

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1897.

THE WEATHER—Official forecast for to-day indicates fair weather with rising temperature and variable winds, becoming southerly.

JOHN BULL STRIKES BACK

A pious Briton who writes reviews for the Saturday Review has given an elucidation of the meaning of the Psalmist when he cried: "Would that mine enemy would write a book," of a sort likely to be distressing to that spectacular diplomat, Secretary John Sherman. It will be remembered—or perhaps it won't be, for the book made no stir—that Mr. Sherman once wrote his memoirs, or, rather, kindly approved an excellent set of memoirs written for him by the agent of a subscription book publishing house. This invaluable contribution to political literature the Saturday Reviewer discovered "lingering on the shelves of the derelict." How fortunate the discovery! Only a few weeks before the hapless autobiographer had told the British public some plain truths in an undiplomatic way. No retort which could be dispatched through diplomatic channels had suggested itself to the British mind, and Yankee "diplomacy in shirt sleeves" bade fair to go unrebuked when the discovery of the memoirs afforded a vehicle for British revenge.

Malignous clearly the review is in its purpose. The desire to get even with a Secretary of State who has addressed "to a friendly nation an official message so full of clownish insolence that even the barber shops of his native land shrink from indorsing it," clearly animates the reviewer. Yet we think even Americans—even the barbers, whom the critic seems to invest with semi-diplomatic qualities—may find something to interest them, and to awaken their applause in this review.

Far be it from the Journal to approve the flippancy which leads the Saturday Review to refer to our Premier as an "American Artful Dodger," or to condone the disrespect which describes his long life of public service, at a small salary and rewarded ultimately by great wealth, as "forty-three years of munching in the nosebag of Federal patronage." Yet we can deny as little Mr. Sherman's exceeding aptitude for occupying every side of any question as we can conceal the fact that he has never followed any career save that of office-holding, and has thereby become a millionaire. But consistency is the virtue of little minds, and if Mr. Sherman has frequently revised his opinions—when revision seemed necessary to his professional success—we insist that it is unkind and uncalled for to impugn his motives. It was, we believe, an eminent Briton, Mr. Pickwick, who observed that the part of political wisdom was to shout with the biggest mob. Secretary Sherman's present influential station, wherein he can arouse the ire of such widely separated powers as England and Japan in the same week, is an evidence of the power and influence which may be attained by conscientious observance of the Pickwickian philosophy.

"As a study in a certain unclassified pathological development," continues the irate reviewer, "which would be criminal if it were less sheeplike in its frank cowardice, and which carries selfishness to an altitude where the air is too rarefied for shame or the consciousness of dishonor to exist, these 'Recollections' stand quite by themselves." Clearly this is what Mr. Dudley would call "a smashing good article," and we dub it whether in an America there exists any admirer of the John Sherman school of reversible statesmanship so devoted as to begrudge the writer the pleasure he finds in thus belaboring the author of the "shirt sleeves" dispatch to Ambassador Hay. Besides, the Saturday Review has done America a positive service. In making an awful example of Mr. Sherman it may help to dissuade other statesmen from writing books, or fathering books written for them. Anything which will check the output of badly written biographies of commonplace politicians is to be applauded—even though it come in the form of a British bludgeon.

CHEAP CABS IN NEW YORK.

There is some slight rivalry between railroad corporations after all, and enough good results from it to the public to suggest that more rivalry would be more advantageous. Some weeks ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, finding its Jersey City station comparatively inaccessible to New Yorkers desiring to go to it, established a service of cheap cabs to and from its twenty-third street ferry. The cabs were useful to in-coming travellers on the road, but, more than that, proved useful to New Yorkers desiring carriage transportation in the district they served. The mass of cabmen in New York are so extortionate in their demands that the ordinary cab has come to be a vehicle for emergencies only.

The action of the Pennsylvania road has stirred its great rival for Western business, the New York Central, to a like enterprise. It, too, will shortly have a cheap cab service, designed principally for the travelling public, but probably useful to many local cab-users. Mr. Depew says that the cabs of this company will carry passengers from the Forty-second street station to any point between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets for 25 cents. The free lance cabman for such a trip would ask a dollar and accept 75 cents grudgingly.

The railroad cheap cabs may prove the precursors of a general reduction in cab fares which will benefit both cabmen and their customers. The legitimate cab fares as now constituted are almost prohibitive, the actual ones fully so. A reasonable reduction would make the cab almost as popular a vehicle in New York as it is in London.

ONE FAILURE OF THE LAW.

Forty years after the murder, and ten after the death of the murderers, the mystery of the killing of Dr. Burdell is revealed. The police theories about it are all confirmed. The rich dentist was murdered by his housekeeper, Mrs. Cunningham, and John Eckel, her admirer, to gain possession of Burdell's fortunes. The plot by which Mrs. Cunningham, pretending to be the widow of the dentist, and producing a child which she tried to palm off as the result of their union, failed, but on trial for the murder both the woman and the man were acquitted. The conspiracy to fraudulently get possession of the victim's fortune was wholly revealed. Failures of the law are not rare, but they rarely work out to a demonstration as this one did.

There never was any real doubt of Mrs. Cunningham's guilt of the murder, but the fact that the prisoner was a woman was as much an extenuation then as it is now. Many men have been executed on circumstantial evidence not nearly as strong as that adduced against Mrs. Cunningham before Judge Davies in 1857. Neither Dr. Buchanan nor Carlyle Harris was chained to his crime with such links as proved this woman's guilt, but while their lives paid the law's penalty, Mrs. Cunningham lived thirty years in peace, and finally died comfortably in her own

home ten years ago—in spite of her confession of the murder within three years of its commission. Incidentally the fact that this confession was kept a secret in the Wood and Fowler families is stronger evidence of the discretion than of the sense of public duty of the members of those households.

The faint-heartedness of the jury that would not convict Mrs. Cunningham also freed her accomplice, as his guilt could not be demonstrated without presuming hers.

The law's purpose is not to avenge, but the normal human being is conscious of a pang of regret that this woman should have utterly escaped punishment. Some good people probably think that the tortures of conscience made up for the law's failure, but these are the same people who believe in comfortable adages such as that "murder will out." The chances of conscience troubling a woman evil enough to concoct such a scheme, and vicious enough to carry it out, are hardly enough to deter a possible imitator.

One such failure by the courts offsets the effect of half a hundred successful prosecutions.

A GOVERNMENT ARMOR PLANT.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Long talks like an official who does not purpose to let the Government be robbed by the combination of armor-plate manufacturers, who think they have the Navy Department by the throat. He believes that \$450 a ton is entirely too much to pay for armor-plate, that it could be made by the Government for \$300 a ton, and he declares that the important question of establishing a Government plant is presently to be considered by a board of navy officers.

Steel manufacturers themselves have furnished the best arguments for the establishment of a Government armor works. The Illinois Steel Company pointed out that the price exacted by the Carnegie combination was exorbitant, and offered to contract for armor-plate at \$300 a ton, provided the Government would enter into a ten years' contract and fix such a minimum for armor-plate production as would insure the company a return upon its investment in a plant. In short, the Government is asked to pay for another plant, as it has already done for the Carnegie concern, and leave the plant to private ownership when it is completed. The question naturally arises why should not the Government itself own the plant, since its disbursements are to defray its cost.

The initial expense of installing a plant for the manufacture of armor-plate is so great that but few of them will ever be established. To-day there are only two—the Carnegie and the Bethlehem works. They are united in an iron-bound and armor-plated (without blowholes) agreement and have the Government at their mercy. Had the contract with the Illinois corporation been made, there is no reason to doubt that at its expiration the three plants would have pooled their interests, and the battle for the rights of taxpayers against monopoly would have had to be fought again. No anti-trust law has yet proved effective, and it may be doubted whether any could be devised which would defeat such a combination as that of the armor-plate makers.

It is true that Great Britain contracts with private makers for her naval armor, but the Admiralty has one recourse against spoliation denied to our Navy Department. The English can buy their armor abroad, but our idea of patriotism—sedulously cultivated by those who profit by it—is that it is better far to be robbed by an American trust than to buy anything for Government of a foreign manufacturer.

A Government armor plant would act as a prompt corrective of the predatory practices of Carnegie. If it never rolled a plate it would still be of great pecuniary advantage as a silent evidence of a certain refuge from trust extortions.

TWO UNITED STATES LOANS.

Somebody has discovered in Antwerp the contract for the first United States loan. The brief dispatch giving the news of the discovery affords but meagre details of the nature of the document. The amount of the loan for which it provides, the rate of interest, the names of the present holders of the document are not given. The document is said to be dated 1791, and signed by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. It ought to be secured for the archives of our national Government.

When that loan was negotiated the United States Government was still an experiment. It took courage, or at any rate a strong speculative instinct, for any one to lend it money. The administration may well have shrunk from trying to negotiate a loan, and capitalists might justly have hesitated about accommodating it.

How different the situation a little more than 100 years later. Then capitalists were eager to lend money to the Government, and the administration was not less eager, apparently, to accommodate them. Though the financial agents of the Government had to go to Antwerp in 1791 to get money, the political agents of the great money lenders in 1896 were ready to secretly proceed to Washington to persuade the Government to borrow money it did not need, and burden the people with interest payments for the benefit of a ring of Wall Street speculators.

The latest loan of the United States is quite as interesting as the first one. It is not probable, however, that the names of the officials associated with it will be held by succeeding generations in the respect which is accorded to those who signed the contract just unearthed at Antwerp.

Another Chicago institution with large holdings of trust funds has collapsed without assets. Its books show, however, that it contributed quite liberally last year to the large fund Mark Hanna had at his disposal for the preservation of the nation's credit and honor.

It is not at all strange that the United States Senate should not take kindly to the idea of packing the currency question away in moth balls in the shape of a commission. The Senate is quite fond of keeping this question on tap and discussing it at length.

Mr. Comptroller Eckels has piped a feeble "me too" to Secretary Gage's prosperity predictions. During the Cleveland Administration Mr. Eckels was permitted to lead the interview band.

If Charlotte Smith will take the trouble to investigate she will doubtless ascertain that some men have been married often enough to make up for those who don't marry.

That Kentucky mob which lynched a man on "general principles" would doubtless be able to frame an excellent excuse for Hon. David B. Hill's retirement from politics.

The McKinley Administration has given Mr. Forsaker's brother a snug office, and the chances are that the appointment will turn up some day to plague the Ohio Senator.

As near as the position of Hon. "Jake" Worth is understood it is this: He is willing to do business with Mr. Platt, but will not talk through the Quigg phone.

It is quite evident from the remarks of President Moss that he intends the police shall personally conduct the vice in order that they may suppress it.

Between fog, rain and dingyism the passengers on the Majestic had anything but a pleasant home-coming.

The Atlantic That regulation complaint, cold feet, will drive a great many men out of the Klondike game.

The Stork Rests at Blenheim.

WILLIE K. VANDERBILT will soon be classed among the grandfathers, with his brother Cornelius and William C. Whitney.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has announced that she will sail for England on September 4 and go at once to Blenheim, in order to be with her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, at a time when every young wife needs a mother's care.

Mrs. Belmont expects to return to America in the early part of October. Therefore it is likely that the "interesting event" will occur between the middle and the end of next month.

It seems a bit odd to think of all these people in the grandpapa and grandmamma class. They are so gay and festive, and in thought an daction are so far removed from that condition which is usually associated with grand parents.

Willie K. is wonderfully preserved, and there is certainly nothing of the grand-mother about Mrs. Belmont.

As for Oliver, who will be raised to the dignity of step-grandpapa by the birth at Blenheim, imagination stands paralyzed at the necessity of contemplating him in any such role.

Eddie Hall, who was at Narragansett Pier yesterday, says that he hasn't been swimming any matches in the East River, and that the man who measured strokes with Randolph Martine while an actress looked on was some other Hall.

He denies all knowledge of the unconventional episode that startled the early birds of the East Side last week.

The routine at Newport was varied yesterday by the baptism of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel in the Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Braddin Hamilton officiated and the children were baptized Alice Gordon and Gordon Preston.

Newport doings in general, however, were of a much more worldly character.

Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart were most conspicuously in the eye of observation yesterday. They were entertained at luncheon by Dr. Depew, who had invited Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sheldon, James V. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sherman and Mrs. Dyer to meet them. Dr. Depew's niece, Miss Paulding, and "Buster" Depew were also present.

Last night the Hobarts dined with Mr. and Mrs. Calvin S. Brice. The other guests included Mrs. and Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. David King, Miss Edith Cushing, Chauncey M. Depew, James J. Van Alen, Thomas F. Cushing and Lisleman Stewart. T. Sanford Beatty, the Misses Brice and Stewart Melly Brice were of the party.

The table was decorated with American Beauty roses and the entertainment was up to the top notch of Brice hospitality at Beaulieu.

Another eminently successful function was the musicale given by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont at Belcourt yesterday afternoon.

The rooms were thronged, and the singing of Miss Faure was warmly applauded. Newport is quite large enough for two sets of entertainments at the same time.

Harry Lehr is not alone in denying that he is engaged to Miss Van Alen.

While that young lady's father, James J. Van Alen, has considered the matter of too little importance to notice publicly, he had said to several friends that his daughter is not engaged to "Harriet."

The first dance at the Newport Casino was a disappointment for the reason that there were about three girls to every man.

This disgusted the ladies so thoroughly that they stayed away from Friday night's ball, with the result that there were about three men to every girl.

The committee hopes to succeed eventually in bringing the men and women to the Casino at the same time.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger retains her fondness for white.

Her favorite costume is made up of a white frock, white gloves white shoes, white hat and white veil.

The effect is very stunning in its emphasis of Mrs. Cruger's efflorescence beauty.

They say at Newport that Ullman was peppered with twenty-two little black pills when his name came up for membership at the Reading Room Club.

As if this were not enough the Newport chappies, who can be as nasty as cats when they want to, have nicknamed the poor fellow "Nosey."

Now this is what I call demerit mean. It may be all well enough to pill a man if you don't want him in your club, but to go and call continuous and pronounced attention to his probovis simply because it suggests the tower of Babel, is unappealing.

Ullman is not at all a bad sort, and I am surprised that his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elsha Dyer, Jr., have not given him better protection from the persecutions of the Newport set.

Mrs. William T. Bull is spending the Summer very quietly in Dudley Place, Newport, where her mother, Mrs. Richard Nevins, is now visiting her.

Dr. Bull's professional duties call him to New York frequently, and Mrs. Bull says that she is not even a pebble on the beach, but her many friends will not agree to this.

Since the Spouting Rock Bench Association was formed there are not as many pebbles in evidence as formerly, but Mrs. Bull is one of those that are to be seen, in spite of her modest assertion to the contrary.

There is a certain chapple of the racing set who is so good a fellow that his fondness for the wine cup is a source of constant and keen regret to his friends.

He tried the gold cure last Winter and he all thought that he had mastered the habit, but it broke out with renewed force last week and he was staggering about Saratoga like a veritable Bacchus.

His chum and former partner prefers the revolving wheel to the flowing bowl, and dropped \$1,400 at the Saratoga Club the other morning after having been \$1,100 ahead of the game.

Business in the Saratoga Club, by the way, has improved. Play was light the first part of last week, but now it is good, though quiet.

Mr. Canfield is likely to have a profit at the end of the season, however badly the rest of the village may fare. HOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

The Bohemian of Varick Street.

YOUNG FARNAM'S means of livelihood were designedly and artistically precarious. By a sort of general consent he had the privilege of hanging around a newspaper office in Park row and picking up a crumb of an assignment now and



then. On weeks when smiling fortune warned him that he was treading dangerously near the conventional journalistic opulence his earnings soared as high as \$10. Farnam was twenty-four years old and his life had become the fulfillment of a dream. The child of romance, his soul would have withered under a regular salary and his body would have collapsed with the strain of regular meals. Voila! He was a true Bohemian.

In Farnam's one small attic room in Varick street you might have seen a rickety chair, a dilapidated table, a rubber gas tube, a seventy-five-cent gas stove, a rude cot, four books by Zola, and a volume of Paul Verlaine's poems translated by a person who understood neither French, English nor poetry.

Sometimes Farnam cooked rice on his gas stove and sometimes he warmed canned bouillon fresh from a Chicago abattoir. Sacre! Those were the days of happy and glorious poverty. To go hungry for art's sake in the abstract! Bon Dieu!

The first of every month the concierge, Bridget Mulligan, tapped on his dingy door. Parbleu! it was the rent! A smooth tongue had Farnam then. He read her a poem by Paul Verlaine and she, flattered and dustered, sent her daughter, Mile. Maggie, out for a pot of beer and forgot the rent.

Mme. Mulligan had grown old and stout sitting day by day in the front hall of her pension. M. Mulligan, steeped in strong drink, had slept twenty hours of the twenty-four ever since he lost his job as gardener. That was when Prefect Byrnes was overwhelmed. Vive la Reforme!

But one thing was lacking to round out the realism of Farnam's life. The true Bohemian could not reach his uttermost limit on poverty monopolized by himself; he must find Griseette to share it with him.

Where was the mysterious mademoiselle, with the figure petite, who should have occupied a room in the same pension, and have tripped past him now and then on the stairs with downcast eyes? She should have been charming and naive and unfortunate and pathetic, and one day when he fainted for lack of rice, she should have crept softly in at his door and thrown up both hands and shrieked and stayed there with streaming eyes until McMilligan, god-damne of the old regime, had come with spirituous aid. And after Farnam, the hero, of himself had recovered consciousness, she should have brought her fringed and she should have eaten their scanty crumbs together. What a dainty picture she should have made, flitting bird-like about the attic and humming in her fresh young voice the cafe chantant of the Bowery! Perdue! Where was mademoiselle?

By careful chance one day Farnam strolled into a table d'ote restaurant in Barclay street, and there, sitting at a table, was Griseette herself!

The Black Beast was with her—thirty years her senior, beavy, gross and watchful as a spider. Was it her husband or her father? Farnam recalled his Maupassant, his Daudet, his Coppee, his Flaubert. Obviously it was her husband. There was no warrant for a father in such a situation in

been questioned. But that was when they were a feeble folk and unblasted by the power of wealth. At the dictation of the Standard Oil grandee this must all be reversed. The interests of the poor must be shunted, and the defence of the Bible must be left to its Author, and college presidents must not cross the path of the men who furnish their endowments. Dr. Andrews might spend his time in dissecting the "myths," "traditions" and "sagas" of the Bible—he might not say what he chose against it, and good Brother Rockefeller would unload his millions. But because Dr. Andrews dares to think for himself and, as a private citizen, dares to express views which seem to be opposed to the way and to the interests of the great millionaire, then the university of which he is president must be made to feel Rockefeller's displeasure.

A BAPTIST CLERGYMAN. Providence, July 31, 1897.

The Merry Jester.

"This is Chicago 'lights, 44 ft!" said the English tourist, looking through the window as the train drew up at the station. "Looks like a manufacturing town. Probably settled by foreigners."

"I should judge," replied the solemn-faced drummer in the next seat. "It was settled by Chicago-ites."—Chicago Tribune.

"Talking of rich strikes," observed Professor Bob Fitzsimmons, after a casual glance at his bank account. "I still think that one right over the solar plexus is about as good as any."—Chicago Tribune.

"You've got an awful cold, Smithers. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it?"

"Give me something for it? Great grief, man! he can have it for nothing and welcome."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I would have you to know, fellow," said Charlie Van Beet, "that I come down from the real Knickerbocker stock."

"It's a terrible case down," said the man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There's no doubt about it; the landlady is in love with Whackey."

"What makes you think so?"

"Haven't you noticed she always gives him the smallest piece of watermelon?"—Chicago Record.

"Philos—Has your wife got the bicycle craze?"

"I don't know whether that's the proper thing to call it or not; but she's had a cyclometer put on the baby carriage."—Cleveland Leader.

"Old Waylong says he feels as young as a kid when he was twenty-one."

"Shouldn't wonder if he does. The day I was twenty-one I felt absolutely venerable."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Appetite Was Adjustable.

THE first thing she noticed about him was his appetite. She spoke to her husband about it more than once, and remarked that Mr. Saul Presser must be a very remarkable man.

"He is, indeed, a remarkable man, dear," assented Mr. Smiles Giltter, as he escorted his wife from the breakfast table at the Rialto Hotel. "He is the composer of that moving ballad, 'Just Mention That You Seen Me.' It is an honor to know such a man."

"But his appetite!" persisted Mrs. Giltter. "Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Well, he is a big man, my dear. He must weigh three hundred pounds at least. To sustain so much flesh and lay a foundation for future musical composition he needs to eat."

"That isn't it, stupid! You're not a bit observant. Why, the man hardly eats a thing. Any one would think he was a—what kind of a bird is that you are always talking about—a loonoo bird. I watched him this morning, and he just broke the end off a roll and drank a cup of coffee."

Mr. Smiles Giltter did not appear to be profoundly impressed with this idiosyncrasy of his friend the composer, but Mrs. Giltter—better known on the stage as the winsome Letitia Liffey—talked about it a great deal and thought still more. She and her husband were only temporary guests at the Rialto Hotel, having not yet decided whether to spend the Summer in the Riviera or in a furnished flat west of Eighth avenue. It was shortly after she became impressed with the ladylike propensities of Mr. Saul Presser's appetite that Mrs. Giltter remembered that the climate of the south of France never had agreed with her and threw the weight of her influence in favor of the furnished flat.

The faithful Smiles resigned himself to missing the Riviera trip with an alacrity that spoke volumes for his good nature, but he protested mildly against the excessive rent of the flat that his Letitia had picked out. He pointed out that \$30 a month was a large sum to pay out during the summer months and that they could do very well with a smaller apartment. But Miss Liffey overruled his objections.

"It is true," she said, "that we will have our room too many, but that is part of my plan. Listen, Smiles. We will have a boarder."

"You propose to harbor some famished scoundrel?" rejoined Mr. Giltter, with fine scorn, "who will eat you out of house and home and promise to pay you out of his first week's salary when he goes on the road next Fall."

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Giltter, warily. "I propose to board Mr. Saul Presser, who eats only the corner of a roll for his breakfast."

And the very next morning the enterprising little woman broached the subject to Mr. Presser at the breakfast table. The great composer would be charmed, he assured her. His soul had wearied of the trials and temptations of hotel life and he yearned for home. He presented to Miss Letitia Liffey the assurance of his most distinguished consideration and would be delighted to become her boarder.

So deeply was Mr. Presser moved that he forgot to break off a corner of his roll and drank only half of his coffee—a circumstance that Mrs. Giltter did not fail to note, with every symptom of suppressed glee.

"He said he would gladly pay me \$10 a week," she said to her husband afterward. "That means he will pay our rent and \$10 over. He won't cost \$10 worth a month. So we'll be doing well with our flat, won't we? If I knew three or four more Saul Pressers I would leave the stage and start a boarding house."

Mr. Presser had been perfectly sincere in his protestations. He began life in the Giltter flat with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. He stayed at home on the evening of his arrival, played the piano, drank only two glasses of beer and went to bed at 1 o'clock. Next morning he awoke early, feeling, as he afterward expressed it, "like a two-year-old." He invaded the tiny dining room, where Mrs. Giltter was just serving a dish of calf's liver and bacon. Giltter had not finished dressing yet.

"Liver and bacon!" ejaculated the composer, a look of beatitude overspreading his broad features. "I haven't eaten it for years!"

"I suppose you'll have your roll, now," said Mrs. Giltter, insinuatingly.

"Yes, I'm all ready for breakfast. By Jove! This is like home at last!"

Mr. Presser sat down, tucked a napkin under his chin and ate liver and bacon. Without knowing it, he ate all there was in the house. Then he devoured four hard-boiled eggs. Giltter and his wife breakfasted on eggs, and Mrs. Giltter had to send the janitor for another dozen of rolls to satisfy the composer's appetite. When Mr. Presser departed for his daily constitutional, Mrs. Giltter burst into tears. As might have been expected, she upbraided her husband.

"Why couldn't you tell me," she demanded, "that the man would have the appetite of a crocodile when once he gave up drinking and late hours and late suppers? It is all your fault! Oh! I hope he will stay out late to-night and get into bad habits again!"

But Saul Presser returned for lunch at 1 o'clock, and for dinner at 7. He was beaming with pleasure and vowed that he had not enjoyed food so much since his boyhood on the old farm. Mrs. Giltter accepted his compliments coldly and cried herself to sleep that night.

The life of the gifted composer of "Just Mention That You Seen Me" had undergone a revolution. He was tame, domesticated. The time came when he went to bed at 9 o'clock every night in order, as he told Mrs. Giltter with an ingenuous smile, that he might have a better appetite for her excellent breakfast. He gave up alcohol altogether. He grew bigger every day, so that Mr. and Mrs. Giltter could hardly move about in the flat when he was present. As for Giltter, he lost flesh rapidly and took to drink. Mrs. Giltter lost sleep thinking of the butcher's bill.

The crisis came when the second month's rent of the flat fell due.

"Saul," said Giltter, laying his hand on the big composer's shoulder, "we've changed our plans. We're going to the Riviera. It won't be so expensive, you see."

So the composer of "Just Mention That You Seen Me" moved back to the Rialto Hotel.

Weakness. The principal work of the Republican league will be to erect a few stepping stones for gentlemen with weaknesses for serving the country.

Weakness. The principal work of the Republican league will be to erect a few stepping stones for gentlemen with weaknesses for serving the country.

Weakness. The principal work of the Republican league will be to erect a few stepping stones for gentlemen with weaknesses for serving the country.

Weakness. The principal work of the Republican league will be to erect a few stepping stones for gentlemen with weaknesses for serving the country.