

THE JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER.

The official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy, with light snows and north-east winds.

The Spanish soldiers in Cuba—the infantry—are howling for horses. Gomez is now so close that the pedestrians are getting nervous.

All New Yorkers will be truly thankful that it is Atlantic City and not Coney Island that is in danger of being lexowed.

Continued weather like New York has been having this season will establish the city's fame as a Winter as well as a Summer resort.

Tom Reed declines confinement in any penitentiary at this crisis, and is training for his troubles as "New England's Favorite Son."

An adherent rises to explain that Senator Allison is conducting a gumshoe boom as an explanation of why so little is heard of his chances.

It would not be surprising if the warships of the mysterious flying squadron were to leave port stern first as evidence of Great Britain's willingness to back down.

It would seem as if it were high time for the enforcement of the saloon limit law when in one place in this city there are twenty saloons within two hundred feet of a church.

State Senator Musbach, of Virginia, is entitled to the thanks of all his fellow-citizens for taking steps to crush the infant industry of bucket shop dealing within the old Dominion State.

A Fond du Lac couple have gone on a bear hunt as a wedding trip. The way they feel, it applies to ashes that either one outthugs the bear if they meet.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew, well and pleasantly known by his political nom de guerre of "D' Peach," is making a profound study of the history and breeding of the Presidential dark horse.

Our sapient Legislature is considering a bill to compel the sales in Saratoga, New York to close their shops on Sunday. This would be more stupid, if possible, than the bill which exempted those towns.

That thoughtful, sage young feeder, Comptroller Eckels, batted recently at Chicago. While Comptroller Eckels's banqueting season is now fairly begun, he would like it announced that he has still several open dates.

Carrying coals to New Castle is a profitable and sensible business compared with the present diversion of the financiers who are sending gold abroad to pay for yellow metal imported to buy bonds.

Referring to the report of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs relative to the Monroe Doctrine, the London Globe says that if American statesmen don't look out they will find themselves "face to face with a situation that could only be described as appalling." Is it possible that Johnny Bull is thinking of sending over a force to close the Capitol case?

NO CHANCE FOR MISTAKE.

From an American point of view nothing seems more natural and proper than that the Senate should restate, reaffirm, amplify and emphasize the Monroe Doctrine. The practically unanimous acceptance by the nation of President Cleveland's statement of the matter shows how near it lies to the hearts of the people. Why should Congress express the popular sentiment, and convince the world that we are just as much in earnest now as we were seventy-three years ago, in our desire to prevent further encroachments by European powers in the Western Hemisphere?

The way to maintain a policy is to define, assert, and stick to it. The way to keep it safe from the trickery of nations which suffer from "earth hunger" is to put in all the specifications. We fall to see what effect it can give Great Britain for Uncle Sam to specify that European powers (mostly monarchical, our excellent friend France always excepted) shall not try "through force, purchase, cession, occupation, pledge, colonization, protectorate, or by control of the easement in canal or any other means of transit across the American Isthmus," to seize and convert to its own uses any South American territory.

The world is wide, and this is our side of it. We propose to control the Nicaragua Canal, which will furnish the shortest water way between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. We do not intend to be hemmed in, or harassed by foreign fortresses. Why not have the courage to say so? There is not a single one of our trade interests which will be permanently injured by any such declaration. If we are not bold enough to seize our opportunity now,

we shall miss it forever, and shall deserve our fate. The opposition in the Senate to the enlarged and more precise statement of the Monroe Doctrine will be only anodyne in character. No Senator wishes to collide sharply with national opinion. The voicing of the enlarged policy which has been understood for a generation to be ours can but increase the respect of Europe for us. There will be no chance for mistakes and misinterpretations now.

THE DUTY OF CONGRESS—RECOGNITION FOR CUBA.

By yesterday's poll of House and Senate the Journal demonstrated that Congress stands eight to one in favor of the immediate recognition of Cuban Independence. Why, then, should action be delayed? Upon what reason do we hesitate? When Spain withdraws Campos she admits the success of revolution. What she may hereafter do before formal admission of Cuban Independence is wrung from her will be mere vengeance. Practically Spain is beaten. Cuba free and the calling home of Campos is Spanish concession of the fact.

At this crisis American hesitation should cease. Recognition of Cuba as a nation by the United States should be prompt and full. It should not wait, but come at once. Dignity demands it, diplomacy consents to it, humanity would be served by it, and justice and right argue for and urge it with a hundred cogent reasons.

Cuban recognition is not only countenanced by international propriety and pleaded for by the peace of a hemisphere, but if granted now it will save the flowing of much blood.

With the going of Campos and the coming of his successor—a successor selected for that he spills blood as cruelly as a tiger—Spain abandons her struggle to put down revolution and begins a crime. It is as if a building were burning, Spain suspends her efforts to subdue the flames to turn all her energies to rapine, loot and murder. Beginning now, Spain enters upon a campaign of atrocity the purpose whereof is murder and the object revenge.

All this will be saved and stayed if America interferes by Cuban recognition. Other nations, following American example, would also recognize a government in the Antilles. The Cuban status would change, and Spain, if she were not discouraged to complete withdrawal by the general action of the world, would at least find herself so differently positioned that her further operations in Cuba would have to meet and match with civilized standards.

The recognition of Cuban independence by this country is not now so much a matter of good nature as one of right. The Cubans have fought hard for it, and won it with their wounds. To deny it now would be a mighty dishonor and a great wrong—a wrong all the greater because of the weak such recognition would buckler and the innocent it would save from the blood-hungry Spaniard about to have them in his power.

Were one to seek a reason why the United States should hesitate he would find none. The American public would hail Cuban recognition by Congress with cheers; that Cuba be recognized is its dearest wish and wish. Nor has Spain the least of lien or claim upon the kindness of this country. She has no friendship for us, gives us no good will, is ignorant of us, suspicious of us, hateful and inimical to us. Her loss of Cuba, too, is a cup of her own brewing. How has she governed it? Or, rather, misgoverned it? With scarce 800,000 people of taxable sort in Cuba, of whom 100,000 might be expected to stand as family heads for the rest, Spain has extorted taxes to an amount of over \$20,000,000 a year. Spain claimed \$12,000,000 annually as a fashion of war debt for putting down the last Cuban revolution; \$3,000,000 Spain took to support the army she kept in Cuba to subvert Cuban and choke down Cuban aspiration for liberty; the balance went to pay officials of civil kind.

And these officials—and this is not the least of Cuban evils—must all be natives of Spain. No Cuba-born man can hold an office or serve in the slightest of civil capacities, or draw a public dollar as a salary.

One hundred and twenty years ago Americans preferred the worst that war might bring rather than be taxed where they were not represented. Let them grow some sympathy, then, for a struggling neighbor who tears a leaf from their book. Let them recognize Cuban independence, already practically consented to by Spain, and once in a way do unto another as over a century ago they would have had others do unto them. Were Congress wise, just and politic, it would wait no longer before extending the right hand of American sympathy and American recognition to the brave little island which has fought so hard and so well for her rights.

THIS MUCH FOR NEW YORK.

The announcement that the party leaders have decided upon New York City as the place for holding the Republican State Convention to name the delegates-at-large to the National Convention is a little victory at least, although Chicago may sneer at us and say we wouldn't have got it had the Windy City been a part of the Empire State. From St. Louis, too, may come the claim that it was only geographical objections which kept Platt, Lauderbach and the rest of them from going to the Mount City; and even Pittsburg, the city of smoke and speak easies, proud of its distinction for having been selected as the National Convention city by the Prohibitionists, may send its congratulations to Gotham in these words: "We're glad you got a State convention, at least."

New York will be contented with what it gets, however, and after all a Republican State convention will be a big event this year, for at its sessions the Morton boom will be given its formal launching. The ceremony will give Gothamites a chance to test their lungs and their enthusiasm. The cheers they give for the Republican choice of the Empire State will penetrate the woods of Maine, the fields of Ohio and the prairies of Indiana. They may do more toward influencing delegates in the choice of a candidate than the tariff speeches of McKinley, the rulings of Reed or the record of Harrison. So, in New York City may be made the selection which in St. Louis will be simply ratified.

Now let the Democrats come to New York City with their State Convention, and we will hurl derision in volumes at Chicago and St. Louis.

There is probably no truth in the rumor that England proposes to offer Venezuela a million sterling (\$5,000,000) to recognize the Schomburgk line. If it were true, England would have forgotten that Venezuela cannot, under her Constitution, alienate any portion of her territory. This little fact seems to have been forgotten in most of the

disquisitions on a possible understanding. Venezuela will not give up an inch that belongs to her.

It is a fact calculated to excite a lively interest that there are in Brooklyn four clerks to the Board of Audit, at \$4 a day each, in spite of the fact that there is, according to Judge Gaynor, no Board of Audit. To complete the humor of the situation, it is only necessary to add that the four have been suing the city for higher salaries. And really such monumental nerve demands more adequate compensation.

SARAH BERNHARDT in "Izeyl."

Who said Sarah had grown fat? Who is it that uttered the ignominious charge? Let him utter it again, I submit him on the proscenium stage, for he deserves the punishment. "La grasse perle en femme" is Sarah's motto, and as she glided upon the stage of Abbey's Theatre last night, in stunner, serpentine stoutness we saw the same twinkling emanation that we adored in the early eighties; that our children will probably admire in the faint nineties. Oh, lean and languorous Sarah!

The tragedienne is unchanged. Many women at her age sit tattling, with a stray grandchild or so at the knee, reading improving stories about good little girls and naughty little boys. Sarah wots nothing of the third generation. She appeared last night as an amorous, lissome courtesan, distinctly improper, radiantly youthful, and dangerous as ever to the masculine mind. This time, though, instead of showing us the modern tubercular, cod-liver-oil heroine of Dumas's imagination, she appeared reeking with mystic Buddhism, in a four-act drama by Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand, called "Izeyl." She dawned upon us on the public square of Kaplavastou, an Indian city in the northwest of the kingdom of Sulu.

It was hundreds of years before the Christian era, but Sarah didn't care a hang. There were courtesans in those days, and that is the only point that interests Sarah. If there had been a courtesan with Noah in the Ark, Sarah would have the Ark dramatized, and make her appearance on the summit of Mount Ararat, with Shem, Ham, Japhet, and the pigeons and doves.

"Izeyl" professes to be a drama that is mystic and deep, with the eerie religiosity of 2,400 years ago. If Henry Arthur Jones had written it we should be shocked. People would cry out, as they did at "Michael and His Lost Angel," the other night, "Sacrilege! Sacrilege! Sacrilege!"

She author would have been accused of dragging Siddhartha, son of the Rajah Suddhodana into the glare of the foot-lights just to confront him with the lady with a past, and give her a chance to "get in her fine work," as Chinmule might say. And the fact that Siddhartha is not imaginary would have added to the crime. It would have been as though Mr. Jones had deliberately taken, let us say, Father Ducey, and held him up to be tempted by Viola Allen.

Fortunately, however, "Izeyl" is French, and that while the intellect (minus a libretto) doesn't grasp, can never reddien the New York cheeks of shame. The people at Abbey's last night want to see Sarah Stryker. They want to inspect the tumbler that she always turns on in her third acts, and as "Izeyl" was played in a foreign language, they were not obliged to understand it, just as they were not obliged to understand the silly pretentiousness of some of Yvette Guilbert's songs. It mattered little to them that Sylvestre and Morand, despairing of anything new for Sarah in the line of dramatic proselitism, had delved into Buddhism, and imagined the temptation of Siddhartha, founder of the faith.

"Izeyl" is, in point of fact, a drama of Buddhism, simply because Parkhurst has become rather fatiguing. The authors have managed to weave an interesting but a morbid play, with dull first and second acts, but with a strong Sarah third act, in which the Bernhardt can scatter her tumultuous volubility in her own inimitable manner.

Izeyl's first liaison is with Seyndia, who, in order to make her handsome presents, has stolen the golden tripod, used for the sacrificial flame, from the shrine of the goddess Kail. Sarah doesn't know anything about his rank. The golden tripod antiques her, however, because it is golden. Gold was popular even 2,400 years ago. We have not progressed. Sarah is condemned to death when the tripod is found in her possession, but her life is saved by the Princess Harastid, who declares that she is too bad even to die—a very cozy way of looking upon things. Sarah vows that for this insult she will ruin Harastid's son.

Then comes Prince Siddhartha upon the scene. The audience, frowning the librettists, know that he is a "sad-faced, thoughtful young man, a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions" who has passed through all the voluptuous seductions of an Oriental court, unsmirched, untempted." He doesn't look it a bit, but it is hard to get actors, even on the Parisian Rialto, with unsmirched faces. Sarah sees herself the task of charming the Prince. Although the doctrine of the great Renunciation is simply oozing from his pores, she says ingeniously: "Je suis vené pour vous séduire."

Even Viola Allen didn't say as much as that when she threw herself at the Rev. Mike. Sarah tells the Prince that she is no illusion; that even her hair is real. You see, 2,400 years ago, naughty ladies didn't use peroxide of hydrogen or imperial regenerators on their tresses—so that Sarah spoke the truth. The Prince absolutely refuses to yield to her blandishments. He confessed, afterward, that he felt an improper interest in her, but he has a soul above the goods of the flesh.

In the third act Sarah, the courtesan, wants to be all in a Maquette Gautier. She clamors for virtue, and all for the sake of Siddhartha. "Je vendrais toutes ces choses," she says, "pour donner de l'argent aux pauvres. Pour être le m'almeira." This is exceedingly Camille, with the sole difference that Sarah's lungs are all right. Seyndia, her old lover, comes in, and then the familiar Bernhardt role is at once apparent. She repulses him; he persists; Sarah grows furious. Seyndia waxes apocalyptically amorous. In desperation she seizes a dagger from his girdle and kills him, just as she killed Scarpia in "La Tosca."

The audience has waited for this. Every thing comes to audiences that wait. People palpitated with delight.

Sarah is in her element. She drags Seyndia's body to the banquet table, against the murder. His mother, unaware that the murdered man is her son, promises to save Sarah. She sees the corpse, however, and, in desperation she seizes a dagger from his girdle and kills him, just as she killed Scarpia in "La Tosca."

Mme. Melba has made a new departure in operatic advertising, for of course people connected with the stage never do anything that is published in the newspapers except with a view to keeping themselves "before the public." To give her pretty young secretary a bridal trousseau, a wedding with a breakfast to fifty people, and a check for \$1,000 to begin house-keeping with, is a form of advertising that will commend itself to young people in love, at least. The idea of Henry E. Abbey, Melba's manager, in taking advantage of the occasion to add a few lines to Melba's reading notice by presenting the bridal couple with a suite of rooms on a steamship for a wedding journey is sure to be a popular one also among the aforementioned young people.

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HE IS GOVERNOR TO-DAY.

Griggs's Portrait Over the New Jersey State House Portico Between Those of Lincoln and Grant.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 20.—Trenton to-night is red and white and blue. All the public buildings, the hotels, the stores and the residences along the principal streets are covered with the Stars and Stripes for the inauguration of Governor Griggs to-morrow. The State House presented a more attractive appearance. The exterior is bedecked with the national colors, and over the portico are large portraits of Grant, Stryker, Griggs, and Hobart Suttle, Mr. Griggs's private secretary. The party was met at the station by Adjutant General Stryker, Colonel A. H. Kuser, Sheffield Phelps and Henry C. Potter. They were driven to the Trenton House, where the Griggs family and engaged acquaintances were entertained at dinner by Charles E. Green, son of the late Chancellor Green, at his residence on State street.

THE PEACH CRIP IN THIS CITY.

[From the Brooklyn Record.] Chauncey Depew has won the distinction of being the peach of eloquence, and it now looks as if the New York Journal will become the peach in journalism. It is making wonderful inroads into the good graces of the Brooklyn public.

CHICAGO OF THE GREEN EYE.

[Chicago Journal.] In view of New York's lack of enthusiasm and negative patriotism, it is hard to believe the statements of the temperance organs that she is drinking herself to death. Gotham seems to be the kind that inebriates without cheering.

HE IS DOING HIS BEST.

[Detroit Tribune.] Just at present there seems to be more delectance than a poet of Mr. Austin's size can handily hurl.

MORE OR LESS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

A pickpocket robbed Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward in Boston the other day and when the thief was brought before his victim, she said: "He doesn't look like a criminal. He has a good face, and perhaps he will give up stealing and go to sea."

Talbot has followed Gladstone's example and become a chomper of trees. Every afternoon rain or shine, he goes to the wood, axe in hand, to cut through a big trunk and strip it ready for the saws of his men. He has also been seen in his sixty-seventh year he has bought a wheel and learned to ride it, to the great astonishment of the peasants on his estate.

General Neal Dow, of Maine, says he remembers distinctly the first platform ever exhibited in this country, the famous boat, Old Bet. He went to see her when a boy in Portland, somewhere between 1815 and 1820. She was shot on the stocks somewhere near Alfred, Me., by a farmer who professed to be a fugitive because of the amount of money her owners were taking out of the State.

Potter Palmer, of Chicago, who was one of the most enthusiastic visitors to the Atlanta Exposition, has sent a check for \$1,000 to Mrs. Joseph Thompson to be expended in carrying out a plan of making some permanent use of the Woman's Building for the advancement of women.

Mrs. Mercy Thordike, of Rockland, Me., has been a pilgrim here below for thirty-two years. She has moved her place of residence 67 times, and isn't permanently settled even now.

Among Dr. Donaldson Smith's discoveries in the region of Lake Burdolph is that of the existence of fifteen tribes of African—one of them dwells some over five feet in height.

Emperor William of Germany presented from the Empress several Christmas gifts of great appropriateness. She gave him a set of porcelain plates with paintings on them of naval scenes, six drinking cups, each holding a golden spoon, and two large medallions painted by a German artist.

The most interesting physician of the present time in Europe is Herr Ast, the shepherd doctor, who prescribes for thousands of patients at a distance his disease by means of a magnet. A lack of the patient's hair, and his universal charge for advice is about a quarter of a dollar. His art is not patiently the whole day through to see him.

Durham White Stevens, the counsellor of the Japanese Legation at Washington, is an American who resided many years in Japan and became thoroughly acquainted with its language, history and customs. Mr. Stevens is thoroughly American, but in diplomacy is Japan's right-hand man.

Little Princess Eva of Battenberg is credited with rather a smart saying. Like other small princesses, she has begun the study of European languages early, and already speaks French and German with considerable fluency. Her mother, the late Queen Victoria, used to teach her some Italian phrases, but Princess Eva never learned to speak Italian. Her mother makes her say "Thank you," when she gives me anything," she exclaimed, "and father, then you used to say 'Merci,' and now it's something else. What a lot of different ways there must be of

YE PRETTY BIRDS THAT SWEETLY SING.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the thin woman with a stony eye, as she waylaid the head floor-walker in the big store's millinery department. "Even cats couldn't be equal to it! Not all the cats there are, wild and tame, could be equal to it! How can you, sir? How can you?"

"If you are referring to floor-walking, madame, I—" "Floor-walking fiddlesticks!" said the stony-eyed woman. "Wiping feathered warblers from the face of the earth is what I am referring to, sir! The song birds of the air, the song birds of the bush, the song birds of the field, the song birds of the forest, that you are wiping from the face of the earth! How can you, can you do it, sir? How can you?"

"I give you my word, madame," said the floor-walker, "I never in my life wiped a single—" "Look about you, sir," persisted the woman with the stony eye, "and see 'em in your hats and in your bonnets! Hundreds and hundreds of 'em, and every one wiped from the face of the earth! See this one, cold, cold in death; its sweet voice forever hushed, perched in radiant beauty on that new Spring hat! How much did you say that hat was?"

"The price of that hat," said the floor-walker, "is \$15, madame, and—" "Hah!" exclaimed the stony-eyed woman. "Fifteen dollars! Poor bird! Poor bird! Once free as the roaming zephyr, and filling your native copse with tunefulness; now tied to your roost, so to speak, on a yellow straw hat, with a price upon your head! Sir! How can you, can you do it? Would you not rather hear that beautiful thing burst forth once more in all its melody and the gladness of its woodland notes, that have tenfold the price you set upon it?"

"Iardon me, madame," replied the floor-walker, "but not on your life! That beautiful thing is a jaybird. You may some time have wandered by the woodside and paused to wonder who it was that came that way to file his saw. Since there is no sawdust present to bear me and feel hard, I don't mind telling you that it was the melody and gladness of the jaybird's wondrous song that you heard. This very one, perhaps, and if I thought there was danger now of its bursting forth I'd tell you to grab the hat with it on and hurry home!"

The stony-eyed woman paused as if for a reply from the beautiful thing, but it did not burst forth, and she resumed. "Alas, my dear bird," said the floor-walker, "you are the fate of the earth. 'Twill never wake to living song again! Ten dollars would hardly take that hat, you think?"

"Fifteen, dollars, madame," said the floor-walker, shaking his head, "is the upset price." "And here," continued the woman, casting her stony eye around on the stock, "are song birds of the air and of the bush, and of the field, and of the forest, with nothing left but spreading tails and starting heads and flashing wings. All wiped!"

"Shrikes, madame," said the floor-walker. "Eat bees by the million. Voice worse than a song-and-dance woman. Catbirds. Step on your dog's tail and hear one sing. Flickers, sap-suckers, woodpeckers. Warble like a drum corps."

"All wiped from the face of the earth!" decried the woman with the stony eye. "Beauteous things, with their melody, that you have wiped from the face of the earth, sir, at the beck of fashion and because my sex is vain! Gone is their swelling gush of song because my sex is slave to fashion! That \$15 hat—how much off did you say, for cash?"

"Fifteen dollars, net," said the floor-walker. "The stony-eyed woman paused long enough to say: "Even cats couldn't be equal to it! Not all the cats there are, wild and tame, could be equal to it!"

Then she went out and the floor-walker mopped his face and said: "Aint she a cuckoo? Wouldn't she be a bird to trim a hat with?" ED. MOTT.

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE BOND QUESTION.

Dear Sir—The Government's credit being good means prosperous times for the people. The Government's credit being bad means general depression.

A 2 1/2 per cent interest basis means Government's credit good, consequently good times generally. A 3 1/2 per cent interest basis means Government's credit bad; bad times. Every business man now has it in his power to help to produce good times once more by subscribing for a Government bond on a 2 1/2 per cent basis. If Congress will not act for the people and restore the Government's credit, then the people will have to do it for themselves by holding a 2 1/2 per cent interest basis for the Government bonds.

Every business man who has goods or securities to sell should help to raise the price of his goods by bidding for bonds, for if the Government's credit goes down, then the people of this country have simply got to buy more money and good times come again. All nations have to buy gold from time to time and the United States Government is no exception. Had the Government's issue of bonds been for currency instead of gold, then the Government could have taken the currency and bought gold with it, but as the Government has seen fit to do otherwise, then the people of this country have simply got to buy more money and good times come again.

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New York, Jan. 20. E. B. UNDERHILL, Jr.

THE JESTER.

McSwatters—I always said that Jagon would come to the front. That worthless fellow! McSwatters—Yes. He's a belly in a hotel now, Syracuse Post.

TRUE LITERARY GENIUS.

"How did Miss Jones become a literary success so suddenly?" "By writing a charming idea; she wrote one chapter of a novel and let the public guess the other forty-nine." Chicago Record.

LIKE A BOY.

His Mother—You see, your grandpa is very sick. My something to him. "Your grandpa would you like to have soldiers at your funeral?" Boston Transcript.

ABSENT MINDED.

Visitor—Tell me now, professor, are you suffering much from your headache? Professor—No. My headache, Amelia, do I suffer from my headache? Punch.

SYMPATHETIC.

"My dear," he said to his lady love, "I've been busy all day—not manual labor, you know, but brain work, which is the hardest kind." "Then you used to say 'I'm busy,' and now there's a tender look of sympathy in her eyes which aroused him. Philadelphia American.