THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that there will be rain or snow; variable winds.

Burglars are blowing up all the safes in the region of Cape May. They seem to need a little blowing up themselves.

Kaiser Willie making Bismarck a Knight of the Order of Merit reminds one of a sparrow fluttering around a cathedral.

If yesterday had been Sunday it would have been difficult for even the President Commissioner to make it pass for dry.

The work of the National Cycle Board of Trade yesterday seems to indicate that we are bound to have good roads after awhile.

Comptroller Fitch, the great lecturer on city economy, has been raising the salaries of his employes, and Waring & Co. have raised a hue and cry after him.

Alfred Austin's present job is to write a heroic lyrical obituary of Prince Henry of Battenberg, which is not the least difficult task ever attempted by a poet.

If it requires only fifty-nine millions of dollars for the effective armament of twenty-eight of our most important seaports, the sooner that sum is expended the better.

The Congressmen's wives are attending the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, at Washington, in a body, and there is woe just ahead for every member of our National House.

Ex-Justice Grady's little remark at the Brooklyn hearing yesterday that Tammany had never been known to go a-courting Miss Brooklyn, anyway, seemed to cast oil upon the already dancing flames.

Recorder Goff comes in for a substantial amount of blame because he is too lenient in his sentences. If the Judges down get alarmed at the criticisms, there will be some cold days for the criminal class.

There will be no more teapots at . if Patrick Jerome Gleason can succeed in establishing his right to be the first Mayor of the Greater New York. Long Island City's battle-axe chieftain takes his straight.

TRY A "COUNTY COUNCIL."

By all means let the projected Consolidation be amply discussed before the Legislature takes what will probably be the irrevocable move. Light on obscure topics connected with the great scheme which is to make this the second city in the world springs forth from every session of the legislative committee which is conducting the present inquiry. For instance, ex-Congressman Coombs led the way to the discussion of the most vital matter connected with the subject, yesterday, when he hinted that it would be unwise to create one great composite city at the gateway of the Continent before the smaller municipalities which were to be included in it had shown their capacity for wise government. He even hinted, rather unkindly, that municipal government as it is understood in the metropolis had been little better than "a travesty on civilization." The harshness of his criticism may be passed over because of the good motive which prompted it. He is only one of many, especially in Brooklyn, who are haunted by the vague fear that Consolidation may degenerate from its primitive character of a non-partisan aspiration toward civic grandeur and civic purity into a colossal partisan job, before which all attempts at municipal improvement will disappear.

Certainly a reason for such fear is afforded by the appearance of the Republican wire-pullers upon the scene with their batch of "commissions," which would simply consolidate legislative tyranny. It is improbable that Union will halt while the imperfect municipal machines in the cities to be united are completely reformed, but there is no reason why a really representative system of city government should not be brought out, by means of which the composite city can make gradual progress toward getting from under the shadow of the Legislature and governing itself. We want something like the London County Council, in which a wise scheme for the future government of Greater New York can be elaborated at leisure. Why not assemble a great body of men of talent from all the cities included in the plan for a united existence, and between now and 1898—earliest epoch at which the consummation of Union is contemplated—discuss the whole system of city government and formulate a plan?

The creation of a vast city demands the best thought and wisest efforts of a body of men as able as those ordinarily gathered in a Constitutional Convention. The political jugglers will of course frown on this idea as destructive of their power, but they would doubtless find their way into a "New York County Council" and would have a few things to say there, though nothing dictatorial, for they would be hopelessly in the minority. If out of the legislative inquiry something like this could grow, a distinct gain would be registered both for the cause of Home Rule for Cities and for purity in municipal government. We recommend a careful perusal of the voluminous reports of the London County Council for the last few years, while it has been upbuilding "Greater London," to Chairman Lexow and his colleagues before they make their report.

Speaker Hamilton Fish is endeavoring to rival Chauncey Depew as the wit of the State. He made his chief effort yesterday, when he asked the Legislative committees actually to work over the weekly holiday period.

OUT-OF-PLACE BOORISHNESS.

It might be a good idea for the city to establish an educational department in connection with our hospitals, where the new ambulance surgeons may be taught the rudiments of manners before they are sent out to attend men and women who are injured in the streets.

Only a few days ago the newspapers published a story about young Dr. Opdyke, who answered an ambulance call that took him to the house of the late Courtlandt Babcock, who was dying from self-inflicted injuries. The Babcocks' family physician, who was present when young Opdyke arrived puffed up with his little brief authority, had already done all that was possible for the dying man. Nevertheless it took the united protests of the other physician and the members of the family to prevent the ambulance surgeon from removing Mr. Babcock, then at the point of death, to the hospital; and their combined efforts could not prevent Opdyke from interfering with the bandages that had been put upon the dying man's head by a physician of far more skill and experience than the youngster who came with the ambulance. He then added insult to injury by using rude and unbecoming language to the grief-stricken relatives gathered about the bedside.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Babbott, of Brooklyn, were thrown from their carriage in a runaway in this city, and Ambulance Surgeon Deutscher, from the New York Hospital, answered the call for assistance. His language to his two patients was so insulting, according to the reports in all the newspapers, that a gentleman who had witnessed the accident and the unmannerly conduct of Deutscher, was with difficulty restrained from thrashing him on the spot.

Robert Louis Stevenson, writing about the life of the Quartier Latin, said that it was a source of perpetual wonder to him what became of the blackguards of students and where the artists came from. "The same mystery regarding the medical profession," he adds, "must have occurred even to the least observant." It is a fact that the study of medicine by young men and their consequent familiarity with suffering and death has a tendency to blunt the sensibilities of the coarser student, just as it deepens and broadens the sympathies of the more humane. Perhaps if the youngsters who are put on the ambulances were selected with a view to ethical as well as other conditions, we should hear fewer complaints of boorish conduct.

The first blood in the European war may be shed by a couple of members of the German Reichstag, who are talking of fighting a duel because one called the other a liar in a discussion about whether the Fatherland had offended England. There is greater probability, however, that the outcome in this affair, as well as between the two nations, will be more noise than swords or bullets.

ARMENIA IN THE SENATE.

The Senate found it in its heart yesterday to give Armenia a little sympathy. This is not strange, considering that the oppression of the Armenians by the Sultan is the most atrocious outrage of the century, and that we have thousands of Armenian voters in this country. Senator Frye was passionately eloquent over the need of protecting the six millions of capital invested in American missions in Turkey. He ventured the statement that if the American flag had waved above a Consulate of the United States at Kharput, twenty thousand lives might have been saved in that district.

The most sensible suggestion of all was made by Senator Call, of Florida, who offered an amendment pointing to the elevation of Armenia as an independent nation, under the protection of "all the Powers." Yet does "all the Powers" include the United States? If so, it would seem as if the Senator were already on the path toward "entangling alliances." Sacked and ravaged Armenia will probably be occupied by Russian troops ere long, and then the massacres at least will cease. Senator Frye would have us uphold Russia in every possible manner, even to the sending of warships to Constantinople. Probably no one would object if we bombarded the Sultan's palace a little, just by way of reminding him that his infidel horde must not disturb American missions or missionaries.

But there is some slight probability that we shall do nothing until too late. There has been an infinite flood of talk about both Cuba and Armenia, but no action. While our Senators are airing theories and suggest combinations, the oppressed are perishing beneath the sword.

The Abyssinians are not likely to have the sympathy of the press in their troubles with Italy. Instead of holding out "the glad hand" to the Italian reporters who follow the invading army, they cut off their hands whenever they catch any of them.

GOUT'S GLORY THREATENED.

By advancing the theory, at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, that gout is a result of the use of lager beer, Dr. Thompson, the eminent specialist, endangers the prestige of the world's most aristocratic malady. The doctor bases his conclusion on the historical fact that in this country, when we took our whiskey straight, and knew not the taste of lager beer, there was no gout; so he thinks that the disease is caused by man's use of the amber fluid, rather than by the drinking of champagne and cocktails.

The promulgation of this theory is a reflection on the great army of the gouty, and should be either retracted or proven. What glory can there be in the chief woe of swell clubmen if the world concludes that he who limps brought on his pain by rushing the growler? Hitherto the man with gout has been regarded as a good fellow, a victim to his appetite for rich viands and sparkling wine. He is spoken of as a man who has found life worth living, and he has found balm for his suffering in the admiration of fellow citizens. To crush this tradition and establish the conviction that gout is due to drinking beer by the bucketful, and possibly, also, to the eating of free lunch, is the hardest blow that science has yet endeavored to strike at popular belief. Nothing but a thorough investigation will satisfy the curious, and Mayor Strong, the representative of the people and a sufferer from gout himself, who, in the public mind, knows not even the color of lager, is the proper person to demand proof from Dr. Thompson, or an abject apology.

The action of the Brooklyn health authorities, in fitting out a Long Island College Hospital ambulance with smooth-running bicycle wheels, will do more for the comfort and ultimate recovery of those who meet with accidents requiring their removal to the hospital than would a dozen cases of surgical instruments, or a carload of books on the best methods of slashing the human body.

A SCHOOLBOY HERO.

The value of the fire drill in the public schools, when even one person keeps his or her head, is illustrated in to-day's news from Omaha. Fire broke out in the Dodge street school, which contained five hundred scholars, Thursday afternoon, and in the confusion that resulted even the teachers lost their self-control. Panic was imminent, and already some of the smaller children had been thrown down in the rush for the doors, when the sound of the drum playing the army rattle, which was the signal for the dispersion of the scholars to the music, was heard on the lower stairs.

It brought the teachers round in a second and the pupils the second afterward, and all marched out uninjured and in perfect order. Then it was learned that Offie Downs, a thirteen-year-old boy, whose duty it was to beat the drum at the fire-drill exercises, had rushed for that instrument at the first alarm and taken his place without a word of instruction, when even the teachers lost their heads.

Offie Downs is the stuff of which heroes are made, because heroes are frequently persons who retain their reasoning powers in circumstances that throw the wheels of weaker intellects out of gear.

The Firemen's Pension Fund would soon be swelled to the size of a Wall Street bank's reserve if all their acts of bravery were rewarded as Mr. C. Hitchcock recognized one yesterday, by adding $100 to the fund in commemoration of the heroism of Firemen Mailley, Crawford and Price, who rescued him from the flames in the Peabody flats.

To saloon-keepers—When a policeman comes to you on Sunday, or "after hours," and tells you that he is sick, do not give him beer or liquor. That will make him feel well enough to make an arrest. Feed him warm dish-water, with a cake of soap in it. That will keep him sick long enough for you to escape. This advice is apropos of the case of Alois Bronner, manager of the saloon and picnic grounds at No. 700 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street, who attempted to restore to health a colicky "cop" who came into said Bronner's place and begged relief several Sundays ago, and who came very near losing his license because of his good-nature.

The readers of the afternoon newspapers pays their money and takes their choice. The Sun yesterday afternoon published an alleged picture of General Maximo Gomez, commander-in-chief of the patriot army in Cuba, representing him as a fine, erect and vigorous-appearing man, with the statement: "He is sixty years of age, apparently in the prime of his intellectual and physical powers." The World, that came out within a few minutes of the Sun, presents exactly the same picture of Gomez, drawing in a few lines of suffering below the eyes, with the legend below: "General Maximo Gomez, commander-in-chief of the patriot army in Cuba, reported dying of consumption."

Thumbnail Sketch No. 3.
David Bennett Hill.

Washington, Jan. 24.—Despite his black hair and bilious skin, after one has studied Hill a bit it will burst on one that there is much of the old Norse about him. What a Viking he would have made! How he would have worshipped Thor, held his horse festivals, drunk from the skull of his enemy and fought foot to foot with his foeman until one or both went down!

This Norse effect may come from the fact that Hill is destructive rather than constructive in his genius. Destruction is an easy talent; a laborer of coarsest sort can take a pinchbar and throw down more masonry than 200 skilled workmen in equal time can build. But it is no less majestic and impressive. There is something innately popular, too, in destruction, because it tends to equalization.

And Hill is popular. Withal, however, he makes no near friends. No one ever heard of a man who was a chum of David Bennett Hill. No one ever will.

That condition may not mean that he is not loved. Possibly it might be said of Hill as Emerson said of Thoreau:

"We love Henry, but we do not like him," remarked the sage of Concord.

Very like something of this sort might be told of Hill.

There's a good deal in the phrase—applied, however, to another and still more celebrated New Yorker—"We love him for the enemies he's made." It often happens that one can discover who loves a man by determining who hates him, and a list of one's friends may frequently be inferred with clearness from the roster of one's enemies. In its way this is quite true of Hill.

But, after all, no one likes Hill; no one is warmly his friend. He is repellant, however, rather than repulsive. There's something cold about the man; in fact as well as metaphor. Go to his rooms and they're as chilly as a saw mill. It's ear muff and overcoat weather there. Yet Hill likes it, is charmed with it; albeit he wears a silk skull cap to fend the temperature from his bald head.

Once a newspaper man made up his mind to be a warm friend of Hill. This is what he says of it:

"We made a date for Sunday at his rooms at the Normandie. I went up per schedule. The rooms were as Wintry as a barn. Hill was glad to see me. He extended his hand; it was cold as a frog. He smiled; it was as if the sun had glinted on an iceberg. The whole atmosphere about him was fruitless and desolate. I stayed half an hour and before I came away I knew that Hill and I wouldn't be friends—we might be allies or confederates—if we were locked in the same cage for a century of years."

While one finds it difficult to like Hill, one cannot note him for the indomitable fighter he is and fail to admire. He has the battle taste just as some other might have a taste for whiskey.

Yet Hill is not so much a general as he is a boss. He drives men; he doesn't lead them.

Hill, however, will yield to a circumstance when he wouldn't to a man. There was a noticeable instance of this which has never been printed.

Four years ago, when Hill was stumping the State for Cleveland, stories and charges kept pouring in on Sheehan, the blue-eyed, and Murphy at headquarters, to the effect that secretly, for all Hill's speeches, the order was out at Elmira to knife Cleveland. The stories accused Hill of being at the bottom of all this treason to the ticket.

Murphy believed and Sheehan discredited these yarns. At last they resolved on a test. They changed the schedule and appointed Hill to make his last speech at Elmira. Then they notified Hill.

He was up the State at the time, but the next day he came into the city, pallid and cold without, but a volcano of resentment within.

"I've eaten all the dirt I will," said Hill. "I'll not make a speech for Cleveland at my home—at Elmira."

"I haven't believed these stories," said Sheehan, beginning himself to grow bitter, "but if you don't go to Elmira, I'll not only credit them, but publish them in every paper in the State."

Hill ground his teeth, but went. That is how in 1892 the speech programme was changed, and Hill's last speech was delivered at Elmira. It is a sinister fact, however, that the Elmira bailiwick, which gave Cleveland about 800 majority in 1888, when Harrison carried the State, gave Harrison about 800 majority in 1892, when Cleveland carried the State by 50,000.

Yet, as a matter of political fact, Hill did not teach quiet treason to the Elmira folk, and had nothing personal or direct to do with their defection. It was rather the work of Rockwell, then in the House from that district, and to oust whom in favor of Noyes, the Republican claimant of his seat, the Cleveland men in the House, with O'Ferrall, now Governor of Virginia, at their head, had beat their best and sincerest efforts.

Speaking of underhandism, there's nothing of the skulker or poisoner about Hill. He despises such Mugwump methods. He slays his enemy directly, in hot blood, when everybody's awake, and carries forward his battles with all the noise and clash which naturally belong to them.

Nor has Hill any secrets which are not secrets per se. There are those who make secrets of all things. They are by nature furtive and like to hide. They will secrete themselves when there is no alarm, no danger, for the mere sensation of being concealed. Such men make secrets of their middle names, refuse their addresses to a directory and if asked the time of day evade reply, or, if cornered, tell it reluctantly.

There's nothing of this to Hill. His frankness and the fulness of his speech would amaze you were you to talk with him. If the newspaper correspondents printed a tithe of what Hill frankly tells them he'd be in hot water from Sunday to Sunday. Here is a sample: It was during the Peckham war, when that gentleman had been named for the Supreme Bench.

"How does the fight stand?" asked a newspaper man as he and Hill met back of the Senate Chamber. It was then two days before the vote.

"I think I'll beat him," said Hill. "There are some changes, of course, since the vote on Hornblower, but still I ought to win. Yes, I lose a man or two. There's Faulkner, of West Virginia. He voted against Hornblower, but he's going to vote for Peckham. How do I know? You recall the fact that Faulkner was married only a few weeks ago. Have you noticed that Mrs. Cleveland has had Mrs. Faulkner at the White House three times that week? No? Well, I did. And you'll see that Faulkner will be flattered into a Peckham vote.

"Oh, well," concluded Hill, with an air of jaunty, half-comical defiance, and as one who laughed in mid-battle, "of course when Cleveland brings his wife into this he can beat me that much. I haven't any wife, and I haven't any White House, and to that extent he has the better of me. Still, I think I'll get along, even if Faulkner goes over to the foe."

Hill was right twice. He did beat Peckham, and Faulkner did cast his vote on the Peckham side.

Who's "It?"

The following from the editorial columns of the Cincinnati Tribune refers to the cartoon published by us a short time ago and reproduced on this page. Our readers should bear in mind that there is one line more to the rhyme, and it reads "O-U-T—Out." In repeating the lines to decide who is "it" the one on whom the last word falls is eliminated, and the words are repeated again with those who remain until but one remains, and that one is "it." If our readers will try for themselves they will see who should be "it" in this political game:

About a week ago the New York Journal published a cartoon, drawn by Davenport, which has attracted wide attention. It represented Tom Platt, whose implacable hostility to McKinley is well known, standing in front of a row of Republican Presidential candidates and selecting the one who shall receive the nomination by the "Eeny, meeny, miney mo" process, whereby the person on whom falls the last word is "it."

The complete rhyme used in the process is as follows:

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo;
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers let him go;
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo.

The row of candidates was arranged after this order: Harrison, Morton, Reed, McKinley, Allison, Alger, Davis and Sherman. Now let us apply the formula, and discover upon whom Mr. Platt's choice will necessarily fall:

Eeny	Harrison
meeny	Morton
miney	Reed
mo	McKinley
Catch	Allison
a	Alger
nigger	Davis
by	Sherman
the	Harrison
toe	Morton
If	Reed
he	McKinley
hollers	Allison
let	Alger
him	Davis
go	Sherman
Eeny	Harrison
meeny	Morton
miney	Reed
mo	McKinley

Who's Left in the Game?

The Cincinnati Tribune says it's McKinley, but that's wrong. Figure it out for yourself!

From McKinley's Own State.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I saw in the Cincinnati Tribune of recent date a "criticism" on the very excellent "Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo" cartoon which you published the other day. The Tribune criticism undertakes to repeat the jingle of which you give the first line and show by it that the arrangement of the candidates in the cartoon is all wrong because the last word, the important one which points out the successful "it," would fall on McKinley. The Tribune says this is a blunder the cartoon—that Platt would rather retire from politics than choose McKinley as "it."

So far as describing what Platt would prefer, the Tribune is doubtless very right indeed. The weak spot in the Tribune article lies in the fact that it does not produce the jingle correctly, and therefore makes the last word alight on the wrong man. The Tribune gives the rhyme as:

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo;
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go;
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

The correct jingle, which I heard as a child at school, would be:

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo;
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go;
You are it."

This rhyme would put the nomination on Tom Reed, a condition which would, I think, be pleasant to Platt. The cartoon is all right.

OHIO MAN.

An Interested Philadelphian.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Ever since the publication of your cartoon, "Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo," I have been puzzling my brains to discover who will be "it," if Mr. Platt continues his counting to the bitter end. According to my calculation Harrison will have that honor. Perhaps some of the other readers can enlighten me. Very truly yours, J. G. K.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21.

Applause at the Philharmonic.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—The Metropolitan Whirler is right. No one needs to applaud at a Philharmonic concert; there is such an obliging claque which grows frantic over each number played, good or bad—and they do play badly sometimes at the Philharmonic—that the music lover who goes to hear good music, well played, wonders whether the audiences which frequent those concerts are really discriminating or are only the same kind of people who sat on pins and needles at Yvette Guilbert's performances for fear they should not laugh at the proper time.

There is too much humbug about our Philharmonic Orchestra. It has, of course, the advantage of having the very best New York musicians in its ranks, but even that does not insure a perfect ensemble. The conductor ought to know that, though we are willing to swallow a good deal at his hands, on account of his reputation as a musician, there is a limit, even to the good nature of a New Yorker, and that a few careless rehearsals will not satisfy the desires of those who want to get the best.

The Philharmonic is not the solid rock we have been accustomed to—it is tearing away from those conventions which placed it at the head of local musical organizations, and is leaning more to the tastes of Sunday night audiences. Instead of giving us the great works of the great masters, we get such selections as are calculated to swell the receipts at the box office, rather than those which the lover and connoisseur of music pays to hear. If a well-advertised violinist comes here from Europe, he is immediately engaged for a Philharmonic concert, regardless of his qualifications, but simply to show the public that they are up to date.

I have heard it said that more business houses of forty or fifty years' standing fail than those of any other age, and the same may apply to the fifty-year-old Philharmonic Society. They may find that American pluck as exemplified by the orchestra started by Sam Franko (the American Symphony Orchestra), all native Americans, or the Symphony Orchestra, led by Damrosch, though itself languishing, will give them a lively tussle for supremacy. Yours truly,

NEW YORK.

New York, Jan. 22, 1896.

Send This to Puck.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—P. says a certain coat never saw a machine. S. takes the bet. Mc. decides that the coat was machine made. P. answers that the coat "has no eyes." Who wins? Answer and oblige P. S.

Norwich, Conn., Jan. 16, 1896.

For Cuban Freedom.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Sir—Owing to press of business I have not before written to you to thank you for your noble efforts in behalf of the independence of my countrymen, but I feel that this is no excuse whatever for me, as you have always, despite your multitudinous and arduous duties, never for a day ceased your labors in our behalf. I see in you the patriot who, thankful for the peace and blessings of his own country, lends his best efforts to those children of misfortune who are now fighting the battle for the principles on which your country rests. It is more noble than the charity which the rich give the poor. Charity might debase the recipient; your sympathetic labors ennoble even the patriot.

I am sorry that at this moment I cannot personally express to you the intense gratitude which I feel that I and my compatriots owe you, but hope in the near future to find occasion to do so. However, such men as you find even greater pleasure in the support of a noble cause than in the evidence of the gratitude of the downtrodden people you help to sustain. I remain yours, gratefully, T. ESTRADA PALMA.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 23, 1896.

"Interference in the Cuban Struggle."

To the Editor of the Journal:

It is an established principle of international law that interference can be justified on one of the following grounds:

"First—When it is demanded by self-preservation.

"Second—When some extraordinary state of things is brought about by the crime of a Government against its subjects.

"Third—Interference on the score of humanity."

In support of this last-mentioned consideration we have in modern history the interference of Great Britain, France and Russia on behalf of the Greeks in 1827.

Spain, thus far defeated in her campaign against the Cubans fighting for independence, is about to inaugurate a war of extermination, as manifested in her appointment of General Weyler, a man of acknowledged cruelty and bloodthirsty inclinations. That the Madrid Government, in their despair, have decided upon a plan of ferocity to carry on the war in Cuba, is clearly transparent by the selection of a commander-in-chief whose very appointment is causing thousands of unfortunate Cubans to flee for personal security.

It would be an indelible spot on the spirit of American liberty to countenance a merciless oppressor in his work of waging a cruel warfare, such as was carried on during the last insurrection. The American people have already protested with their generous sympathies, manifested in behalf of bleeding Cuba; but it remains for the Administration to establish in an unequivocal manner that the rights of human nature "will not be wantonly outraged." Let the official head of the American nation remember "that whatever a nation may lawfully defend for itself, it may defend for another if called on to interpose by the voice of the people.

E. DEL CASTILLO.

"Leads All the Big Papers."

[From the Buffalo News.]

Another luminary of the first magnitude has risen on the newspaper horizon in New York. It is the recreated Morning Journal. The Journal has made a complete change in appearance and in scope as a newspaper. It has been broadened out on lines characteristic of the best journalism, and has an interest for every class of readers. The enterprise shown in developing new fields of news is like that of the Sun, which revolutionized New York journalism a generation ago. The Journal now disputes with the Herald the leadership among the illustrated papers of the metropolis, and it leads all the big papers in popular interest.

Walker and Jameson.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

If William Walker, the American filibuster, were alive to-day, he would be only seventy-two years old. Walker's career of filibustering lasted seven years, and at one time he made himself master of Nicaragua. He was compelled to surrender to a British man-of-war in Honduras in 1860, and the captain handed him over to the native authorities to be court-martialed and shot. Jameson is now technically a British prisoner, but in reality a British hero and lion.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

There is a gentleman in town just now who is out of an engagement and will be glad to sign at reduced rates for the remainder of the season, and furnish his own wardrobe and properties. This gentleman is of foreign birth, and possesses a marked accent, fine hair and eyes and is decidedly picturesque in his appearance. By profession he is a foreign nobleman—by profession, not by birth, for the well-trained eye can easily detect in him the unmistakable earmarks of the Austrian waiter grade of society from which he came. But he is a nobleman now during forty weeks out of the fifty-two, and in this capacity he engages to accompany any dramatic or operatic organization, exhibiting himself in the different towns along the route as the mysterious character who is in love with the leading lady, or the soubrette or the contralto, as the case may be, and follows her from place to place, loading her with flowers—she will accept nothing else from him—and begging her to fly with him, as his bride, to his ancestral castle in France or Hungary or Bohemia or Austria. The advance agent of the show usually mentions the fact of his existence to one or two secretive newspaper men of his acquaintance, and the manager who travels with the company is apt to point him out to the critics and a few prominent citizens, as he stalks around the lobby and in and out of a proscenium box on the first night. The doorkeeper, whom he treats to cigars and drinks, also mentions him in careless conversation with his friends, and by the end of the week the mysterious nobleman is sure to become a well-known character.

"There's my cloak and my medals, and my red ribbon and my sword," said the professional nobleman last night, while exhibiting his "properties" to a manager.

"But you don't wear a sword, do you?" exclaimed the latter.

"No. I usually exhibit it in the window of the principal dry goods store of the town, with a placard stating that it is Baron ——'s sword of honor," replied the nobleman placidly.

* * *

The outward and visible signs of mourning are lighter this year than formerly. It may be that the people do not grieve as much for the departed as Adam and Eve did when Cain killed his brother, and certainly they do not grieve this season with the intensity that was shown in former years, because it has been noticed that the heavy crape veil has been replaced by one of Brussels net, with a very narrow crape border. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt is wearing a crape bonnet, without the mourning veil, and Mrs. Richard Irving and Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood affect the Brussels net. These are facts that we cannot afford to lose sight of.

* * *

"Sailors with money is more likely to be shoal in their intellects than these busted mariners wot I have met up with," was the pleasing bit of deep sea information vouchsafed last night by Bill Barnacle.

"Does this mania assume any particular form?" the lubber asked, by way of a feeler.

"None whatsoever. These here affluent able seamen just gets proper slewed in their top hamper and don't hold the wind from no quarter. For a spell they bowls along with ever inch of canvas drawing; then all to once they spills or goes flat aback and is rolling in the troft of the sea. A mariner with money is no more fitten to be trusted ashore than these here hayseeds wot buys gold bricks.

"I'm now recalling a mate of mine by the name of Lumps. He never drank nothing—not even whiskey—and he had a pants leg full of money. This here Lumps was a scholard, too, and his languages flowed smooth and polite. He frequent said to me: 'Bill, I've got money to burn, but I don't carry no matches, and I'm too modest to ask for a light.' Wherever this shellback acquires his learning don't reef no topsails with me, and he regards me favorable for trimming myself equal, though busted.

"One time when Lumps is arranging to hold a naval review with himself ashore he informs me that his intent is to charter a budwar in a hotel—signing articles to that effect—and sleeping in a genuine bed with lace tarpaulins onto it. I admires his taste, but is thrown on my beam ends when Lumps further signifies that a celluloid collar is entered on his manifest. This, I points out, is frivolous and unseamanlike conduct, popular with dudes. The tidiest skipper I ever knowed, I tells Lumps, wore a paper collar for years and held his own, but Lumps, being twisted aloft, gets haughty and leaves me to pursue his insane career.

"It was the next morning," continued Mr. Barnacle, while a shadow of pain flitted across his club-indented features, "when word was passed me from a hospital where I finds this misguided mariner, Lumps. His whiskers is absent and I notes remorse recorded on his parbolled figger-head. The invalid is not fluent in his excuses, but from the doctor I learns that while lighting the gas in his budwar Lumps drops a blazing match into his neckgear. Being loaded, this here celluloid explodes. His whiskers likewise ignites and Mr. Lumps is chucked into the street a smoking ruin.

"At the present day Lumps wears this here collar depicted on his neck, and me and my mates altudes private to the scar as the cargo mark of the Four Hundred."

From the Ladies.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of New York County, in convention assembled, this 22d day of January, 1896, in recognition of the great good to be expected from the outspoken, decisive and fearless presentation by the New York Journal of January 5, 1896, of important statistics and the danger accruing from the liquor traffic in the City of New York, do hereby resolve to extend our heartiest approval and indorsement, our most sanguine hopes and prayers, and our united support to the Journal for this championship of right in the interest of good citizenship.

MRS. E. FRANCES LORD,
President of New York City and County Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

New York, Jan. 23, 1896.