THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cooler, with northerly winds.

Warden Fallon is abolished. Now abolish the Tombs also. Both have evidently outlasted their usefulness.

The Raines bill now has a combination of the Senators from the great cities against it and will find its path strewn with obstacles. It took altogether too much for granted.

If New Jersey mosquitoes were G. O. P. elephants, as some people seem to think they are in size, there would be a merry time among them, because of the fact that the State now has a Republican Governor for the first time in thirty years.

The English may not like our Monroe Doctrine, but that they like our bonds is evident from the fact that the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company is going to bid for a half million of the new issue.

The presentation of a silver-mounted gavel to Manager William Sherer, of the Clearing House of the New York Associated Banks, may have been meant to suggest that the New York banks want silver pounded.

Although England is to get two and a half millions more of our gold, we are still ahead, for it has just been found that the rich gold discoveries of Forty-Mile Creek, in Alaska, belong to the United States, and not to Great Britain.

If Professor Roentgen, of Wurzburg, were, with his wonder-working camera, to photograph the highly convoluted gray matter within Mr. Platt's cerebellum, we might be able to form a better estimate of the real dimensions of Brer Morton's boom.

Roosevelt notifies the saloons that he will first try the flying wedge. If, however, he should be unable to buck their centre, he will sign a few infant Hawkshaws and go around the ends. He says, this way or that, he will round and kick a goal.

Young Ben T. Cable, whom Secretary of State Hendrick has described as "a big man in Illinois when he's in Illinois and a big man in Washington when he's in Illinois," now concedes that it was he who got the convention for Chicago.

By urging the W. C. T. U. to endeavor to bring about permanent peace between Great Britain and the United States, Miss Frances E. Willard may create the impression in some quarters that she wants Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull to drink to each other's health.

PUT ON THE BRAKES.

This is a mighty Commonwealth, and disposed to be liberal in most matters which concern the higher civilization. But it is beginning to discover that everything cannot be done at once. As our reform Mayor was struck with astonishment, not to say appalled, when the "reform" bills for the year were sent in to the good city of New York, so Governor Morton has been startled out of his Gubernatorial calm by the accumulating results of a session of the Legislature when the legislators were entirely reckless. The Governor is an excellent business man, and he at once saw that it would never do to have a Presidential candidate going before the convention of his party with an ever-increasing tax rate casting its black shadow in the State of which he was chief executive. This accounts for the marked energy with which he has assured the presiding officers of Senate and House that the veto is prepared for a large number of bills which would require an immense outlay of money, and that the wiser plan would be to postpone them to some future date.

Perhaps this would not have been necessary if the "up-the-State" bosses had not managed to secure that $9,000,000 canal improvement appropriation and to set a large part of it floating this year. Doubtless it is important that the canals should be improved, in the interest of metropolitan as well as general commerce, but nine millions is not a trifle, and the voter is bound to feel this vast expenditure. The politicians and bosses of the dominant party appear to have overreached themselves. They have been so frightfully careless of the voters' money in their appropriations that said voters are beginning to question their business sense. In view of the steady progression upward of the tax rate, who but inconsiderate and injudicious men would seek to burden the State with such a mass of appropriations as those now before the Legislature—viz., $500,000 for an armory for the Seventy-fourth Regiment at Buffalo, $26,690 for an armory at Tonawanda, $42,000 for an armory at Whitehall, $75,000 for one in Brooklyn for the Thirteenth Regiment and $125,000 for the State Arsenal at Buffalo? One would think the money better expended on State defences than on structures for the housing of State troops just now.

Nearly a million dollars is asked for institutions like the Newport Normal School, the Matteawan Asylum for Criminals, the Normal School at Holland Patent, the Home for Veterans' Mothers and Widows, and a huge lump of money is wanted for improving and rendering more attractive the retreat for eminent gentlemen condemned to temporary seclusion from society at Sing Sing. There is also a frisky collection of small appropriations for all sorts of purposes, from "enabling a commission to attend the Mexican Exhibition" to founding an epileptic colony, most of which are worthy, but not opportune, and should be "untimely nipt."

That which is most startling in these riotous attempts at drafts upon the State money is the total disregard of the means by which the moneys are to be raised. The authors of these bills apparently think the Empire State can dig money out of the earth whenever it wants it. No wonder the State Comptroller has issued his note of warning! No wonder possible Presidential candidates are alarmed. Perhaps there may be some hope of keeping the tax rate within limits now that attention has been called to the recklessness of authors of appropriation bills.

Additional proof that the salt sea air of Coney Island infuses enterprise into the life of all who breathe it is found in the statement by the police that a thief arrested yesterday has for several years made a living by picking pockets during the Winter and working as a policeman at Coney Island during the heated period.

AFTER THE INQUIRY.

The leading citizen of Brooklyn—the man who has his statue in the city's chief park while he is yet alive—the venerable J. S. T. Stranahan, still pronounces for Consolidation. His theory is that it is infinitely better to be a part of the second city in the world—with every chance of being a conspicuous portion of the first before long—than to be merely a sizable city right alongside a colossal one. And now that the legislative investigation is over, that is probably what seven-eighths of the population of Brooklyn think.

Union with New York is a glorious privilege, and one which will be appreciated more fully the nearer it approaches to realization. By the first of January, 1898, the Brooklyn citizen who still holds out, and grumblingly remarks that it was far better in the old days before Union was decreed, and when one came from Brooklyn to Gotham as from a far country, will be a curiosity. The enlarged and grandiose dime museums of the period will fight for him, and will offer him a weekly salary beyond the dreams of avarice. As the Brooklyn part of Greater New York will eventually be the larger one, there seems no room for jealousy. Brooklyn has been in the shadow of New York for a generation or two. She now has an opportunity to come out into the full light. If Consolidation is triumphantly accomplished without further hindrance, New York will be astonished at the intellectual as well as material riches which she has gained by union with her sister city.

When women become judges, as Mrs. E. C. Martin said, yesterday, at a meeting of the Society for Political Study, that they eventually will, the policeman who arrests a wife-beater will grant a favor to his prisoner if he takes him to the river and allows him to jump in.

THE CERTAIN REMEDY.

If the recent decision of the Court of Special Sessions, allowing people living in tenement shops to set apart one room in which to pursue their trade of garment making, seems to inflict a grave injury upon the Anti-Sweat Shop law of 1893, why not turn the whole matter of regulating the sweaters over to the Internal Revenue Department? Congressman Sulzer's idea was a brilliant one, and he has well embodied it in an excellent bill.

Now is the time to urge it forward. Its passage would mean the practical emancipation of a quarter of a million people from degrading conditions of toil. It would mean the liberation of New York's labor market from conditions which menace every man who offers his services in it. Put on the tax and the sweaters will not get any comfort from the Special Sessions decision.

It will be the backyards of New York instead of the streets of New York that will be most interesting to sightseers if the Tenement House Commission's proposition to remove rear tenements and convert the sites into court yards is adopted.

CITY VAGRANTS.

A wholesome disciplining of the vagrants who have made the lives of city residents wretched in many quarters for several years has been begun at last. It ought to have been put into execution a great deal sooner, and would have rid the metropolis of a grave danger. The banishment from the police stations of the nightly contingent of vagrant lodgers is a wise move. It is idle to make it too easy for a whole army of lazy vagabonds to find food and shelter. It helps in breeding an irresponsible class, whose impudence, and in many cases violence, terrorize women and children. The case of the assault upon Mrs. Phipps the other day furnishes a caustic commentary upon the folly of being too lenient with the vagrant mob.

The man who will not work, and who makes it his proud boast that he lives without labor, should not be allowed a safe harbor in a large city, which is one of the highest forms of co-operative effort. The busy hive wants no drones. Now if the Police Magistrates will not err by leniency in disposing of the vagrants and beggars who come within their clutches, a little salutary reform may be hoped for. Poverty may not be a crime, as one judge said the other day, when he declined to give some tramps their deserts, but persistent and voluntary idleness certainly comes perilously near it.

FREE LUNCH FREEDOM.

By deciding that knives, forks and spoons shall no longer be allowed on free lunch counters, the Board of Health infringes on the liberty of all the thirsty and endangers the usefulness of one of the greatest institutions of the metropolis. It invites a violation of the laws of etiquette, which specify that a man must not eat certain viands with his fingers, and, worse still, if the rule is enforced, it may become a habit in New York for men to drink soup from a bowl.

There may be dangers from contagion, of course, in the use of knives, forks and spoons on the relay plan by diners at free lunch saloons, but so long as they are willing to run the risk, it seems hardly fair for the Board of Health to enforce the use of fingers and chopsticks instead of cutlery. A better provision would be for the Health Board to supply every man in New York with a pocket case containing the articles which modern civilization requires as dining utensils, and then free lunches would be available for all.

If England wants to remain at peace with all the world, Lord Playfair, the advocate of arbitration, should be appointed Premier, and be required to sign his name to all diplomatic correspondence. The suggestion given by the signature would maintain perpetual good humor between nations.

THE MAYOR AND THE TAILORS.

Mayor Strong's address at the annual dinner of the Merchant Tailors' Society, the other evening, is an example for all other Mayors, and should eternally endear him to his constituents. The Mayor was asked to the Merchant Tailors' dinner to lend dignity and the weight of official approbation to the function. He accepted the invitation because the Merchant Tailors' Society is a great and wealthy institution; and its members, in spite of the inherent hostility between the average man and his tailor, are a part of the backbone of the community. They are solid men, who pay taxes, live well and bring up their families in comfort and even luxury. They make money and keep it in circulation, and are useful members of society.

When Mayor Strong was called on to speak at the banquet, however, he did not confine himself to flattering the merchant tailors upon their flourishing organization, the delightful dinner they had given him, or the intellectual appearance of the members. He told them straight-out American truths about their own business. He informed them that American cloths of medium grades were cheaper and better than the English; and that he once sold an American tailor a piece of American cloth for double the price it usually brought because the tailor thought it was of English manufacture. Further, the Mayor informed the tailors, the best silk and satin in the world is made in this country, and half the silk they pay high prices for, because they believe it to be foreign, is made in Paterson, New Jersey.

Mayor Strong was able to illustrate his point by informing the assembled tailors that the cloth of the suit he was wearing at their dinner was manufactured in Ohio, from wool grown on an Ohio sheep, and that it was cut and made by an American tailor and lined with American silk. He clinched his argument with the assertion that the American tailor's preference for English goods kept up the price of clothes; and that their duty was to reduce the price of clothes to a reasonable figure by using American cloths.

The price of his clothes is a matter of some moment to the average American; and if Mayor Strong's lecture to the tailors bears fruit in bringing the price of trousers and coats down to as reasonable a figure as in other civilized countries, the Mayor may consider himself sure of re-election as often as he pleases.

The discovery that diphtheria has been spread by the pupils of the Orange Valley (N. J.) school, all drinking from one cup, should have the effect of bringing about a change in the plan of instruction, so that the rising generation may learn something of sanitary safeguards as well as of mere theories.

The uncertainties of life and death are exemplified by the fatal accident to General Thomas Ewing, the war hero, who miraculously escaped rebel bullets in a retreat from Fort Davidson that was a victory, in fact, because it enabled General Rosecrans to save St. Louis. That he should escape the fusillade of the attacking army and afterward meet death in front of a cable car is one of the strange results of life's fatalities.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Heber M. Wells, the first Governor of the State of Utah, was born in Salt Lake City thirty-seven years ago, and was educated at the University of Utah. He was the Republican nominee for Mayor of Salt Lake City in 1893, but was defeated by R. N. Baskin, the incumbent. He has been for five years cashier of the State Bank of Utah. He is a member of the Mormon Church.

The title of "Colonel-in-Chief of the British Army," which the Queen has conferred upon the Duke of Cambridge, is Her Majesty's own invention. Of course nobody has ever before heard of such a designation, as the colonelcy of an army is a thing per se impossible, so that the Duke's odd title is exceptional in being absolutely unprecedented. The Duke will have a general retiring allowance.

Dumas's body will be placed in a tomb not far from that in which lies Marie Duplessis, the original of "Camille." Once every year Dumas visited her tomb and placed a wreath of flowers upon it.

Jules Simon, eighty-two years old this month, says that the most exciting moment of his life was when he was trying to obtain a concession on tariff from a foreign diplomat with whom President Grevy was playing billiards. He whispered to Grevy to lose the game, but Grevy insisted on playing to win, and relented only when he observed that the Minister was in anguish.

Police Commissioner Frederick D. Grant, of New York City, has accepted an invitation to speak at the dinner of the Michigan Club, of Detroit, on February 21.

Right Hon. Charles Pelham Clinton has just completed his sixty-second year of his continuous representation in Parliament of the borough of Wolverhampton. He is ninety-four years old.

Bismarck said to a party of American travellers, who called upon him last Summer: "It was Frederick the Great who was the first neutral sovereign in Europe to recognize American independence; nor have the friendly relations then established ever suffered the least interruption, as I can testify no less from my own experience than from the papers in the Prussian archives."

Mrs. McKinley, whose husband has just retired from the Governorship of Ohio, recalls the fact that during the term of President Hayes she and her husband occupied the White House for ten days by invitation to "keep house" there while the President and his family were absent. She says she had all of the White House she ever cared for, having had "all its pleasures with none of its woes."

President Krueger's opinion of English influence was vividly expressed in the remark he made to some friends in Holland, when he visited that country in 1886: "You may protect yourself against the cold air with weather strips, but there is no protection against British infiltration."

It is said that Mrs. Stanley, wife of the explorer, has not a green gown, hat, wrap or garment in her wardrobe. For some unknown reason Mr. Stanley has a strong dislike or superstitious aversion to that color.

London is enjoying a revival of a characteristic story of Artemus Ward. It appears that during his residence in that city Ward gave a children's party. One of John Bright's sons was invited, and returned home radiant. "Oh, papa," he explained, on being asked whether he had enjoyed himself, "indeed I did! And Mr. Browne gave me such a nice name for you, papa." "What was that?" "Why he asked me how that gay and festive cuss, the governor, was!" replied the boy.

GOTHAM'S GUESTS.

WALDORF—E. D. Easton, of Washington, D. C.; J. A. Chambers, of Pittsburg; C. C. Parsons, of Denver, and C. L. Edgar, of Boston.

HOLLAND—Frank H. Ray, Chicago; W. H. Reid, Buffalo; G. I. Peary, Boston; William Glenning, Cincinnati; Charles Campbell, Kansas City; A. Wallen, Chicago; Ward Hunt, Colorado Springs; O. H. Howarth, London; H. E. Raymond, Chicago; W. W. Peabody, Cincinnati; H. W. Ganse, Washington, D. C., and C. T. Boynton, Hudson, N. Y.

IMPERIAL—G. W. Freund, Boston; F. W. Payne, Boston; G. T. Coppins, Boston; O. M. Schaum, Philadelphia; F. S. Crosby, Bangor; C. F. Bacon, Boston; Charles M. Peters, Jr., St. John, N. B.; M. B. Lippman, Cincinnati; T. B. Arnold, Cincinnati; H. W. Neeley, Pittsburg; J. K. Allen, Chicago; A. M. Stafford, Cleveland; G. E. Downe, Chicago, and L. T. Price, Boston.

GILSEY—D. K. Phillips, Boston; W. M. Whitehead, Chicago; F. L. Jones, Utica, and F. W. Hurlburt, Baltimore.

BRUNSWICK—J. Burton, Montreal; C. W. Emerson, Boston; J. P. Clark, Boston; E. De Lund, Philadelphia; B. Bedell, Philadelphia; W. F. Holtzman, Washington; W. C. Keene, Boston, and C. H. Ledlie, St. Louis.

ST. JAMES—J. G. Mitchell, Cleveland; A. F. Miller, Cleveland; R. F. McIntyre, Montreal; J. Authur, Montreal; W. J. Baker, Denver; J. Eland, London, and F. K. Maxwell, Ubana.

ALBEMARLE—B. H. Schultz, Chicago; H. E. Sealey, Philadelphia; C. L. Hotchkiss, Boston; R. A. Wylie, Japan; P. F. Miller, Albany; R. B. Whitridge, Boston; R. L. Ashland, Philadelphia, and H. C. Lorne, Dayton.

A Kentucky Girl.

[St. Louis Republic.]

Miss Corinne Blackburn, Senator "Joe" Blackburn's daughter, has been her father's most valuable helper in his campaign for re-election to the United States Senate. During the whole of last Summer, when her father was engaged in his speech-making campaign throughout the State, she was busy in his "den" receiving letters and telegrams, separating the important from the unimportant, sending answers when necessary and communicating by telegraph with the Senator when anything came up that was of immediate and great importance, or when some political aid of the Senator wanted him at once to make a speech in another part of the State. She also received with grace and cordiality her father's friends and constituents who dropped in for a call.

The Jester.

Relative Values.

Mr. Muchmoney—I love you for all that I am worth, darling.

Miss Budd—That's just what I love you for. Boston Courier.

Naturally Curious.

Proprietor—Where is the bookkeeper?

Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like. Louisville Truth.

His View Obstructed.

"Say, kid, wuz dere a fight over yere? Kid sez dey wuz."

"Wuz one, but it's over now."

"D'jou see it?"

"See it? I'm the kid wot got licked." Chicago Record.

Technical Reply.

"You really love me, lieutenant?"

"Oh, my dear, if you could but take the temperature of my heart you would find it registering 90 degrees Fahrenheit." Toledo Blade.

Purely Imaginary.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?"

"Jasper," said Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any." Boston Transcript.

Exasperating.

Maude—How sickening it is to hear men paying compliments to women!

Ethel—To other women—yes. Boston Courier.

Admirable Quality.

Fred—All these articles about the danger of contagion from kissing are very alarming, don't you think?

Dora—M'yes; but we women greatly admire courage in a man. Chicago Tribune.

Defined.

"Josiar," said Mrs. Corntossel, "what is diplomacy, any way?"

"W-a-a-l," was the reply, "diplomacy, as fur ez I've been able ter make head or tail of it, consists principally in lettin' on thet ye never did want what ye can't have." Washington Evening Star.

Not Forbidden.

Doctor—I must forbid you all mental work.

Poet—But, doctor, you will let me write on my poems!

Doctor—Of course. Boston Budget.

Baffled.

Heavy Villain—Think not, faithless one, to escape my clutches! I will follow you to the end of the earth.

Flippant Heroine—Indeed you won't.

Heavy Villain—Zounds! But thou talkest idly. Wherefore not?

Flippant Heroine—Because I'm not going there. Pick-Me-Up.

"The Governor of Kentucky."

Like Nat Goodwin, our good old jocund entertainer, William H. Crane, has tired of being entertaining. He has wearied of his position as New York's primest jester, and—also like Nat Goodwin—he has determined to jump into the serious. Last night he began an engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in a brand-new tailor-made play by Franklin Fyles, called "The Governor of Kentucky." From this play Crane will probably work his way slowly toward "Hamlet," and then—well, he began his funeral rites last night. He sang the dirge himself, in duly mournful numbers.

In "The Governor of Kentucky," a most conscientious effort, by the bye, Crane has a highly emotional role—that of a very heroic—occasionally mock-heroic—Governor who is made the victim of an infamous campaign ruse by a double-distilled triple-plated villain, anxious to see a certain unlovely bill signed. This villain attempts to bribe the highly heroic Governor in such a cold-blooded way that Dr. Parkhurst himself would be interested. Failing in his effort he forges the Governor's name to a bribe-order, and fastens the guilt upon the secretary, to whose daughter the money is payable.

This is melodrama, and you can well imagine that Crane—our good, old, jocund Crane—was hopelessly and shockingly at sea. His main idea of emotion seemed to consist in walking up and down the stage on the noisy heels of his shoes. His face was as blandly unemotional as the wooden countenance of a tobacco Indian, and his voice gave you the idea that he was holding back a joke all the time in sheer desperation. You would have forgiven him a joke at any moment, however inappropriate. When, striking an attitude at the end of the second act, he signifies his intention of prosecuting his secretary—the father of the girl he loves—and exclaims, "An official of the United States dare not conceal a crime," you would have pardoned a quip or a crank even then.

Crane was conspicuously nervous, but even making allowance of that fact, his impersonation of Governor William Lee, of Kentucky, was so appallingly lacking in sincerity, in dignity, in subdued pathos, in everything but the clump, clump, clump of his eternal shoes across the horribly board-y stage, that, with the best of intentions, it was quite impossible to accept his work. Why—why—why will men with the God-given privilege of innate humor, such as this most popular, this most lovable actor possesses, ruthlessly sell their birthright for the cheap mess known as mawkish sentiment? Crane never can be, and never will be, anything but a comedian. His mission is to create laughter. It is one of the loftiest missions of the stage. We have our tragedians, our melodramatic actors, our emotionalists, and we cherish them, but we are not so desperately enamoured of them as to wish to see their ranks recruited by our comedians.

"The Governor of Kentucky," which suggests Carleton's "Ambition," has been carefully and cleverly written by Franklin Fyles. It was not his fault that Crane could not play William Lee. A playwright should never be censured because of the limitations of his actors. Mr. Fyles has labored earnestly. A novice would have utterly failed to give even a semblance of interest to a Governor who talks of avoiding the concealment of crime, and yet takes no steps to punish the villain who has openly in the rooms of the Capitol offered him a particularly insulting bribe. Mr. Fyles has also adroitly avoided making Crane ridiculous by the love episode of the play. A touch more of amorous incident and we should all have laughed at the spectacle of this comedian feeling sexually interested in a girl young enough to be his granddaughter. Crane was not ridiculous in this respect, for Mr. Fyles knew how to skate over thin ice and yet save himself from a chilly immersion.

Mrs. Kate Denin Wilson, who played the mother of Governor Lee, would have been far more appropriately cast for the role of his sweetheart than was lovely little Anne O'Neill. The idea of Crane's other than paternal affection for this cunning chit made you think of the old adage, "There's no fool like an old fool." Miss O'Neill was extremely felicitious, but even she, used to comedy, was not as much at ease in an emotional role as she might have been. Some of the other members of the cast were so hopelessly bad, that I hate to mention them. Percy Brooke played the ungrateful role of the nearly-but-not-quite-forger father as a gentleman with the jim-jams. His agony was repulsively ludicrous and he utterly spoiled the part. The Robinson sisters failed to make a couple of comedy twins entertaining, and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., walked on and off the stage as though he were trying to understand what his part meant. Burr McIntosh got a laugh or two, so I suppose I must not class him among the hopeless. There was a large and variegated assortment of Southern accents. Sticking plaster should have been fastened to them to make them stick. They dropped off most of the time, and that fact blurred the Kentucky picture.

ALAN DALE.

A Hint.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

A casual paragraph in the cable dispatches mentions that a British official has been searching the archives in Madrid for several weeks, to secure evidence in the Venezuelan case. The paragraph adds that what he found was unfavorable to England's claim, which suggests that when the American Commissioners go in search of the same information they may not be able to find it, but the main fact is more important. It shows that the British Government is prompt and shrewd, and where time is of importance it goes straight to work and is ready for action while other nations are still debating the advisability of preparing to do anything. If there is to be arbitration in the Venezuelan business, doubtless Great Britain will have a mass of favorable evidence ready before the American Commission begins to look for any.

Dunraven and Sheridan.

[The Argonaut.]

Lord Dunraven was accused by the late General Sheridan of gross discourtesy as long ago as 1874. In that year Dunraven called upon Sheridan and presented letters of introduction. The General supplied him with letters to the commanding officers in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, and from these officers Lord Dunraven received every courtesy during his Western trip. He failed to acknowledge any of the civilities shown him, and left for England without a word to General Sheridan. In his slaughtering of big game in Western hunting Lord Dunraven brought upon himself the reproach of being unsportsmanlike.

A Parable.

[Houston Post.]

Captain Faulkner tells of his early experience as a sheep raiser in Texas, that he was driving his herd across an old field one day when the leader went down in an old well and the whole herd jumped in after him and broke him up in that line of business. Democrats are not sheep—not many of them—and if here and there one or a few go down into the deep well of Populism there will be no followers to amount to anything.

One Benefit.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

If rumors of war have accomplished nothing else, they have stimulated an interest in geography. The whereabouts of the Orinoco, the Windward Islands and the Transvaal, not to mention the topography of Cuba, are more distinctly impressed on the popular mind of the average reader just now than they have been since he painfully conned maps in the days of his youth.

The Tactful Girl in the Box-Coat.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" sighed the girl in the box coat, "I just wish I had been born dumb, or at least with an impediment in my speech. As it is, my tongue moves with a fatal facility and I spend hours in regulating the utterance of a moment."

"I don't see why," said the girl in the velvet jacket. "I rather envy you, myself. Personally, I never think of anything bright to say until the person to whom it should have been addressed has gone ten blocks."

"Oh, it isn't that," wailed the girl in the box coat. "You see, I say things which I intend to be charming and which sound—well, they sound like the things a girl says when she has burned off all of her front hair, or discovered that a boil is coming on her chin."

"Well, I am sure it is not intentional," said the girl in the velvet jacket. "A girl who gives the correct address of a modiste as good and as cheap as the one you sent me to, is a benefactor to her sex. By the way, are you going to Mrs. Van Snobleigh's reception to-morrow?"

"No; I wish I was! I taxed papa's patience as far as it would go for a new gown in which to appear at it, and then I was not invited, after all."

"Why, I thought you were great friends," exclaimed the girl in the velvet jacket.

"We were, but—well, it happened the very day on which the invitations were to go out, else it would not have been so bad. She was telling me about her new gown and I was flattering her when she said: 'Oh, but I am a great deal older than I look.' And what do you think I said?"

"Something soothing, of course."

"It was meant to be. I said, in a loud, cheerful voice, 'Oh, but that is impossible, Mrs. Snobleigh.' The thermometer in the room had fallen ten degrees before I realized how it sounded."

"How perfectly awful!" breathed the girl in the velvet jacket. "You haven't any English blood in your veins, have you?"

"Not a drop. Then the other day, I was arranging a little luncheon and Miss Tawker said that she feared she could not get there on time. What do you think I said to her? 'Oh, that is all right, dear. I've told the others that they absolutely must come early, but I'll be glad to see you at the last moment.'"

"That was courting disaster, my dear, to say such a thing to a girl whose tongue is so sharp that her lips are chapped all the time."

"I know it, but I just can't help it," sighed the girl in the box coat, "I say such things all the time, unless I really wish to be unpleasant, and then I can't think of one of them. The other day I wanted to be nice to a man and I said, 'I did not see your wife when I called the other day.' He replied, 'No, it was not her day to be "at home."' Then I remarked, 'No; that was just why I called.' He had excused himself to speak to a friend across the room before I remembered that I should have explained that I went because I really wanted a chat with her."

"Humph," said the girl in the velvet jacket, "there are things which never can be explained."

"I know all about that," sighed the girl in the box coat. "I met Teddy Hunt the other day and he exclaimed: 'Ah, Miss Edith, I hope you are not offended because I have not called for so long?' I meaning only to set him at ease, answered: 'Oh, no, Mr. Hunt; I should not be offended if you stayed away a good deal longer.' You should have seen his face!"

"My goodness," gasped the girl in the velvet jacket. "I understand now why he asked me if you had been disappointed in love, or inherited a fortune lately."

"I'm not at all surprised," wailed the girl in the box coat, "and I have not told you the half yet, either. Last month I was stopping with Mrs. Smythe-Tompkins—you know what a lovely place she has?"

"I do; I've often envied you the frequency of her invitations."

"You will not after this. She was busy overseeing some alterations and preparing for a series of entertainments and left me largely to my own devices. As I was leaving, she said: 'I'm afraid you have had a dull time, I've been with you so little.' Impelled by a malicious fate, I replied: 'Not at all; on the contrary, I don't know when I have enjoyed a visit here so much.'"

"Oh, Edith, how could you?"

"Indeed, I don't know, myself," sighed the girl in the box coat," and the worst of it was that her son had been perfectly lovely to me and he—he won't get a cent unless he marries to please her!"

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Write to the Secretary of the Society.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Kindly inform me through the answer column whether the ritual of the United American Mechanics debars an American born Roman Catholic from becoming a member, and oblige yours, WALTER A. CONROY.

Keansburgh, N. J., Jan. 20, 1896.

A Rare Gold Piece.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Please inform me if there is any premium on a $3 gold piece, bearing date of 1879. Respectfully, W. J. F.

New York, Jan. 19, 1896.

Apply to any coin collector or dealer of curios in this city, of whom there are many.

Wants to Study Law.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I am a young man, a mechanic, working ten hours a day, and I want to study law. For lack of time and money I cannot go to a law school nor study in a law office. Will the Journal tell me how I can improve myself by studying law in my idle hours, which are at night, without paying too much for it, and oblige, BLACKSTONE.

New York, Jan. 19, 1896.

There is a law school in Detroit, Mich., which teaches law by a method of correspondence. You might find it profitable also to instruct yourself in the fundamental principles of the profession by reading Blackstone at home.

Chance for a Philanthropist.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you please give me a little advice through your paper how to make anything out of myself in regard to music? I'm sure I have a musical talent, as I can play a tune on most any instrument that I get hold of in a few minutes. The trouble is, I haven't got the means to do it with. Is there any place where they could elevate me free of charge? My calling must be for music, as I can practise all the time without getting impatient. Hoping to hear from you I remain, yours respectfully, W. B.

Try No. 218 West Fifteenth street. A year ago Miss Jean Nelson started such an institution, which was called the "Musical Aid Guild of the State of New York." Your efforts may be furthered by this charitable institution.

Very Likely There Is a Girl of That Name Here.

Editor Journal:

Please inform me through the columns of your newspaper whether there is a young lady living in New York City by the name of Cattie Carl. I would like to have her address. She is a servant girl. A good friend is looking for her. Very truly yours, DAILY READER.

Brooklyn, Jan. 20, 1896.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"I doubt whether the average taxpayer of this State has any idea how much our Albany lawmakers cost him annually,' said an ex-legislator, a well-known and wealthy citizen of this city, recently. "Since the enactment of the law which makes it a serious crime for public men to accept free railroad passes, legislators have used various pretexts in order to make a weekly pilgrimage to this city. The rural legislators are the worst offenders. A committee from the lower house which recently heard impeachment charges against a Westchester County Judge spent in a few weeks more of the public moneys than the accused judicial officer receives in half a year. The committee stopped at a first-class hotel uptown, heard the testimony of witnesses in the most spacious parlor of the hostelry and lived on the fat of the land generally. Their bill for board and lodging alone amounted to $700, exclusive of such 'extras' as champagne and imported Perfectos."

As a rule, I make it a practice to let other people do my applauding and, almost always, my kicking. In the first instance you save your hands; in the second, your feet, and there are always plenty of people about to do these things for one. But at the Philharmonic concert the other evening both these things were so thoroughly done for me that I was neither grateful nor appreciative. I was sitting among the "subscription seats." All about me were old subscribers to these concerts, who knew each other more or less, and of course they talked to each other rather more than less. The women in front of me, however, did not; they only knew the people in the boxes, or appeared to. But at my left sat a large, good-natured blond man, but oh, such hands, such hollow palms. Unluckily for me he applauded every number, grave or gay, the conductor, the orchestra, the violinist—and with such vigor that long before the concert was over my left ear drum was rent and torn, figuratively, and almost literally. Then the German-American behind me kicked steadily right through the programme. From the first number on and half way through the middle, above the violins and below the 'cellos, I could hear his guttural voice protesting, ever protesting. But when we had gotten through "Hansel und Gretel," perhaps because it was a German selection, perhaps because, like Mr. Wheeler's perennial and oft-told tale, it "felt so good to stop," from some cause, at any rate, he stopped, and began to talk about marriage, and what one should and should not expect, given certain combinations. After that he softened down—I wonder why—and everything pleased him; even Dvorak's platitudes were "inspiring."

After the German had stopped, the lady next him began. She was criticising Sauret. "I never," she said, "saw so large a man with so small a tone!" Just as if he were a pump.

"Ah!" said the lady with the blond man, "but don't you think it is not the tone which is so small, but he has toned it down. It is the poetic veil which he has thrown over it." The subscription people are a critical audience.

But why will Mr. Seidl give us Dvorak, ever Dvorak, and again Dvorak, or Chadwick, or somebody else who, after all, is only a pot-pourri and an imitation of the old masters whom we still love.

The Prince of Wales, who has set many fashions in eating and drinking, among which may be mentioned soda lemonade, now a popular beverage in this country, is responsible for the last fad in the way of eating. He has discovered that a sandwich made out of slices of cold beefsteak is a very superior dish. This fact has been known for a great many years to those American gentlemen who are in the habit of diving into the refrigerator for an appetizing bit when they return home at a late hour of the night. Between the Prince of Wales and the intelligent American householders, the cold beefsteak sandwich bids fair to become a popular and fashionable form of cold victuals. The beefsteak should be cut very thick and broiled rare.

Since the Manhattan Club posted its delinquent members and their delinquencies to the tune of about $15,000, a great many clubmen in New York have been discussing the advisability of adopting the London system of compelling every member to pay what he owes before leaving the clubhouse. In a first-class English club this rule is always enforced, and for the convenience of members who do not happen to have sufficient money with them, blank checks are kept on hand which they are permitted to sign to the extent of £5, receiving the change from the cashier, if there be any. It is a well known fact that New York clubs have suffered largely from men who run up accounts and fail to settle them, and the London method finds many supporters among the class who are in the habit of paying their own bills and do not wish to be saddled with accounts run up by deadbeats.

It may interest a number of our readers to know that Mrs. William Astor, who now has an unquestioned right to the title of Mrs. Astor, has revived at her new residence on upper Fifth avenue the old fashion of making a large display of plate on her dinner table, and ornamenting her dining room with bouquets of flowers, packed tight, after the style well understood by German horticulturists of the last century. At a dinner party given recently by Mrs. Astor, it was observed that the supporting stems of the crystal chandelier in the hall were covered with crimson plush gathered in puffs. This is important fashionable news.

A toy that has recently come into use looks very much like a Waterbury watch, and is in reality an indicator, worked by a spring in the stem. The man who carries one of these toys registers every cent that he spends by simply putting his thumb in his vest pocket, and pressing the spring. Some gentlemen who have previously wondered what became of all their money have discovered by carrying this indicator for a few days that an enormous quantity of it went for cocktails, sours, and various kinds of straight drinks. Altogether the little toy is useful as a warning against extravagance, and as an inducement to money saving.

A Michigan Suggestion.

[Detroit Tribune.]

It would be quite in order for the Senator from North Carolina to observe to the Senator from South Carolina that it is a long time between thinks.