

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

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THE WEATHER.—The indications for to-day are slightly warmer; westerly winds.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO SPAIN. All signs point to the fact that the Spanish Government recognizes the inevitability of action by the United States and is preparing to meet the shock of intervention.

It will thrill the heart of every true American to learn to-day from the Journal's cable dispatch from San Sebastian that President McKinley has named November 1 as the day when Spain must have peace established in Cuba or take the consequences.

There are, unfortunately, men who measure their patriotism by the tape of the stock ticker, but it is no exaggeration to say that when President McKinley informs the Spanish Government that the United States can no longer permit the barbarous struggle in Cuba to continue, he has the manhood and real patriotism of his country behind him.

This nation needs no apologists. We stand justified at the bar of the civilized world when we recall the patience with which we have endured the repeated affronts, commercial losses and treaty violations attending Spanish misrule in Cuba.

Our honor, our moral responsibility to history, our higher commercial interests, our irrepressible sympathy for an American people struggling gallantly against pitiless foreign oppression, urge us to act.

Hail again to the young Republic of the Antilles, soon to join the family of enfranchised nations!

THE JOURNAL is authorized to deny the absurd and malicious statement that the present Democratic candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals refused to support the national ticket and platform of the regular Democratic party last year.

The attack upon Judge Parker was inspired by a hope that it might create confusion and doubt in the Democratic party.

The committee nominated for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals an upright Judge and independent citizen who rejected the Chicago platform and refused to vote for Mr. Bryan.

Although it was hardly necessary to repel an attack from this source, Judge Parker has written a letter to Chairman Danforth, of the Democratic State Committee, declaring in the most positive and convincing terms that he loyally supported the candidates and platform of his party in the Presidential election last November.

The powers of darkness and the powers of light are contending for the soul of the Citizens' Union.

Figure of Mayor Strong looming in the sombre mists behind the political situation. Propriety, of course, forbids a comparison between His Honor and Satan, but at least he must stand for the Demurge in the estimation of the Citizens whom he has sought to frighten by his crafty and sordid intimation that what Reform men need is votes, and that only a unifying force, resembling himself, should run for Mayor.

Every man who admires heroic devotion to principle, no matter what happens, will see that Chairman Reynolds, of the Citizens' Union, has been fully authorized to make his declaration that under no circumstances will Mr. Low retire.

It is obvious that the Union could not consent to his doing so, for the Union naturally prefers life to death, and the resignation of Mr. Low as a candidate would necessarily remove the Union from the scene.

The instant it engaged in anything so immoral as a "deal" with "Tom" Platt, "Lem" Quigg, "Abi" Gruber and the other evil spirits of Republicanism, the Union would cease to be virtuous and become a mere political club, ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of a hope of success.

And what kind of a success would be that achieved through partnership with Platt? Could any Citizen, after all that has been said and done, fall in behind the Boss and still have the hardihood to look Reform in the face?

Would a victory won in conjunction with the Platt machine be a victory worth striving for to any Citizen who is sincere in his belief that the country will never be saved or this municipality properly governed so long as a single politician shall be given office?

Mr. Low, we trust, will not be persuaded by Mayor Strong, or any other foe of the Union, or by any consideration beyond his obligation of fidelity to that gallant band, to desert it in the hour of trial and temptation.

He is a gentleman of the highest respectability, the very highest, and also possesses god intelligence. Therefore the humblest member of the organization which has conferred upon him the now rather painful honor of a nomination has the right to say to him: Is it compatible with that balance of mind, that poise of character, which mark the strong leader of men, to permit party considerations to influence your action in a grave emergency like that which now confronts the Citizens' Union?

Have you the heart to leave us in the lurch to become as a laughing stock to the Platt highlanders? You are a Republican, but are you not also a Mugwump, and a not your first duty to us?

Even should this appeal to sentiment not be enough to persuade Mr. Low to keep his sword drawn, other reasons may well deter him from abandoning the Reform defile. Were he to go over to Platt, how many of the Citizens' Union would follow him? What would be left to fight for? It is certain that in the Union there are many willing to do battle against the Platt machine who could not be enlisted as part of that machine to wage war upon the Democracy of Greater New York, which stands for local self-government at the rule of the majority.

Residents, Mr. Low surely cannot think without emotion upon what a risk his withdrawal would leave Mr. Joseph Puller in. Mr. Puller is a Republican who fought with

all his strength for McKinley and McKinleyism in the last Presidential campaign, and is eager again to do the party of Dingley and Hanna and he trusts ardent service, only he prefers to do it under cover of seeming non-partisanship.

Will Mr. Low deny M. Pulitzer this poor boon? Boss Platt and Demurge Strong and Chaos Collis, and Quigg and Gruber and Laterbach and the rest of the agents of evil will, we are confident, be disappointed in the outcome of their machinations.

The Citizens' Union will stand by its colors, and Mr. Low will stand by the Citizens' Union if there be virtue left in politics or loyalty in man.

Here is an inspiring theme for the Democratic convention that will name the Mayor of Greater New York. As an issue it will appeal to rich and poor alike. It affects the pockets of the wealthy classes as well as those of the toiling masses.

It should find a place in the platform. In the Senatorial and Assembly districts every candidate selected should give his solemn pledge to co-operate in the serious work of lifting this grievous burden from the people of the great metropolis.

The Journal sincerely urges the importance of exacting such conditions from all nominees. Its battle for cheaper gas, which for months it fought alone, has been brave and earnest.

Under the Journal's direction Professor Bemis thoroughly investigated the entire gas question, and demonstrated that light could be furnished to the citizens of New York for one dollar per thousand cubic feet at a good profit to the companies.

The grasping monopolies must be made to do justice, though they love it not.

That the home is the foundation of our civilization is universally admitted, but there seems to be a disagreement in some quarters as to what kind of a home should bear the weight of so imposing a superstructure.

There, for example, is Dr. Milo M. Dunton, of New York, who has notions of home which do not include the cradle, the Bible on the centre table and the domestic cat.

In the suit which he is pressing for a divorce Mrs. Dunton has testified that he granted her the following liberal charter: "Go where you wish and do what you choose, so long as you don't bother me."

She chose, it is affirmed, to dance the can-can, and this, with trimmings in kind, so offended the fastidious doctor that he asked a court to grant dissolution of partnership.

Nevertheless, he relented, and, as Mrs. Dunton makes oath, offered to dismiss the divorce action on the following terms: "Sissy, if you would only go up to White Plains and take the Keeley cure, I would do everything to make you happy."

Like an obliging and obedient wife, Mrs. Dunton thereupon took the Keeley cure, and what was her reward? On her return a policeman was called and she was sent out into the night.

Nothing that the lady could do seemed to please the doctor, and now once again he is appealing to the law to free him from the duty of keeping a home and helping to support the fabric of civilization.

The case is one which concerns every believer in the equality of the sexes. The testimony affords ample ground for the assumption that had Dr. Dunton chosen to dance the can-can and to take the Keeley cure his wife would not merely have had no policeman waiting to eject him, but would willingly have joined him in his efforts to make home happy.

The ladies who give their thought, their voices and their pens to the noble cause of emancipating woman from subjection to the tyranny of man cannot more profitably employ themselves than to follow closely the nefarious efforts of Dr. Dunton to assert the right of the male to dictate what sort of a home he shall draw the checks to maintain.

It is inspiring to watch an official like the new Chief of Police who works and keeps his mouth shut. What a contrast to Commissioner Collis, whose political tongue wags night and day while miles of exposed drain pipes, open sewers and filthy upturned earth spread disease and discomfort, and barricades of paving stones block the thoroughfares and destroy business!

No amount of protest on the part of New York's outraged taxpayers seems to affect the comfortable complacency of the Commissioner of Public Works. Nor has Mayor Strong shown the slightest disposition to use his authority for the relief of the suffering city.

This is reform of the non-partisan brand, and the people will remember it in November. But the contractors are having a fat harvest and an easy time while the thing lasts. What a Klondyke reform is to reformers!

As a rule female shoplifters are mere vulgar thieves, and entitled to no more mercy than men who steal for profit. But there is such a disease as kleptomaniacism, and women undoubtedly are more frequently the victims of it than the other sex.

When a lady of good position, like Miss Harmon, sister of the former United States Attorney-General, enters a store and abstracts a ring, the presumption is fair that she is not in her right mind. That presumption is reinforced by her medical history.

In such a case it is proper that physicians rather than the criminal law should be called in to deal with the offender.

President McKinley will be justified in moving for the punishment of those Georgians who tried to assassinate a colored officeholder. But why does the Administration confine its appointment of colored officeholders to the Southern States? Why not a few negro postmasters for the New England States?

The man who prepared Hon. Patrick Jerome Gleason's speech of acceptance invited the attention of the society for the prevention of cruelty when he inserted the word "contradistinction." It was too much for the gallant knight of the battle axe.

The leading lights of the Citizens' Union are disposed to suspect that Mayor Strong is playing fast and loose with them. His Honor simply has a cunning little way of forgetting when he finds himself in an unpleasant predicament.

In his stage setting for the return of prosperity production Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed carefully refrained from using some of the grooves employed by the members of the McKinley Administration.

Spain doubtless desires to keep General Weyler in Cuba on account of his long experience in explaining the absence of anything resembling war on that island.

If Mr. Peter Jackson is as desirous of fighting as he claims to be, he should induce President McKinley to appoint him postmaster for a Georgia town.

All Men Look Alike to Her.

BOHEMIAN suppers, or what purport to be bohemian suppers, are the fad just now in a certain set that never quite forgets the town while it enjoys the country.

Several chappies of my acquaintance maintain sumptuous bachelor quarters, and their chief joy is to assemble their friends of both sexes in these quarters and to entertain with suppers that begin late and that are prolonged indefinitely.

These suppers are called "bohemian" because there is no limit to either champagne or hilarity.

Chaperons are always present, but the utmost care is ever exercised in selecting these guardians of morals and manners.

By no possibility is any one ever admitted to this gilded bohemia who would or could in any way interfere with the gaiety of the company.

Indeed, the chaperons are chosen for their disposition and abilities to enhance the general gaiety.

As an instance of the successful operation of the scheme one charming chaperon at a recent "bohemian supper" undertook to make love to the musicians that were employed for the occasion.

She seemed to have an indistinct idea that she was a sort of Princess Chimay and that the band was a composite Rigo.

When remonstrated with by her tender and inexperienced charges with regard to her conduct, she replied that champagne always made all men look alike to her.

After that it is not astonishing to know that the "bohemian supper" is a popular if not an altogether commendable institution.

Trade is an absorbing institution, but not to the extent of making its aristocratic devotees forget all about love.

Cupid has been so busy with our tradespeople this Summer that he has cut out considerable work for Hymen this Fall and Winter.

In the first place, Willie Tiffany, who is Rawlins Cottenet's partner in the retail flower trade, is going to marry Miss Mand Livingston.

In the second place, Miss Sallie Duncan Elliot, sister to the one and only "Dunc," who opened an apartment house in East Tenth street, and personally conducted it with her sister, is engaged to be married to Guthrie Nicholson.

In the third place, Rutgers Barnewall, who is in retail haberdashery uptown, will take unto wife Miss Louise D. Eldridge on the 28th inst. in All Saints Chapel, Newport.

The bride's mother's town house is at No. 2 West Thirty-sixth street, and her cottage at Oeche Point, Newport.

These Eldridges are not akin to those other Eldridges at Newport that are in the real estate business, one of whom at least is said to be contemplating matrimony also.

I am inclined to think that there are other instances of mortgaged affections among those of us that are in trade, but the instances cited will suffice for the present.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock gave a dinner at Newport last night in honor of Duncan Elliot, and the pride of the Waldorf was right glad that she did.

Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell also entertained at dinner, and Mrs. Francesco Terry and Mrs. Clement Cleveland gave luncheons.

The cold weather has driven a lot of people away from Newport, but those that remain are loyally maintaining the reputation of the place for eating.

We shall have polo in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, again to-day, and excellent sport is promised, in spite of the prospect of a cool afternoon.

Morrisstown is now in the throes of preparation for its first annual horse show, that will take place on the 7th, 8th and 9th of next month.

Jameson is Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States; John W. Griggs, Governor of New Jersey; Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, and Charles Pfizer, of the Tandem Club, are among the honorary vice-presidents of the show.

Morrisstown is feeling wonderfully cocky.

But these are not all. Our own chaperone contributes Cornelius Fellowes, Richard A. McCurd, Benjamin Nicoll, R. L. Stevens, John A. Stewart, Hamilton McKay Twombly, to say nothing of Hugh Grant and Ballantine the brewer and De Bary the wine man and Wheeler H. Peckham and Charles M. Chapin and two dozen others.

How could a horse show fall with such backing as this!

Bourke Coekran is still flying around the social circle.

America and Chinese Plays.

THAT the Chinese may be served up in drama as a solid and not as a comedy relish merely, is not so much a discovery of this year as a development of social conditions in San Francisco, where the Chinese are being studied in his home, fortunately for the student a home purified by stringent sanitary rules, enforced by the police and an active Department of Public Health.

Twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, a serious play illustrating the customs and exploiting the love, the hate and the revenge of the Chinese immigrant, could not have been produced on the stage in California. If any audience had gathered to witness such a play it would have stayed only to hiss.

The first Chinese to appear on the stage in San Francisco with white actors at a theatre attended by Americans, played a small part in a boisterous comedy made in New York and taken to the West during a tour of the country.

The contribution to the fun was a hilarious exit in a barrel, rolling from the centre of the stage to the wings. The second night of the play at the Bush Street Theatre the Chinese was picked out of the barrel bleeding from several wounds. Into the property barrel had been driven sharp nails. These were not noticed until they were poignantly evident to the yellow actor during his rotary expulsion from the view of the audience.

After that night the Chinese made careful inspection of the barrel before folding himself within it.

This brutal trick of some savage stage hands could have no approval from the people of San Francisco, and yet it was hardly a surprise that such treatment was given the harmless Chinese actor.

In this year of grace a play treating in sombre tone of a tragedy in the Chinese quarter, a play in which the speaking parts were played by white actors, personating Chinese, and in which Chinese men were the "supers," was produced in San Francisco, at first exciting no comment whatever, favorable or unfavorable, then gradually gaining the interest of the people until "The First Born" became the talk of the city and played for ten weeks.

When Fred Belasco, manager of the Alcazar Theatre, in San Francisco, accepted "The First Born" from its author, Francis Powers, he intended to give it production for one week, the usual "run" of a play at that theatre.

During the ten weeks of its life in the far Western city it gained the attention of all this country, and its repute crossed to England, where it will soon be played.

Young Mr. Fernald gained the ear of public attention, which is usually very deaf, by a spectacular feat when he was attending the Stanford University. He and Holbrook Blinn were editors of the college paper, the Palo Alto, named from the town near which are the Moorish buildings of the university rose from Senator Stanford's splendid endowment.

In one issue of this paper the first page was devoted to a reproduction by half-tone process of a famous painting. Fortunately for the ability and promotion of the editor and the paper, this picture was a nude.

Then arose a storm, a hurricane, a typhoon, of censure. The picture was not objectionable, save to such eyes as have the hard sight given to Comstock and his kind, "visible infractions of the decalogue of decency, knee caloused by devotion to keyholes," as Bierce affectionately describes them. There was no more reason for confiscation of the paper than for the rejection by Boston of the fetching "Bacchante." But there are Comstocks even in the West, and they hammered at the college paper until they made paper and editors unexpectedly famous.

The faculty of the university gave some languid proof to satisfy the truly good, and the paper was placed under some sort of censorship. Fernald turned to writing and Blinn to the stage.

With abundant confidence in his own abilities Fernald made a study of the Chinese in San Francisco, and wrote of them for the magazines. That his confidence was justly bestowed is proved by his work. Holbrook Blinn directed the production of Fernald's play, and acts the principal part. The boys who printed the picture of the nude in the Western college paper have been accepted by New York, one as writer, the other as actor.

The man who made "The First Born" will be in New York within a month or two. Francis Powers is a studious young actor, devoted to his work, so modest that he is as shy as a convent girl. He, too, studied the Chinatown of San Francisco, and his play is "the real thing," a piece taken out of the life of this interesting Asiatic settlement that occupies the finest hill side in San Francisco, and placed entirely upon the stage.

The only white actors are the members of a party of tourists seeing the sights of Chinatown, as is the custom of visitors to San Francisco. The only line in the play to excite a laugh is recited by one of these tourists.

"Here is the joss house," says the guide conducting the party.

"Oh, that is where they make the San Francisco josses," says the tourist, who is British, otherwise his bad pun would be totally unappreciated.

San Francisco may have accepted this play of its own Chinatown, because of the familiarity of the scenes, because it recognized "the real thing" when presented in the fragrance of "joss sticks" and after an overture in clamorous imitation of the brazen turbulence of the orchestra of the Chinese theatre.

San Francisco is interested to know what New York will say, and it is concerned, moreover, that the East shall make no false judgment of the sentiment of the West regarding further immigration of the men and women personated in the play.

JOHN LATHROP.

THE MERRY JESTER. "See cream." These words escaped her lips. Subsequent developments, however, showed that while she was or'd might escape her rosate lips, the article itself stood no show at all in that direction. — Indianapolis Journal.

"I can't make out," said Willie Washington, "whether the old man is to be a grand old fellow or merely ungrammatical."

"What did she say?" "She said she never enjoyed any bathing; that, somehow, she couldn't get accustomed to it." — Washington Star.

"Dear me! Here is Dr. Dewey just learning to ride a wheel. He has been a long time about it."

"But, but you should bear in mind that he had to wait till a good stock of bicycle jokes had been compiled." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

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the country, the concrete expression of this opinion being the immigration laws that have the hearty approval of the population of the country. The Californians were the leaders of public sentiment, though probably they little knew that their local struggle was the first faint declaration of the principle of American polity that this country shall receive from abroad only those competent to become worthy citizens.

By the successful performance of a play treating of the life of the Chinese in this country the player people have given, in a new way, the sign of the general settlement on the Pacific Coast toward the yellow men of Canton.

The pecuniary profit from one Chinese play has provoked the making of other Chinese plays. The queue, the thick-soled sandals, the almond eyelids, are to be stage facts of the dramatic season. Before "The First Born," the play that excited attention in the West, is translated from San Francisco to New York. New York has its own Chinese drama, "The Cat and the Chorus," the work of Chester Bailey Fernald. With the charges of plagiarism and of discourtesy of one manager to another, I have nothing to do. I may say, however, that "The First Born" and "The Cat and the Chorus" are singularly alike in construction and story. I assume, moreover, that neither Mr. Hammerstein nor Mr. Fernald would deny that the success of "The First Born" and the luminousness of the production of that play in this city, suggested the making and the playing of "The Cat and the Chorus."

The subject of their remarks hung his sailor hat on the fence, took off his collar and necktie and, turning to the boys who had been gleefully admonishing him not to spoil his beauty, offered the simple inquiry: "Want to fight?"

The challenge was promptly accepted, with the stipulation that each of the old residents was to refrain from taking a hand while the other was engaged with the stranger. In a short time both the local boys had announced that they had "had enough."

"Say, you feller," said one of them, as he wiped the dust off his sleeve, "you're a scrapper all right. But what makes you wear that kind of clothes?"

"It saves time," was the answer. "Mother and father are movers. They're never contented to stay in one part of town. They rent a different house every three or four months. It used to take two or three weeks of givin' an' takin' back talk to get acquainted with the boys, so I got mother to buy me these clothes. She doesn't know yet what I wanted 'em for; she thinks I'm gettin' neat. All I have to do now when we move into a new neighborhood is to put 'em on. They make me look so easy that it only takes a day or two to get all my fightin' toned to an' get acquainted with the fellers an' have a good time." — Detroit Free Press.



ONE WAY TO STOP SWEARING. A lady, riding on the Underground Railway, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her.

One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for a holiday. He used much profane language, greatly to the lady's annoyance.

She thought she would rebuke him, and, on begging pardon for interrupting, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?" "Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?" "With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman. — Pearson's Weekly.

CINDERELLA; CHICAGO VERSION. Now the cattle prince, son of the cattle king, having possessed himself of the crystal slipper, dropped up and called on the father of the two wicked sisters.

The elder sister stuffed her socks with newspapers and made it look as if the slipper fitted her. But when she and the prince were taking their departure they had occasion to chase a horse car and the slipper fell off. Then the prince perceived that he was being gold-bricked.

The second sister substituted hay for newspapers, but she didn't succeed any better. She lost the slipper wading through the street in front of the new post office.

But Cinderella had to use a shoe horn to get the slipper on at all.

"Will you be my bride?" asked the prince.

"I will," replied Cinderella, cordially. It is claimed that Chicago girls always say that; which is another story. — Detroit Journal.

A GRIEVOUS DISADVANTAGE. A colored man stopped the other day before a building in course of erection on the West Side and looked at a board that was displayed in front of the structure. It bore these words: "Keep away—Danger!"

The colored man walked up close to the board and traced the letters with his finger. His lips moved as if he were spelling out the words. Before he had finished the second letter a brick fell from an upper story and struck him squarely on the head. Without even looking up he backed across the sidewalk and examined the big gash in his hat. As he smoothed it down he sadly remarked: "Dat's one o' de drawbacks to a limerted education." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Makes a Difference. "I understand your uncle brought \$800 back from the Klondyke."

"No."

"No? Why, that was certainly the report."

"Yes, that was the report at Dawson City, but when he got to St. Michael's rumor let it drop to \$25,000."

"Well, that's a pretty good sum."

"Of course it is, but after he had called we got word that the actual value of his nuggets probably wouldn't exceed \$80,000."

"Still he could do the handsome thing by you if he wanted to."

"No doubt about that at all, but when he landed at Seattle the newspaper reports from there gave his fortune as only \$110,000."

"Even that is a good deal of money."

"Very true, but the next time we heard from him he was in San Francisco, and the best they could make of it there was a little less than \$50,000."

"Pretty good pay for a year's work, anyway."

"Unquestionably; but he reached Chicago this morning with a letter of credit for \$3,516, which represented the total value of the gold that he and his partner had brought down and delivered at the San Francisco mint, and they wanted me to board them for nothing all Winter so that they can have that for their expenses when they want to go back in the Spring."

It is strange, indeed, that some fortunes that seem as big as a house at a distance, cannot be seen with the naked eye when they get into the same ward with us. — Chicago Evening Post.

A Suggestion. (Detroit Tribune.) It might be worth while to pan the Astorian trails for possible scattered provisions.

"Aw, yes, old chappie, but chlowal wouldn't do faw me. I've heard chlowal is extremely dangerous in cases of weakness of the heart, bah Jove!"

"Weakness of the heart—what you, Fweddle. What you!"

"Well, I have old boy, and it's a fact, nevertheless. It's faw that pretty little dancer at the Fwivolly Theatre, and it's a demmed stwong weakness, bah Jove!"

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