

WATCH THE WORLD'S DOME

The Journal trusts that everybody to-night will accept Mr. Pulitzer's generous invitation, frequently repeated in his paper of yesterday, to "Watch the World's dome." The dome is to be lighted up, and the illumination, it appears to serve as "a glorious welcome and gorgeous lights on the dome, and possibly fireworks, etc. There is no telling, however, into what degree of enthusiasm may seduce a multitude of people."

Fortunately, there will be a great crowd in the vicinity of the dome to watch it, if time can be taken on the occasion for even so opulent a treat. The World, will be indebted to the Journal for the presence of the masses of humanity, as well as for its happy inspiration to do something to signalize the birth of the Greater New York. Had it not been for the Journal an event so momentous in the history of the metropolis and of the progress of the Republic would have passed without ceremonial emphasis. This newspaper appreciated the unique character and importance of the juncture and undertook the weighty enterprise of securing its adequate celebration. That undertaking has attracted the attention and admiration of the press of the entire country, which feels that the Journal's public spirit has honored American journalism. How New York feels about it there is no need to say. The metropolis has given ample evidence of its appreciation and of its glad willingness to co-operate with a newspaper which has had the largeness of mind and the patriotism to act for the mighty city on the night of the beginning of its new and more splendid career. Local contemporaries have risen above the jealousy which ordinarily belittles journalism here and heartily praised the Journal for its originality, forethought and public service. To quote brief extracts:

The Herald: "The greatest of all holiday celebrations of the year will be beyond doubt the monster celebration of the New York Journal is organizing to mark the birth of the Greater New York and the passing of the old city."

The Sun: "Only a mean jealousy could refuse to the Journal commendation for undertaking at its own expense a fitting celebration of so great an event as the sudden development of New York into the second city of the world."

The Times: "The managers of the Journal's New Year's Eve celebration of the inauguration of the greater city announced last night that the generous aid of a number of prominent citizens of both New York and Brooklyn would enable them to carry out their original plans on even a greater scale than they had at first anticipated."

Indeed, every newspaper of standing in New York has shown a manly and metropolitan spirit. The World woke up yesterday to give this sign of knowledge of what the Journal was doing:

Watch the World's dome at midnight next Friday! It will announce the birth of the New Year and the new city with a dazzling blaze of splendor. Watch the dome! Watch the dome!

This will be a great night for New York, a night which will be peculiarly its own, and one to hold as a splendid memory forever.

But it will also be the Journal's night. Under the circumstances it is doubtful if anybody under the dome of heaven except Mr. Pulitzer would have thought it timely to ask the public to "Watch the World's dome." For in gazing at the World's dome the public cannot but think at the same instant of both the World and the Journal and contrast the two papers.

Time was, and not so long ago, when the World led the press of New York, and therefore of the United States, in activity and success and celebrity. That was before the Journal came under its present proprietorship. Now the World has become timid and dull, as bankrupt in enterprise as it is in talent. The brightest thing about it is its dome, which, perhaps, is why Mr. Pulitzer in a flash of exulting pride invites the people to take a moment off from the Journal's Greater New York celebration to watch it. Yet he cannot but realize that, flame as it may, the dome at its most incandescent stage is but a glowing monument to a dead World—a World out of which the brain and energy and pluck have gone, for a greater and better newspaper has taken its place and infinitely improved upon it as it was at its best.

There will not be one of the tremendous concourse in and around City Hall Park to-night, either participating in or witnessing the ceremonies and the pageant devised by the Journal, who can be insensible to the living fact that the World's dome and the Journal's grand celebration give the measure of the distance that has come to exist between the two publications in all that goes to make a great modern newspaper.

While, therefore, the people of New York are joining with the Journal in bidding farewell to the noble old city of the centuries past and halting with joy the nobler city of the glorious future, we sincerely hope they will oblige poor Mr. Pulitzer and "Watch the World's dome," the pathetic dome of our ex-competitor, wherein, it may be, a sad and reminiscent and beaten lonely man will be sitting, listening to the Journal's triumphant music and the applauding shouts of the city far below, in the world of the present.

"Watch the World's dome."

England's refusal to consent to a temporary suspension of pelagic sealing has been promptly answered by President McKinley's signature of the Anti-Piracy bill recently passed by Congress, and by the issue of a Treasury circular prescribing the regulations under which sealskins may be imported in the United States hereafter.

The London papers are indulging in a little premature sarcasm over the expected failure of the new policy. The Daily News, for instance, asks what our shopkeepers will say when they find fair Americans going to London to buy sealskin jackets, and concludes:

The bill seems hardly made for enforcement; more likely it is intended to cover a diplomatic retreat.

An inspection of the Treasury regulations would deprive our amused contemporary of the comfort it takes in these reflections. The possibility that "fair Americans" might try to evade the law by buying sealskins abroad and wearing them home as personal effects is pretty effectively guarded against by this provision:

No fur sealskins, raw, dressed, dyed or otherwise manufactured, shall be admitted to entry as part of a passenger's personal effects unless accompanied by an invoice certified by the consul as herein provided.

That is to say, every fair American who desires to weaken the diplomatic position of her country by patronizing British seal pirates will have to go through the following formalities before she can get home with her purchases:

...in the United States... The fair American cannot get her piratical garment into the country until it has been sent to the public stores "for careful examination and inspection to prevent evasion of the law," and if it shall be found that her furs have come from forbidden waters they will be forthwith seized and destroyed.

It is not likely that fair Americans will take these risks in sufficient numbers to make a remunerative trade either for the London furrers or for the Canadian pirates. The probabilities are that when the British Government gets ready to resume negotiations after our "diplomatic retreat" the industry of dressing and dyeing sealskins will be found to have been transferred from Great Britain to the United States. There is no reason why Americans should not be able to carry on that business as well as Englishmen, and now that they have sufficient inducements, they are likely to take it up, just as they did the work of making tin plates. Our Government has worked for ten years to preserve the trade of the London furrers, but it has sensibly abandoned the effort at last, and in future years the British authorities will be able to contemplate a ruined English industry as a monument to their alliance with piracy.

This is the last day of the old New York's existence. To-night the new metropolis, soon to be the world's greatest city, will spring, full armed, into life. All the preparations are complete to give the august figure a fitting welcome. The second city of America has sent its banner and its greetings to honor the first. The Mayor of San Francisco, by the western gate of the continent, will press the button that will hoist the flag of New York over our City Hall, three thousand miles away. Fireworks, searchlights, salutes, music, decorated floats and gorgeous costumes will tell the most careless wayfarer that one of the great events of history is in progress.

All that organized effort can do toward making a successful celebration has been done. All that remains is for the individual citizens to do their share. Let those who do not march in the parade appear with their Japanese lanterns, and let every one act upon the assumption that the honor of Greater New York rests upon his personal efforts.

The gentlemen who have come nearly one thousand miles, bearing the greetings of Chicago to the reborn New York, are not among strangers. If New Yorkers are proud of their own mighty metropolis, they are almost equally proud of Chicago, America's young wonder of the world, which has risen with the swiftness of an exhalation and the solidity of the Pyramids. New York and Chicago have much to learn from each other, and everything that can increase the cordiality of their relations is a benefit to both. Welcome to our Western visitors, and may we see them often again.

The message of Senor Bartolome Maso, President of the Republic of Cuba, to the Journal, sets at rest all doubts, if any have been entertained in any quarter, of the attitude of the Cuban patriots toward the Spanish offers of "autonomy." The Cubans are fighting for independence, and will take nothing less.

President Maso exposes the hollowness of the present propositions when he says: "If autonomy were guaranteed by the United States, some Cubans might be induced to value it." The Journal has repeatedly pointed out that even if autonomy were acceptable in itself, its proffer would be worthless without an American guaranty. With such a guaranty the question would arise whether the reforms offered were satisfactory; without it there is not even a question for discussion. As long as the scheme depends merely upon the combined good faith and political success of a Spanish Ministry its merits or demerits are not worth considering.

The Cuban President, unlike those Americans who profess to know better what is good for Cuba than the Cubans themselves, believes that the recognition of belligerency would enable the patriots to win their independence forthwith. "We are greatly outnumbered," he says, "and yet have to elude the sea power of the United States to obtain cartridges to defend our lives. Once our belligerency be recognized our army will assert itself, but at present our troops are retarded greatly from aiding and protecting our women and children, who have so long been at the mercy of the brutal soldiers."

The Spaniards have complained that the execution of Colonel Ruiz was a violation of the laws of war. Since they say themselves that the patriots are carrying on war, why should we not make the same admission?

Mark Hanna has reached that degree of popularity in Ohio where he finds it necessary to employ Pinkerton men to assist in the effort to elect himself to the United States Senate.

Cure Distress at its Source. This calling for subscriptions lays bare the weakness of the Administration's position with regard to Cuba. It confesses the misery that exists in the island, and it asks the people of the United States to relieve it. We feel positive that should a poll be taken of every man and woman in the United States there would be an overwhelming declaration that the United States Government should take active measures to relieve the suffering in Cuba and that the methods should not be called for subscriptions, but such measures as will put an end to the cause of the distress.—Boston Traveller.

We Must Help Cuba. If the United States had one-half the pluck that it had in the early days of the Republic, its hands would be raised to help Cuba. We certainly can do no less than acknowledge the belligerency of this brave people fighting in the holy cause of liberty and independence. Come it must, and come it will; but it will never come until the United States takes some stand in favor of the independence of Cuba.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Merry Jester. Five-year-old Dickey had been instructed that whenever he wanted anything he should pray for it. He had prayed long and earnestly for a bicycle, but his father, thinking him too young to ride one, had bought him a tricycle. When he awoke on the morning of his birthday and found the three-wheeler by his bedside he was disgusted.

"Doesn't the Lord know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" he whimpered.—Chicago Tribune.

"Actually, my feet feel as if they were made of ice." "Ice? How extravagant!"—Chicago Record.

Her Father—How do you know you love my daughter? You've only been acquainted a few weeks." The Suiitor—That is true; but I see that you've just negotiated a loan of \$1,000,000. A man who can do that is the kind of person I want for a father-in-law.—Chicago News.

The Judge—I don't understand this. According to the docket this is a breach of promise case, but both plaintiff and defendant seem to be men.

The Defendant—If it please the Court, I'm a new woman.

The Judge—That alters the matter. At the same time it works to establish a precedent which the Court cannot tolerate. No such suit as yours, madam, can be entertained in this court room. Case dismissed—defendant non-suited. Call the next case, Mr. Clerk.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FLATTERY ON ICE. He told her she was stunning. Her smile was very sweet. Just then, somehow, in turning, they slipped and lost their feet! He fell, and she fell on him, and as in pain he lay, "Ah, yes, indeed, you're stunning!" Was all that he could say.—Chicago News.

Not Waiting. (Detroit Tribune.) Germany isn't waiting to see things before acting for 'em these days.

Doing the Explaining. (Detroit News.) Nevertheless it must be a little gratifying to Mr. Dugler to find that Mr. Gage is doing the explaining for the Administration during the dog watch.

Pleasant Weather. WEATHER. Fair, colder; northwest winds.

A TRAGEDY THAT WAS BROGG.

STANLAWS, the artist, two weeks ago returned from a trip to Scotland, the land of his birth. Among other souvenirs he brought from the "Highland and heather" country was a parrot. How the bird reached the heart of the Scottish hills has not yet been told, and will not, so far as the present writing is concerned. The one cogent fact, however, is that the artist found the bird in the cottage of a peasant and purchased it for a few shillings. There was nothing unusual about the bird in appearance or manner, so long as it remained silent, but when it spoke it became a rare gem. In his most desperate moments James M. Barrie never dared to set down a dialect as broad as the speech of this bird. Even the enigmas that Ian MacIaren has set forth between covers became lucid bits of clear and comprehensive English when compared with the vocal by-play of the parrot.

It had the folk lore of the Highlands at its beak's end, and when occasion required could sing "Scots wha ha!" in clarion tones, bristling with patriotism. The night of Stanlaw's return a recep-

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The Introduction.

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through a lengthy and varied repertoire ranging from the love songs of Burns to intricate ballads of the "latter day school" Scotch efforts in the Yellow Book. Everyone admitted the bird and envied its owner. It was unintelligible, and therefore a thing

to be prized, for as with man so it is with birds and beasts; to be understood is to be misinterpreted. Here ends the first chapter of the bird's adventure.

Now for the beast. Harrie Fischer has a monkey that he brought all the way from San Francisco. It is a quaint animal, initiative in the extreme and dignified withal. He has hats and gowns that he wears on state occasions, and when necessary can smoke a cigarette with the ease, grace and unconsciousness of a boulevardier. Now, the parrot had well nigh exhausted its talents when Fischer, arising to the dignity of host, brought in his monkey dressed in a plaid robe and sporting a Tam o' Shanter. There was a pipe in his mouth and in his hand he carried a cane.

After meeting the guests he was presented to the bird. They eyed each other from head to foot and from beak to claw. The beast was self-possessed and dignified. With his disengaged hand he raised his Tam o' Shanter and bowed. The bird burst into a roar of mocking laughter. Then, suddenly checking its merriment, it looked straight into the eye of the beast and shouted:

"Hoot, mon, hoot!" The beast was puzzled and bowed a second time. "Hoot, mon, hoot!" shrieked the bird.

guzzed. As the night wore on the bird fell asleep and the beast turned into his bunk. Next morning Fischer and Stanlaw left the studio for a spin through the Park. They had forgotten the encounter between their pets the night previous and left them together in the studio.

The monkey sat on the window sill looking at his prototypes driving cabs down the avenue. What his thoughts were and what conclusion he reached after his half hour of observation and evident speculation is a secret. He was awakened from his reverie by the voice of the parrot:

"Hoot, mon, hoot!" The old fire of strife and battle arose within his chest in unison with the tender memories of once familiar faces which his appearance awakened beneath the feathers of the bird. He lounged for a coconut, that cheap but effective weapon of his people during troublous times. But there was no nut in sight. "Hoot, mon, hoot!"

The monkey reached for a chalk skull, used as a matchbox, and with all his strength hurled it at the parrot. It struck the bird flush on the face and dropped it to the floor. With the rapidity of a lightning flash the beast was by the side of the fallen bird. In his hand he held his cane and with it proceeded to beat out the brains of the parrot. Both fought with despera-

tion. During the struggle the monkey chattered like a shower of hailstones. All the while the parrot cried, "Hoot, mon, hoot!" which only increased the anger and fury of the monkey.

The parrot was covered with blood when the artists returned. Hearing the shrieks of the bird, they rushed upstairs just in time to see the beast dealing the death blow. It was a full swing and landed over the bird's solar plexus. The parrot keeled over and its eyes rolled. Its feathers were scattered about the studio and it looked more like a half-plucked chicken than a bird of speech. The claws shot out in a fawrel kick. With its last breath and flash of energy it gathered itself together. Then, facing its victor in faint but earnest tones, it said:

"Hoot, mon, hoot!" and...

They held a wake over the bird, and the beast, draped in black, was made to act as chief mourner. During the conversation that passed around the corpse many theories were expressed as to the probable cause of the tragedy. The only apparently lucid explanation was that the beast had seen

the picture in one of the recent "Scotch" novels, and, remembering the caption, which the bird had shouted at him, was driven to murder at being taken for one of the Highland peasants of fiction.

After the Battle.



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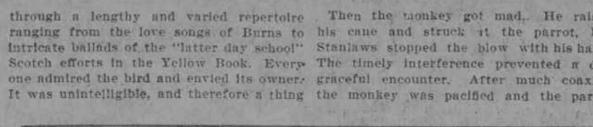
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The Opening of Hostilities.

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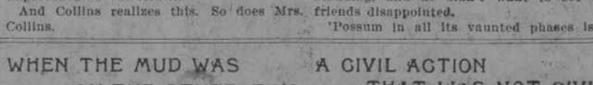
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George Vanderbilt's Neighbor Was Conscious of Her Importance.

DOWN in the heart of George Vanderbilt's great estate near Asheville, N. C., there is a little tract of about six acres of land that does not belong to the young millionaire.

The possessor of this farm, as he calls it, is a negro named Collins.

Now, Collins is a cunning coon. When he saw George Vanderbilt buying up everything else in the neighborhood, he refused to sell.

The agent of the master of Biltmore offered him about three times the value of the land, but he wouldn't listen to it.

Meantime it became noised about that George Vanderbilt was willing to pay almost any price for Collins's few acres.

Certain smart New Yorkers who happened to be in Asheville at the time approached the old darkey with a view to speculation.

But their offers only increased Collins's cupidity. It wasn't long before the Vanderbilt agent knew of the New York offer. He instantly made a counter offer to the effect that, no matter what amount of money anybody else might tender for the Collins farm, George Vanderbilt would give more.

At least that is the story that the darkey tells, and he evidently believes it, for he goes proudly along the even tenor of his way in the firm conviction that his six acres are as good as a safe deposit company, to be emptied of a fortune whenever he may choose to unlock the door of his consent.

It is an odd contrast, however, the negro's little hut and the millionaire's palace, Collins's six acres and Vanderbilt's 120,000.

Of course, so queer a conjunction is one of the curiosities of Asheville and Buncombe County.

All New Yorkers that run down there to recuperate in that "land of the sky" want to see the "Prince and the Peasant."

As a result Collins is of almost as much importance as Vanderbilt.

And Collins realizes this. So does Mrs. Collins.

One day a trio of Gotham dudes that were stopping at the Battery Park Hotel kept pestering Lambord McKissick to take them over to Collins's to dinner.

They wanted to try a real old time Southern dinner, cooked by a nigger mamma, and served in a nigger cabin.

So McKissick took them over to Collins's six acres, in the heart of Biltmore, and Mrs. Collins got them up a genuine North Carolina nigger dinner, with 'possum and sweet potatoes as the pièce de résistance.

They worried through the wonderful menu as best they could and pretended to enjoy it mightily, although they did not swallow much of the food.

When they had finished and were congratulating themselves in rather dubious tones, McKissick went out and settled the bill with Mrs. Collins.

Returning to his companions he asked: "Did you enjoy it?"

"You bet!" they answered in chorus. "How much do you think it was worth?"

"Oh, about twenty-five cents apiece!" "You think that is a fair price?"

"Yes." "Well, you can just shell out \$2.50 apiece. The bill for four of us is \$10."

The language that ensued was too tough for publication. Those New York chappies said many rude words.

Meantime Mrs. Collins listened with undisturbed equanimity. When the storm had lulled, she asked impudently: "What's de matter wid de gentlemen?"

"Oh, nothing," said McKissick. "They think you are charging them Delmonico prices and they didn't expect it. That's all."

"Tough!" she granted with great dignity. "De gentlemen forgits de environments. I is Mr. Vanderbilt's neighbor!"

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THE 'POSSUM WAS EXPENSIVE.

McKissick demurred. He knew that the Northern palate and the Southern cuisine could never come to any harmonious understanding, and he didn't want to see his friends disappointed.

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