

THE JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER. The official forecasts for today indicate that it will be cloudy, followed by light snow.

The Samoan news indicates that Germany is making Samoa trouble for us in those beautiful islands of the Pacific.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations sees Mr. Cleveland's Monroe Doctrine outburst and raises him the limit.

The State Comptroller shows in his annual report that the State tax rate will soon become very burdensome unless the creation of new State institutions is stopped.

And will the "Consolidated" metropolitan police bill, with commissioners for New York and Brooklyn, come with the violets of Spring? Think over that, Mr. President-Commissioner.

There is more progress made in the matter of legislation during the Saturday conferences which Mr. Platt has with his young men from Albany than throughout the rest of the week.

A party named Wellington is campaigning Maryland for a seat in the United States Senate. There's a herd of real Bonapartes in Baltimore, and a fantastic contemporary wants to trot one out at this crisis and arrange for a second Waterloo.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll has shown his appreciation of Chicago humor by announcing that he will accept the invitation of Pastor Rusk to speak in the Millant Church of that city on "What Should the Christian Church do for the Betterment of Mankind?"

A correspondent, evidently an Englishman from the character of his humor, writes to ask if Harrison's determination to lead Mrs. Dimmick "to the altar is unalterable." The soul that would call that a joke would have sided with Jameson in the Transvaal.

Uncle Sam is a thorough sportsman. Having heard that there is a possibility of an international shooting season being opened, he has made a contract for the construction of 4,400 eight-inch shells, the largest order ever given by the Government in time of peace.

COAST DEFENCES AT LAST. The Anglo-American crisis will be a force for one act of beneficence. It has furnished the impelling motive which is leading with gratifying rapidity to the perfection of our long neglected coast defences.

For a real defence of the coasts has certainly begun. The Ordnance Department is working night and day, and in a fortnight has delivered as many good guns of modern type at important ports as heretofore in a generation.

The alarm—the general recognition of our practically defenceless state, which has prevailed since a possible naval war loomed up—has started into action all the immense resources which the United States has allowed to lie idle for so many years.

Guns which the Ordnance Department was authorized to deliver long ago have lain forgotten, and might have remained so for another quarter of a century. But the reiteration of the notion that a dozen or more important ports of the Union could be visited in as many days by a hostile fleet, and made to suffer severely, has borne good fruit.

Dynamite guns of the latest type have been placed in position here and there. That New York City is not amply defended by them to-day is because the guns tried here have not been found of a sufficiently high type. San Francisco is said to be so well provided that an inimical fleet trying to enter the port could be ground to powder under a rain of five hundred-pound masses of dynamite.

Other first-class ports are trying the dynamite guns—just as England herself is trying them at the mouth of the Thames—with reasonable success.

The United States had a large number of ordinary cannon suitable for coast defences, and these will be put into position with rapidity. We were richer far in defensive material than was supposed, and soon we shall be in very creditable condition. A "coast guard" should be enlisted, and kept busy. New battle ships should be contracted for, and their construction pushed forward. A little more enterprise should be shown by the Engineering Department in building batteries or the guns which we already possess, and for those to come. New York should be properly defended at once.

We presently shall have no need to indulge in complaints of our own negligence. A few months hence the great ports will be properly protected. Then let us see to it that the little ones are thoroughly defended. Let us make it dangerous for an enemy's fleet to attempt hostile operations on the Atlantic or the Pacific coasts of the United States.

Since questions of national politics are being settled at No. 49 Broadway, the office of ex-Senator Platt, it might not be amiss to remind any statesmen who are superstitious that 4 and 9, the figures in 49, together make thirteen. It is to be hoped, however, that no ill luck will befall the Morton boom because of this.

GENERAL PALMA'S APPEAL. The eloquent and striking statement by General Estrada Palma, the envoy to this country from the new Republic of Cuba, of the way in which Cubans have fought old Spain since the beginning of the last uprising, published in the Journal on Sunday, ought to decide all Americans who are still hesitating that the time has come for the recognition of the new Government.

The Cuban revolution has not been in existence quite a year, but its army has grown from a few hundreds to more than 50,000, and it has overrun the island, and compelled the retirement of Campos, who has had at his disposition 123,000 soldiers and a fleet of fifty war vessels. The insurgent forces have menaced the capital and have placed the Spaniards on the defensive.

What more can be wanted to make it clear that they are entitled to recognition as belligerents? Why wait until Spain establishes a blockade, and perhaps has the aid of some strong European power in so doing? There are nations in Europe which would be very much afraid of losing the money annually paid to them by Spain as interest on her immense indebtedness if Cuba should throw off the yoke, and they would not hesitate to aid the old country to discipline her colony. It is from Cuba that Spain draws most of the revenue which she disburses in interest payments, but which she might just as well get at home if she would have the enterprise to develop the long-neglected Peninsula. It would be shameful to see old Europe coercing a young American nation to make it shoulder the debts of a broken down country which has barbarously oppressed it for four hundred years. General Palma's appeal will be heeded.

Queen Victoria is becoming addicted to the letter-writing habit. Not only has she written to Emperor William and the Sultan, but now it is said she has addressed the Empress Frederick, mother of the Kaiser, relative to the Transvaal affair. These efforts to help out Salisbury suggest the thought that Her Majesty may see fit soon to send a highly perfumed note to President Cleveland asking about the health of the Monroe Doctrine.

THE CASE PLAINLY STATED. Andrew D. White, one of the United States commissioners for the examination of the boundaries between Venezuela and British Guiana, in his speech at the dinner of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, on Saturday evening, summed up in very felicitous fashion the average sentiment of this country concerning the Anglo-American difficulty. He said: "Of all calamities to the world which one can imagine, there can hardly be anything more fearful than a war between the two great English speaking nations. Indeed, nothing could be worse, unless it were the relinquishment of international righteousness, or the sacrifice of the just position of our country and of the self-respect of its citizens."

This gives the whole thing in a nutshell. There are principles which must be maintained even at the cost of war. But the United States want no war, and will do everything in their power to avert it, except to sacrifice their clearly established principles.

By devoting nearly all of his speech on "Agriculture and Commerce" at the Board of Trade dinner to a discussion of the impression that he considers the long green of Uncle Sam's money a product of a national truck garden, and therefore within the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture.

TO TAX THE "SWEATER." Congressman Sulzer's bill for the taxing of the "sweat shops" is certainly a very ingenious measure for driving them out of existence. The face of a "contractor" who is about to turn three small rooms in a tenement house into a "sweating" establishment would be a curious study if one could see it directly after he had been told that he was liable to a tax of \$300. The announcement would frighten him almost into hysterics.

The money penalty is the only one which this race of slave-drivers understands and dreads. Vigorously enforce such a law as this for six months, and the East Side would be free from one of the greatest pests which ever injured the health and morals of its hard-working populations.

It would be gratifying to see the "sweater" under the control of the internal revenue. He would display almost as much ingenuity as the "moonshiner" in attempts to evade it, but he would soon give that up. The little proviso in Congressman Sulzer's bill about paying the tax in advance ought

to reduce the number of "sweat shops" by two-thirds in a single year. It is to be hoped that the bill will become a law.

Sheriff Tamsen says the story that the men who escaped from Ludlow Street Jail had pistols is false. That is immaterial, for it wasn't pistols, but the burglars who went off.

AMONG THE CYCLES. It is hard for the visitor to the dazzling and varied exhibition of cycles at the Madison Square Garden to realize that the bicycle came into general use in 1879, and that the League of American Wheelmen was founded in 1880. Since then a mighty industry has grown up with a rapidity that has been equalled by nothing except the advance of electricity. There is no community so remote, no country road so hidden among the hills, that a merry cyclist may not be found there whizzing along, and beguiling the way by discussing the merits of a dozen different patterns of bicycle.

And what an infinite variety of these dainty vehicles have sprung from the fertile inventive genius of America! The exhibition shows a startling range of variation upon this simple principle of the skeleton vehicle with noiseless tire, propelled by the rider, and maintaining its equilibrium in the most marvellous manner. It even displays the bicycle adapted to carrying a Maxim gun! Fancy the modern African trader confronting the unruly tribe whose King does not wish him to pass through their village with one of these instruments!

The sprightly little bicycle has not only built up a colossal industry, but it has given hundreds of thousands of people a passion for exercise, for travel on the pleasant country routes, for inspiring "spins" which fill the lungs with fresh air, and make the good red blood bound merrily in the veins. It is the prime mover for good roads; it keeps whole armies of young men out of mischief; it emancipates the coy maiden from the stuffy parlor, and gives her a new interest in life. No wonder a fabulous number of millions are already invested in bicycles, and the competitive display of them fills one of the largest halls in the world.

When General Harrison was in New York last Spring, getting his portrait painted, the political guessers explained his long visit by saying that he was flirting with a Presidential nomination. It now appears, however, that it wasn't a flirtation, but a sincere courtship which delayed his return home.

ANALYZE THE DIVIDENDS. Gothamites should prepare themselves to believe that their visions are clouded, and that eyes hitherto trustworthily have been dimmed by atmospheric changes. It will no longer be safe to trust the senses, for Colonel Hain, the king of the "L" and monarch of super-Mathattan palace cars, has undertaken to prove that elevated trains at night are lighted to the brilliancy of Battery Park beneath mid-summer rays at noon. He will not do this by affidavits, Senatorial investigation, or testimony by experts from the region of the Aurora Borealis, but by analysis—not of the lights, but of the oil used. The State Board of Health has been called upon to do the analyzing, and samples have been sent to Albany in an air-proof tank, surrounded by armor plate and asbestos.

It is hard to tell what Colonel Hain expects to prove, unless it is that all New York doesn't know what it is talking about when poor lights are complained of. An official analysis of the oil will be interesting, of course, but not convincing even if it is pronounced "O. K." Too many persons have watched the flickering flame within a smoked chimney to be led to believe that the oil in the little brass lamps is up to standard test, even if the State Board of Health puts its seal of approval on a transparency in front of every light.

A better plan would be to analyze the "L" road dividends, and determine therefrom if the company is not able to provide a better system of lighting.

Those purblind ones who claim that trade is never affected by politics might be pointed to the fact that quotations on sandbags and the common knuckle duster of commerce have climbed 10 points on the Chicago Boards since the committee decided to take the next Democratic Convention to that farsighted mart.

Having failed to get the Republican National Convention to meet in Pittsburgh, the people of that place are organizing a new party, to be called the National party, the conventions of which will probably be held in the different wards of the city in turn. Pittsburgh may be smoky, but it never allows the overhanging cloud to hide its enterprise.

It makes no difference to us whether or not England sends her flying squadron to the Bermudas or to Trinidad or to Zanibar. She has a perfect right to increase her ships in American waters, and all that we can do is to inquire politely what it means. When we inquire she will at once say "Beg pardon," and shift their position. The thing for us to do is to be ready for the unexpected. A policy of waiting for something to turn up is dangerous. It will not do to take it for granted that the peace talk settles the whole affair amicably. The English Foreign Office does not pay any attention to manifestations outside of its magic circle.

The Girl in Green and Her Future Mother-in-Law.

"Well, how do you like your future mother-in-law?" asked the girl in red.

"Oh, don't speak of her! Yesterday afternoon was the most awful period of my life!" groaned the girl in green.

"My goodness!" gasped the girl in red. "You don't mean to say that she snubbed you?"

"Nothing of the kind; I—" "Then she told you that she hoped you really appreciated Harry, and gave a list of his favorite dishes, and the remedies to be immediately applied in case he catches cold? M'h'm! I suspected as much when I heard that his mother lived in New Jersey."

"No; it was not that, at all. You see, I—" "Had to promise that she should live with you? I knew that was the way it would be! Well, you needn't expect me to visit you the first year, that is all. If there is one thing I detest, it is—"

"Will you listen to me a moment?" shrieked the girl in green. "She is not to live with us! She doesn't want to live with us. She—"

"Humph! Well, keep your eye on her if she is gushing and says you are just the kind of a girl she has always wanted him to marry. A mother-in-law who begins by being evil will end by—"

"She did not say anything of the kind! It was this way: Harry wanted me to meet his mother, as I told you the other day, and as she was coming to town to do some shopping yesterday, he thought it would be a good chance. He had intended to bring her to see me, but was called to Philadelphia on important business, the evening before he bought two tickets for the matinee at—"

"Oh, I see! You were to sit side by side and learn to be a real mother and daughter in the space of three acts? Not a bad idea—for a man!"

"I thought it a very good one, and oh, what a time I had getting ready! My hair just wouldn't curl, and at the last minute I found there was a button off my glove, and I knew she would scold me for that. Harry's garments would never keep an equal name of class, but he had holes, and I was sewing them up, the evening before he bought two tickets for the matinee at—"

"That settles it. I shall get a husband from an orphan asylum or remain unwed. Go on, dear."

"By running a block I caught my car and reached the theatre in time; but, oh, Eunice, I couldn't find my ticket anywhere!"

"Wasn't it? Harry had drawn a diagram of the house, showing me just where we were to sit, and so I told the man at the door. I wanted him to let me in without a ticket, but the horrid thing wouldn't do it."

"Why didn't you—" "I offered to give the seat right up if anybody came to claim it, but he wouldn't agree to that. Then I tried to find out if she was there yet. I asked him if a lady with gray hair, wearing a sea-skin cape, had passed in. He said, as well as he could tell, 250 of them had! Wasn't that rude?"

"Awfully. Harry should speak to the manager of the house."

"I shall tell him so. Well, I rushed out and telephoned to Harry, but of course he was still in Philadelphia, and the typewriter didn't know a thing about the tickets—typewriters are always so stupid. I asked her to look among his private papers to see if there were any more tickets there, but she said she didn't like to do it. The idea!"

"Absurd. What did you do next?" "I think I cried a little. There was a real nice woman at the theatre lobby, and she said if she was in my place she would go right home, look for the ticket and hurry back for the last act. Such a good idea. I had never thought of that!"

"And did you act on it?" "I did, and Oh, the way home seemed a thousand miles. I was almost wild lest she take a fancy that I did not want to meet her, and so become prejudiced against me."

"Why, look here, Louise, why didn't you just buy a ticket as near as you could to her seat and—"

"Why, I never once thought of that; so I might!"

"Of course. Well, I suppose you remembered just where your ticket was as soon as you reached home?"

"Why, no; I couldn't remember a thing about it after Harry said he had bought it. However, I—"

"Couldn't you find it, after all?" "Yes. What I found was a special delivery letter from Harry, enclosing the ticket—it had come just after I left. You see, he had forgotten to give it to me at all."

"Rumph. And I suppose you had to rush back to the theatre like mad!" "Well, no. You see, there was also a telegram from his mother, saying that she was ill and had to put off her trip until next week, so—"

"Stuff. You take my advice, my dear," said the girl in red, "and break with Harry at once. If they begin to impose on you now it will be awful by and by. You won't? Very well, then, don't say that I failed to warn you in time!"

Will Lose Nothing. [Washington News.] A solid McKim delegation is indicated as Mississippi's probable choice for the National Convention, but because it is a contribution to distorted human imagination must be permitted to dream that it isn't to be well paid by the Mississippi State, that it is going to lose nothing.

More or Less in the Public Eye. The French Legation at Washington is in receipt of a handsome portrait of Mme. Patrice, fresh from the hands of the artist Benjamin Constant, who was in town a part of last winter as a guest of the Embassy.

Congressman Miles Crowley, of Galveston, Tex., would furnish material for a highly spiced novel, if he has been a cowboy, a stevedore and finally a lawyer. According to his own account, his business at one time was that of a tramp, and many a time he has been in the cell of a prison.

It is remarked in Washington that Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, has been more conspicuous socially since the Venezuelan dispute than ever before. His extraordinary liveliness, his manners are delightful and he is one of the most, if not actually the most, popular of all diplomats at the capital.

Theodore Roosevelt, Charles J. Bonaparte and some prominent Democrats are to be invited to address the Maryland Legislature on the subject of reforms in elections and in the Civil Service.

M. Legeron, the "father" of the French Academy, is eighty-eight years of age, and has just been made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

The Queen of Italy, who is never idle, is now reading material for a highly spiced novel, if she has been a cowboy, a stevedore and finally a lawyer.

Kicker O'Mullin, Cleveland and Cuba.

Washington, Jan. 19.—"About this Cuba bit, Mul," says d' President, "youse has to go slow. I don't do for a look to go long in 'revo'gublin' every old fake of a revolution; he's liable to strike somethin' an' place off. S'pose d' revolution peters; Mister Swift-Sucker gets d' world-wide laugh, see!"

"But now's d' time to stack in," I retorts. "Now's d' hour for a t'ousand plunks."

"I was layin' for his Royal Niblets to recognize Cuba as a belligerent. We're at d' White House in d' Cab'net room. Say! d' White House ain't no great joint; oh, no! an' d' Cab'net room? It ain't no peach, I don't think."

"But dere's a mob of marks," goes on d' President, "whose dead sore on me; an' the minute I turns d' trick for Cuba or starts d' ball 'trollin' in Congress, dese blokes 'll dash dere Roosevelt an' go to growlin' an' blin' an' jumpla' always at me. I tips it to you, dat about d' message youse is 'temptin' to provoke freelin' Cuba, its got to be gone to dead sluggish, see! If we turns loose too gay an' preevous, we may get it blug' in the neck."

"But dese R'publican stiff's may get in their graft an' open d' pot demselv', I says. "They may put in d' first bluff an' thru's us down. They may recognize Cuba, mobby 't' mobby."

"I tumbles to all that," says d' President, "but we've has to take d' chance. We mustn't get too dead fresh an' pull on our skates b'fore d' ice 'll hold us up, see?"

"D' ice is O. K.," I remarks; for I noticed d' President's out 't' cop a metaphor onto me an' I thru's it back to show him I'm on, an' dead up with the push. "D' whole American public 's been siddin' on that ice for weeks, an' if 't' hold d' nation, 't'll not break in wid us."

"But what'll we base d' play on, Mul?" says d' President, "cuckoo! his mop wid d' furrows of 't'ought."

"Base her on this sucker Campos screwin' his nut," I says. "D' Campos has got Campos chasin' himself, he's on the run; base it on doze. I don't want to break it off dead rode an' abrupt, but it's d' best of d' hum wid this revolution right now; an' if we don't get in we're barred, see!"

"But Spain?" says d' President. "D' minute we're say 'Howdy' to Cuba Spain won't do a 't'ing but let her hair down her back, give a screech an' jump straddle on our neck. You never bent your peeps on that view, Mul?"

"Oh, yes, I did," I says, stickin' to him. "An' if Spain made any rankinobreaks about me actions, I'd give her a welt in the nose, same as I did McCarty, when I recognized d' independence of Mrs. McCarty."

"Who's Mrs. McCarty?" he says; "that chip's a new one to me. Wot's she got 't' do wid Cuba?"

"D' cases is parallelogram 't' each other," I remarks. "D' case of Cuba's a dead ringer for Mrs. McCarty's."

"Put me on," says d' President. "As easy as a dog chasin' his tail," I says. "McCarty was an old hand over in d' Air. Always ushin' an' no good, was d' McCarty. His wife use 't' grab off washin' for a livin'; she has an old dink tub and washboard, an' she'd make a rustle of a bar of soap somewhere, an' as I says, she goes wallopin' 'round washin' for what she can strike."

"Continue," says the President, as I spars a minute for wind. "I'm consounded wid interest."

"Well, this blast McCarty," I goes on, "is a dead like mark, an' don't do a 't'ing but booz. An' instead of toutin' for the game an' tryin' to steer some washin' in 'agst' t'ough her. All the neighbors, includin' meself, has our lumps on the racket an' we was wonderin' what we could do to help Mrs. McCarty. At last the time comes, same as it has with Cuba."

"One night McCarty cops a sneak on Mrs. McCarty's little bundle of dough while d' old chip's plundin' her ear. This was 'bout the 'steenth time McCarty had skinned the damper the same way. No matter how fly the old girl would be plantin' her roll, McCarty would spring it. I s'pose he pipes her off when she hunts a cover for the wad; I twigs no other way he'd be on."

"That's it, 't' go 't' life," says d' President. "McCarty shadows her when she makes the safety play with her stuff. After she drops dead each night he goes an' digs for it. See? G'wan with yer recital."

"The next mornin' Mrs. McCarty," I goes on, "fronts up to me an' says: 'Mull, I've seprated from that raparee McCarty. I'm in a state of rev'ltion. Will yer recognize me independence?'"

"I will," says I. "Then lind me ten cases for a mont', I says she."

"An' with that, makin' me blinn' good—I s'kins me roll for ten bones an' forks it across to her."

"Y're a hard workin' old chip," I says, "an' 't' go you."

"An' 't' go you says about Spain—when McCarty hears I've recognized the independence of his wife, he tanks up an' comes after me to do me. McCarty said he could 't'ump me in a walk."

"Did he conquer you, Mul?" asks d' President. "No, 't' your life," I says. "I was too heavy a hod of brick for McCarty. The drunken little sucker blows up aginst me an' says: 'Mull, did yer recognize the independence of Mrs. McCarty?'"

"I did," I says; "an' I stakes her ten plunks besides."

"An' then the mucker says he's out to put a roof on me, an' with that I gives him a swift push in the face."

"I 'tumped every McCarty," I says, "bechux the Rock of Cashel an' the Cove of Cork before I quit the old country," an' when I got done, McCarty looks like a pound of beef. The sucker didn't take a second as a drink of whiskey."

"That's a dead good parable, Mul," says d' President when I suspends me yawp, "an' 't' 't'ink it over how 't' work in this Cuba play. Meanwhile, as talkin' 'll never free Ireland, s'pose you an' me breaks a cold small hot bechux us?"

KICKER O'MULLIN. [Washington News.] The news that comes from Chicago that a business man there was robbed on a street car does not excite incredulity; it is entirely probable that the inhabitants are practicing their dexterity on one another, simply to get in training for the entertainment of a national convention.

Ten Arguments. [Boston Journal.] The ten desperate counterfeiter's captured in New York are ten arguments in favor of the restriction of immigration. Every one of them was a foreigner, who had been a criminal before he came to this country.

There's Still Hope. [Grand Rapids Herald.] New York has failed in getting the Republican and Democrat conventions. It should now try for the Populist or A. P. A. convention. It might get one of them.

Literary Mind-Reading at Long Range.

A very interesting exhibition of long-distance mind reading was given in a private parlor of the Hotel Scotland recently by Professor Goussard, the eminent Scandinavian scientist, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of second sight, mind reading and other of the little understood phenomena of life.

The Professor was aided in his experiments by a young lady, whom he threw into a trance by passing his hands across her face. Then taking her hand in his he said: "Now, Fatima, tell us what you see." "My spirit is in the company of the great writers of the age," replied the young girl dreamily.

"I am floating through space with the speed of thought. Now I am in Paris, seated beside a man whom I recognize as the head of a great magazine that is published in Union Square, New York. I can see that he has a poetic face, with deep, expressive eyes and rather long hair. He is writing something on a sheet of pink paper."

"What is he writing?" asked the Professor. "I think it will be a sonnet in due course of time, but as yet he has only written three words," replied Fatima.

"What are the words? Can you see them?" "Yes, it is indeed a sonnet," continued the young girl, after a moment's pause; "the words are 'As one who'."

A murmur of surprise went round the room, and then Fatima went on: "I am back in New York, in the studio of a man who has a clean cut profile and a handsome gray mustache. He is painting a picture on a sheet of paper that exactly matches his mustache, and as he paints, he writes to a stenographer."

"Very good," interrupted the Professor. "The picture is just begun, you say?" "I cannot tell. He has just begun it."

"What is the dictating to the stenographer?" "He is saying: 'Of course, sah, yo' must admit that the Baltimore' women are unsurpassed for beauty, sah, but by gravty, sah, I have seen in the cable cirt this very morning a woman, sah, who might be the peer of any beauty in Cyperus.'" "Very good," interrupted the Professor. "The picture is just begun, you say?"

"It is finished now—a lovely view of Venice by moonlight—and he is preparing to go to work on another. Now I am across the water again in a little Scotch hamlet that nestles beside Loch Toddy, under the shadow of Craig Oatmeal. All the adult males in the village are writing for their life, and the agents of the publishing houses are urging them to turn out more copy. It was once a village of clergy-men and weavers, but now the looms are silent and the pulpit cushions full of dust. Nothing can be heard in the cottages but the scratching of the pens while the manufacture of Scotch dialect literature goes briskly on. I am looking over the shoulder of the Reverend Sandy McSlob, who is just writing these garbled words:

"How moon, can ye nee spile the bonny braes of Jane?" "I'll gang awa with ye, laddie," replied the laird, sullenly, and then added under his breath, "We luvt 'llkither weel, but Tammas has ta'en his part like a mon!"

"That's enough," interrupted the Professor, hastily. "Now come back to plain United States, and tell us something about the literary movement in New York. Do you see anybody moving?" "Yes," replied Fatima, slowly, "I see a great building in Franklin square that looks like a furniture factory. It is full of literary movement, for there is a steam engine in the basement and a complete corps of writers on every floor. At a desk near a window sits a young poet hard at work—probably on some lay or other."

The young girl paused, and the spectators crowded more closely about her in their eagerness to hear her words. "Go on," said the professor, kindly. "What is he writing?" "He is writing a very able review of a remarkably able book."

"For what paper is the gifted young poet writing the review?" asked one of the company. "For that organ of higher criticism and good taste, Harper's Bazar," replied Fatima.

"Is it a favorable review?" "It is extremely favorable."

"By whom is the book published?" "It is not published by the Harper Brothers," and at this astounding revelation the company burst into a storm of applause which awoke Fatima from her trance and brought the sentence to a sudden end.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. Apply to the Civil Service Commission. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Can you tell me what studies are necessary and where I can obtain application blank for the Civil Service examination to enter the Customs House? Yours truly, O. C. S. Jan. 9, 1896.

Competitive examinations for positions in the Customs House are classified and the requirements therefor. Specific information can be had from the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, fifth floor of the Federal Building.

War Only Can Decide. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Please decide. A bet is that in case of war our forts would be able to withstand the bombardment of the English men-of-war and that England would destroy our forts and bombard several of our cities. Please give your opinion and oblige. W. J. BENDER, Elizabeth, N. J., Jan. 10, 1896.

In the opinion of naval experts and of General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the Third United States Army, our coast defences are inefficient. It has been alleged that every seaport town from Portland to Key West could be seized to the ground by a hostile fleet of modern warships.

Consult a Book of Games. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Recently I bought the game of "bagatelle" and lost the direction for playing. Could you tell me how to play it? Also, what game is this which is sold on the "push carts?" H. DODD, New York, Dec. 20, 1895.

The number of games sold from "push carts" is countless as the sands of the sea.

Two Famous Paintings. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Your art supplement of Sunday, October 21, 1895, suggests a way to learn something of the two old engravings we have had at least sixty years—"The Battle of Bunker Hill" and "The Death of Montcalm." They were from paintings by Trumbull and painted by him in New York, January, 1808, size 13x19. If you can forward my letter to the artist, I will confer a great favor on Mrs. JOHN WHITE, West Troy, Jan. 15, 1896.

These two historical pictures were Trumbull's first and best. Visitors to the Capitol at Washington will find them hung on the east wall of the rotunda, representing the "Declaration of Independence." The "Surrender of Burgoyne" is the "Surrender of Cornwallis" and the "Resignation at Washington at Annapolis." For these Trumbull received \$32,000.