THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts indicate that to-day will be fair, with cloudiness and possibly snow at night.

It is rumored that Indiana will rally to the support of Governor Morton's boom.

It is not probable that Mr. Croker is going in for baseball. There's too much back talk in it to suit him.

The citizens of our newly annexed territory seem to think New York is rich enough to stand any drain.

Lord Salisbury is beginning to feel the effect of the pressure at home to compel him to make peace with America.

Mayor Strong has plunged into the garbage question with commendable courage. He wants the city purified by fire.

Philadelphia is paralyzed with alarm at the revelations of her "Lexow" committee, and does not venture to carp at New York any more.

The silver-tongued and silver-opinioned Bryan, of Nebraska, is urging the free coinage men to pass a measure combining the tariff and silver bills.

Commodore Gerry is right! There may be exceptions, but they do not disprove the rule that a child can be better ruled and guided by kindness than by harshness.

It is a noteworthy fact that no German paper says a word about Germany's military preparations just now. Silence and mystery characterize the Teutonic plan in war.

The grim and hideous visage of Judge Lynch is not welcome in New York State. The murderers of the murderer of Robert Clapsaddle should themselves be promptly punished.

It is understood that the "favorite son" of New York is rather inclined to view with alarm, rather than point with pride to, the matter of the Thomas B. Reed club in Rhinebeck.

If Jameson had succeeded, he would have won England's highest praise. But he fails, and he will be carried home—if the English can get him—to be tried under the Foreign Enlistment [illegible]

AFFIRMING THE DOCTRINE.

Now that Congress is fully engaged in the preparation of the joint resolution setting forth the Monroe Doctrine, it is of the utmost importance that all the points which the United States desire to place beyond discussion should be set forth clearly and unmistakably. Fortune has favored this nation by bringing it an opportunity to enunciate its policy with regard to European encroachments on this Continent at a time when the chief aggressor is not in a position to make many objections to what we may have to say. The obligation on our part to exact nothing which is not fair, and to be satisfied with nothing which does not maintain the full spirit of President Monroe's original declaration, is very binding. Europe expects to hear our final word on this important subject of the independence of the Western Hemisphere, and although she is too busy just now to call together a conference of the nations to discuss it, as she threatened to do, there is every reason to believe that she will accept it and pay as much heed to it as though it were duly codified and had been the subject of innumerable commentaries by learned men who had tried to read between the lines what America never dreamed of putting there.

One point especially must be covered beyond peradventure, or it may turn out that we have simply got rid of trouble in one form to encounter it in another. It is conceded that England will probably resume diplomatic relations with Venezuela—if she can—and there are hints that she may propose to buy outright the territory in dispute between the South American Republic and herself. The sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which is charged with the duty of affirming the Monroe Doctrine, should see to it that no extension of a monarchial system, by purchase, to this Continent shall be recognized by this Government as other than an "unfriendly act." There is, happily, very little chance that Venezuela—after her half century of experience of Great Britain as a neighbor—will have any disposition to sell a part of her territory as large as the State of Maine for any lump sum which England would offer. But we have to foresee the time when some ailing South American State—possibly angry with us with or without cause—would feel inclined to "sell out" to England, which Power would at once proceed to knock over what was left of the Republic, and set up her monarchial, aristocratic system.

Therefore, while we do not bind ourselves to protectorates over our Southern sister Republics, it is our bounden duty to enlighten them fully on this point: that we cannot recognize the extension of any European monarchies to this continent by means of purchase any more than by aggression under pretext of boundary disputes. Let this accompany the affirming of the Doctrine. Now is the time to make it clear that this Continent is sacred to Republics, and that money cannot cheat us in our determination to keep it so. We shall never have another so propitious a moment for settling the matter. Make the work thorough!

When the Institute of France honors the German scientist, Virchow, with the cross of the Legion of Honor, we may fairly assume that a more neighborly feeling begins to exist between the rivals of a quarter of a century ago.

"JAMESON'S RIDE."

We are inclined to believe that the poem "Jameson's Ride," attributed to Alfred Austin, a stanza of which was published in yesterday's newspapers, is a hoax, perpetrated by some wag without a very fine sense of humor. If it is really the work of the new laureate, it is a great deal worse than anything else he has ever been accused of. The line—

We were wrong, but we're not half sorry,

voices a sentiment so thoroughly English, however, as to lead one to believe that it was inspired, in spite of the fact that England has officially repudiated Jameson.

The poet, whether he be Austin or an impostor, holds different views with regard to the conduct of affairs on the Judgment Day from those authorized by the Established Church.

Still, I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There will be something more to say,

sings the poet in bad measure. The orthodox view of the situation is that God's decision on the occasion in question will be final.

Proof that Benjamin Franklin was no gentleman would be news indeed. He was certainly received as one in the most gentle and exclusive court in Europe, and did his hosts and his country no discredit.

KEEP UP THE NAVY!

Nearly a month has elapsed since the President's message awoke the excitement about Venezuela, and impressed upon the minds of all patriotic citizens the need of proper defensive measures. Yet there is no perceptible increase in activity in the building of the Navy, and the reasonable and just demands of Secretary Herbert for more men have not yet prompted Congress to do its duty. More ships! More men! More coast defences! Action is the word! The United States have had a great and salutary lesson on the need of preparation. They should profit by it ere it is too late.

It is highly probable that the masses at present fully comprehend the need of a navy, and understand that it should be on a footing with those of other great nations. They know that the sea-going commerce of the country is reviving; that the configuration of our coasts and the character of our production entitle us to claim sea power. They will not grumble at the expenses of sending out new ships which are to be the defenders of our coasts and our commerce. Every cent spent on coast defences, stationary and floating, is a good investment.

Congress must not be laggard in keeping up the Navy!

No ruffian of any category will probably attempt to "hold up" Lawyer Samuel Kohn, of this city, in his own office again. The valorous lawyer, undismayed by the pistol, hurled "Cooley on Constitutional Limitations" with such force at the intruder that that miscreant was nearly floored, and concluded that he was constitutionally limited so that he could not commit a successful robbery.

A DANGEROUS LUNATIC.

Jacob Katz was indicted Friday for bigamy; and it is sincerely to be hoped that he may not be turned loose on the community again for a long time. Katz is the man who made a statement to the police that he had seen Albert A. Nellis push Mrs. Jennie Runnett from the steps to the area of his house, where she was found dead, and as the result of his statement Nellis was locked up for several days without bail on a charge of murder.

It now turns out that Katz is a sort of malicious lunatic, who has served a term for perjury, committed in exactly the same manner as in the case of Nellis. In the previous instance, Katz had read in the newspapers about a charge of arson made against a woman he had never heard of before. He went to the Fire Marshal and informed him that the woman had attempted to hire him to set fire to a house, and swore to this statement in court, the result being that he served seven years in Sing Sing Prison for perjury. His action was the same in the Nellis case. He did not know Nellis, but on reading in the newspapers that Mrs. Runnett's body had been found in the areaway of the house, he at once went to the police with the story that he had seen Nellis throw her from the steps.

The measures the police took to ascertain Katz's reliability as a witness resulted in the discovery that he has two wives living, so that he will be tried for bigamy, and probably put out of the way of doing any more harm for a time. It is a curious mental condition that leads a man to risk his own liberty for the sake of doing an injury to others whom he does not know, and whom he has no motive for injuring. Doubtless Katz's proper place is in an insane asylum, rather than a prison.

It is consoling to know that the congestion of some of the school districts is relieved in a certain degree. Fifteen schoolhouses were built last year, with a seating capacity of 17,041. Twice as many more edifices will be needed before all the school children will be comfortably housed, and a large number of schoolrooms have to be made over before they reach the standard of modern requirements.

THE AMBITION OF WILHELM.

Everybody knows that Wilhelm, the German Emperor, estimates himself at his full value, and sometimes overshoots the mark a little; but no one has ever supposed that he regarded it as a part of his destiny to become William the Conqueror Number Two.

Recent statements lend color to this notion. The German military party has many times boasted that, in spite of fortresses and channel squadrons, it is far easier to invade England now than it was in the time of Julius Caesar, or in the days when William of Normandy pushed his hardy warriors up the English beaches, and pressed on to fight the great battle at Hastings. When the Germans were in France, twenty-five years ago, they went to Dieppe, and, looking across the "silver streak," longed to be launched forth against the Britons. General Von Blumenthal used to say that there was an official plan in the German War Office for invading England by overrunning Holland and Belgium, seizing all the transport vessels which the industrious Lowlanders possess, and then crossing the North Sea, with a couple of hundred thousand men, and landing in Britain with an irresistible force.

In case the young Emperor were able to put this plan into execution, he would probably insist on having the British crown, to which he claims a family right. But if he attempts any expeditions of conquest in the direction of England, and wishes to annex more kingdoms to his empire, his social-democratic "subjects," as distinguished from his soldiers, may possibly decide that it is high time to declare the Republic, and his imperial occupation will be gone.

He would better remain William the Cranky, and not try to ape William the Conqueror.

Now that the cigarette habit has been adopted by domestic servants, perhaps the ladies of the grand world, who have taken up the practice as a somewhat sentimental relaxation of foreign extraction, will reconsider. Anna Etzman, a young servant employed in Delancey street, is in Bellevue Hospital, violently insane from narcotic poisoning, the result of excessive cigarette smoking. She contracted the habit two years ago, and at the time of her removal to the hospital was in the habit of smoking fifty of the "little coffin nails," as she called them, daily. Fifty cigarettes per day is a quantity that might tax the endurance of the most thoroughly seasoned office boy, and it is not strange that Anna should succumb under the strain. If our servant girls are to pursue the practice, however, they should be taught to indulge moderately.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's little game of blocking out of South Africa all trade except that with Great Britain has been somewhat disturbed by the trouble with the Boers, but he hopes to put it through. About five years ago the East Indian and the German merchants in South Africa found themselves hampered by all sorts of trade restrictions, which finally were summed up in an outlay of 12½ per cent more than British merchants had to pay. They bore this in silence for a time, then began a boycott of British manufactures, and brought in American and German goods instead. But Mr. Chamberlain has said that, beginning with 1896, the British colonies shall give their trade to England. The decided attitude of Germany in South African affairs may be due to resentment at the unfair discriminations of the British in trade against them. As for this country, if it does not take measures to protect its interests, it will soon have none in that part of the world.

The question of acknowledging the Cuban revolutionists as belligerents is now under discussion in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Senator Sherman, chairman of the committee, is quoted as saying that, if Havana should fall into the hands of the insurgent Cubans, the United States would unquestionably accord them recognition as a belligerent power. Other members of the committee have spoken in the same vein, so that the revolutionists will do well to devote their entire energies to the capture of the capital. President Tomas Estrada Palma, of the committee representing the Revolutionary Provisional Government, declares that if the Cubans were allowed to fit out cruisers in this, or any other country, they would take Havana at once. Meanwhile, pending the decision of Congress in the matter, the revolutionists will have the warm sympathy of all lovers of political liberty.

The Chief Justice of Tennessee, indicted for felonious assault, must occasionally wonder whether he is not some one else.

RIVAL ARTISTS QUARREL.

J. Massey Rhind and Charles H. Niehaus in an Amusing Squabble.

They Are Both Competitors for the Sherman Statue, and Have Models at Washington.

ARTISTIC PLAGIARISM IS CHARGED.

Threats of Personal Violence Made—Mr. Rhind, Fearing Retaliation, Buys a Chair and Sits on Guard Over His Work.

The Sherman statue competition, to decide which a committee of famous sculptors and architects went to Washington yesterday, has provided a subject for studio gossip. Nearly $100,000 will be spent on the work, and the profit represents a small fortune to the sculptor whose design is accepted. A dozen men from New York have sent in sketches, and the total number of models now on exhibition in the Army and Navy building, at Washington, amounts to thirty. Nearly every man who has sent in a sketch is at the capital, looking after his interests.

As a result a dozen jealous bickerings and little quarrels have occurred in the corridors of the War Department. Everything pales into insignificance, however, beside the row between J. Massey Rhind and Charles H. Niehaus, the well-known New York sculptors. Charges of plagiarism and threats of personal violence are said to have passed between the two. Rhind is watching his model night and day, and the whole trouble makes an artistic squabble of the first dimensions.

For years Rhind and Niehaus have been artistic rivals. Each designed one of the famous bronze doors of Trinity Church, and they have competed against each other many times in other work. They are thought to stand equal chances for the Sherman prize.

The trouble arose on Thursday, when Mr. Niehaus walked into the gallery of the hall in which the models are waiting the decision of the experts and made the assertion that one of the two sketches he had submitted was sure of the prize. Mr. Rhind took up the challenge, and said that Mr. Niehaus might reckon both of his sketches out of the competition, for the judges would at once detect the fact that they were copied from famous European pieces of sculpture.

"You're a Scotchman," said Niehaus, "and have no right to compete for this American prize."

"You're an American with a German name and a Dutchman by instinct," Rhind is said to have retorted. "Why don't you take down those photos of the Hahnemann monument? It's a copy of the Gil Blas in Vienna, and every one knows it."

Mr. Niehaus has pinned behind his Sherman model photographs of the monument to Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy, upon which he is now working, and which won for him a big prize early last year. It was to these Mr. Rhind referred.

Mr. Niehaus only glared angrily, and Mr. Rhind went out of the building with a happy smile on his face. In an hour he was back again with a mysterious parcel under his arm. When he opened this he revealed to an inquisitive group of fellow-sculptors a number of photographs. It was thought that Mr. Rhind was going to follow the example of his rival and pin up photographs of his own achievements in art. But he only selected two, and carefully fastened them to the wall. Upon examination both photos bore a striking resemblance to the sketches submitted by Mr. Niehaus. One represented the world-renowned Colleoni statue in Florence, the work of the sixteenth century sculptor, Verrocchio. The other was a photograph of an equally famous statue of Emperor William in Berlin.

When Mr. Niehaus saw the photographs and heard the laughter which greeted his rival's move, he made a step or two, as if to tear them from the wall.

"Not a bit," said Mr. Rhind. "If you put up photographs, so shall I, and we will let the committee know where you get your 'inspiration' from."

After the quarrel had subsided Mr. Rhind began to fear that Mr. Niehaus would retaliate in some way. To protect his photographs and model he accordingly secured a messenger and sent the boy out to purchase a chair.

Upon this chair J. Massey Rhind is said to have sat during the waking hours of the last three days, to the intense amusement of every one connected with the statue competition. He says he will sit there until the competition is decided.

This incident is not the only excitement the sculptors at Washington have enjoyed. Four important models lay at the Custom House on January 1, the last day appointed for sending in sketches. They had been sent by American sculptors abroad, and included designs by Paul W. Bartlett, the creator of the famous Bohemian, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and also by A. P. Proctor, winner of the first Prix de Paris, as the recently instituted Rhinhard scholarship is called. As soon as the sculptors assembled at Washington, learned of the delay in forwarding the foreign models, they drew up a petition to the committee urging that the designs be not accepted. The committee disregarded the petition and the New York sculptors will have to take their chances with Messrs. Bartlett and Proctor.

There are stories of injunctions to restrain an English sculptor from competing on account of his nationality, and altogether the Committee of the Army of the Tennessee which is erecting the Sherman monument has its hands full in maintaining order among the competing artists.

The committee of experts in art who are to pass upon the artistic features of the models consists of four members of the National Sculptor Society—Daniel C. French, J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens and Olin L. Warner—and two architects—George B. Post and Bruce Price.

The Jester.

Grateful Man.

"Didn't I loan you $10 a month or so ago?"

"Yes, I believe you did. I'm ever so much obliged for your kindness. I feel that I can never repay you." Yonkers Statesman.

Powerful Objection.

"Hopkins, do you want to be buried from a bicycle hearse?"

"Great Scott, no! You wouldn't expect me to keep my balance if I was dead, would you?" Chicago Record.

Critical Case.

Hargreaves—You know that time I was so sick last Summer? I just heard that the doctor gave me up once.

Ferry—I heard that he gave you up twice.

"Twice?"

"Yes. The second time after he had been trying to collect his bill." Cincinnati Enquirer.

Naturally Surprised.

"I say," said the regular customer, as he stopped at the restaurant cashier's box to pay for the dinner he had had, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?"

"What's the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another row.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked." Tid Bits.

Experience with Pirates.

Miss Gush—Oh, Captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?

Captain Storms—Yes. He charged me $11 a day for a hall room on the fourth floor. Cleveland World.

Her Peculiar Way.

"The new woman seems to have played her last card. I wonder what next."

"Oh, she'll ask what's trumps, I fancy." Detroit Tribune.

Easily Explained.

"What did you buy this piece of music for?" asked Mr. Darley, crossly, as he took up a sheet from the piano.

"I bought it for a song," replied Mrs. Darley, sweetly. Detroit Free Press.

"A Pair of Spectacles."

John Hare never wears a halo. He never wallows in calcium light, or strikes majestic attitudes in the centre of the stage. In fact, the most pretentious thing he has ever done is his trip to America as a star. Occasionally, however, pedestalism palls. It is a pleasure to look upon a man who is not great. You know, we see so many great men and great women glittering with stout importance and conscious superiority. Nobody who sees Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles," at Abbey's Theatre, will find fault with the evening devoted to that pursuit. Hare gives you your money's worth. His work is finished, artistic, graceful and dainty.

"A Pair of Spectacles," adapted by Sydney Grundy from the French of Labiche and Delacour, is familiar to New Yorkers, because a few years ago dear old Stoddart played Benjamin Goldfinch, and played it admirably. Hare wots little of the merit of the actor with whom he is now competing. He has his own conception of the part, and I may as well say right here that he is quite as good as Stoddart. Better? No. The actor doesn't live who could improve upon the quaint old man who is now doing the pathetic popper of a wronged daughter in "The Sporting Duchess."

The Benjamin Goldfinch of John Hare is an agreeable picture of a good old English gentleman, bubbling over with pleasing but non-poetic sentiment, and optimistic out of the sheer goodness of his heart. You recognize the type as soon as he appears at the breakfast table. Good old English gentlemen eat their breakfasts like no other people on earth. The American, with his huge beefsteak and his large variety of breads, simply doesn't understand the humanity, the heart interest that lurks in soft-boiled eggs, and toast in a rack. Hare interests you at the very beginning of "A Pair of Spectacles." Every detail of the optimistic episodes is faithfully and conscientiously shown. His pessimism, born of the luckless spectacles lent to him by his mercenary brother "from Sheffield," is equally felicitous. The change is not abruptly or crudely shown. It is so natural that it robs the play of that fantastic element which has always militated against its popularity.

Benjamin Goldfinch, according to Hare, is lured to pessimism naturally rather than fantastically. It doesn't seem at all strange to find him basking in the sun of benevolence in one act, and groaning in the shade of malevolence in the next. He never over-acts. He never reaches out despairing arms for elusive effects. He makes no points, but is faithful to his own ideas. Hare is not an actor for the masses, but those who are tired of popularities—and they are fatiguing at times—have a treat in store for them at Abbey's Theatre.

"A Pair of Spectacles" will arouse no enthusiasm. It glows, rather than burns. You see it, and leave the theatre with warm and cozy innards. It is very comforting and very digestible. You feel that you have looked at a picture, the painter of which has a soul above tawdry theatricalism and mere greatness. The Duke of St. Olpherts in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" gave us but a faint idea of the fascination that Hare exerts in "A Pair of Spectacles." Perhaps Dodson could play the part as well. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he could. Yet if a hundred actors could successfully emulate Hare that fact would not cause an audience to enjoy his work any the less.

Charles Groves, as "the man from Sheffield," is just as much entitled to stellar honor as John Hare. Mr. Groves is an artist to the finger tips, and his Uncle Gregory is marvellously funny. Groves is also not "out for effect." All his humor is sedately spontaneous. No audience tortures him with an uneasy desire for applause. The part of Gregory might be made an extremely hilarious affair, but Groves is too legitimate to exaggerate Grundy's clever comedy lines. His make-up is perfect, and that also might be overdone to grotesqueness.

Miss May Harvey is quite "in the picture" as Mrs. Goldfinch, and Miss Nellie Thorne is successful as Lucy Lorimer. The men I cannot congratulate. W. M. Cathcart is weak and wishy-washy as Percy, and Gilbert Hare makes very little of the part of Dick. As for Eugene Mayeur and Henry J. Abbott, amateurs might have played their small roles more effectively.

"A Pair of Spectacles" was preceded at the matinee yesterday by a comedietta entitled "Old Cronies," by S. Theyre Smith. It proved to be rather a silly little trifle, hinging on the composition of a letter proposing marriage, written by one of the old cronies to a mature but wealthy damsel. Its object was to afford a few moments' fun. That object, perhaps, would have been missed had it not been for the capital acting of Gilbert Hare and Charles Groves. Young Mr. Hare is evidently much more convincing as a character than as a juvenile actor. He probably inherits his talent.

"A Pair of Spectacles" will be continued until the end of Hare's engagement, and it will be followed to-morrow night by the little sketch known as "A Quiet Rubber." Don't miss seeing Hare as Benjamin Goldfinch. He will give you no thrills, but he will fill you with sleek and respectable content.

ALAN DALE.

To the Menlo Park Munchausen.

[From London Truth.]

[Mr. Edison, according to an interviewer's account, has already invented a number of deadly instruments of destruction to be used in case of war between England and America.—Vide Daily Papers, passim.]

Come, Mr. T. A. Edison,
We know how very potent Science is,
But none the less we can but laugh
At your reported new appliances—
Those murderous designs of yours,
For making which you've such facilities,
And which you say you mean to use
If there's an outbreak of hostilities.

Those jets of lethal water, which
It is your purpose then to pump on us!
Those fiery dragons, belching doom,
Which at your bidding are to jump on us!
Those chains of which each link means death,
And those infernal cars aerial,
Which, if a button you but press,
Will shatter all our war material!

And your four cannon joined in one,
Which are to hurtle shells of dynamite—
Such weapons might create a scare
In Timbuctoo, and p'r'aps in China might,
But over here you may be sure—
You easily our words can verify—
Such scientific "bugaboos"
The veriest tiro do not terrify.

Now, as a fact, did you suppose
That your inventions deleterious
Would frighten us? 'Twas but your joke;
Of course, you couldn't have been serious,
When you such wondrous statements made,
You but burlesqued, with much felicity,
The startling tales which scientists
Have told, of late, of electricity.

You knew that there would be no war
'Twixt nations of the same paternity;
And you that interviewer fooled
And played upon his naive modernity.
In short, for this Yule interview,
With its assertions so inscrutable,
The First of April would have been
A date in all respects more suitable!

Great Men Agree.

[Chicago Record.]

Speaker Reed's opinion that the country should not be disturbed by radical legislation during this session is even more warmly indorsed by Presidential Candidate Reed.

An Up-to-Date Page for Youthful Readers.

It has always seemed to us that the matter printed in Sunday newspapers for juvenile readers is far inferior to that intended for adults. The fact is that what is known along Park row as "kid stuff" has not kept pace with the times, and bears too close a resemblance to the juvenile literature of twenty years ago to meet the approval of the young people for whom it is ostensibly prepared.

I say ostensibly, because the children are the very last persons thought of in the series of transactions by which the "Young Folks' Page" is brought into the bosom of the family on Sunday morning. Most of the matter printed on this page is furnished by the syndicate and literary boiler-plate factories that play such an important part in the compilation of a modern Sunday newspaper. The stories are for the most part written by hacks who have made a study not of childish tastes, but of the prejudices and preferences of the syndicate editors to whom they must offer their manuscript. Of course, the page is enlivened from time to time with what are called "features," in the shape of special articles signed by the names of men and women who are supposed to possess some influence in one way or another.

The syndicate man selects these features with a view to impressing the Sunday editor with the great importance and value of his "service." Thus an article on "How to Play Hopscotch," from the pen of Professor Hootowl, of the Wesleyan University, is sure to commend itself to the editor of the Sunday paper, as well as to him of the syndicate, and an essay on "Boyish Sports in Greenland," by Lieutenant Queery, will be accepted by them or by anybody else who does not read it, as something that combines instruction and entertainment in a novel and agreeable manner.

The parents note the wholesome features of the Young Folks' Page, and order the paper containing it, so that the children may have something good to read on Sunday afternoon; but at this point the bluff which has worked successfully all along the line goes to pieces, for Tommy and Bill scornfully refuse to read it, and betake themselves to the haymow to lose themselves for an hour with "Old Sleuth" and "Chippy, the Red-haired Ranger," and other heroes, who prove their right to the name in every chapter.

The truth is that the Young Folks' Page must be brought right down to date, and I propose to do it in a future number of the Journal by printing only such stories and articles as I think will interest well-brought-up boys of from nine to fourteen years of age.

Among the special features that have been secured for this department I would mention "Old Bill Vosburg's Half Hour Chats with His Little Friends," Mr. Vosburg, who has been for many years prominent in the most exclusive and influential criminal circles of the city, will tell the boys how to rob a bank and where to dispose of the stolen securities. He will also devote a chapter to that exciting and interesting branch of his profession called "second-story work," in which he will relate many pleasant anecdotes concerning his past career. Other points covered by Mr. Vosburg will be "How to Make a Sandbag for Twenty Cents," and "What to Do with a Stolen Umbrella or Overcoat."

Mr. Henry Sawdust, of Chatham square, will contribute the first chapter of an exciting serial story, written expressly for boys, and entitled, "Catching Suckers; or, the Boy Handshakers of New York Town." Mr. Sawdust has already won his literary spurs as the author of the charming verses, "I Stood on the Bridge at Midday."

"The Boy Speculator; or, How to Skin in Wall Street," by James Sharp, is another fiction that is certain to please our juvenile readers, illustrating, as it does, the way in which two office boys with no capital but an envelope full of stolen postage stamps succeeded in becoming millionaires in the brief space of two years.

A retired police official, who is now breaking stones in a busy town on the Hudson River, contributes a timely story called "Jimmy, the Boy Detective; or, Walking up to the Captain's Office to Settle," and "The Science and Practice of Train Wrecking," are ably treated by a gentleman who shares the retired police official's room and is actively engaged in making shoes.

These are only a few of the valuable features that have been secured for the new Young Folks' Page, but I trust that I have said enough to indicate that the juvenile department which I have projected will be in every way interesting, instructive and thoroughly in touch with the progressive spirit of the day.

That Chamber of Commerce Report.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Whatever degree of influence the Chamber of Commerce has attained in recent municipal politics has been destroyed for all time by its selfish, cowardly and unpatriotic report on the attitude of the President and Congress toward England.

The burden of a Tammany nomination after the Lexow exposures was indeed a heavy one to bear, but to effectively bury a candidate beyond the hope of reincarnation or resurrection, commend him to the approval of that body which has stultified itself before the people of the United States and shamed and humiliated the patriotic citizens of this city in the eyes of the civilized world.

Thank heaven that the financial and commercial plutocrats have so little influence in our political life that their well known and avowed intention of adopting such a report did not cause a member of the Congress of the United States to waver in his duty to his Government and his country. These commercial gentlemen, apostates to every honorable and unselfish patriotic impulse, have done more to bring about what they seek to avoid—that all the traitorous clamor of the open enemies of our institutions who are resident among us. Chief among the band of Anglican banditti who are making warfare upon our Government is Godkin, a denationalized Irishman. Carl Schurz, formerly his associate on the free trade Evening Post, and who has attained a similar degree of infamy as a member of a fraudulent administration, is the author of the Chamber of Commerce report. Schurz is a free trade Mugwump, a violator of party allegiance and a confirmed believer in Great Britain's financial methods and system of governmental administration.

To the everlasting dishonor and disgrace of the Empire City the lifers of these janissaries prevailed and the National Government and military and naval armament of the United States was made the subject of derision and insolent interjections by these bargain counter statesmen.

In this hideous and infamous picture there is one bright ray which reconciles us to the belief that patriotism is not incompatible with commercial enterprise. Mr. Francis C. Moore, the spokesman of the small minority of patriots at the meeting, in the course of his speech rebuking the mercenary and selfish considerations which actuated the report, declared, amid jeers and interruptions, "I would rather see every dollar I have in the world piled up for fuel under the boilers of a battleship than to see this country take any other stand than accords with its dignity and self-respect."

All honor to this American patriot. His words ring with clarion resonance through the hearts of 99 per cent of the American people, stimulating their martial spirit and intensifying their devotion to their flag. When the finger of reproachful time shall have blotted out this shameful stain from the archives of the Chamber of Commerce the name and patriotic outburst of Francis C. Moore will be remembered as it is to-day applauded by a loyal, grateful and devoted people.

T. St. J. G.

Read Sunday's Journal.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you kindly give me an idea of the sort of poetry that Alfred Austin Austin, the new poet laureate, writes?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1896.

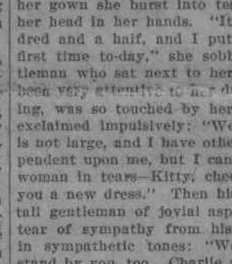
Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

There is a picture on the cover of Life this week which breathes, perhaps unconsciously, the spirit of the day. There are two figures—a man and a woman—and a fire. The man sits quietly in the corner chewing his cane. The fire evidently needs replenishing, and it is the woman in the picture who kneels before the grate, with a shovel in her hand.

There is a joke underneath the illustration, but that is not the joke.

* * *

He is a Staten Island anglo-maniac; I don't know whether the residential point of view makes him worse or better, but he is athletic, fond of sports and considers himself a bred-in-the-bone sportsman. They were speaking of the English Lord's late misunderstanding of boundaries and loads and that sort of thing, culminating in his recent flitting in and flitting out of the Port of New York in the sombre, mysterious manner of the bird which bears his name, or a part of it.



"Well," he said, "Dunraven had a right to say what he liked over there, you know, what he thought; you cawn't stop a man from thinkin'. Iselin was very nawsty—very nawsty. The idea of a man callin' a lord a blackguard and a liar, and a blank one at that!" and there was horror in his face. The woman to whom he was talking pushed a corner of her veil out of her eyes (they were sitting on deck in a rather stiff breeze—the real Staten Islander can sit out a gale), looked at him thoughtfully, and said:

"Well, he is, isn't he?" Yet she had a pale, churchly looking face.

* * *

At a table in a well-known place of refreshment frequented by the well-to-do pleasure-loving class, a party of four sat drinking imported beer from large steins and discussing the events of the day with easy familiarity. One of the party was a tall, well-made girl, who was handsomely dressed in a tailor-made gown of the kind that might easily have cost a hundred dollars. As the evening wore on, the young lady entered heartily into the enjoyment of the moment, and, while in the act of leaning over to speak to the lady who sat opposite to her, she contrived to spill a full stein of beer into her lap. As she saw the ruin of her gown she burst into tears and buried her head in her hands. "It cost one hundred and a half, and I put it on for the first time to-day," she sobbed. The gentleman who sat next to her and who had been very attentive to her during the evening, was so touched by her grief that he exclaimed impulsively: "Well, my income is not large, and I have others who are dependent upon me, but I can't see a pretty woman in tears—Kitty, cheer up; I'll buy you a new dress." Then his companion, a tall gentleman of jovial aspect, brushed a tear of sympathy from his eye and said in sympathetic tones: "Well, Kitty, I'll stand by you, too. Charlie and I will both stand by you, and if he does as he says he will and buys you a new dress, I'll buy you a new stein of beer."

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Mary E. Wilkins is one of the most unpretentious of literary women, and when she read in a recent issue of an English magazine a description of herself that made her out both youthful and pretty, she wrote and begged to have it corrected, as she was not young, she said, and had no pretension to beauty. She is supposed to be about thirty-seven years old.

The Dowager Duchess of Athol, who has served Queen Victoria as lady-in-waiting for forty-two years, is about to resign. She was Mistress of the Robes in the Earl Derby's first administration in 1852, and also under Lord Rosebery.

Dr. Melancthon Storrs, who has just been elected president of the Hartford Medical Society, was graduated from Yale in 1852. He was one of the foremost surgeons in the Union Army during the war.

Prince Kitashwakawa, who was commander of the guard of Japan, recently died in Formosa, and according to the curious custom of the country honors were showered upon him after death. The Emperor has promoted him to the rank of field marshal, has decorated him with the order of the Golden Kite and the Collar of the Imperial Chrysanthemum, and granted him an annual pension of 3,000 yen as a recognition of his services during the late war.

It is said in Washington that in choosing men for the Venezuelan Commission ex-Senator Edmunds was set aside because he had expressed a very positive opinion on the subject, and ex-Secretary Foster and ex-Minister Phelps were considered ineligible because they had conducted the case of this Government against Great Britain before the Paris tribunal, and therefore were thought to be persona non grata to Her Majesty's Government.

Sir Frederick Pollock, whom Harvard honored with an LL. D. last commencement, has not forgotten the distinction, and there is much praise of American jurists and American character in general in the article on the Harvard Law School which he contributed to the London Times.

A Coy Old Bachelor.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Bachelor David B. Hill has pulled through a number of leap years, but this one may fetch him.

A Cheering Fact.

[Syracuse Standard.]

There are no Presidential candidates among the Venezuelan Commission.

He Has the Price.

[Providence Evening Bulletin.]

The Hon. Levi P. Morton has plenty of money to make a vigorous campaign.

Our Costliest Luxury.

[Detroit Free Press.]

New York's municipal budget for this year is fixed at $42,000,000. Reform appears to be a very expensive article.

United We Stand.

[Boston Journal.]

For perhaps the first time in his political experience President Cleveland is now realizing what it means to have a united country behind him.

Talk Is Too Cheap.

[St. Louis Republic.]

So, it seems, we are to have nothing but talk over the currency. The Republicans have no remedy to offer.