

THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate rain in the morning, followed by fair weather.

The Georgia returns show that Hoke Smith fell further and landed harder than any of his Cabinet colleagues.

Voluntary rapid transit is talked of by the Manhattan railway magnates, but it is as delusive as voluntary illumination of their cars.

Those Democrats who have been un-reated by Tom Reed's House will have the satisfaction of seeing the ex-Czar unhorsed at St. Louis.

General Weyler is complaining of a complication of rain and fever. It is strange how nature seems to be conspiring against the Spanish.

In the course of a week the Evening Post manages to get in as many inconsistent explanations of the financial question as the McKinley managers.

The advance guard at St. Louis announces that the water in that town is not fit to drink. However, it is believed the delegates will find some way to get around that difficulty.

They are discovering oil in large quantities in Southern Ohio. In fact, they seem to be able to discover everything in Ohio except Mr. McKinley's present financial position.

How can the Police Justices expect intelligence on the police force as long as the sewing society-like matheas are continued at the Mulberry street Headquarters?

The statement that Governor Bradley is just as much of a Presidential candidate as ever seems to be quite true. The same may be said of Governor Morton and several other aspirants.

"Postmaster-General Wilson is going to West Virginia and Comptroller Eckels is going to Illinois" is the way a Washington dispatch reads. In the meantime the States of these two shining lights of the Administration continue to go in the direction of free silver.

The Galveston News, a disgusted advocate of the gold standard, declares that Governor Altgeld is the logical candidate for the Democrats to run on a free silver platform. The News is allowing its displeasure to force its intelligence to the background. The Constitution of the United States provides that the President must be a native-born American. Therefore Governor Altgeld would not be the logical nominee.

THE CHARTER MAKERS.

The Greater New York Commission, as completed by Governor Morton, will be a body as able, respected and well equipped as ever framed a charter for an American city. The Governor's judgment has not been absolutely perfect. There are two or three names on his list that might easily have been spared, and there is at least one regrettable omission. The public was given to understand the other day that it would have the benefit of the knowledge and zeal of Dr. Albert Shaw in devising a suitable government for the new metropolis, and the Governor's failure to appoint him is a disappointment. Still the selections, as a rule, are admirable. There could be no happier choice than that of President Low, and ex-Secretary Tracy is another member whose presence on the Commission will be welcomed on all sides. On the whole, there is every reason to expect a model charter for Greater New York. If we get that, it will depend upon ourselves to maintain a model government.

DEFENCE AT LAST.

The President signed the Fortifications Appropriation bill, just five months and twenty days after his Venezuelan message notified Congress and the country that war with a great power was not an impossible contingency. On a moderate estimate this bill should have become a law at least five months ago. It should have been the very first thing to occupy the attention of Congress after the Venezuelan message, instead of almost the last. If the money for defence had been appropriated by the first of January and made immediately available, the Senatorial committee that recently inspected the fortifications of New York harbor would have had a less humiliating story to tell. However, the delay is over at last.

For the past five months Congress has been shaking its fist at the civilized world, and the army engineers and ordnance officers have been idly fingering their paper plans for coast defences. For the next five months Congress will be in a state of suspended animation, and the army officers will be at work. Every month in which we can remain at peace after this will see us better prepared to face attack. If we can restrain the warlike ardor of domestic and foreign jingoes for two years more, we can meet whatever comes in reasonable security.

TRUSTS AND THEIR FOES.

"The gigantic trusts and other forms of financial combination are the cause of the discontent and uneasiness of the people. Trusts must go." Thus thoughtfully spoke Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, at a banquet of Chicago lawyers, who applauded as only lawyers can applaud a judge, and slipped their wine, each silently rejoicing that he was attorney for a trust or wondering how he could become one.

How often a people surfeited with platitudinous oratory has heard these excellent sentiments expressed over the crumby and wine-stained table cloth; how often in sequestered places they have been neatly tucked away in our Presidents' messages; how constantly they reverberate from the hustings; how rhetorically they are phrased in the newspapers!

Trusts must go! Everybody says so. But they don't go. They come—a new one almost every day. Congress has done nothing to check their multiplication. The courts—which Justice Brown predicts will yet take a great part in suppressing them—have done nothing. The President who preached loudest against them in his State papers appointed as Attorney-General a trust attorney, skilled in defending trust methods in the court. The Federal law designed to control them proved impotent against combinations of capital, but very powerful against combinations of labor.

The treatment of society for the trust evil is thus far confined to diagnosis. No doctor, political or legal, is drastic to suggest the remedy. One drastic law enacted by a Congress which professedly hates trusts, signed by a President who ponderously condemns trusts, and upheld by a Supreme Court the justices of which oratorically denounce trusts, would be worth all the after dinner speeches ever made.

There is no cheering sign in the willingness of politicians to denounce an evil for which they cannot or dare not suggest a remedy. The one ray of promise for the people is in the fact that the managers of the trusts themselves are proceeding from spoliation of the general public to spoliation of their stockholders, a course which in two or three late instances has ended in disaster and collapse.

THE WRONG REMEDY.

The experience of the North Riders who have to use the Third Avenue elevated line is an object lesson worth the study of the Rapid Transit Commission in connection with the request of the Manhattan Company for a monopoly of future passenger transportation in New York. The law requires the company to take its patrons across the Harlem River to Tremont on through trains. Calmly ignoring this requirement, it compels them to change at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, and this change is carried out with such callous disregard for public comfort and even safety that it is a thing of dread for the suburban residents that have to endure it. "I tremble for the safety of my wife and daughters," said one of them, according to a contemporary on Monday, "when they go down to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to shop. I positively dread making the journey twice a day to and from my office; it is such a struggle and fight to get from one train to another."

This is the sort of thing with which every part of the city has been more or less familiar. The passenger who has not gone through one form of suffering in an elevated train has experienced another. And the remedy that is offered us for the abuses of Manhattan rule is more Manhattan. Of course, there are some believers in the theory that a patient can be cured of hydrophobia by a hair of the dog that bit him, but when the Rapid Transit Commission was called in to prescribe for New York it was not supposed to be long to that school of medicine.

WORK FOR EASTERN DEMOCRATS.

If the Democratic National Convention nominate a free silver candidate and the Republican Convention nominate McKinley, Eastern Democrats who object both to free silver and to extravagant protection will be in an embarrassing position. But it will not be necessary, as many of them seem to think, for those who cannot swallow free coinage either to take to the woods or to gulp the Republican ticket straight, with protectionism, subsidies and extravagant government thrown in. There is a difference between McKinley and McKinleyism. To restore McKinleyism there must be not only a President, but a majority in each House of Congress working for that end. The President cannot pass laws alone, even when his name is Cleveland—still less when he is a weakling like McKinley.

A New England Spinster in Paris.

The ancient rumor that Bouguereau and Miss Elizabeth Gardner are to marry is distinguished this time by a definite date, June 23 is announced. There has been no reason, for the past thirty years, since he is a bachelor and she a spinster, and living within a stone's throw of one another, why these two, if they so desired, should not be married. As it is, they have furnished Paris for more than a quarter of a century with the materials for a romance which has never lost its piquancy.

There is a limerick tenacity about some individualities that neither circumstances, surroundings, climate nor food appreciably change. Over thirty years ago Elizabeth Gardner was a young woman studying drawing at Laseell Female Seminary, at Auburndale, Mass. From there she went to Paris to pursue her art. She has since lived there. There is no better known woman among her contemporaries whose success has been admitted, and is excepted, than she was one of the first women to enter Julia's studio, where she fought her way among rivalry and sneers with dogged persistence.

The interest taken in her by Jules Leleuvre was continued by Bouguereau, and in every sense was her master. Her choice of subjects differs, but her treatment is his, a resemblance in method carried so far that the works of each have been mistaken for those of the other. Her home, as his, is near the garden of the Luxembourg, and she has the freedom of his studio, where it has been alleged the most of her works are painted. Outside of her painting Miss Gardner's sturdy New England personality has resided all the allotments of coquette Paris.

Miss Gardner's home is in a typical French apartment house, commodious, even imposing. But inside her door Paris is 3,000 miles away. A "flowered" carpet covered the entire floor; the centre table was covered with a red and black cloth; a black horsehair sofa and four horsehair chairs, observing a prim rectangularity of arrangement, made one fold the hands, placed the feet side by side, and from a sense of fitness sit on the edge of the chair. Nor was there anything of Paris in the pictures on the walls, in the becaped ladies, the old men in chokers, the cousins and the aunts whose village photographs adorned the hostess's parlor.

The hostess entered. Nothing more characteristic of New England could be found in its rock-bound villages or in Miss Wilkins's works. Fancy a little woman, prim of manner, with wavy hair that fell behind her ears in little corker curls in a plain stuff dress.

No, no; this was not Paris, but West Roxbury or Hopkinton Centre. C. G. H.

Headly on Bland's Prospects.

[Washington Post.] "I wish," said ex-Governor George Hoody, of Ohio, at the Shoreham, "that the Democrats would name Bland as their candidate, if they should adopt a free silver platform at Chicago. This would be eminently proper and logical, for everybody knows where 'Silver Dick' stands. The issue would then be made up and the country could choose with absolute knowledge of the position of at least one of the candidates.

"As for Bland, though he is personally a good sort of man, I don't think he stands for much or disposes much except his own personality, and that is permeated with an intense desire to be president. Bland would not much better than Bland and Bland it will probably be. I wish my old friend, M. D. Harter, poor fellow, were alive to make the same suggestion. Harter is out there, I do not mean to say that this will be my own course, but give it as indicating the sentiment of men with whom I am often brought in business contact."

The Passing of the Jersey Mosquito.

Colonel Waring has agreed to supply ashes to cover the Hackensack meadows for the extermination of the mosquito.—Morning Paper.

Not long will be infest the meads That bound the Hackensack; Not long he'll chant among the reeds To Cheryl Hill and back.

The grim has gone forth, and, lo! He'll bid his birds sing: The Jersey mosquito soon must go, The way of earthy things.

Not long those mad birds, grimy black, Will send him 'neath the star Upon the shining railroad track To grind his climate-tar.

Before his travels he begins To break night's sweet repose, While 'round the dreamer's head he spins And banquets on his nose.

He dreams not when, beneath the moon, He sings in airy strain, That Gotham's ashes very soon Those plagues as yet will quell.

And gather to the stars, Destroy him wing and bore, Till those who daily hear his song Shall hear that song no more.

O, Waring! in our hours of ease, We know, as Newark knows, That when you cast upon the breeze— That o'er those meadows blows— The ashes that you daily sweep

And gather to the stars, O'er those meadows blows— The ashes that you daily sweep And gather to the stars

For then, a hollow, empty name This kind of vow will be, His eager stinger tipped with flame A barren memory.

No more he then will rule the glade Where last the Car he was, Till Colonel Waring up and made Him shuffle off his boots.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

JOSEPH BLACKBURN.

Joe Blackburn may be pardoned if he remarks to John Carlisle: "Just tell them that you saw me."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Mr. Blackburn appears to have stuck his thumb into Mr. Carlisle and then opened it. Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Somebody has got to be President, and far be it from the thought of Joseph Blackburn, of Kentucky, to finish in a duty to his country.—Chicago Record.

The Silence of Mrs. Lease.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.] Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease hasn't said a word for two weeks. It isn't possible, is it, that she is assisting Mr. Mary Elizabeth Lease at the annual housecleaning.

The Ever Busy Fool-Killer.

[Washington Star.] It looks as if the cortices of the fool-killer were transferred from the man who wants to swim Niagara Falls to the one who rides a bicycle over railway bridges.

Envinable Mr. Watterson.

There are several other disguised statesmen who would like very much to join Colonel Watterson in a peep at the Moulin Rouge.

Why Uncle Reuben Game to New York.

Although Uncle Reuben told me the why of Colonel Baxter's presence in New York, it was a long while before he would burden and tell me the story of his own coming. The last time that I dined at his excellent table, I found him in a "down town" mood and got out of him the simply told tale of the circumstances which brought him from a home and a people which he loved to an environment and life which was foreign to his every instinct. It was told in much halting and shamefaced hesitation. It opened with:

"You are fond of the Baxters, Uncle Reuben?"

"Yes,uh, pow'ful."

"How is it that you don't go back to Tennessee, and hunt up the old fam'ly?"

"Don't reckon I'll evah see ole Ten'see no mo', suh."

"Why not?"

"Well, suh, w'en I lef' home I cross ma heart 'n' body, an' made uh promise tuh uh sweet lady 'th' I kain' never keep."

"Will you tell me?"

"I don't like much tuh talk 'bout it, suh. It don't glorify me any, an' I mos' done quit talkin' 'bout it 'tall, kase 'tain't pleasant."

"T'wux uh long time ago now, an' I reckon mos' people done fahgit it—evahbody 'cept Miss Bell—'n' 'th' 'n' trouble."

"Who was Miss Bell?"

"No, no! heah 'em 'bout Miss Bell, Du Bose, they place wuz two plantations down tuh rihvuh frow ours. Miss Bell wuz Mistah Clay Baxtah's sweethearts. They wuz all uh sweethearts, even w'en she wuz uh little gal 'n' rid 'abim' Mistah Clay on he pony tuh school. Evahbody 'roun tuh neighborhood knew they gwine tuh git married some day; an' they sho' did love one 'nother. Tha's how come I made tuh promise tuh Miss Bell."

"W'en tuh war break out, Mistah Clay say he gwine go. They git up uh big company right thar in the county, and Mistah Clay he is cap'n. You see w'en Mistah Clay wuz uh big gal, I k'ind take 'em tuh school fah him, an' tuh 'kin' honsum huntin', an' 'n' fishin', an' wuz gen'ally 'sponsible fah his raisin'."

"W'en he commence talkin' 'bout tuh wah nachally I wuz 'n' go too. So I beg, an' beg, an' beg, tell 'em by he say all right of Miss Gage say so. Mas Gage he say he don't keer, an' 'th' 'n' I come tuh be wif Mistah Clay."

"Th'ud day we start evahbody wuz know wuz wuz ovah at our house watchin' us start. Miss Bell she come ovah early 'n' she an' Mistah Clay they go down by tuh front fence whah nobody heah 'em, an' talk uh whole lot. W'en they come up tuh tuh front porch whah Mas Gage 'n' tuh res' wuz standin', Miss Bell's eyes sho' look soff."

"You don't know 'bout Miss Bell's eyes. She's a great big brown eyes thar look at 'em like they see clear through you an' ovah on the othah side. Some time you see tuh big clouds hang 'roun' tuh top uh uh mountin' kindah lovin' like 'th' Miss Bell's eyes. They dew wrap 'roun' you like uh bridal veil. Mistah Clay wuz sayin' good-by tuh Mas Gage uh Miss Kate. Miss Bell she cum, ovah tuh me 'n' she say:

"'Reuben, you'se gwine wif Mistah Clay?"

"I say, 'Yessum.'"

"Tha's dangah ovah thah whah you goin', Reuben?"

"'Yessum.'"

"Mistah Clay might git hurt."

"'Yessum.'"

"Ef he does you'll tek good keer uh him 'n' nehah leave him?"

"'Yessum.'"

"'Cross yo' heah 'n' body?"

"'Yessum.'"

"An' then she reach out bof her little white hands, an' she tek ma two big rusty hands in 'er'n' an' she squeeze 'em right hald 'n' say, 'Reuben, I know he'll come hald 'em. All th' time she look at me wif tuh big eyes, an' I sho' 'n' ready tuh swim tuh rihvuh wif tuh lee uh foatin' 'em she say so."

"You know 'bout how we sit all round 'n' see 'n' Kintucky 'n' got ovah tuh rihvuh, whah tuh bullets wuz thickest. Mistah Clay didn't nehah git uh scratch. All tuh time I wuz wif him 'n' takin' keer uh him. One night w'en we wuz in camp down thah in the valley by the Shena'doh, Mistah Clay tell me he gwine tuh uh dance at uh plantation 'bout five miles away, an' I mus' go 'long tuh take keer uh tuh hosses. 'Bout uh dozen gemmen go ridin' out, an' I come 'long abim' wif ma ole mule. We got tuh tuh house, an' tuh gemmen go in 'n' leave me outside wif tuh stock."

"I git mighty tired settin' out thar on the fence waitin'."

"By 'n' by uh nighvuh whah tuh long thah he come 'long 'n' he say: 'Ole nighvuh, don't you wuz 'n' dancin', too?'"

"An' I say, 'Cose I do.'"

"He say, 'Come 'long wif me. Tha's uh big dance 'bout uh mile down tuh road. 'T'wont take long tuh git down. Jump on uh hoss 'n' gimme yo' hule 'n' we go.'"

"I know 'kwan't right 'n' I oughtn't leave Mistah Clay 'n' he frien's, but I say 'All right, an' I give tuh nighvuh ma mule 'n' I make uh loan uh Mistah Clay's hoss."

"Way we go gallopin' des like uh couple uh gemmen, an' we git tuh tuh cabin whah they's dancin'. We's 'hoeln' down lively w'en somebody say, 'Lissen!'"

"Oft'n I heah happenin' 'n' gang, pang, an' I know 'whut happenin' up tuh road. I run out 'n' grab Mistah Clay's hoss 'n' jump on. I grab tuh ole mule's bridle 'n' go skeddadin'. W'en I git thah they aint uh sho'n in sight, an' it's all mighty still; no hosses at the fence, no gemmen; all quiet like. I k'indah shivah w'en I git off tuh hoss 'n' walk up tuh the house. I see the lights inside 'n' I kin smell tuh smoke whah they's shootin'. I knock right soff on tuh do', an' uh lady come. I say, 'Lady, whah's tuh gemmen?' She say, 'They's all gone but one.' All tremblin' I say, 'Wh' 'n' one?' An' she say, 'Cap'n Baxtah.' 'Whut happen?' I say,

"An' then she tell me how tuh Yankees come ridin' up whah they wuz dancin', an' tuh gemmen had tuh make uh run fah tuh hosses. Thah wuz uh little shootin', an' one gemman couldn't find his hoss. Then I know tuh gemman inside is Mistah Clay. W'en I go in I see him lyin' thah ez white ez uh sheet 'n' tryin' hald tuh breathe. He look at me kindah long'n' an' say wif uh little smile, 'Reuben, I'm sorry tuh tek ma hoss.' Thah wuz all."

"'Taint no use tellin' you 'bout tuh res', I wuz 'n' wif tuh shilly tuh trouble wuz ovah. W'en I come time tuh go home I couldn't. I des git wif me folks comin' tuh way, an' one day I fin' New York.'"

"But, Reuben, don't you suppose the Baxters would be willing to forgive your unfortunate carelessness?"

"'Yessuh, I reckon they would; but you didn't nehah know Miss Bell."

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Latest Fad of Collectors.

[Philadelphia Call.] The latest fad among collectors is the amassing of large and varied sets of financial views.

Coronation vs. Tornado.

[Kansas City Journal.] It is in order to congratulate St. Louis that it didn't have a coronation instead of a tornado.

Science Applied in a Modern Warship.

The modern naval officer is required to be more of a scientist than a seaman. The application of the sciences aboard a big ship has done away with the necessity for commissioned officers possessing a practical and perfect knowledge of the mysteries of reefing, handling and steering. The modern naval officer is of necessity a splendid mathematician, an able meteorologist, a good electrician and a competent engineer. This in addition to the primal requirements of gunnery, swordsmanship, courage and activity.

In navigating a modern steel ship many difficulties are incurred which do not enter into the problem where a wooden fabric is involved. Most of them grow out of the multiplied vagaries of the compass under the combined influences of the steel in the ship's hull and armament, the magnetic forces generated by the motion of the propellers and shafts, and the induction diffused by the ship's electrical plant. Each of these causes adds several varying degrees to the natural deviation of the compass, and each must be compensated for in some way. Thus the compasses of a steel warship, after their primal corrections for natural deviation, must be corrected again to compensate for the attraction wielded by the longitudinal steel and iron in the ship, the attraction of the horizontal iron and the differing degrees of attraction exercised by the mass of the ship when "heeled" over in a seaway. These—only a few of the variations to be considered—are compensated for in several ways. The longitudinal iron's attraction is neutralized by two balls of soft iron, adjusted on the plane of the compass card. That of the horizontal iron is compensated for in an adjustable tray of magnets, carried in the binnacle underneath the compass magnets. The angle of list, or heel, and consequent variation of the degree of attraction by the ship's mass, is compensated for, I believe, by a steel rod running vertically through the brass binnacle stand.

All these adjustments and corrections are made by means of the attraction wielded in various directions by the curve of deviation varies in different latitudes and in relation to the curves of the natural magnetic currents. Hence by mathematical calculation of infinitesimal exactitude these known and estimated errors and vagaries of the "load-stone needle" are discounted, and the naval officer usually comes much nearer to knowing his exact position than is comprehended in the assertion of an eminent authority that "the average error of marine computation of position is 3.6 miles."

The errors of chronometers in any sort of ships are vexing matters until a long record of the daily and hourly performance of each chronometer under varying conditions of temperature and climate enable a close estimation of probable performance to be made. Even then the modern naval navigator uses no less than three chronometers, the daily gain or loss of each Greenich time being as frequently corrected as possible, and the daily reckoning being figured on the mean variation—sometimes less than one-tenth of a second—of the three.

So closely are these chronometers watched that a thermometer is kept in the case and variations of temperature are taken into account in figuring their deviation. And though a chronometer will run a month or so, they are wound precisely at 8 o'clock every morning, and so important is this prompt winding estimated that it is daily reported to the captain or commanding officer. In gun practice, steam and electric engineering aboard ship, science is as closely applied as it is in navigation. The evolution from the galleys of the Punic fleet to the steel cruisers of our modern navy shows in its primal and final types of vessel scarcely more of difference than may be seen in the methods of the naval officers to-day and those of the navy of fifty years ago.

A Mystery of the Avenue.

In the window of a big store in Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth street, reclines a young woman in a hammock. She has been reclining there for the past week, swinging herself and making to the hustling and street-wary onlookers, a most appealing picture of dolce far niente. The hammock is not the ordinary affair of settled cool which causes male boarders at Bath and a few other places, to work themselves into a condition of desperation and frenzy in their attempts to take a little comfort while enmeshed in the contrivance. This hammock the girl swings in is a flat affair, as big as a colonial bed—a kind of canopied palanquin, suspended from the ceiling by ropes attached to its four corners. A gentle pressure of the feet on a footboard propels the thing backward and forward.

An element of mystery attaches to the young woman in the hammock, on account of the fact that she never displays her countenance. She is a kind of veiled Protopheta of Khorsaan. In front of the window all day long stands a large audience—mostly of men—who marvel at the resplendent young woman furnishes them all an opportunity to make an elaborate study of her back. She is almost constantly looking inboard. There is already a kind of legendry grown up about her. One of these legends (which is, however, impossible of verification) relates that for all of two minutes, one day, two weeks ago, she showed her face. But during those ten minutes she carefully screened her face with a large and ornate Japanese fan. Thus hath no earthly male yet seen the opalescent light of her eyes.

Her figure is extremely neat. Her hair is a dark brown. She wears a tightly-fitted, dark green cloth dress of conventional length, and a pair of black gloves. Her feet are clad in black shoes, and she wears in bronze slippers. The stockings, about four inches of which are visible above the slippers, are of silk, russet in hue.

A large, well-dressed man, who had apparently dined quite heavily very early in the morning, stood before the window about noon yesterday. He waited quite awhile for the girl to turn over. But she didn't turn.

"I'd give \$57,000 to see her face," he finally announced. The announcement was received with tumultuous applause by the crowd. One man suggested that a committee be appointed to convey the offer in regular form to the girl.

But there were no volunteers for the chairmanship of this committee. The stimulus of mystery which enshrouded the supine figure in the hammock was as effective in warding off the prying of the curious as the pocket electrical system of Mr. Haggard's "She."

A newsboy plunged the crowd into a state of profane agitation by the statement that the girl was none other than Lady Sholto Douglas.

"That's who it is, all right," said he. "I kh tell by dem dink curls on de back of her neck. I see 'er twict at Tony's last week, and de cut of her jib's de same as dis here gayer's. Dat's no jib, needer."

Here is a sort of "Lady or the Tiger," case adapted to New York City and the nineteenth century. The consensus of male opinion is that the girl's face is undoubtedly lovely. The ladies who have seen the mystery don't concur in this belief.

"If she had a pretty face, she wouldn't use that fan," they say, and smile knowingly at each other.

Right in It.

[Detroit Tribune.] It is fair to say that the woman who is a shirt waist is right in it this day, if she knows her business.

On the Subject of Roof Gardens.

The adolescent had been expatiating upon roof gardens in general to a crowd of youngsters at the club, as they sat over their coffee, when the old habitue joined the group. "I am inclined to think with Uncle Toby," said he, "that they order this matter better in France."

"The French," he proclaimed, "are an out-door people. It is bred in the bone; from his youth up the Gaul has eaten in the open whenever it was possible; the picnic is his joy and delight, and upon the smallest provocation, from the earliest approach of Spring to the last of the chilling days of Autumn he will sit resolutely in front of his favorite cafe, at a table on the sidewalk, drinking his absinthe, or sipping his glass of sugar and water. With us the custom is only an exotic but recently transplanted. It has not taken strong root as yet, though it may thrive later on."

"Summer gardens in Paris are almost a part of the constitution of the Republic," he went on; "cool nights have but little effect on the attendance. The Frenchman is faithful to a few shrubs and a palm or two stuck in a green box on the Boulevard; with these he deludes himself, and is away from the busy city, and with ostrich-like transparency, if he gets a portion of his person concealed behind these he fancies himself hidden from the public gaze."

Here, however, we insist on regular scorching weather before we take kindly to the open, and we reverse things by having our entertainments on the roof instead of in the streets, as in Paris. In that city you may have a drink with your entrance fee. Here your drinks are both dear and bad; the cigars are worse, and the performances," he hesitated, "well, they are pretty poor, it must be confessed."

"That's all true," broke in one of the new members, "but have you been to any of them this season?"

"Not later than last night," answered the older speaker, with the suspicion of a frown and a look of boredom at the recollection, "was standing in front of the Casino, dabbling my clear and debating as to whether I should go into the play or no. I began to suspect that a seat was an impossibility, for I saw several prominent men turn away, refusing to aid or abet the speculators, loaded down with tickets, for which they asked enormous figures, when as I glanced up to the roof, my eyes lighted upon a row of colored lamps, and I was made aware that the season of the roof garden was over. Hope springs eternal and faith is ever triumphant over experience; the notion seized me, I wavered, and like the woman, it was the man who hesitates is done for. Thus it was I fell. But as I started for the elevator there dashed up a cab, and out jumped three scoundrels in scarlet, in reds of \$500 comprising a vermillion that I was transfixed. This, however, was only the beginning of my astonishment, for mark you, each maiden was attired in duffy skirts of great brevity, with generous expanses of limb, neck and arms, to say nothing of millinery, little short of the weird."

"The crowd of seedy Thespians who had unsuccessfully presented their visiting cards at the box office half an hour earlier, and who, like Mary's lamb, still lingered near," opened up a passageway through which these visions hovept, and I found myself, to my entire amazement, jostling these "French" ladies in the elevator. Whether the boy that ran the machine expected a tip from me or not I won't venture to say, but never did the lift go more slowly. We did finally reach the top, and I assure you, I was relieved."

"Colonel," interrupted the adolescent, "you'll excuse me, but will you kindly intimate why the proximity of three attractive females fetchingly dressed should bother you? Gad! but I'd have made