

DEMOCRATS AND TRUSTS. The Republican statesmen who are converging on Washington for Winter quarters express the opinion that Congress will do nothing in particular. It will not touch Cuba, or the currency, or any other subject labelled "Dangerous."

There is one dangerous subject—dangerous for Hanna, Platt, Quay and the other leaders of the Republican party—which Congress cannot ignore if the Democrats do their duty. The suppression of the trusts is a matter that cannot be shelved if a determined and energetic minority insists that it shall be considered. The people have seen Congress pass a Tariff bill that intercepted fifteen million dollars on its way from the pockets of the taxpayers to the public Treasury and diverted it to the vaults of the Sugar Trust. They have seen a score of other trusts allowed to write their schedules into that same bill. They look to that Congress now to do something for the regulation of the combinations it has so often favored.

The Democrats are pledged by their national platform of last year to bring the trusts under control. The Republican National Convention, under the domination of Hanna, ignored the subject, but the Republican leaders in Congress know well that the masses of their party share the feelings of the Democrats on this subject, and that they would never forgive the defeat of anti-trust legislation. These leaders are in a distressing position. While they are conscious that they are bound by ties that they could not break if they would to the combinations of capital to which they owe their places, they have to pay some heed to the imperious public sentiment that dominates the rank and file of both parties and that demands that the power of the trusts over the earnings of the people be destroyed.

Congress is forbidden by the Constitution of the United States to take private property for public use without compensation, but what Congress cannot do for the public benefit the trusts do every day for their own profit. The people demand a change, and policy as well as duty requires the Democrats to take the lead in giving it.

THE CONDESCENDING FOREIGNER. The Evening Post bewails the decline of the influence of the press in New York. Mr. Godkin is competent to speak of his own experiences with the public, and to draw therefrom any conclusions that appear to fit the case. But the Journal's experience shows clearly that the influence of the newspaper which keeps in touch with the national spirit is increasing by leaps and bounds; the newspaper which recognizes the right of Americans to hold opinions independent of European ideas or traditions is gradually becoming a moral sovereign.

In one of his most brilliant essays James Russell Lowell complained of a "Certain Condescension in Foreigners." The immediate manifestation of this condescension which inspired the poet to protest—against a reasonable remuneration, of course, in the eminently respectable pages of the Atlantic Monthly—came from an itinerant foreigner seeking alms, who, failing of his immediate purpose, stopped the recital of his own financial shortcomings to elucidate to Lowell the social, literary and political failures of the people of the United States.

Much, we think, may be pardoned the shabby mendicant who on that June night stopped Lowell in the dusky streets of Cambridge. He wanted a quarter and got nothing. What better consolation could there be for him in that moment of disappointment than to express his fine Continental opinion of America and Americans?

But if he had obtained his quarter, if the strolling poet, out of the slender store which is proverbially the poet's lot, had given overgenerous alms, then surely the visitor would scarcely have been justified in quarrelling with the people one of whom gave him bread and butter.

As years roll on and the national characteristics of the American people become intensified, the politician of the newspaper that declares in effect that if we are to prosper we must imitate England and show our humble admiration for that nation is sure to lose influence. Against this pro-European spirit the Journal has protested day and night.

Lowell had something to say on this point. Time was that he was accused of Anglomania, but when the condescending foreigner roused his self-respecting ire he spoke for American dignity thus:

The only way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a sort of inferior and departed Englishmen whose nature they perfectly understand, and whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way with amazing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton, whose crime appeared in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a common understanding.

We commend to the Evening Post the study of this essay which we quote, and even more consideration of the maxim that nationality implies independence and that the United States are a nation.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CITIES. The tone of insulting arrogance with which English speakers and writers have commented upon the result of the late election in this city found characteristic utterance in the speech of Joseph Chamberlain at Glasgow, when he mourned, or gloated, over "the failure of American local institutions," and it reaches a diabolical culmination in the sensational volume of W. T. Stead, of which the Journal gave an account on Sunday.

It is unnecessary to comment upon the outrageous unfairness of judging this city by the one-sided revelations of the Lexow investigation, whose results in real reform have been so meagre. Narrow and one-sided as that inquiry was, it brought out only certain deplorable instances of corruption into which the police had fallen as a consequence of unreasonable restrictions which had been forced upon the city; and an unwise system of police administration which destroyed direct responsibility. This result of bad State legislation affords the only tangible ground for these English slurs and insults upon this city, except the record of the Tweed ring of a generation ago.

If these British maligners of our institutions will turn back a generation in their public records they will find in a report of a royal commission an ex-

posure of a condition of affairs in their own cities far worse than has been developed in this country. No man is more familiar with that record than Joseph Chamberlain, who was largely instrumental in working out the reform that followed the exposure.

The evil state of things grew up under a restricted suffrage, and the regeneration was brought about largely by extending the suffrage. Our cities have never reached the depth of corruption shown in English cities a generation ago, and to-day, with different conditions and a different system, their administration will compare favorably with that of any city in the United Kingdom. The main difference is the merciless publicity to which our municipal affairs are constantly exposed, and which furnish carping critics a handle for their malevolent attacks. It is that, too, which puts the remedy in the hands of the people, and every election they give it some new application.

A PREMATURE REVELATION. We are beginning already to catch some indications of the value of that "autonomy" whose proffer to the Cubans has hypnotized so many excellent Americans. The Catalonians are in arms against the proposition to allow the Cubans to regulate their own tariff, and it is announced that the Spanish Cabinet has reserved that part of the autonomy scheme for further consideration.

As home rule in tariff matters is the most essential part of the confidence game which the present rulers of Spain are trying to play on the people of America and of Cuba, it is hardly likely that the demand of the Catalonians will be formally acceded to just at present. But if American sympathies with liberty could be lulled to sleep, and if by some miracle the victorious troops of the Cuban Republic could be induced to lay down their arms and accept Spanish "reform" as a substitute for independence, we should very soon find that Spain would resume the right of levying the Cuban customs taxes for her own profit. As Mr. Hannis Taylor has pointed out, the whole scheme of autonomy rests on a mere administrative decree, without any constitutional sanction. Spain has no intention of giving genuine reforms. She wants merely to quiet the United States and disarm the Cubans. That once accomplished, her promises would count for no more than they did after 1878.

The Cubans understand that thoroughly, if some people in American newspaper offices do not. They will not be caught a second time in the same trap. They are not fighting for such a contradiction in terms as a reformed Spanish government, but for independence, and this they have not only fought for but won. The Cuban Republic is an accomplished fact, and it remains merely for us to recognize it.

THE CASE OF DREYFUS. The case of Captain Dreyfus is international—world wide because the rights of man are world wide. He was convicted by act of a drumhead court-martial. He had no counsel, no witnesses, nothing which might help an accused man to prove his innocence.

After his sentence evidence was adduced to show his innocence. One after another his fiercest opponents became his friends. Now he is regarded as innocent in the very circles where once he was thought guilty. The German Emperor and the Pope urge his innocence.

It is time for France to seek justice for Dreyfus.

NO FAVORS FROM SPAIN. The return of the human wrecks that once manned the schooner Competitor is exhibited by the organs of Minister De Lome as an example of Spanish magnanimity for which the United States should be duly grateful. The United States has asked for no favor in this case, and has received none. It has asked for simple justice, of which it has received a small and long-delayed instalment. The Spanish authorities in Cuba seized an American vessel engaged on a lawful errand, concealed its papers in order to lay the foundation for a charge of piracy against it, horribly maltreated the American citizens that sailed it, and kept them in prison for nineteen months without trial. They think that all this can be wiped out by a "pardon" for an offence that was never committed. Spain owes, not pardon for a crime against her, but redress for an infamous outrage against the men of the Competitor and the American flag.

An indemnity for the sufferers, an ample apology to the Government and a salute to the flag are the least reparations she can honorably offer or we accept.

QUICK WORK AGAIN. The new jury for the trial of Thorn has been obtained with surprising celerity. Why such a contrast between getting a jury for an exciting criminal trial in Long Island City and in New York?

One reason no doubt is that a lot of people over in Queens County are not busy at this time of year and do not try to escape jury duty. But another and more important reason seems to be that the court holds the inquiries within reasonable limits, and they are directed to ascertaining real qualifications.

There is no reason to suppose that a jury obtained in two days will not be just as competent as though two weeks were spent in the process of sifting talesmen. With proper methods on the part of court and counsel there is no need of the costly special jury process which in two years has not got beyond making up a list.

IT WILL PAY FOR ITSELF. Property owners and taxpayers who are inclined to sympathize with the efforts of the elevated road people to stave off real rapid transit, and those Brooklyn folks who are afraid that the resources of Greater New York will be exhausted for the benefit of the Borough of Manhattan, need to be reminded that if the purpose of the Rapid Transit act is carried out in good faith the proposed underground road will pay for itself. It will add greatly to the taxable value of property on this island for the benefit of the whole greater city, and it will put no burden upon that property whatsoever.

The law requires that the contract for the construction of the road shall bind the contracting party to equip and operate it, and to pay the interest upon the city bonds issued for its construction, and not less than one per cent a year to a sinking fund for the ultimate extinction of the principal.

The Rapid Transit Commission, which is to retain control and supervision over the execution of the work, will have power to remit the sinking fund payment for five years, but the whole debt must finally be paid by the contractor and lessee out of the earnings of the system.

The advantages of this plan are obvious. It not only makes the rapid transit roads pay for themselves through the use of the city's credit, but it puts the contractors under the strongest inducement to keep the cost of construction down to the lowest level in order that the fixed charges may be as small as possible and the chance of profits from operation may be increased.

Though the construction of the rapid transit system will raise the city debt toward the constitutional limit by about \$6,000,000 a year for five years, the limit will recede about as fast, and the system itself will begin to pay off the debt, while it will be a valuable asset of the city for all time and mark the beginning of municipal ownership of the means of local transportation.

WILL NEW JERSEY SAVE THE PALISADES? Attorney-General Grey, of New Jersey, has just been waked up to the fact that a suit was brought by his predecessor a year ago for an injunction to stop the vandals who are destroying the Palisades. These vandals lease land under water from the Riparian Commission and use it as a base of operations for destroying the cliffs.

An act passed in 1895 was intended to prevent just this sort of thing, but one of the contractors got his lease before the act was passed, and another is charged with violating its terms. It is curious that this suit has been slumbering for a year and the present Attorney-General knew nothing of its existence until two days ago, but now it is to be pressed.

There is some doubt about the present law being sufficient, and the Riparian Commission promises to try to get it amended. New Jersey has jurisdiction enough to save and protect the Palisades, but if she wants any help from New York she ought to have it. Our people are even more interested in saving the scenery, and between the two States the vandals can surely be suppressed before another Spring.

NANSEN'S HEALTH. News comes from the West that Nansen is suffering from the fatigue of his lecture tour and the constant whirl of entertainment and public receptions. It seems that the robust health that endured without the slightest inconvenience the terrible ice journey to the "furthest North," and the subsequent hardship of a Winter passed in a stone hut at Cape Flidgley, upon a diet of bear's meat and walrus blubber, has given way under the strain of parlor car travel and the luxurious fare everywhere set before the Arctic hero of the day.

The reports from China indicate that Germany will continue her settled policy of doing her missionary work down there with Gatling guns.

As the St. Louis man who is turning to chalk is a saloon keeper and not a milkman a vast amount of humorous raw material has gone to waste.

Comments from the Journal. Massachusetts Wants the Prize. The New York Journal offers \$50 for the best definition of a Mugwump. Massachusetts ought to win that prize.—Boston Globe.

Always Another Depth. The dispatches have told us that the Washington administration returned "its grateful thanks" to Spain for the release of the Competitor captives! It appears that there is always another depth of politeness and pusillanimity possible for the "Washington administration" in dealing with Spain. An American battle ship ought to have brought these captives from Havana a year ago.—Houston Post.

New Jersey Kicks. Boss Platt bought at a sheriff's sale in New Brunswick, on Thursday, four tracts of land in Monroe township. Having been practically ousted from his boss-ship in New York, it is suggested that he may propose to transfer his residence to New Jersey for the purpose of reinstating himself as a political boss. He is notified, however, that the Republicans here already have one and only one boss who is able to contend with him for the mastery of the party, and who has demonstrated his hold upon it on so many notable occasions that he is not likely to be unseated by any untried boss from a foreign State who has only succeeded in demonstrating his facility for losing his grip.—Trenton True American.

Van Wyck as a Reformer. It would not be at all surprising should Van Wyck turn out something of a reformer himself. He is a heady young man. He has proved the possession of a will of his own by fighting Tammany when he felt like it. He held himself somewhat aloof during the campaign and has stood apart since. Nor would it be surprising should the influence of Richard Croker be exerted for good government. To do what he can to give the city the best administration on record would be the greatest confusion to his enemies. Croker's words are good, and to believe that he means what he says is wholly reasonable.—Elmira Gazette.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE. "Honor to Whom Honor." To the Editor of the Journal: The New York Journal, as a whole, stands head and shoulders above any other daily in America. You have achieved a magnificent success despite the blue predictions, the malicious slanders and the hypocritical cant that have combined to crush out your existence. I attribute your journalistic triumph to three causes: 1. Your editorial candor and ability. You are alert to discern current issues and your discussions are characterized by vigorous logic and good English. In facing your political foes you display bravery, but discard blackguardism. Slang gives place to sense. This was very noticeable in the masterly campaign which you conducted against gold-bug monopolies and in favor of bimetalism as the true policy. Your arguments have never been answered. 2. Your enterprise in gathering facts. You seem determined to publish a newspaper—to chronicle actual occurrences—to turn on the light, whatever may be the result. Your exhaustive canvass of the Neck-Tiaren murder case is a splendid illustration of your push and pluck in bringing things to pass. 3. The humanity of your position. It is refreshing to find a journalist now and then who is not so steeped in caricature as to fire up every drop of philanthropy that ever flowed in his veins. You have a heart that beats for suffering Cuba. You would gladly roll back the tide of tyranny and break the yoke from every Cuban's neck, as you did with such matchless skill from the neck of Miss Cisneros, the beautiful captive. You have advocated arbitration as the sensible method of settling strikes and securing the rights of wage workers. And now you are committed to the humane project of preventing cruel car wheels from crushing out the lives of innocent travelers. I am glad to believe that generous impulses underlie your advocacy of the right and your denunciation of the wrong. May God never the arm that drives the quill.

(REV.) A. A. PHELPS, President Plainfield Business College.

Reducing a Surplus. To the Editor of the Journal: Why don't you give a poor working man a chance? There are too many people in the world now, and if you let the trolley lines have a fair show on the Bridge the population may be thinned out enough to let some of the rest of us find jobs. HUSTLER. Brooklyn, Nov. 19.

A JOURNAL CORRESPONDENT'S PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT BULL FIGHTING AMONG SPANIARDS.



The Ideal Bull Fight.

MADRID, Nov. 8.—It has been left for me to tell the truth about bull fighting, which has been the favorite form of public entertainment in Spain since before the Roman invasion, and whereof dramatic descriptions have been done over and over again in every civilized language, by literateurs of all the ages. I understand perfectly why all the other bull fight reporters, of whatever degree of literary standing, and whether using the ornate scene as a picture in romance, an illustration in history or an argument in anthropology, have diverged from the line of accuracy. It is because it spoils the story to tell the truth. No writer, be he great or small, having worked himself up to tragic pitch and gone forth to witness a spectacle that he intends shall furnish him material for brilliant word-painting cares to come away and write a tame story, when the exaggeration of some details and the elimination of others afford the opportunity to produce a sensational one.

Not only is there nothing heroic about a bull fight, but there is nothing about it that is not absolutely disgusting, nauseating and degrading to any normal human being. A truthful description of it would be too grossly indecent for publication. It is absolutely impossible, after having witnessed a bull fight, for me to understand how a pastime can have been popular so long, even in Spain, in which neither strength, courage, nor skill of any kind is brought into requisition, and which can appeal only to the coarsest tastes. I had been led to believe that the supreme sensation of a bull fight was at one exciting moment when it was a life against a life—a man against bull, skill and dexterity against mere savage strength. We have all seen the picture of the bull fight—the bull making his mad charge and the matador standing, calm and impassive, in the centre of the ring, sword in hand, his life dependent on his skill and on his nerve sustaining his skill to pierce the vertebrae of the on-rushing animal in one particular spot, in one particular fraction of one particular second. That picture is as much like the real thing as the scene on the circus poster representing the lion tamer in the centre of the cage holding off, at arm's length, by the whiskers, two ferocious lions standing on their hind legs is like the lion tamer in the circus stand-

who slides into the cage, timidly induces an aged and over-fed lion to walk over a stick and then backs out and slams the door with such haste as almost to close his front buttons in it. Picture, instead of the bull rushing on the matador, a thoroughly spent and tired-out animal, which has been fighting against fresh foes without one moment's pause for breath for perhaps half an hour, and can scarcely stand for weariness, and a specially trained butcher, who comes on fresh as his victim is sinking from exhaustion, and slaughters the unfortunate brute with as little danger to himself as the butcher who uses a pole axe, and you have the limit of the heroics of bull fighting.



The Real Bull Fight.

However, it is not its brutality that makes bull fighting a lower and viler entertainment than any other nation than the Spaniards will tolerate. Indeed, the question to be considered is not one of brutality, but of ethics. In the shooting of pigeons, for instance, there is necessarily little blood-letting and no filthy display such as the Spaniards feast their eyes upon in the bull ring. The disemboweling of horses, far more ghastly than anything that occurs in an ordinary slaughter-house, is repeated every few moments during a bull fight, from ten or thirty horses dying in this manner in a single afternoon, with the men and women of the highest and lowest rank in Spain and their dear little children looking gleefully on. My conclusion, after observing the spectators at the bull ring closely, in order to find some solution for the anomaly of their amusement in this hideous spectacle, is that they do not derive their highest pleasure from the unequal duel between the matador and the bull, because there is no more excitement in that than in the slaughter of a beef steer in a shambles. The question is one for the physiologist, but my belief is that it is the display of the gaping carcasses of the horses, the heaps of steaming entrails, the bloody horns and shoulders of the bull and the stench of the nameless and obscene slaughter-house offal that dilates the Spaniard's voluptuously. If there is anything in pre-natal influence it is little wonder that Spain, in attending such exhibitions, produces perversities like Weyler.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

Alan Dale Reviews "The Princess and the Butterfly."

CHARLES H. HOYT was once upon a time called to task for treating lightly the substantially gloomy topic of death. In his new play, "The Princess and the Butterfly," produced last night at the Lyceum Theatre, Plinero will be hailed over the coals for treating seriously the unsubstantially comic subject of middle age. This middle-aged drama, of which I wrote very fully from London, has reached New York at last, and ladies of tender years, with the thirties far in the background, had better beware. Mr. Plinero is a very melancholy and dyspeptic person when he arrives at the middle-age question. Following closely, as it does, upon "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," you can be quite sure that Arthur Wing is excessively sour about it.

When the heroine, who opens the play by plaintively announcing that she is forty, receives as a birthday gift a bangle with forty jiggling coins attached to it, you get your first inkling of Plinero's tragic fantasy. And later on, when the hero enters, carefully powdered into distingue gray, and says funerally "Middle age is the matter with me," you glance around at the ladies present, and wonder, it's a ticklish subject, mes freres, it's a ticklish subject. In the first act half a dozen noble creatures of the afternoon-tea persuasion get introduced and ring the changes on middle age-Francis-and-Westly.

"The English woman's forty is not at all contemptible," says one. "Even an English woman cannot remain forty," sighs the Princess Pannonia. "I am going to be an old hag." "Paris is the middle-aged woman's paradise," bleats a third. "It is a woman's fault if she is middle-aged," chirrups a fourth. "She should avoid it, and never admit it to herself." "Appetite," remarks another, "for dinner in somebody else's house is the first unerring symptom of middle-age."

"No woman has more than twenty years of splendor and triumph before her," chatters the last. And so on. We are further told by this subtle Plinero, who has tired of social problems, and now wants to rake up a lady's years—that woman has three epochs of age. The first is when devotion is laid

at her feet. That is happiness. The second is when she is forced to exact devotion. That is wretchedness. The last is when she neither receives nor demands devotion. That is contentment.

I half expected, when this crisis was reached, that somebody would get up and sing "I'll never forget the days when I was young, tiddle-dee-dum." Nobody did. I felt very sorry, because it would have been so appropos.

"The Princess and the Butterfly" has been changed since I saw it in London. It is not quite as degenerate as when it was at the St. James'. The silly imitates, in evening dress, who come on the stage and play with mechanical toys in order to keep the atmosphere of youth perpetually around them, are chopped out. And the play suffers nothing.

Still it is just as impossible to make head or tail of this Plinero effort. The people all say highly brilliant things—Plinero is always highly brilliant—but the parade of butterfly-ism, the aimless flapping of the wings, the feverish, hysterical drawing room odor, and the absence of any real sentiment, can be watched in curiosity only.

The story doesn't begin at all until the play is half over. The Princess Pannonia, with her middle age, until the end of the second act, has done nothing but dip her nose into bouquets of flowers, deplore her years, and talk of the void in her life, and her deceased husband, whom she married for convenience, apparently. The middle aged hero has been equally idle. He has simply gone about talking of tombstones, and his forty-five deceased Summers.

When you get to the story, there is so little of it that it is hardly worth mentioning. Forty-five proposes to forty, and suggests marriage as a way out of boredom. She asks for a month in which to consider it. In the meantime she decides to confide her maturity to a rather callow youth, addressed to spilling afternoon tea over ladies' dresses. He falls in love with a lovely ward, who has posed as his niece for three acts. And there you are.

Personally, I consider middle age most unnecessary, although I candidly confess that I have never met a middle-aged woman. I know she exists, because old women have told me that they were once middle-aged. Still, I am perfectly aware that they never admitted it until they were well past it. I call it a sorry topic. It is playing with edged tools.

"The Princess and the Butterfly" is certainly played more earnestly at the Lyceum than it was at the St. James. In London they get into its horrid atmosphere. In New York they don't. The Lyceum people are all young and fervid; and this fact helps the play. I don't quite see why the sub-title, "The Fantastic," is dropped here. If it is anything at all, "The Princess and the Butterfly" is certainly fantastic.

Miss Julie Opp surprised me. In London, when I saw her, she played the part of Mrs. Ware with one speech and a heaving bosom. As the Princess Pannonia, Miss Opp is the acme of refinement and grace. She has an imposing presence and a beautifully modulated voice, and in her work there is all the "finish" of Miss Julia Nelson, with magnetism added. Miss Opp has an utterly English accent, many of the little detail graces of Mrs. Kendal and Olga Nethersole. She is altogether most agreeable, and those who expected crudity found no single vestige of it. Miss Opp's voice alone would carry her to success.

BOBBIE HARGOUS LONGS FOR VENICE.

BOBBIE HARGOUS, brother-in-law of Duhan Elliot and the one-time hope of dudedom, has lived so long in his palace on the Grand Canal of Venice that New York is now most dull and commonplace to him.

Indeed, it is reported that he finds Fifth avenue intolerable and has determined to return to his gondolas and his house of Desdemona in time to make his Christmas merriment amid surroundings that are more agreeable to his highly cultivated tastes.

Not that Bobbie did not always have a leaning to the aesthetic. Even in those early days when the exuberance of his spirits often led him to play horse with the most sacred traditions and personalities of society, he had a suite of apartments in the Cumberland that were done up in the most delicate shade of robin's egg blue, and that other feature in appointment suggested the spirit that prompted his subsequent brilliant Venetian career.

In these apartments he was wont to give some charming entertainments, at which the banjo and the mandolin and tea predominated, and the general complexion was musical, although Bobbie would occasionally vary the programme with his inimitable dancing.

In those days we were wont to speculate that if Bobbie hadn't been born a boy he would have certainly developed into a prima donna ballerina.

A WEICHTY SUBJECT WEIGHTILY ADJUSTED.

HE has some business to transact at Troy, N. Y., and when he had concluded it he thought he would like to walk around and take in the town. After a while he bethought himself of his pipe and his tobacco pouch, which he suddenly remembered was empty, so he stepped into a tobacconist's store and asked for some good Turkish.

"Certainly," replied the tradesman, as he handed down a package already made up. "Here's half a pound."

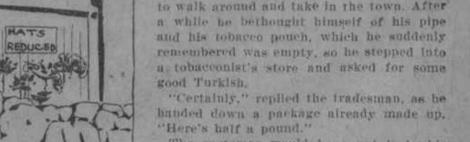
The customer would have put it in his pocket and gone away without thinking at all of the quantity, but the man's remarking that it was half a pound caused him to pause. He weighed it in his hand. "It feels pretty light for eight ounces," he said.

"Isn't eight ounces, of course. It's six," said the tobacconist. "But you said it was half a pound." "So it is." "How many ounces do you reckon in a pound, my friend?" "Twelve, of course?" "Indeed? Since when?" "Since always." "Just, my good friend, there are sixteen ounces in a pound." "Not here there ain't, mister man. We go by Troy weight in this town."

WEATHER—Colder, fair, high north winds.



He Would Go A-Gondoliering.



The Unfortunate Milliner.

In deference to the taste of the old Venetian masters.

I mention this fact in passing merely as another evidence of the aesthetic and artistic influence of life in Venice.

Mrs. Jack Astor is not coming back to town for at least three or four weeks yet, which is certainly the town's loss.

For her own sake and for the sake of those ambitious side street women that long in vain to wear Fifth Avenue bonnets I hope that she may succeed.

In that event a little good will have come out of the great Collis evil.

(GOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.)