

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST. 162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month, \$4.00.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cooler.

Baltimore Booth could not have selected a better time nor a bigger country for an independent Salvation Army.

Mr. Platt is enthusiastic for home rule in Cuba, but he inclines strongly to the opinion that Platt rule is good enough for New York.

The experience of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad indicates quite plainly that such corporations can very readily follow the political path to bankruptcy.

With Mr. Roosevelt lecturing at Baltimore, and Colonel Waring lecturing at Philadelphia, there is some curiosity to know just where the New York taxpayers come in.

If Li Hung Chang is of a sympathetic nature he will lose no time in addressing General Barataria on the peacock featherless condition in which he now finds himself.

Recorder Goff has contracted the lecture fever, and has been entertaining our fastidious Boston friends. It cannot be denied that the reform administration has turned up a persistent lot of lecturers.

The returns from the various Southern States show that the delegates down there are disposed to give Mr. McKinley the first chance in the political barber chair. However, there will be several "nexts" for the other candidates before the end of the St. Louis balloting.

Mr. Whitney implored the Democratic party to nominate his friend, Mr. Cleveland, in 1892, and his wish was gratified. Now if the Democratic party asks Mr. Cleveland's friend, Mr. Whitney, to take the nomination in 1896 can the ex-Secretary consistently refuse the favor?

Sam McKinley, Jr., modestly boasts that his law practice is steadily increasing. If it is growing with anything like the marvelous rapidity with which the McKinley boom is seen through Major Moses P. Handy's spectacles, the Ohio Napoleon will soon be a rich man, even if he does not reach the goal of his ambition.

Consolidation is an assured fact. The recent amendments to the bill have done much to mollify the opposing Brooklynites. The complete elimination of the commissions from the plan renders it acceptable to all, Mr. Platt excepted. He will have to swallow his mortification, and come into Greater New York as a private citizen, and not as a sovereign. Greater New York will submit to neither Republican nor Tammany bosses. It is to be a free city.

Masena complained that Hopkins and Drake would not stop and give battle to the greater ships of the Armada, as Gomez claims that Masena and Garcia will not permit their armies to be annihilated by the greater forces of the Spanish in Cuba. The active English skippers annoyed and captured the ships of the Armada till the disabled remnants of the great fleet retreated beaten and broken. What may be the result of the same tactics on land is scarcely doubtful. The Cubans will win their cause.

THE DILEMMA OF HUMBERT.

King Humbert of Italy would summon up courage to say to his people: "The Abyssinian campaign is a mistake; Italy must withdraw from it, and repent in dust and ashes a policy of glory in colonial expansion." he would be acclaimed as a wise man. But if he hesitates, borrows more millions, loads transports with soldiers, and persists in pursuing the melancholy affair to its bitter end, he may lose his own throne, and fall to take that of King Menelik. There is a feeling in Europe that he cannot much longer adhere to the Triple Alliance, and that the unwieldy body must break into pieces merely by its own weight. This will cause a new arrangement of the first-class Powers, and Italy will be free to lay aside her burdens and devote herself to caring for her half-starved people.

A Ministry which wishes to do exactly the opposite in everything to the policy of Crispi and his colleagues is not likely to let Italy go into an adventurous partnership with England with regard to naval affairs. Naval expenses must be cut down, and the sea leviathans must be laid up. The strain has been greater than could be borne. It would be cruel to prolong it. The Socialists couple all their demands for the release of the deputies imprisoned for taking part in the Sicilian riots with passionate appeals to the Government to let the Abyssinians alone. One

country in Europe has had enough of military glory, and sighs for security and peace. If Italy would beat her swords into pruning hooks, every individual Italian would in a year's time be worth twice as much as he is to-day.

The agents of the Ohio Presidential candidate are said to be secretly negotiating for New England support. Tom Reed can be depended upon to vigorously resent this species of McKinleyism.

THE BRITISH CASE.

It is strikingly suggestive of Great Britain's usual way of settling difficulties with weaker countries that, as her claim in full in the Venezuelan matter is presented to the consideration of the world, gorgeous in the regulation blue of the diplomatic service, a fleet of her war ships should appear on the horizon not far from the most convenient port in Venezuela. That there is any connection between the hovering along shore of this modest little squadron, and British intentions to hold the mouths of the Orinoco, John Bull would, of course, be the first passionately to deny. But the Venezuelans cannot appreciate the fine distinctions which our English cousins draw between the dispute which has lasted so many decades and the little Uruan incident, for which "smart money" must be paid. They threaten to cast caution to the winds if the tactics of Corinto are repeated at La Guayra, and to forget all the efforts at a pacific settlement of the difficulty, so dangerous for them, that the United States have made in their behalf.

England says she cannot consent that one of her "stipendiary magistrates," accompanied by his constables, should be snubbed by Venezuelan half-breeds with impunity. As the Venezuelans will not apologize for the Uruan incident, there must be the parade of war ships, the payment of indemnities and the humiliation of the smaller Power. After which the boundary dispute may continue its slow way to pacific settlement without reference to the other transaction. But suppose that the smaller Power will neither pay nor apologize? What will happen then? John Bull cannot leave his feet permanently in Venezuelan waters, pending the decision as to the boundary, for that would look decidedly too much like a determination to seize and hold territory in case he should think it necessary.

From all points of view it would seem as if the English had been unfortunate in deciding to separate the Uruan incident from the boundary question. Another Corinto affair would thoroughly arouse hostile opinion against them all through Central and South America. The mere presence of war ships off the coast is likely to be interpreted as a menace. Good wine needs no bush. A case so excellent as the English claim to have needs no protecting ships. It is true that large numbers of Englishmen do not share the airy buoyancy of Sir Frederick Pollock as to the irrefragable nature of the British case. Eminent Liberals express their surprise at finding in it so many things taken for granted. The counsel for the Venezuelan Government has found no difficulty in traversing the case in every direction.

The contention that there are forty thousand British "subjects" settled west of the Essequibo River is shown to be absurd. The attempt to make Venezuela appear as "the self-constituted heir of Spain" is disingenuous and displeasing. It does not harmonize with one's ideas of English fair play. Everything in the line of Spanish evidence calculated to favor Venezuela is characterized as "vague pretension."

The British press and public are possibly preparing a sharp disappointment for themselves.

MORTON MISSIONARIES.

Morton missionaries have caused a split in the Florida Convention. Two sets of delegates will go to St. Louis if somebody will pay their expenses and guarantee tickets home again. Morton missionaries are in Indiana, also, making overtures to John C. New, of Indianapolis, who is a candidate for the Vice-Presidency and a clever and influential politician. They are further attempting to banish Cup from ex-President Harrison's ear long enough to put in Morton and New bugs. In both of these States the activity of the Morton missionaries is devoted to "heading off" McKinley. Notwithstanding the facts that Missionary Simps returned from the South with the news that the Southern Republicans were "wild for McKinley," and that Governor Morton, after making a few figures in his own shrewd way threw down the pencil impatiently, closed the check book with a report that was heard all over the South, and said: "It is no use; I can't beat him." the work of the missionaries has not stopped.

The rustle of the crisp greenback and the clink of the silver dollar were grateful sounds to the receptive ears of the delegates in Florida, and irresistible attractions for their political convictions. How much Platt and Quay may have to do with this appar-

ent renewal of the missionary work, and this evident reopening of the check book is not known. It is known, however, that the work is going forward again, and that somebody is paying for it. The attitude and the activity of the Southern delegates admit of no doubt. They do not attitudinize, much less become active "boomers," unless they are paid for it. They have learned by experience not to rely on promises. They prefer shoes, hats, or even new trousers. They are getting them, and the Morton missionaries are getting the delegates, where they are not already pre-empted for McKinley, and Platt and Quay seem to be winking at one another as if saying: "That's all right; the old gentleman's rich, and we can see those delegates later."

Mayor Wurster suggests that Brooklyn and New York make provision for getting the additional water supply which they will want within the next ten years from Lake Champlain, which would prove an unfalling source for a century to come.

CIVIL SERVICE IN CHICAGO.

Civil Service rules have been successful in Chicago, according to the first report of the Commission for six months ending December 31, 1895. There are many features similar to those of the National rules and laws, and some which are new. Every applicant for employment by the city must be a citizen of the United States, and must have been a resident of Chicago for one year preceding the date of examination. Mechanics must have served as journeymen at their trades not less than four years. These rules, the report says, have excluded many aliens and incompetents. The statistics for six months show as follows: For the labor service, 1,552 applicants, 418 examinations, 377 passed, 80 employed. For the official service, 2,373 applicants, 1,490 examinations, 573 passed, 114 employed.

Within four months the committee distributed over 20,000 blank applications, the majority of which were not returned at all, and of those which were returned many were incorrect. The committee recommend the purchase of apparatus for scientific tests, and state that the work of the six months indicates an improvement in the service and is a guarantee of its future usefulness.

King Menelik of Abyssinia is the only professional fighter who does his work in silence. While all the countries of Europe are making mouths at each other, and the alleged prize fighters have become mere prize talkers for gate money only, Menelik goes about the work of defending his country, with great slaughter of the enemy, without ever issuing a pronouncement.

When John Jay presented himself at the Court of Spain as the accredited Minister of the new Republic of the United States he was not received as such, and he got but scant courtesy and none of the money he was sent to raise for the young Republic. When the South rebelled, nearly a century later, Spain recognized her as a belligerent in sixty days. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but with Cuba free it will be evident that they grind exceedingly fine.

Hon. Mark Hanna, the paymaster of the McKinley Presidential boom, has denounced Quay as a papier mache Presidential candidate and unworthy of being mentioned in connection with that high office. In case Mr. Hanna succeeds in procuring the nomination of his favorite, he will doubtless need Mr. Quay in the business of securing his election, and then the Pennsylvania man may act ugly. It is quite evident that Mr. Hanna doesn't look very far into the future.

Mr. Murat Halstead, in his brilliant and convincing review of the Cuban situation published in the Journal of Thursday, calls attention to the fact that to suppose the blacks in the majority in Cuba is an error. More than two-thirds of the population of the island are white, and there is a white majority in each of the six provinces. This eliminates the often repeated objection to the annexation of Cuba that the blacks would rule it, politically and socially, if it were independent.

The story of Spanish cruelties which Juan Vicente Gonzales tells, in another part of this paper, contains statements which are so terrible as to be almost beyond belief. It seems possible that the writer's imagination may have been fired by patriotic indignation against the soldiery who are trying to suppress the revolution on the success of which the heart of the author, like the heart of every one of thousands of his countrymen, is evidently set. It should be understood that the only reports of Cuban events for which the Journal absolutely vouches are those which come from Murat Halstead, Charles Michelson and other members of its regular staff.

The fact that England will spend \$80,000,000 more than usual this year on her navy prompts a good many people to remark that we ought to follow her example and build on a larger scale. Our navy seems small by comparison with that of Great Britain; but England needs more ships than any other Power, for she has interests to protect almost everywhere. If to-morrow she were engaged in hostilities with this country she could concentrate only a small portion of her vast number of ships on this side of the ocean. She has been impelled to new vigor by Russia's assertion that she will lay down ship for ship with England. If she does that France and Russia combined can at any time muster a larger naval fighting force than Great Britain.

Blue-Blooded Women Who Gamble in London.

London, Feb. 29.—Within the past few days the St. James's Gazette has exposed the existence in London of the practice of gambling by ladies carried on under almost the same conditions as govern the gambling in the halls supported by men. The writer describes a notable feminine host that is now in full blast, though it was recently closed as a nuisance. The information comes from a woman who was employed by a private detective agency, and who joined the gambling club to help her along in her vocation. The club was in the neighborhood of Oxford street, that paradise of rich American feminine tourists, who there pay two prices and a half for everything they purchase, though the goods on sale are no better than those in the shops that are less thickly glided. The club was managed by a woman with a French name, who was generally in full blast, though it was recently closed as a nuisance. The information comes from a woman who was employed by a private detective agency, and who joined the gambling club to help her along in her vocation. The club was in the neighborhood of Oxford street, that paradise of rich American feminine tourists, who there pay two prices and a half for everything they purchase, though the goods on sale are no better than those in the shops that are less thickly glided.

There was a man, of pronounced Jewish physiognomy, who was occasionally to be seen in Madame's private room, where he was generally reading over the accounts. He came and went by a private door at the back. Some of the ladies made jokes about him, but Lady Sally, my informant, ascertained that he finances Madame, and, in short, was the real owner.

The club was nominally managed by a committee of a dozen ladies, who met once a week in a room where tea, liqueurs and cigarettes were served, and the ladies talked generally for about an hour, with very little attempt at business. There was no voting, however, and no minutes were kept, so that awkward suggestions were easily shelved and forgotten.

The committee were supposed also to elect members, and the names of candidates were first formally posted on a board. With those of the proposer and seconder. Then Madame, in the name of the club, that she could about their owners. She brought forward the names quite informally at the next committee meeting and asked the ladies of the committee what they knew and thought about each candidate. If any candidate was known to be parsimonious, or strait-laced, or to possess a strict and suspicious husband, this was sure to come out. At the end Madame would say, "Does any lady object to the election of Mrs. Such-and-such, you ladies are free to elect her," according to her own views, and as a general rule the majority acquiesced in her wishes. The elections were decided by a majority, and it will be evident that these arrangements were all favorable to the chance of election. The fact was that Madame wanted as many members as possible. The subscription was only a guise, and the expense of clubhouses and staff could not be maintained on this source of revenue alone. What the proprietress relied on was the payments for drinks and games, the profits on the cuisine and wine cellar, and the proceeds of the banks at baccarat and roulette. Of course, this source of income was not a small one.

The club was, in fact, a polite gambling hell for fashionable ladies only, which disguised itself as a club. Rooms were set aside for various games. There was a billiard room, a billiard table, a fine billiard room, with two tables, which, however, were seldom used. There was a room for nondescript games like rubicon bezique; there was another where baccarat went on. There was also a large chamber where, at certain hours—that is, between 4 and 7, and again after dinner, until almost any hour—there were a roulette table and a bank, at which Madame and another woman, who was understood to be her sister, in turns acted as croupiers. As the bank would not play unless a considerable number of players were present, and the maximum amount possible to be staked was by no means high in comparison with the minimum, everything was in favor of the bank, which, as a rule, won largely.

It was a rule that all gambling debts must be settled before the debtor left the club, and at the same time Madame was usually ready to lend cash to those who had been fleeced, in order to enable them to settle up. In exchange for these loans she received stamped paper adorned with aristocratic signatures. Sometimes there were difficulties in getting these documents redeemed. Some ladies brought jewels instead, and left them in pawn until they could pay. Others made scenes, wept, shrieked, implored, and went down on their knees to Madame in the little back room. Madame's rule was strict and unvarying. Ladies whose credit was really good (that is, who possessed rich, proud, and high-spirited relations), were given as much time as they wanted, provided they borrowed more, and agreed to pay 60 per cent discount. When the debt reached a large amount they were pressed remorselessly; and if even then they could not pay, their relations were applied to. In one of these cases, when the final threat had been used to her, an unfortunate woman went straight home and took an overdose of chloral rather than face the exposure and disgrace.

Ladies who possessed sharp worldly relations who might expulate such debts, and raise an outcry against the club, were only given credit on leaving security in the shape of jewels or other valuables. Ladies who were known to have limited incomes and no squeezable relations were told on the first default of payment that they would not be admitted to the club again until they had paid all. The club didn't wait poor members. Madame said, and the sooner they were got rid of the better. There was one mode of relief which Madame was always open to grant. If the embarrassed lady could enquire all the names of new members who would be profitable to the club, she was given time readily. One lady, who was deep in debt to the club, introduced no fewer than twenty-three young girls, who, in consequence, took to drinking and gambling, lost money heavily, became deeply in debt to the club, and had to go through various degrees of disgrace before they could get free.

Drinking and smoking went on to a great extent. Once a lady drank the greater part of a bottle of green chartreuse at a sitting, and remained for some hours in the club in a state of total stupefaction. Most of the ladies drank and smoked all the time they played, and the more they drank the more reckless they became. Once, at a game of "poker," two ladies rose, seized each other's hair, and fought till they were separated by force. Dreadful scenes of all kinds occurred. The profit on the drink sold was enormous. Some idea of the rate of it may be gathered from the fact that some of the prices were as follows: Eighteenpence for a brandy and soda, a shilling and eightpence for a small liquor glass of liquor, a guinea a bottle for ordinary sweet champagne, twelve and six for a bottle, threepence for a cigarette, and a shilling for a small chair which may have cost the club at wholesale price about a halfpenny.

Eventually the scandals connected with the club became so public that the neighbors combined to limit it. It was then that Madame heard of this in time, and at once closed the club. It has been started again in a fresh locality. JULIAN RAIPH.

By Canal Through the Red Continent.

My journey across Mars was delightful—everything was couleur de rose. One of the pleasant cities of the ruddy planet is Magenta, with its graceful red towers and quaint pink buildings. Its commercial importance is partly due to the large number of single and double canals which have been constructed in it during the recent canal-building fever in Mars. At Magenta I embarked on the canal boat Red Bird, Captain Vermillion, for a voyage on the Emerald Canal to the edge of the Polar Cap, in North Mars.

I found Professor Lowell's estimates in regard to the superior size of men and animals in Mars singularly accurate. The sailors of the Red Bird were fully eighteen feet tall. The mules on the towpath were not fourteen hands, but fourteen feet high, and had ears four feet long, that waved like fronds. The boat itself was about the tonnage of the Great Eastern. It was equipped with tracks for mounting cannon, for in Mars all the first-class canal boats belong to the naval reserve, and in time of war become "commerce destroyers."

The dawn was crimson in the East when the Red Bird set sail. The ruddy walls and towers of Magenta soon faded into the distance. I surveyed the landscape with great interest, for I had long been curious to learn how Mars was covered. We voyaged all morning by forests of redwood and fields of pink tea. Occasionally we passed a cochineal plantation. Cardinal birds flitted among the trees; choirs of robin drebrests sang in the red maples; redhead ducks dived in the emerald waters; damplings waded into the canal, and red birds rooked on the reeds.

Red lilies floated on the canal. Scarlet anemones grew on the banks; scarlet creepers twined about the trees. We coasted by strawberry-farms, swamps tinted with gamboge, and meadows of redwood and red clover. We sailed through vast red plains, so desolate that not even a red rose grew in them.

An animal almost as large as a young elephant trotted solemnly along the bank behind the canal boat. "That is our little dog," said Captain Vermillion. "Here, Fido!" Early in the afternoon we entered a deep canyon, where carnelian cliffs and crimson crags towered above the canal, and soon after passed the famous ruby mines, which furnish many of the red jewels worn in Mars. About sunset the boat rounded a sharp bend in the canal and surprised two red lions, which had come down to the water to drink.

In the early twilight we came in sight of the Orange Mountains, and beheld a magnificent crimson sunset on their crests. The Martian passengers were anxious to know how red our red men are. They have no books in the English language, but I fancy the "Scarlet Letter," "Red Rover" and "Barter Gould's 'Red Spider'" would be very popular among them. They are a happy people and keep many public festivals. Almost every day in their calendar is a red-letter day.

When night fell Captain Vermillion steered the canal boat by a little star, which I subsequently learned was the earth. It shone with a variable light—pale yellow when China was facing Mars, and vivid green when Ireland rolled into view. The optical instruments in Mars are so perfect that with an ordinary opera glass one can see the cities of the earth. With a small telescope the observer can easily read the shop signs of New York and see people walking in the streets.

They study the geography of the earth from the globe itself, as it revolves in space. They have even made a census of the United States, which, I must confess, is more accurate than the one by Robert Porter. It was about 10 o'clock at night when we arrived at Garnetville, at the edge of the Polar Cap, and I rode through Carmine avenue to the Red Lion Hotel.

Letters from the People.

Is This Sarcasm or Repartee?

Dear Sir—As a busy merchant of this country, I desire to uphold those of our community who object to intervention in Cuban affairs, for the reason of the effect it may have upon our stock market and business generally. They have no business to be in the streets. We are known to the world as a hard-working commercial people, with a better knowledge of making money than waging war; our time and attention being given to increasing commerce and our individual bank accounts. Why should we do that which would interfere with our business prospects, and do much to undo the reputation we have gained as money-makers? The simple rumor of war caused a decline in stocks, bringing a loss to all those who were conscientiously speculating in margins on Wall Street, and if only a rumor of difficulty caused this, what would be the loss to that hard-working class if hostilities actually began? Is it to become the rule of our legislators to interfere with every gross act of inhumanity and terrible atrocity that takes place at our front doors?

As a citizen of this country, I desire to receive such a rule. The Spaniards act in the most outrageous manner in Cuba; surely they have a right to their own children, and we should not meddle with their domestic affairs. They have the reputation for some hundreds of years of being inhuman in the treatment of their colonies and subjects of this country. What benefit can it be to this country to attempt to wash the dirty linen of Spain that has been soiled for two or three centuries? If the Spanish Government thinks it to their advantage to do this, let them do it. Let the political prisoners, branding defencible women and other non-combatants, exiling suspects and other atrocious acts, pray let them do it; it is none of our affair, and we are not answerable for the acts of Spain.

These ideas would probably not have agreed with the public mind, and frequently from one patriotic and humanly ahead of our business prospects, and do much to undo the reputation we have gained as money-makers? The simple rumor of war caused a decline in stocks, bringing a loss to all those who were conscientiously speculating in margins on Wall Street, and if only a rumor of difficulty caused this, what would be the loss to that hard-working class if hostilities actually began? Is it to become the rule of our legislators to interfere with every gross act of inhumanity and terrible atrocity that takes place at our front doors?

All About Annuities.

Dear Sir—I am a daily subscriber to your paper, and I should like to ask you a few questions about annuities: 1. How are annuities generally managed? That is, of whom are they bought? 2. Are they perfectly safe? 3. Can an annuity be transferred at the death of one person to another of about the same age? 4. Does the amount of the annuity depend on the person's age? 5. Most truly yours, ANNE L. MACKENZIE. New York, March 6.

Such an Agreement is Worthless.

Dear Sir—Please inform me in your valuable paper if a married young lady help since October 10, but who have not been living together as yet, and she don't want to live with me. She says that she is willing to sign an agreement with me, never to be with me, even if I should marry again. Does this paper hold in law? New York, March 6. G. H. W.

A Chicago Poet.

I suppose the idea of a Chicago poet will awaken the mirth of some of my Eastern contemporaries and afford them ample opportunity to say funny and contemptuous things about the "Stock Yards Bard" and the "Lakeside Muse," just as I would myself if the occasion seemed to demand it. But it will not do to be too funny in regard to the poet of whom I am about to speak, because he can write the very ear of almost any bard of his weight and years that I know of. His name is Ernest McGaffey, and he practices law in Chicago, writes when the inspiration seizes him, and publishes his verses in New York under Dodd, Mead & Co.'s imprint. Mr. McGaffey's latest book is one that is bound, I am sure, to attract the attention of those who know a good poem when they see it. Eventually, I hope that it will reach that much larger class, composed of those who know a good poem when some high authority points it out and makes affidavit that it is good.

Mr. McGaffey is blessed with at least two qualities that no true poet should be without, and which very few of our modern bards possess. He sings from the heart and he sings in tune. It may be said of him also that he is a close observer, a genuine lover of nature, who has some how secured the strange habit of putting some thought into his rhymes, a habit that he should rid himself of if he expects to do a successful business in jingles with the New York and Boston magazines. I always hate to see an ambitious, earnest young bard put ideas into poems when there is such a large demand for verses without them.

Here are two stanzas from "Cowbells," which are distinctly musical and show also that the poet has learned to grasp with quickened eye and ear the homely beauties of everyday country life. I must not give you a barometer reading. When the tides of the day were ebbing, How I dropped the bars by the barnyard path. And walked to the dewy clover. While far away rose the sound of bells "Tint, tint, tint," came the echoes thence. "Ting, ting, ting," as they beat to drink. "Ting, along, ting," would the chorus ring. Through the distance clear and clearer.

And by the ford where the gray mill loomed, I drove them down to the edges. And the great round moon peeped over a cloud As they stood knee deep in sodas; And the bells kept time in a rude refrain. Like rain drops dashed on a window pane. "Clink, clink, clink," as they beat to drink. Where the spray from the dam came foaming, And "clink, clink, clink," as they climbed the bank in the starlit, shadow gleaming.

Here is a bit of description from "Nex Perceps," which tells how the Indians surrounded a score of troopers off from their comrades, and massacred all of them but their leader: Faded a day and a night, and a dawning Lengthened the days, but the Indians waited, Chewing dried flesh of the deer to sustain them, Reaching with hollowing pain for the water. Tricking from snow-covered summits untrod; Smiling but seldom, and then with a wrinkle Or leathery cheeks as they thought of the troopers; Balerful black eyes that were lighted with vengeance. Hair like the raven's wing sweeping their shoulders; Cats of the mountain, crouched low in their hiding. Patient as death, and as stern and relentless. This, from "Vae Victis," has a splendid ring: I sing the wee of the conquered, a winding sheet for the slain, Oblivion's gulf for those who fell, who struggled and strove in vain.

As of old, mid the plaudits of thousands, may the victor in triumph stand, While the blood of the vanquished trickles down and reddens the yielding sand. For the living the martial music, and the clustering laurel wreaths; Let the dead rest on forgotten, as a sword in a rusty sheath. And here are two verses from a poem which has already been printed in full in the Journal, and which is a fine, manly protest against precisely the sort of jangle that we find in the big monthlies: But so it is, that all I hear—good God!—Is art, art, art, and sickly, plaintive tunes Of flowers, birds, and lovers' accents. In cunning form, fine moulded for the ear; Faint words-mosses of these lesser days; Or, falling that, there comes a myrtle chant Of dense, dull verse, whose secret lies in gloom, Swathed like a mummy in his ornaments.

Oh, muse of mine, let not my lute sound To such vain piping; rant its varied mood. A touch of tears—a voice of nature's own. As lucid and as free and undefiled; And give it steel and iron, like the strength Of clashing sabre and of bayonets. And blackened cannon, wreathed in thunder clouds. Where music rolls a menace o'er the skies Where earth is shaking to the tread of Mars. But if metrical poetry is a little scarce just now in these literary diggings we should be all the more thankful for the occasional good bit of prose that comes to us now and then, and frequently from some unexpected source. Good stuff that appears unsigned in the columns of a daily paper always seems to taste better when I come upon it unawares than if it were bound up with a lot of other bits of prose and verse in a red and gilt edition of "Best Thoughts" or "Literary Gems." I found such a piece of prose yesterday morning in the Sun. It was called "Luke Kennedy's Essay," and was a model sketch of its kind, a story simply and artistically told of what was said by the old Fourth Warders at the coffin-side of Luke Kennedy. I'd like to read a New York novel written in the same spirit, with the same skill and with the same appreciation of the city types that are shown in this sketch. JAMES L. FORD.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

Macmillan's publish an admirable "Handbook to Greek Sculpture," by E. A. Gardner, formerly of the Archaeological School, at Athens.

Garrett Leigh wrote a book and called it "The Burning Mist." This is set forth upon the title page of another book, which is called "Lives That Came to Nothing." If when he wrote the first book he knew less about the putting together of words than he knew when he wrote this second book, that first book must have been eminently ungradable.

Lieutenant Benyon's "With Kelly to Chitral" is a pleasant, breezy account of a dashing episode of Anglo-Indian frontier warfare. It is published by Edward Arnold, and will interest every one who has read Kipling's tales of Pathans and Gurkhas.

The Argosy for March has a little to say about each one of a hundred things, and not too much about any one of them. It resembles a newspaper prepared at leisure and printed without haste, and that is saying a good deal for it.

This sudden catastrophe promised a small harvest for the newboys who ply the trade on that corner, and they made a dire trade for the money. They had counted without their cost, however, as another claimant put in a bid for the spoils. It was the tramp. Scattering the youngsters right and left with a sweep of his arm, he quickly had in his possession nearly every one of the coins. His eyes fairly glittered as he thrust the money into his pocket and started to cross the street. But suddenly the look of exultation died away. He had glanced up and for the first time seen the agitated, staring eyes of the blind man placed the money in his hand. "Ere pard," he said, "I did not see your lamps was gone." Then he slouched off down the street.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"Well," said Miss Typewriter, apropos of nothing whatever, as she tripped into the office yesterday morning, "I thought I knew some mean people," and she cast a glance at a woman who was entering a room at Mr. Asdemus, who he is not taken for a week, but the champion mean man of the world lives right in our boarding house."

"He's Dutch, you know," she said, with a shake of the head, as if this was sufficient to at once stamp an individual as a thoroughbred miser, "and we all know he was awfully stingy, because he never did buy any of us girls anything, not even a glass of soda water, and he blacked his own shoes." The latter accusation, with a rising inflection that proclaimed utter contempt.

"When he came down to breakfast this morning, he told Mrs. Hashish that he was going to leave the city on Friday and would not return. We all breathed a sigh of relief, but he wondered at his leaving Friday, as his week was not up until Sunday night, and we knew he had paid his board in advance. Was he going to lose two whole days? That was the question that involuntarily flashed into our minds. No, indeed! He wasn't. But what do you think he did?" with a questioning glance around the room.

"Why, asked for a rebate, of course," the clerks exclaimed. "No, he didn't; not a bit of it. He knew Mrs. Hashish too well to expect anything of that kind. But after he told her he was going to leave, he took a gulp of coffee, cleared his throat and, bracing himself back in his chair, said: 'Ahem! Mrs. Hashish, of course you know that my week is not up until Sunday night, so if there is no objection, I will—ah—bring a friend up to meals with me on Thursday and Friday. That, you see—will with a sickly smile around the table—will even our little account up.'"

The last time Congressman Bailey, of Texas, was in New York he had business on lower Broadway. As he went down on a cable car the conductor shouted out "Houston!" with the pronunciation given to that name in these parts. Bailey looked at a lamp post.

"You mean 'Houston'?" said Bailey, "don't you?" The conductor, without looking at him, said, "I know your business."

"If part of your business is to call out the streets properly," said Bailey quietly, "then you don't know it. The street we just passed is not called 'Houston,' as you gave it, but 'Houston,' for General Sam Houston, the liberator of Texas. If you ever went to Texas and talked about Sam 'Houston,' you'd be lucky to escape lynching."

"If I went to Texas," said the conductor, who was born on Sixth avenue, and who never was farther away from the city than Coney Island, "I'd deserve anything they gave me." Bailey said nothing, for he did not know the answer to this discourteous suggestion.

It was while the gale was at its height one day last week. Sixth avenue in the shopping district presented, if possible, a more animated scene than usual. Miscellaneous articles of all kinds and a description, caught up by the frisking March wind, went swirling and whirling down the street. At the corners the full fury of the blast was caught, and the fair shoppers hesitated for the comparatively timid before leaving the comparatively safe shelter of the big stores, while the men buttoned their coats up closer and plunged out as though braving the breakers of an ocean swell.

At Twenty-third street, standing partially sheltered by one of the "L" posts, but apparently unmindful of the fierce wind, was a man with a bundle of lead pencils in one hand, a cigar box slung over his shoulder by a piece of string, and a small sign, bearing the inscription, "Please help the blind."

Coming down the avenue, probably half a block away, was a tramp. There was no mistaking the fact. He was a typical Bowery "bum," the kind that are utilized as "floaters" when election time rolls around. Should you meet him on a dark night you would not feel any too safe, and from his hungry, blood-eyed look he was in his most desperate mood.

As he reached Twenty-third street a sudden blast of wind swept around the corner, and swooping down on the blind man, caught his hat. He grabbed for it just in time, but in doing so made a fatal error. The box which was slung around his neck and which held a handful of small coins, left there by the charitable, was wrenched off and flung into the street with a rattle, while the money was scattered right and left.

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