THE JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month.....40
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year.....$4.50
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month.....30
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year.....$3.00
SUNDAY Alone, Per Year.....$1.50

Three times the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.

All money remitted at risk of sender.

In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

IN ENGLAND The Journal can be purchased at the office of the International Publishing Company, Trafalgar Buildings, No. 1 Northumberland avenue, London, S. W. Also from Smith, Ainslie & Co., Ormonde House, 28 Newcastle street, Strand, London, W. C.

Journal readers will confer a favor upon the publisher if they will send information to this office of any news stand, railway train or passenger steamboat where a New York paper should be on sale and the Journal is not offered.

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy, with possible showers.

The Giants couldn't play worse ball if they were under the management of the Manley-Clarkson-Quay-Platt combination.

The Republican nominee for Governor of Illinois has killed his man, but he failed in his effort to put Mr. Hanna's man out of the way.

The St. Louis people have been sadly imposed upon. They put up a large sum of money for a National Convention and get nothing but a ratification meeting.

Hon. Whitelaw Reid has also taken occasion to state McKinley's position on the financial question, but the Ohio man continues to wrap himself in silence and look like Napoleon.

In addition to putting the Cullom boom to sleep the Illinois Republicans dotted the eye of Hon. "Buck" McCarthy, the Chicago statesman who went delegate hunting with a slungshot.

"Only the rag tag and bobtail are opposed to McKinley" is the declaration of one of the Ohio organs of Little-Man-Afraid-of-Finance. This is right in line with Mr. Hanna's designation of Quay and Platt as political babes.

It is a pity that for the petty annoyances of everyday life there is no remedy without an infinitude of trouble and loss of time. For the brutality often experienced by passengers at the hands of the guards on the elevated trains there is no redress without irritating delay, which the business man can ill afford to experience. It would be manifestly unfair to blame Mr. Gould's company for the rudeness of their employes to which their attention has not been called, but it would be a great boon to travelling public if the Manhattan road would exercise more care in the selection of its men. There is no good reason why they should be recruited from the toughs and rowdies, as is unfortunately too often the case. When it is remembered that millions of women and children use the elevated roads, it becomes self-evident that the employes should be carefully selected as to civility and decency of character.

TILLMAN'S DIATRIBE.

Senator Hill has given the Senate an example of the strength of the man who keeps his temper. Perhaps there may be those who will hold that it was easy for Hill to be composed, because he has no very serious convictions, no very lofty ideals in statecraft to be outraged by the dire assault of Tillman; yet, be this as it may, the senior New York Senator was rather more than merely valiant in repelling the assaults of the South Carolina Demo-Populist.

Tillman seems to have confused invective with argument. He attaches to vague assertion the force of a logical demonstration. A cause which has in it enough of right to enlist intelligent support he makes ridiculous by his flatulent oratory, his ensanguined threats. He who attaches to existing industrial financial or social conditions in the United States to-day qualities of entire justice, of absolute perfection, is but a shallow observer. Never has there been a time, perhaps there will never come a time, of perfect equity in the relations of men in this world. The manifold abuses of the power of money, the execrable inequalities of the taxing system, the grave tendency to the concentration of wealth, the growing and always harmful influence of great moneyed concerns, banks and monopolistic corporations upon the lawmaking authority of the nation, the crushing effect of gold monometallism on industry and individual prosperity, the base standard of public morals which permits United States Senators to be corporation attorneys and frankly judges the availability of a Presidential aspirant in accordance with his popularity with railroad corporations and the banking interest—these are present day phenomena to which people other than Senator Tillman are alive. They are menaces to the continued prosperity and contentment of the nation which are not to be disposed of by flamboyant Populistic oratory any more than those who oppose a bold front to them are to be frightened away by abusive epithets.

Tillman and his sort are a product and a sign of the times. The too common impulse to dismiss them with ridicule or contumely is folly. In South Carolina this man is absolute—that in itself is indicative of the fact that what he says is expressive of the thought of no inconsiderable body of people. He has just returned from a political tour of the West, and we may be certain that his attack upon the Administration and the existing monetary system was not made without knowledge that a great body of Western folk would echo and applaud it. Lacking in the graces of oratory, sorely destitute of tact and savoir faire, this South Carolinian is not wholly without shrewdness.

In the eyes of people without passion Senator Hill will appear to have unhorsed the champion of Demo-Populism. But there was pertinence in Tillman's boast of the solid following which he had behind him. There was in his assault upon existing evils at times a ray of justice. It will be well for the people to listen to him and his kind, and to oppose to them argument rather than shallow ridicule. Vulgar perhaps, extravagant surely, illogical often, Tillman expresses the opinions of a considerable element of the United States electorate—is a present day factor to be reckoned with.

MR. GEAR, OF IOWA.

John Henry Gear is a United States Senator from Iowa. Iowa is the State of all the States of the Union which has gone furthest in the direction of curbing the power of railroads over the fortunes of individuals and communities, which, through its legislative body, has most insisted upon the right of the commonwealth to control and to regulate the operations of railroad corporations.

Comes now Gear, in his capacity as chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads—that is, chairman of the committee on Huntington's projected theft of $200,000,000—and declares that for the Government to take the security upon which it lent some $100,000,000 thirty years ago is a course of action he cannot recommend. He and his committee "feel sure that the good sense of the people would not approve any legislation looking to the control and operation by the Government of single systems of railways in competition with those controlled and operated by private enterprise, or to the inauguration of a policy the logical outcome of which must be the ultimate control and operation by the Government of the great railway systems of the United States. The foreclosure of the lien of the Government is disapproved for practical reasons."

In other words, Gear, Republican Senator from Iowa, would prefer that the United States should lose every dollar it advanced to the Pacific roads than that it should take possession of the security pledged. The vague perils of Government entrance upon the railroad business affright him more than the certainty of the loss to taxpayers of $200,000,000, which will be the inevitable outcome of the refunding bill he proposes.

And yet in the very report which declares that the "good sense" of the country and the superlative intellect of Gear condemn assumption to-day by the Government of the Pacific roads, he goes on to recommend that after the refunding—which Huntington and his lobby ask—if there be default in payment of interest "the United States shall be entitled to enter upon and take possession of the mortgaged properties without applying to the courts or to Congress."

In short, Huntington being unable to pay his debts to-day, Gear and his committee would extend them at reduced interest on security which they now declare worthless. Intelligent Gear! Wily Huntington! Hapless people of the United States, who must pay the frieght in more ways than one.

A CITY COLLEGE.

Yesterday's ceremonies on Morningside Heights in celebration of the dedication of the new home of Columbia College will be historic in the history of educational institutions in the United States. The country college has its advantages of quiet, of freedom from the temptations of a great city, of leisure for an incentive to that phase of the scholar's life which finds its sufficient activity in browsing in a library and in rubbing shoulders, as James Russell Lowell put it, against shelves filled with old books and buildings hoary with age and venerable from their associations.

But if university education is to progress as society progresses, to become something more than an amplified "book learning;" if it is to go beyond the training of the dilettante, and send forth into the world men not ignorant of the world's problems, men who will be citizens rather than bookworms, the city college must do the work.

Properly utilized, New York itself is a better aid to a liberal education than the greatest library Columbia could collect. In its teeming life, its bright lights and dark shadows of society, is inspiration for a greater epic than ever Greek penned, if the man with genius appear to write it. There is more in solution of the social problems, in attempted reconciliation of class interests in a city such as this to engage the best faculties of scholarly and enthusiastic youth than in the time-worn task of squaring the circle or unravelling the subtleties of fourth dimension geometry.

Utilization to its fullest extent of the opportunities which a great city presents for developing the faculties, the sympathies, the intelligent interest of youth has never been achieved. Pedagogues have regarded the city as an unmixed evil, and either taken their schools away from it or despairingly allowed their young disciples to pursue its vices, ignore its intellectual advantages and evade its serious problems. Columbia has glorious opportunity to make New York part of its curriculum. In an era of unprecedented city growth, in a time when problems of municipal government, the management of municipal franchises and the housing of the city poor engage the best intelligence of the nation, this metropolitan college enjoys an opportunity for which all the greater endowments of more wealthy institutions would be an insufficient exchange.

THE RIGHTS OF BICYCLERS.

It is fair and timely that some share of the controversial talent now given over to discussion of the relative rights of pedestrians and bicyclists should be devoted to fixing the degree of consideration to which the wheelmen are entitled from the drivers of vehicles on the streets. The lamentable and fatal accident which befell Miss Theodosia Schumacher emphasizes the necessity for enforcing upon drivers in this city some idea of the reciprocal rights and duties of wheelmen. Indeed, there has not been manifested by those who drive so lively a regard for the safety of those who walk as to give reason for the belief that bicyclers, whose movements are less controllable than those of the pedestrian, can trust wholly to the unspurred courtesy, the voluntary prudence of the expressman or jehu.

It is to the general public interest to encourage bicycling. The sport has in it the germ of a solution of the problem of corporate monopoly of highways. When bicyclists are sufficiently numerous and well enough organized to compel the maintenance of good roads and well paved streets there will be a heavy falling off in the tribute paid by the people to the successors of Messrs. Gould, Sage, Crimmins and other now fortunate persons who control our thoroughfares and tax us for the proud privilege of getting downtown to work. There is promise, too, of a higher physical standard for the race in the universality of a sport which insures fresh air and moderate exercise, and from which, with better models and advancing common sense, the bicycle stoop and the bicycle face shall be eliminated.

To put votaries of the wheel at the mercy of truckmen who like to swing around a corner as the redoubtable Hank Evans swung his stage coach carrying Horace Greeley around the ticklish ledges of the Great Divide would be poor public policy and worse humanity. It is, to be sure, not a matter demanding legislation, but a little vigorous interpretation of existing law by coroners, grand juries and police justices would be very salutary.

What a pity the "art poster" has not found its place in politics! The Napoleonic McKinley, Mark Hanna and his money bag, Tom Reed in all his abdominal majesty, William E. Russell and the sacred codfish—how much more inspiring these themes than the hot weather number of a magazine!

The opposition of the A. P. A. in Wisconsin to the Pere Marquette statue, which that State has given to the National Statuary Hall in Washington, is about as indefensible an act of bigotry as any that has been committed in this country under the plea of Americanism. Pere Marquette deserves well of Americans—that is, if Americans care to honor the virtues of a brave, self-sacrificing Christian pioneer. It is not in keeping with the generous spirit of America to ask what sect claimed him. To reject his statue because he was a Jesuit father, and for no other assignable reason, would be an act worthy of the sixteenth century. It is a humiliating evidence of the force that an ignorant clique can exert in the enlightened State of Wisconsin that her Representatives in Congress are at this moment afraid to recognize the virtues of a brave and good man because if he were alive he would not agree with the A. P. A.

The electrical exhibition to be held in this city should embrace an aggregation of wonders which only a few years ago would have been regarded as the wildest dreams of a madman. That the motive force of a miniature Niagara should be supplied by wire from the real Niagara more than five hundred miles away is, perhaps, no more wonderful than that the actual sound of the rushing waters should be transmitted to New York in the same way. While the discovery of the cathode rays has eclipsed these wonders, it will not render the picturesque object lesson any less attractive. No student of electrical science now doubts that perhaps the next most important step will be the discovery of the means of actually seeing by wire. It is within the range of possibility that when the next electrical exhibition is held it will be possible not only to talk quietly with our friends in San Francisco, but to see them at the same time. Although governed by natural law, the discoveries of modern science are fascinating in proportion to their mysterious character. Just at present the X ray has the floor, but it is certain to have to give place shortly to a more remarkable outgrowth of scientific research.

Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

First Notice.

Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., has been at work ever since the death of Dr. Holmes in the preparation of the volumes which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on the 9th of this month. The biographer says in the preface that letter writing was an irksome task to Dr. Holmes and that in such communications he rarely expressed himself spontaneously. Then he complains that the genial "Autocrat" led so uneventful a life that there was little interesting to say of his goings and comings. All this appears to be for the purpose of discouraging the reader. There may be great art in this kind of an introduction, but I confess that I had not gone through many pages before wishing that the biographical task had fallen to other hands. A little further, however, I realized that this introduction was merely a little affectation on Mr. Morse's part; an affectation in bad taste, it is true, for it is like to that the unwise host exhibits when apologizing for the quality of viands of which he is secretly proud. It is probably true that Dr. Holmes will never rank with Jane Carlyle as a letter writer, but he does very well indeed, and in these two handsome volumes there is not a single dull page. Even his boyish letters, written when he was an undergraduate at Harvard, sparkle with humor and fun and give sure promise of the geniality which has delighted two generations of English-reading people.

Dr. Holmes believed strongly in the controlling influence of inherited tendencies, and as the Autocrat he admitted openly: "I go for the man with the family portrait against the one with the twenty-cent daguerrotype, unless I find out that the latter is the better of the two. I go for the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative traditions of at least four or five generations." In a letter written in 1865, in speaking to a friend of the rise of a family known by them years before as poor, he said: "I like it; I like to see worthless rich people have to yield their places to deserving poor ones, who, beginning with sixpence or nothing, come out at last in Beacon street and have the sun come into their windows all year round."

This class of '29 at Harvard, of which Dr. Holmes was a member, was fortunate in the number of its members who achieved distinction, and some of them lived to be very old men. At the class reunion of 1851 Dr. Holmes read a poem, and he continued this every year until shortly before his death. This reading of poems he began when he was an undergraduate (he was also class poet at commencement), but afterward he was not in the least proud of these early efforts, saying that none of them showed any indications of talent. As an undergraduate, as we learn from his letters to his friend, Phineas Barnes, he thought much in the tender passion and now and again mildly made love. He says in 1831, when he had gone to Boston: "It is past 11 o'clock in the evening. I am sitting in solitude and almost unbroken silence, though in the heart of a busy metropolis, and ever and anon turning up my eyes from the sheet before me and thinking of the pretty little hand which I held so quietly but a very little while ago—and of the girl who was silly enough to let me." This evidently provoked Barnes to ask whether his friend was engaged, and here is the reply: "If I am engaged I shall tell you nothing about it. However, about this taking of wives: I think a man who has to swim without a cork jacket had better not put lead into his breeches pocket." In this same letter he tells Barnes: "I have met Professor Longfellow, one of your 'down East' folks, two or three times lately, and a very nice sort of body he seems to be."

In some autobiographical notes which Dr. Holmes prepared in his old age he dwells briefly upon his college days, and remarks more than once of the change that has taken place in the free use of wine, but he suggests that there was "possibly a disguised use in the unrestrained freedom of these occasions (Porcellian Club meetings); sooner or later there was a chance that a young man who had to face the temptations of the wine that was red in the cup or sparkled in the tall wineglass would be betrayed into some degree of excess, which might lay the foundation of evil habits, but more probably would pass away like the bubbles in the beaker's brim." Then he goes on to tell how his father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, was provided, when he entered Harvard, by his mother, with a fine "Dutch liquor case, containing six large bottles filled with various kinds of strong waters—probably brandy, rum, gin, whiskey—doubtless enough to craze a whole class of young bacchanallans." These notes, however, devote more space to his religious instruction, which was sulvanistic, and he tells how the sermons and prayers drove him to the Unitarian fellowship and the freer atmosphere of the college near which he was born. He says that Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" "seemed to me then, as it does now, more like the hunting of sinners with a pack of demons for the amusement of the Lord of the terrestrial manor than like the tender care of a father for his offspring."

Dr. Holmes's first intention was to study law, and he went to a course of lectures by Judge Story, but later he decided in favor of medicine and embraced that study with enthusiasm. In 1833 he went to Europe to pursue these studies, and his letters to his family and friends are charming in their descriptions, their frankness, and, above all, in their playfulness. In Paris he enjoyed himself thoroughly, but worked hard, and I know of no better picture of the French capital, when the Citizen King, with the pear-shaped head, was provoking the caricaturists to make the most outrageous pictures ever published of a monarch in his own country, than may be constructed from these letters.

He shows, too, in his letters how close he was to the asperities of the Revolutionary period, for he takes pleasure in sneering at every Englishman he meets, and even denies to them abilities which the rest of the world readily conceded. Here is his description of a famous Scotchman, the Rev. Edward Irving, the man Jane Welsh preferred to Carlyle, though she married the latter:

"I heard this notorious preacher" (this was in June, 1834) "the other Sunday. He is a black, savage, saturnine, long-haired Scotchman, with a most Tyburn looking squint to him. He said nothing remarkable that I remember, and I should suppose owes much of his reputation to a voice of great force and compass, which he manages nearly as well as Macready. The charlatan he most resembles is Mr. ——, whose yell is, however, instinct with a profounder expression of vulgarity and insolence. Mr. Irving and his flock have given up the unknown tongue and confine themselves to rolling up their eyes so as to show the whites in a formidable manner. I would ask for no better picture than has been presented by these poor enthusiasts, dumb with their celestial influences and babbling, paltry inanities."

During that visit to London he went to the Royal Opera and paid $2 for a pit ticket. He was almost crowded to death, but he saw the royal family, including the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Victoria, the present Queen. He says: "The Princess is a nice, fresh looking girl, blond and rather pretty. The King (William IV.) looks like a retired butcher. The Queen is much such a person in aspect as the wife of the late William Frost, of Cambridge, an exemplary milkman, now probably immortal on a slab of slatestone as a father, a husband and a brother. The King blew his nose twice, and wiped the royal perspiration repeatedly from a face which is probably the largest uncivilized spot in England."

With Dr. Holmes not yet launched into active life, my space for the present is exhausted.

JNO. GILMER SPEER.

Recent Gossip of the Great Metropolis.

London, April 21.—One of the best reasons why all Europe hates England is also the reason that a British statesman gave me the other day to account for France not having fought England long before this. It is that England is so rich. I remember very well the wise remark of a British Admiral, when I told him the Russians liked us Americans.

"Don't believe a word of it, my boy," said he. "They pretend to like you, because they have looked over the map and found no single spot where your possessions and theirs conflict. In their hearts they hate you. All the nations of Europe hate you. You are too infernally rich for human nature to regard you amiably."

And that is the truth about England also. While all the other countries of Europe are over-burdened with taxes, and still unable to indulge in extra expenses, England, always rich, is now actually enjoying a glut of money in commerce and the surprise of a great excess of public funds that have dropped into the treasury, as it were, out of the skies. For a fortnight the financial writers have been predicting another mad squandering of money in whatever new mining craze happens to come up. They prophesy this because loose money is superabundant, and an outlet must be had for it. It is a thousand pities that our Congress has so disturbed Europe as to make it out of the question that investors here or on the Continent shall put their money in our railway stocks. It is admitted that no better field of speculation is offered, provided the United States remain quiet and open to a healthy, peaceful development of industrial interests, but our legislators have alarmed Europe with the belief that peace and quiet are most uncertain elements with us.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree has written to all the papers to condemn the present Dramatic Copyright law. He says that the author of a novel, in order to prevent his story being dramatized and played without his consent by any one who may choose to do so, has to base his complaint, not, as a layman might suppose, on the fact that a dramatic version of his book has been played, but on the fact that there has been a multiplication of copies of the play, in manuscript or in print, containing substantial extracts from his book. He predicts that piracy will soon be more profitable than legitimate labor, and grieves to think it should be illegal to steal an umbrella and legal to steal the work of a man's brain. On the everlasting subject of "Trilby," he says:

Last year I came to an arrangement with Mr. Du Maurier, the author of the novel "Trilby," who is a British subject, and Mr. Potter, the author of the play founded on the novel, and originally produced in America, by which I was to pay certain fees for playing the piece in the British Isles, and in accordance therewith I have already paid several thousands of pounds to these gentlemen. Provincial speculators, taking advantage of loopholes afforded them by the anomalies and weakness of the Copyright laws, and the cumberson and costly procedure which has to be resorted to in order to protect property of this kind, are playing the piece in all parts of the country without paying a farthing to the authors or to myself, to whom the authors have given exclusive permission to play it. Moreover, the public is likely to be seriously prejudiced against the play by the manner in which it is represented by persons who have neither money nor reputation to stake.

By the way, while upon this subject, I ought, in justice to Jerome K. Jerome, to notice the fact with regard to the disappointing play of "Biarritz," that he says he does not want to be held responsible for the libretto or arrangement, and that in time he will have a story to tell in his own justification.

The English are very proud of the fact that the King of Greece so valued the English nurse of his son that he personally assisted in carrying her coffin at her funeral a day or two ago. It is recalled that a Scotch woman nursed the Czar Alexander II.; an English woman was nurse to the present Czar; the poor Prince Imperial of France had an English nurse, and so had the present German Emperor when he was a baby at Potsdam. For my part, I do not know or see any especial advantage in having an English nurse, but if I were a King I'd have English maids sprinkled all over my palace. The English maid, with her oval face, rosy cheeks, great wide eyes, her spotless and starched cap, her immaculate linen shoulder straps and scalloped apron, and above all the silent, cheerful, highly skilled service that she gives, is one of the noblest handiworks of God.

The enormous space newly covered with the elaborate and gay mosaic pictures in St. Paul's is still the cynosure of myriad eyes. A News reporter has been interviewing the boss of the workmen who set each in place the hundreds of thousands of little colored cubes, which together make the brilliant ceiling-pictures. This gentleman says that in each of the three saucer-domes containing the pictures there are 314,928 cubes of colored glass. Each cube is about half an inch by three-quarters in size. The designer, Mr. Richmond, drew the plan of the pictures in cartoons in colored chalk, full size. He had to build a studio especially for the work. The domes were as Sir Christopher Wren left them—brick, faced with stucco. The stucco was cut away, the bricks were then faced with cement, and the little opaque glass "tessarae" or cubes were then stuck bottom-end first in this cement. The workmen had Richmond's pictures before them, and worked from them with their colored cubes. In his pastels Richmond only drew the main lines of the figures and filled them in with color. The workmen, who were quite artists in their way, repainted Richmond's pictures, but with little stones instead of with the brush. A photograph of the men at work shows one of Richmond's cartoons hanging beside them, and themselves setting in the little cubes, each with a box full of cubes at his feet. The boxes are subdivided by numerous partitions just like a printer's case. The men first took a tracing of the cartoon and pasted this on the cement. Then with a brad-awl they pricked the outline of the cartoon through the paper into the cement, but with this mechanical help they still had to display the nicest judgment in choosing their color and in considering the effect of light in the placing of each tessara. Twenty-two men did the work, and used tons of glass. Their employer says that the pictures they made are everlasting, and that nothing can harm them, except, I suppose, fire. The range of colors is practically unlimited and the mosaic pictures would be just as safe and durable on the outside as the inside of the building. This enthusiast is bold enough to say that by the use of these mosaics London could become a blaze of color instead of a murky, dirty place—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

JULIAN RALPH.

Trio of Immutables.

[Chicago Tribune.]

On his return to civilization Dr. Nansen will find everything changed except the Keely motor, Dr. Chauncey M. Depew's smile and Cap'n Anson's chances for the pennant.

Experiences of Mr. Wiley Carey in New York.

To round out home education and fit their young men to make proper love to their young ladies, and occasionally to keep a few cotton bale accounts, and to make political speeches on County Court days, Southern elders sometimes find it necessary to send the boys to New York. Their outfit for the Northern experience is generally a fairish supply of funds, a wardrobe, often unique as it is diversified, and a negro servant. No properly equipped young Southerner can be understood to be "living" in New York without a bit of sable color thrown into his household affairs. Coming North without the negro means that the son of the South is simply visiting.

When time brought Mr. Wiley Carey, of the Big Bend plantation, Tennessee, to that irresponsible age when an affectionate but overestimating mother conceived that he had outgrown the country academy and needed New York, Mr. Wiley rode into town in the old carryall, with his servant, Cooley, on the front seat by the driver, a proud but tearful mother by his side, and the big trunk lashed on behind. Saying "Good-by" at the steamboat landing to the father, who had come down from the Court House; to the various other moonlight riding young men of the county, and last of all to the mother, he gave voice to many nice, beautiful things about what he would accomplish in the great city up North in his year of application to his finishing courses.

The mother listened proudly, albeit tearfully, commending him to the care of God and Cooley, saying to the latter: "Take good care of Mr. Wiley, Cooley, and bring him back home like I want him to come. Promise me you wont neglect him, and if trouble comes let his mammy know." Cooley bowed meekly, said "Yessum," with his hat in his hand, and followed Mr. Wiley over the gangplank. Mr. Wiley, travelling many days, reached New York, matriculated, hired his room, left the rest to Cooley, and met Broadway.

Now there are not many acute angles in the narrow environments of a plantation home and a country town, and to the young and impressionable mind, fibred by such environment, New York is eccentric, with the eccentricities concentrating themselves along Broadway, between about Fourteenth street and that indistinct point known as uptown. Young minds make the unconscious effort of aligning themselves with these local peculiarities; hence this tale.

Mr. Wiley Carey had letters to people who introduced him to other people. The knowing of other people is sometimes unfortunate. Mr. Wiley was sociable, as becomes the young Southerner in the rounding out stage, and he cultivated these others. Broadway rather liked the freedom of his hand and cultivated him. Within a week of his arrival Carey had discovered that going to bed at 10 p. m. was an obsolete and unwarranted custom, and that straight whiskey was not the only thing a gentleman could drink. As a result of this new knowledge, his rooms and Cooley began to know him familiarly along about 2 a. m. That is rounding out, but not the kind provided for in the home contract. Cooley was distinctly mindful of all this, and mindful as well of Miss Charity's admonition to "take care of Mr. Wiley." Sitting home in the long waits for his master's appearance, Cooley digested the idea that there were other things in this big unknown town than colleges, and that Mr. Wiley was of the same mind. When, for about the twentieth time, Mr. Wiley staggered, dreamy-eyed and frowsy, through the front door, Cooley mildly remonstrated.

"Reckon they're kindah spectin' yo' at thu college, ain't they, Mistah Wiley?"

"Oh, I don't know, Cooley. Undress me."

Cooley performed that duty and himself went to bed. The next night, and the next, and the next, Mr. Wiley found his latch key and home at unholy hours, and again Cooley rose to a sense of duty with:

"The p'ofessahs 'ill putty soon fahgit how yo' looks, Mistah Wiley."

"Oh, go to the devil, Cooley, and—undress me."

By and by Mr. Wiley discovered other new things; late suppers with fairy-eyed creatures who flashed white teeth through red lips and laughed at his century-old jokes, and he drifted home with tales on his tongue of ladies who loved him and wanted him to make New York his home; and, come to think of it, he didn't know but that he would rather like it. Tennessee wasn't the only place on earth, as he used to think, and the ladies in New York were so kind and appreciative. To all of which Cooley listened with becoming patience, and did his own figuring. The days of New York occupancy drifted into weeks, and Mr. Wiley had not yet known what the inside of his college looked like. The Broadway habit was upon him. Cooley watched and waited and grew anxious.

"Mistah Wiley, hadn't we bettah be goin' tuh school some?"

"Don't bothah me, Cooley. Get breakfast fuh fo'."

When a young man accumulates the breakfast habit he is far along toward his mental impoverishment. Inanity has its happiest expression in the gentleman who surrounds himself at 11 a. m. with a crowd of late-rising people who eat nothing and drink much of his board. Mr. Wiley reached his degree when somebody introduced him to a breakfast where cocktails were served before and wine after the meal. Cooley went about preparing the breakfast for four with grave misgivings.

"A gem'man nevah gits drunk in the mawnin', nohow, not in Ten'see. Up hyah they seems tuh begin befo' they gits outen they bed, and quits when they gits in unhgin. They ain' larnin' how tuh be polished, ez Miss Cha'ty 'ud say, an' she do sho' 'spect heaps fum Mistah Wiley."

In the midst of his observations Cooley was interrupted by a cry of "Watah!" from the rear room. When Mr. Wiley had applied himself with ferocity to the clinking pitcher and settled back for his second slumber, Cooley looked sadly at him.

"Mistah Wiley, wha' yo' reckon they're doin' down home?"

"Oh, I don' know, Cooley."

"By this time uh day all the fiel' han's is turnin' thu rows. Ole mastah's don' rid tuh town, I reckon, and Miss Cha'ty is feedin' thu chicklins and thinkin' 'bout us, may be. She's thinkin' 'bout all them blue ribbons an' things you'se gwine tuh win at this college, and 'bout the speech you'se gwine to make on the big platform, an' the things you'se gwine to bring home tuh her. Oh, I reckon Miss Cha'ty's mighty happy now; she knows you'se doin' well."

"Yes, Cooley, I hope she is happy, and pa, too. Make me a julep; an' say, go down to the Blenden an' present mah compliments to the gem'men an' tell 'em I'm not well this mawnin' and would like tuh be excused from breakfast. When yo' come back lay out mah gray suit; I'll be busy to-day."

Mr. Wiley ate a lone breakfast and went slowly out. Cooley saw him depart and then sat down, and with much cramping of the hand and straining of the language, wrote this:

"Deah Miss Cha'ty—Mistah Wiley's well. I'm well. Hope's yo' is such. Don' think this big college ez good ez thu ole academy."

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl

Paul Potter whose dramatization of "Trilby" is being played all over the United States, England and Australia, has grown so fat during the period that royalties have been coming in to him from all parts of the English-speaking world that he has gone out to William Muldoon's Hygienic Institute at White Plains to train down. Now "Professor" Muldoon, as his patients, or subjects, call him, is not a man who does things half way. His contract with a man who comes out to the White Plains institution is to put him into condition physically, and the gentle William proceeds to carry out his contract without undue regard to the patient's views in the matter, whereby hangs this tale concerning Mr. Potter, for whom, by the way, Professor Muldoon cherishes a sincere admiration.

A part of Muldoon's system of training is "punching the bag," his patients doing ten three-minute rounds, with one-minute intervals, each afternoon. It so happened one afternoon last week that Mr. Potter was not disposed to "punch the bag," and he pleaded the circumstance that he had hurt his leg as an excuse, limping craftily on his left leg to prove it. Accordingly Mr. Muldoon excused him from that exercise, but, having learned much of the guile of children of a larger growth during his conduct of the Hygienic Institute, he kept his eye upon Mr. Potter and presently observed that that gentleman was limping on his right leg, having temporarily forgotten which member was the injured one.

Later that afternoon Mr. Potter was pleased when Mr. Muldoon asked him if he would like to go for a drive, and presently the two started out on a road that led off into the country with a fast horse in a light runabout wagon. Mr. Potter enjoyed the drive for six or seven miles until Professor Muldoon turned around at the foot of a steep hill to return. It was a very muddy hill, and he suggested to Mr. Potter that they get out and walk up to the top to spare the horse. Mr. Potter obligingly alighted, when Mr. Muldoon whipped up and drove merrily home, leaving his patient to walk back.

Mr. Potter arrived at the Institute about dinner time, somewhat wearied, but entirely good-natured. He admitted that the joke was on him.

* * *

The workmen engaged upon the building that will occupy the site of the old Herald office, at Broadway and Ann street, were resting at noontime. As they sat in rows along the timber foundations of the great platform that has been rigged above the carriage way on Ann street, they appeared to be a light-hearted, contented crowd. Jokes and growlers were alternately passed along the line, laughter and good humor seemed contagious, and the enjoyment all hands took out of the half hour's rest from toil might have served as a useful lesson to hypochondriacs suffering from the ennui that comes from too much luxury and leisure. In the shadow of one of the great wooden platform pillars a poorly dressed man surveyed the scene. His faded frock coat, the collar and black derby hat that he wore would have shown that he was not one of the jovial working party, even if his wistful expression of countenance as he watched them had not told his story plainly enough—"out of work."

"Yes," he replied in answer to a question, "I'm an old-time hod carrier, and this is the tenth place I've been to-day looking for work, only to be told that they're 'full up.' The hodman's day is past," he added, with a sigh. "How is that? Well, I'll tell ye. These tall buildings, with their twenty odd stories, made it impossible for men to climb with a hod of mortar or bricks, weighing perhaps fifty-six pounds, so the hod-hoisting machine was invented. Now, ye see, one o' these does the work of a dozen human carriers, and a couple of mortar mixers down below, just to fill and refill it as it comes back and forth, is all that's needed. Then, besides, all this iron work they use on these new 'sky-scrapers' has reduced the number of bricklayers. Look up at that corner," and he pointed to the angle at the intersection of Ann street and Broadway, of the great structure. "You can see that that corner of the building, all the way up, will be iron. In the old times it would have been brick and stone. It's the same with the supporting pillars in general, an' so, fewer bricklayers, fewer hod carriers. The bricklayer has felt the change as well as us. Even the stone workers have suffered. See those blocks that form the front wall. They used to be chiselled into shape right on the building, before being set in position. You don't hear the ring of the stonecutter's hammer there now. The blocks are all cut in the yard before they come here—cut exactly—and the setters have nothing to do but to lift them into place.

"Oh, I tell ye," said the melancholy hodman, as he started to leave, while the whistle called the bivouackers back to duty, "things are badly changed for the workingman in this business all around."

* * *

"Between you and me," said the genial, gentlemanly and urbane saloon keeper yesterday, whose place of business is on Newspaper row, "that Senator Raines, of Canandaigua, has put a pile of money in my pocket."

"How's that?" inquired the thirsty customer.

"Well," responded the cafe proprietor thoughtfully, "it's just this way: You see, I never did keep open Sundays anyhow, so that sandwich law didn't hit me the way it did some fellows. The free lunch game, however, struck me right where I live, and that's Easy street. So long as my rivals in business were giving away free lunches, consisting of everything from stewed terrapin to caviare sandwiches, I had to do the same. Then old Senator Raines got to work and Levi signed the bill, and lo! the free lunch counter went. Now I've been doing a little figuring to-day, and here's what I make out: It cost me $30 per day under the old regime to provide free lunch. Thirty dollars a day six days a week is $9,000 a year. That's $9,000 saved. Well, I've started a lunch counter, and I sell soups and salads and sandwiches, and what do you suppose has been the result?"

"I don't know," said the thirsty customer.

"Why, gentlemen, the result has been that I am making $3,000 a year clear profit off my lunch counter. Nine thousand dollars saved and $3,000 made means $12,000 a year, or $1,000 a month, or $250 a week. Why, gentlemen, when I think of this, I feel like taking an express train for Canandaigua and throwing my arms around Raines's neck. On the level, I do."

"Pshaw!" said the thirsty customer.