

Thumbnail Sketch No. 6. Anti-Cleveland Plans.

When one cannot be king, be a Warwick. There is grace, illustration, profit in the role. If one cannot be the throne, be the power behind the throne. It is wisdom and worth while.

Gorman, after the fight of '84, made no doubt of his power with Cleveland. He was the general who had commanded success. He had fiddled it out of the very fire. He was entitled to a White House pass key. It should be his voice in the closet, his whisper on the back stairs by which the Administration should gain impulse and direction.

Gorman asked three things. These boons referred to the Baltimore & Ohio, and were aimed at a mail, a telegraph and an express contract.

Cleveland declined to accede to the requests with a blunt bluntness that, assenting to no obligation, admitted of no hope. "Miss Dolly, ain't Miss Blank a widderer?"

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"Miss Dolly," she said finally, putting her head inside the window, "does you talk widderers?"

I was just in the midst of a deep thought, but I dropped it, for Eulinda is always interesting.

"I don't know," I said, non-committally; "I suppose there are kinds and kinds, just as in everything else."

Eulinda paused and nearly lost her balance trying to look over her shoulder into the street; then she turned to me seriously: "No, Miss Dolly, you're mistaken; dere's Jess one kind. They never has it but once. They's diffunt in some respects, of co'se, but in this particular they's all alike. 'I observed and I've experienced this in widderers. They's talk the man with a small-dox, Miss Dolly. They gets well and mumble they's ain't much mumbled, but they don't say it again; what they has affat that's the valoid. That's Jess talk widderers, Miss Dolly; what they has affatward's Jess valoid, you malk my wo'd, Miss Dolly."

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Letters from the People.

Dear Sir—Would you kindly let me know if there is an institution where I can get a child to board, to help pay a little on my rent? Will you be kind to care, I have a very nice, comfortable home, in a quiet neighborhood. New York, Jan. 30, 1896. M. H.

Should Tillman Be Kicked Out? Dear Sir—In regard to your issue your editorial on Tillman's trip against the President and the Senate, I am glad that you have shown up this demagogic blatherer in his true colors. The meanness and ignorance which he displayed were enough to make every American blush with shame. Who should such a blackguard be tolerated? He ought to be summoned before the bar of the State and cowardly insults which he heaped upon the President of our country, that will our European friends call on us if such vile, villainous and mendacious statements made by a United States Senator against our President go unchallenged? Such a ruffian as Tillman ought to be kicked out of the Senate, and be horsewhipped in the streets. AN AMERICAN. Chicopee, Mass., Jan. 31, 1896.

Great Britain. Dear Sir—To settle a dispute, please let me know through the columns of your paper which is the nation that has the largest and strongest navy in the world. Respectfully yours, Long Island City, Feb. 1. L. S. M.

A Is Right. Dear Sir—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, we have decided to leave a net to your decision. A letter that a boy from the United States whose father is not an American citizen becomes a citizen at the age of twenty-one years just the same as if his father were a citizen. How do you justify our citizenship papers. Brooklyn, Feb. 1. A CONSTANT READER.

HOW TO FLOAT THE ST. PAUL. The Journal continues to receive letters from men who are interested in the fate of the St. Paul, and who think they might be able to float her if they had a chance to try.

A Jerseyman's Idea. Dear Sir—Your representation of the four tugs endeavoring to pull the steamship St. Paul from her present straits looks to me unadvisable, because they, being so much lower in the water than the ship end of their cables, would pull her down in the sand afterwards. Therefore, I suggest that the first incoming ship of her line take hold of her at the bow and on the day of the tug, they could be hauled up on a spar stretched over the pilot houses of two of the tugs, and they could be hauled up by her own power. It is not perhaps that the tug would be pulled down, but it would be pulled up. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOSEPH DUFFY. Paterson, N. J., Feb. 1.

What Would Happen? Dear Sir—Being interested in your discussion of the proposed St. Paul, I would like the following answered: What would be the result should the St. Louis act as a tug boat and endeavor to pull the St. Paul out of the straits, the latter also using her engines at the same time? Would she break in half or what would happen? New York, Feb. 1.

How About a Coffin-Dan? Dear Sir—A suggestion as to how our great American liner may be released from her unfortunate position in a coffin-dan, and how to get her out of the water, may be of service to the public. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. F. B. Brooklyn, Feb. 1.

Hammond Should Be Defended. The New York Journal has had the enterprise to secure a valuable dispatch from San Francisco, the American engineer imprisoned in Prussia. It is red with wrath against the Transvaal Government, upholds the Jameson raid, and urges our Government to act immediately. It claims that the arrest, confinement and confinement of the property of American citizens in the Transvaal are utterly unjustifiable. Mr. Hammond certainly makes a case for inquiry on the part of the American Government, which will doubtless do its full duty in the premises. The suggestion that the United States should invade the old of Great Britain to protect American citizens is not especially pertinent while Salisbury is in a state of paralysis. Mr. Hammond is a bright, able and successful American, whose words, in behalf of himself and his fellow-Americans, should not pass unheeded.

Increase of Information. It is merely a "good understanding" that has been established between Turkey and Russia. Now if the rest of the world had good understanding of what has been established between the British and Turkey there would be a great increase of information.

Eulinda's View with Regard to "Widderers."

It was Eulinda's window day. Eulinda hates to clean windows, and after the operation is over the windows themselves are not really up to her immaculate standard in other things, but if the voice of criticism is raised she simply says, with the most convincing air:

"Oh, they's Jess impulfekshuns in de glass, Miss Dolly; glasses ain't looks streaky talk when de sun shines on 'em. Doan you mink' about that, honey?"

And that covers a multitude of shortcomings. But now she had worked her way gradually up to my den and was sitting, perched on the window ledge, with her back to the street, a polisher in either hand, working away with apparent industry; but I soon saw that she seemed unusually thoughtful and that she was observing me more than she was the windows. Presently she said, somewhat with the air of one trying the laces:

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Kicker O'Mullin Visits Governor Morton.

Albany, Feb. 2.—When me an' Morton is kids, before we gets blue-blooded, we're dead poor, see? Thom's the days when Kicker O'Mullin an' his royal job-lots at Albany is on their uppers, an' slams gates, pulls doorbells, an' goes down the line for hand-outs.

"Thearin' of the Harmony dinner me old pal be puttin' up, I pulls on me roller consters an' shames over to Albany. Of co'se, I'm out to see the Gov' personall. You know me! No second-class tout does Kicker O'Mullin. I don't want no mix-up with the deekhands; nothin' but quarter-deck company goes with me.

At Morton's door there's a mark tries to thrum me down. He says I don't go in. "Don't?" says I. Then I pushed in the sucker's face. He was dead glad to make a sneak after that an' I wanders on.

"How's me old college chum?" says Morton.

"We shakes to a finish, an' after we recalls our fins we sets down as gabby as two old leeners. There's a guy in the room I ain't onto; he's a weedy lookin' bloke, but his air is dead swift.

"Who's his ribs?" I says, givin' Morton the bunch.

"That's Ashby," he replies. "He's me private secretary. An', Mul, Ashby's about as soon as a guy as ever started. As he's been all through me affairs, includin' me boom, with a lantern, you needn't duck your nut for him. Cut your lip loose with freedom, Mul."

"Well, speakin' of booms," I says, "if I had your game I'd lead me boom out an' croak it."

"An' why?" says he.

"Because you ain't got no show for your alley," he replies. "Plattsey an' Warner Miller an' Corry Bliss, an' for your Milholland, an' the rest of them pigs, is doin' you—playin' you for a solid-silver sucker. That's straight. Every one of 'em's got you on a shoe-string, an' they's out to work you like a bell-punch. You stay with them murderers an' be the time you've got a month older the main character of your leg'll be leath'."

"Plattsey'll be faithful to me," he says. "I can lean on Plattsey an' his push an' go to sleep."

"Plattsey," I replies, "is a dead chilly old skin from Toga. He's for Reed, an' he's using you for a front against McKinley, which is a mucker the Union League stiffens an' d' rest of the magwumps is after. Take that gun-shoe guy, Bliss. He's for McKinley. So's Milholland an' Brookfield an' Strong. Every rag in the Union League bag is for McKinley, an' every stiff on the list has got his shove up his sleeve to knife you. Be convention time they'll throw you flat, or I'm a liar, an' you'll not let it escape your notice I give you the 'dip'."

"But, mul, dear Mul," says Morton, an' his tones is doin' a trembly kind of a clog dance with his Roosevelt, for he's dead agitated be now; "but, me dear Mul, consider. These dubs pose as me friends."

"Oh, yes," I says, "I'm posted about all that. These dubs give you a jolly. It's a case of glad hand and gay face, to wind up each trip with a burrah touch for your stuff. It's a dead shake-down for your dough. They don't mean it, an' you're gettin' the rush right along. When the time comes these malkin' sand-bag your boom or give it a knock-out rag. They's malkin' a mouse-colored monkey of you."

"But these snoozers, most of 'em," says Morton, lookin' dead tired an' limp, for he ain't got no more backbone than a bath towel, "is members of the Union League. They's our solid Muldoons of business, Mul. They wouldn't dare go givin' me no raise-dazzle."

"Solid Muldoons," I repeats with scorn. "Solid balloons would be better when it comes to politics. What's the Union League? A bloomin' bluff. Open its front door an' you're in its back yard. They're only pretendin' to scoop wid Plattsey."

"An' that geezer, Milholland," breaks in Ashby, "he's been liltin' an' plipin' us off all the time; this Milholland, who's malkin' the roof for the Union League against Platt, would give his grandmother the double cross. He's a hard little man."

"Right you are, me bonid private secretary," says I, extendin' me duke an' takin' Ashby into full fellowship; "this fight bechux the Union League and Plattsey is a fight bechux McKinley an' Reed. Morton ain't in it; his name's been mud a month, an' it's time he takes a tumble."

"But Warner Miller?" means me old friend.

"He's feedin' you on fog, too," I says. "Miller wants to be Governor, an' he's cappin' his own game an' tontin' you agin this White House play to get you out of his board."

"An' Strong?" murmurs Morton, an' his tone is carryin' a bod full of grief on its shoulder; "can't I believe Strong?"

"Believe Strong?" I repeats, at the same time thrummin' a sneer. "An' the old shap a dead ringer for Ananias. Believe Strong? You can't I don't think. He ain't even on the level with himself. He ain't rollin' in the room of the Harmony dinner. At the last minute he'll spring a bluff about havin' the goat, or 'pendecites, or some other mug-wump maldy, send his regrets an' lay dead. He went home."

"Still, there's me old stockin'—Chancey D'Peach," says Morton.

"Now, mind," I says, "I ain't out to rap, see! But D'Peach is for himself. He wants D' White House, Chancey does, as bad as youse. I gets agin' him the other day, an' he has a rock blazin' in his shir, front bright enough to trip a dog, an' his whiteoiled smile is workin', an' if ever a candidate comes down the Pike it's Chancey D'Peach."

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"Paddy" and "Gus" are two of Uncle Sam's most trusted employes about the New York Post Office. They wear the gray uniforms of the service, but they are only horses. "Paddy" and "Gus" form the tandem team that makes the third avenue car from the park to the city, where they are dropped by the cable cars on Park row, around the curve and up to the back of the Post Office building, where they are unloaded. "Paddy" and "Gus" work nights. They have been serving the Government only two months, but in that short time they have shown a wonderful facility for "catching on." Any night between dusk and dawn they may be seen standing by the curbing on Park row or on Mall street, waiting for duty's call. As they stand in Park row they look just like the sleepy street car teams. Cable cars pass and repass, and they never move. But the moment a car comes along trailing one of the Post Office cars their cars go up and they scamper across to the side of the car, wait till the chains are fastened to it and then trot away around the curve like boys at play. In two weeks, their trainer says, they learned to know a mall car when they saw it, and for six weeks past neither of the horses has needed to have a word spoken to him to remind him of the fact that his services were needed.

Proper women do not always have proper children. She was a woman so steeped in propriety that it invaded the atmosphere as she walked, but she was the mother of a little Phillis. It was a day or two before one of the recent art sales at an uptown gallery and quite an interesting collection was on exhibition, of pictures, armor, bric-a-brac, the usual thing, and some very fine little terra cotta figurines. Either the proper mother had brought her daughter, a girl of fourteen, and was leading her about the room, pointing out to her the pictures and other exhibits, with many lucid explanations and mistle-improving remarks. The daughter listened dutifully and behaved becomingly, as she wandered her way with her mother through the crowds of brightly dressed women and soberly garbed men, who chatted and gazed and rustled about through the rooms in the subdued atmosphere.

By the time they had reached the gallery, where the little figurines were displayed, the girl was tired and the fragments of useful information fell upon unheeding ears. The mother paused before the statuettes and was ponderously explaining that they were "terra cotta," not because they were red, which they were not, but because they were of baked clay. The girl's thoughts were wandering, but just then her roving gaze caught sight of a dear little figure of Silenus and his favorite animal.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, full of interest now, "see the billy-goat!"

The proper mother simply looked at her, and led her away; but as she went, she murmured, and her voice was the voice of propriety which suffereth long and is not kind.

"G-e-rtrude," she said, "you are mentally the image of your father!"

We serve our fellow men sometimes when least intending it, and thinking only to serve ourselves. Up on Fifth avenue is a very fashionable cutlery shop. Outside the shop is a showcase, advertising the wares, and filled with the usual array of silver-mounted pistols, knives, scissors, cutlery of various sorts, and a very elaborate array of silver-backed toilet and a-d shaving mirrors. Before this showcase stood, yesterday, a fairly respectable Weary Walker, making use of one of these mirrors, and washing his face exactly in the manner of a pussy-cat with his forefinger and his mouth! He was "cleaning up," no doubt, in the best way available to him, and for him the displayed mirrors served a purpose hardly intended by their owner. The poor fellow looked a bit streaky when he had finished his toilet, and an observer reflected that the facilities for cleanliness in this kaleidoscopic city are, seemingly, much less than the demand.

The young man from Buffalo was very much impressed by the freshness of the disheveled gentleman, who met him in Park row.

"Friend," said the disheveled gentleman, stepping in front of the young man from Buffalo and compelling him to come to a full stop; "I'll be honest with you. I can tell a man of the world when I see him. Give me 10 cents to get a drink. I want agoin' to tell you no stories. What I want is a drink of whiskey."

"Well, you couldn't fool me with the old gag about getting something to eat," said the young man from Buffalo, reaching into his pocket, while respect for the disheveled gentleman's knowledge of character mingled with personal complacency in his system. "Here's a quarter. Go and make a beast of yourself."

What was the horror of the young man from Buffalo, on passing Dolan's restaurant, on his way back from the Post Office a few minutes later, to see the same impostor whom he had befriended sitting at a table near the window, expending the quarter for beef and beans and coffee! The young man from Buffalo has lost some of his confidence in human nature.

Jealousy. [Continued.] The suggestion has been made that extra pigeons be trained to carry messages between Uncle Sam's battlements at sea. It was promptly, in all probability, by jealousy of England's flying squadron.

Convincing. [Washington Star.] Mr. Platt is not a persistent talker, but he usually speaks with a very convincing emphasis.

