientific debauch, and singing of ditties we never hears before. On the fourth morning he ventures on deck to view the weather wot is forty points colder. As he sticks his face out I sees a big white funnel, like a furled flying jib, shoot forward and fall with a thump on deck. The skipper goes with it, and when we picks him up he has cleared for warmer latitudes."

"Do you mean that he was dead?" they all asked.

"Proper defunct," the mariner said solemnly, "and a victim of the demon drink. This here scientific treated breath of the skipper freezes solid. The big end forward fetches him down by the head and the point being aft pierces his vitals fatal. Gentlemen, Bill Barnacle aint no teetotaller, but hereafter he don't daily with no fancy beverages."