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TWO CHARITIES CONTRASTED.

The report of the Charity Organization Society of New York for the month of February contains the following information. The number of families "dealt with"—that phrase should be noted—during February was 1,079, of whom 375 were new applicants and 704 were "regulars." Relief for 140 of these was obtained from private sources and for 237 from co-operating societies and churches—making a total of 397, or nearly 37 per cent. It is to be inferred that the 63 per cent also "dealt with," but apparently not relieved, were treated either by "friendly visitation" or by "advice and direction only." Out of 7,833 cases "dealt with" by this society between July 1, 1895, and July 1, 1896, 1,369 were treated by "friendly visitation" and 1,664 by "advice and direction only," amounting to 3,033, or about 38 per cent. During February transportation was secured for 4 families, work "that should be permanent" was procured for 32 persons, and 87 persons were provided with "temporary employment," probably in the society's woodyard, which, during the year ending July 1, 1896, earned a net profit of \$1,313.23.

During the same month of February the Journal's Relief Station furnished 12,000 square meals per day to 4,000 starving persons, or the enormous total of 336,000 meals. It also provided 2,500 persons with new shoes and 1,000 persons with "second hand" shoes. It provided more than 4,000 women and children with sufficient clothing. It prevented 267 families from being evicted, paying rent in all and stopping dispossession proceedings in many cases. It procured employment "that should be permanent" for 121 persons. It obtained transportation for 8 families; in one instance transporting a family and all its effects from lower Brooklyn to Harlem. It bought furniture for 12 families. Most important of all, in the view of the eminent Samaritans of the Charity Organization Society, it investigated and assured itself of the genuineness of every case, except the cases of those applying for meals, and it may be said that it did not cost \$10 to investigate every case, nor yet \$1.

The Journal has no wish to belittle the work of the vast and complicated organization whose finances are administered by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; but it respectfully submits that, in view of the above, harsh criticism of the Journal's charity work comes with a particularly bad grace from members of the Charity Organization Society or of any other organized body, such as, for example, the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

BROOKLYN'S GAS MONOPOLY.

In view of the bearing of the cost of gas in Brooklyn upon that in New York, and in view as well of the agitation for cheaper gas in Brooklyn, it is strange that no one hitherto seems to have noticed that the consolidated gas companies of that city, known as the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, made a report of operating expenses to the New York Stock Exchange on May 13, 1896. This report, as quoted in the Commercial and Financial Chronicle of June 20, 1896, professes to give the gross earnings and all the expenses of operation from November 4, 1895, to April 30, 1896, or nearly six months.

With gas at \$1.25 (the same as in New York), it appears that the Brooklyn company, which furnishes almost as high a candle power as do the New York companies, reported gross earnings during those six months of \$2,254,946.33 and expenses of \$1,183,241.75, or 52.7 per cent. Now \$2.7 per cent of \$1.25 is 65.875, or, say 66 cents. It is almost certain, judging from the known costs in Chicago and elsewhere, after making full allowance for differences in the cost of raw materials, that 66 cents is over ten cents too much for economical management in a thoroughly modern plant in Brooklyn. But accepting these figures, given by the companies themselves, it follows that they could afford to sell at 90 cents and still clear nearly 25 cents a thousand feet of profit. This would be five per cent on half of the capital secured through bonds and nine per cent on the other half secured through the issue of capital stock, even if we reckon the cost of duplication, or the original cost, less depreciation, as \$3.50 per thousand feet. If we allow the more reasonable figure of \$3 capital per thousand feet and seven per cent dividends on the stock, instead of nine, these companies, according to their own statements, could sell with a good profit at 84 cents. That five per cent is ample to allow on the bonds of a strong gas company is proved by the fact that the "fives" of this very company have lately been quoted at six or more above par.

Allowed to charge the exorbitant price of \$1.25, it is no wonder that this great Brooklyn company is able to pay good interest and dividends on seven or eight dollars of capital per thousand feet of yearly product.

Two questions arise at once. One is, Why, in the light of these facts, the people of Brooklyn allow their Aldermen to make a contract with this company for five years for a reduction of merely five cents a year until the price five years hence becomes \$1, whereas it ought to be below that now? The second question is, Why New York City, awake at last to the monopoly tribute she is paying to this one gas monopoly of over \$20,000 a day (for gas should be put in the burner at less cost in New York than in Brooklyn), does not make her voice felt at Albany so forcibly that her representatives there will not venture any longer to delay strong remedial measures, such as the Journal has constantly advocated?

The report that Japan had abandoned the coinage of silver and adopted the gold standard turns out to have been untrue. According to official information from Tokio the only foundation for the story was the fact that on March 2 a bill providing for the change was introduced into the lower house of the Japanese Diet. This, the Japanese Minister to Washington explains, "no more foreshadows its passage by the Diet than would be the case in the American Congress." And it is understood in the Japanese Legation that the proposed legislation will find strong opposition, and "grave doubts are expressed as to the possible success of the measure."

JAPAN AND THE GOLD STANDARD.

Since 1871, up to which time the ratio between silver and gold in Japan had been 11.02 to 1, the ratio has been about 15 to 1. The unit of value is the yen of 100 sen. The gold yen contains 1.567 grammes of metal 900-1,000 fine; the silver yen, 416 grains, or 26.9663 grammes. There have been coined 69,412,000 gold yen and 134,710,000 silver yen. The unit of value proposed by the bill now before the Diet is one-half the present gold yen, or 0.833 gramme. In other words, the existing gold yen are to circulate at twice their present value. There will be no other change if the bill becomes a law. The information that the bill provides that free coinage of silver shall cease October 1, 1897, is rather puzzling, in view of the fact that for some time past silver coinage has been suspended, except on Government account.

Until more complete information has been obtained the arguments advanced in favor of this bill in Japan can hardly be even guessed at. Since the early seventies, when American and European prosperity began to decline because of the demonetization of silver, Japan's growth in prosperity under bimetalism has been one of the wonders

of the world. In 1885 Japan exported \$511,990 worth of textiles. In 1895 the value of such exports was \$22,177,626. In the same time the exports of raw silks increased from \$14,473,896 to \$50,928,440; of grain and provisions, from \$4,514,843 to \$12,723,771; of matches, from \$60,565 to \$4,672,861; of porcelain, curios and sundries, from \$2,786,576 to \$11,824,701; while Japan's commerce for 1895 increased by \$30,000,000 over 1894, reaching a total of exports and imports of \$296,000,000, or about \$7.50 per capita. It therefore does not seem likely that arguments in favor of the gold standard in Japan are based upon the condition of the country.

What other sources can arguments in favor of it be drawn from? Perhaps the answer may be found in the fact that the number of banks in Japan has lately been increasing very rapidly. There are now nearly 800 banks, with a total capital of \$3,948,348 yen and total loans of 143,710,167 yen; the total stock of money in the country being 206,600,000 yen. It would obviously be to the interest of the banks and their stockholders to contract the currency, and it looks as if they might have power enough by this time to do it. Similar influences were strong enough to effect a similar purpose here and in Europe in 1873.

BY BALLOON TO THE POLE. The descendants of the ancient Norsemen are carrying away the palm in daring and original methods of Polar exploration. Nansen's plan of drifting to the Pole with the ice, in which his stout floating home was frozen fast, was not successful, but it assured as a test the well defined possibilities of success with favorable conditions of season. The enterprise of the Swedish scientist Andree is not less striking and audacious, and it appears to be based on well-reasoned principles. His theory of a steadily setting aerial current blowing toward the Pole with a spiral movement is closely analogous to the Nansen theory of a similar ocean current. Mr. Andree is convinced that at times this wind blows with sufficient steadiness to fully answer the purpose of carrying his balloon across the Pole.

The Swedish Government has apprised the Canadian Government that the Andree expedition will leave Stockholm for Spitzbergen, that being the point of departure, about the end of June. The agents and officials of Canada stationed in the frozen zone are expected to keep a sharp lookout for Andree's landing. The explorer will carry four months' supply of provisions with him and trust to the chance of disembarking in some portion of a fatally inhospitable region whence he may possibly get back to civilization. Even if successful in reaching the Pole, the extent of his discovery will be such mapping of that terra incognita as may be available by means of the camera. It will scarcely make possible that breadth and variety of observation which would have made Nansen's success so great a scientific achievement. But to have reached the Pole and to have looked down for the first time on the absolute ultima Thule, will be a unique glory.

The passion for penetrating the unknown is the noblest of all intellectual ambitions. It has made men do and dare more than any other human motive. Professor Andree, who has studied the Polar problem as a mystery solvable by balloon travel for many years, professes to believe that the danger of the scheme is not seriously greater than that of other Arctic journeys. By the scientific world in general the theory is not accepted as promising practical results, except destruction to the experimentalists. But the fiery motto of Danton, the French revolutionist, "L'Audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace," has been the keynote of success in every such enterprise. It is only the men who boldly take their lives in their hands who ever win. If Andree succeeds it will not be the first time that bold men have achieved their ends against the prognostications of the stay-at-home scientists.

MR. PLATT'S POLICE PLAN.

The petulance of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, his indomitable pertinacity and his insistence upon the novel theory that the president of an executive board is its absolute ruler, and that the members of the board are merely his puppets, existing for the purpose of registering his decrees, have notoriously reduced the Board of Police Commissioners to a state of complete impotence. It is not surprising that Senator Platt should discern in a situation which has already become a notorious scandal and a reproach to the very word "reform," opportunity to gather into his hands a new power in the city of New York. He sees a community disgusted with the wrangling of Commissioners whose high personal character was for a time expected to be a sufficient guarantee that their public services would be efficient, unselfish, and performed for public benefit, not to serve private political ends. He learns that the courts and the Mayor have alike admitted their impotency to gratify the general public demand for the removal of the wranglers. The State "boss" therefore finds himself in a position to exercise his unlimited power of effecting legislation in a way which, on the surface at least, shall seem to accord with the general wish.

Nobody will grieve that the present police force shall be legislated out of existence. Neither did the frogs in Aesop's fable regret the summary deposition of the supine, do-nothing Log, whom the gods gave them for king, until his successor, Stork, appeared, with great activity and a very sharp appetite for frogs.

Jupiter Platt may save us from our King Log in the Police Department, but he will give us a King Stork. His new commission, already planned, will be active, but active for political purposes first of all. It will be bi-partisan in design, but solidly Platt in operation. Controlling, as the Police Department does, the electoral machinery of Greater New York, it will be the biggest and most powerful wheel in the seemingly irrestible machine the Senator has built with such consummate skill. It may fairly be expected to guard the rights, persons and property of the people of New York in about the same way that the Platt Legislature now observes the rights and liberties of the citizens. A nice regard for the eternal fitness of things would suggest that Messrs. Raines and Ellsworth might be made the two Republican members of the Board.

Vice-President Hobart is to be commended for his desire to build a fire under the United States Senate, but has he taken into consideration the fact that Joseph B. Foraker is now a member of that body?

Newspapers that are compelled to apply to legislative bodies to have the enterprise of their contemporaries suppressed simply played guilty to an unhealthy state of affairs in their counting rooms.

The colored divine who furnished the Bible upon which President McKinley took the oath of office has filed an early application for office. Politics manages to slip into every profession.

Carl Schurz's views on the "Delusions of Bimetallism" come just at a time to render imminent the danger of a collision with the bimetallic committee of the recent Indianapolis Monetary Conference.

Before Mark Hanna gets through with that job of managing the United States Senate he will have made several large additions to his stock of insomnia.

President McKinley is under obligations to a number of exciting interests, but he is to be congratulated on the fact that he is free from all symptoms of the gout.

A newspaper at Canton, O., has passed into the hands of a receiver. It probably took this early start in order that it might be known as the Advance Agent of Canton.

A Moment with the Chappies.

Once in a long while the cafe chappie gets so tired of current events that he is impelled by sheer ennui to get out and do something bizarre to relieve the monotony of the "high-ball habit." He is in that mood now. His brain is weary of booze. His ear is dulled with gossip. His eye sick of the familiar tables and chairs and decanter and faces of the Waldorf, and DeL's. He must have a new sensation.

And when the cafe chappie starts out in search of a new sensation something startling usually happens.

It was so a few years ago when they gave a hermetically sealed ball in Nilsson Hall, where they saw such things and did such things that it is still referred to as the high-water mark of the exceptionally unconventional.

It is on the taps that an event is about to happen that will break the Nilsson Hall record.

Not long ago a chappie whose presence in the swell cafes always enlisted the personal attention of the haughty head waiter, got married. There was genuine sorrow among the other cafe chappies at the announcement of the bans. It meant his retirement from their ranks. No longer could they eat and drink at his expense or share those other amusements that his lavish expenditures furnished.

There was also grief in another quarter. His many beauty had lacerated a tender heart, and pity for the havoc of his charms had led him to commit himself in such a way that the interposition of an objection to his marriage by the possessor of the lacerated heart would have been a serious matter.

Therefore, to avoid subsequent unpleasant complications, he asked the lady to place a monetary valuation upon her blighted affections. She refused at first to consider love on such a commercial basis, but finally yielded to argument and named a figure.

It was high. His natural instinct and his association with trade made him hesitate to accept it. But when he found that she was firm and resented his disposition to dicker, he came to her terms and settled \$50,000 on her.

When the chimes of his wedding bells finally rang out there was a suggestion of gold in them that was not altogether pleasant to him, but otherwise he was happy. He had had his fling and had paid for it. He had ceased to be a cafe chappie, except incidentally, and then only to the extent of "settling them up" for the crowd.

But the lady with the lacerated heart was not content to remain quiet. The possession of \$50,000 was a novel and exhilarating sensation. She felt an irresistible impulse to do something.

But what? She advised with the unmarried cafe chappies, but could arrive at no definite conclusion as to the properest thing.

Just then came the Bradley Martin ball. That settled it. She would give a fancy dress function, too. She would be the Mrs. Bradley Martin of her sex.

The cafe chappies indorsed the idea with enthusiasm, and volunteered their aid in making out the invitation list. It is very select, and includes the donor of the \$50,000, who pleaded another engagement and was excused.

The hostess said that she really did not expect him to accept, but could not bear to have him think she would slight him.

So far as I have heard there have been no other declinations. The entertainment will not be given in the Waldorf, but many of the guests of the Bradley Martin ball will be present.

Excitement among the chappies is suppressed, but intense. Those that were at the Bradley Martin function are provided with costumes, but the others are now in the throes of choosing or fitting. There is no selection of centuries at this ball, no restriction of time, no limit of fancy. Everything goes.

I am not at liberty to print the invitation list, but I may say that I am more familiar with the names of the men that figure there than those of the women. The latter have a flavor of the stage rather than of society, of art rather than of antecedents.

That the ball will be a grand success there is not the shadow of a doubt. The cafe chappies are hilarious in their determination to break the Nilsson Hall record, and I think they will do it.

A feature of the supper will be a toast to the only man who declined an invitation to be present. It will be drunk standing, but not in silence.

Walter Damrosch is to be congratulated heartily on the opening of his opera season at the Metropolitan.

The social complexion of his audience was really surprising. Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Henry Sloane headed a representation of the elect that was conspicuous for its numbers as well as its quality.

New York society has a tender regard for young Damrosch, not merely because he married the daughter of James G. Blaine, but because he is such an earnest worker to improve the musical taste of the community.

What is more encouraging still, New York society is beginning to know what musical taste is.

Those charming chappies of the St. Nicholas Skating rink who go in for hockey will play a game for the championship of the club about the first of April.

The contesting teams have not been made up entirely yet, but among the candidates likely to play are the Misses May Barron, Maud Livingston, Adele Fitzgerald, Elizabeth King, Carolyn Lee, Kate Cary, Katherine Gandy, Polly Whittier, Beatrice de Coppel, Ethel Hitchcock, the Misses Hewitt, Miss Whitehead and Mrs. Fellowes Morgan.

The Misses King and Lee were in the skating contest at the Rink Monday night when Mrs. Tiffany Dyer won the championship and Miss Ethel Phelps carried off second honors.

There isn't any prettier or more inspiring spectacle in New York than the practice games of these healthy, handsome and athletic young women. It is a joy to watch them.

The Ice Carnival grows in interest as it approaches to us.

Not only are the resources of the Rink exhausted, but drifts have been made on the New York Athletic Club, the Seventh Regiment and the Naval Reserve.

A blanket invitation has been extended to actors and actresses to come in costume, a cake walk has been arranged, all sorts of animals and people will be represented, and altogether everything that can navigate on skates will be exhibited.

At this distance it looks like a good thing.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Table listing various theaters and their performances, including Academy of Music, American Theatre, Broadway Theatre, etc.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Light local showers, probably followed by clearing weather; warmer; south-westerly wind.

SUNBONNET CHAT.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

"WELL, you do seem to be missing everything this winter, what with going off every now and then to spend a fortnight to your mother's, and having the children stork on your hands and the boiler bursting so you couldn't entertain the Progressive Euchre Club, and the Lord knows what else besides. Well, I pity you. I do, for the very bottom of my soul, and I say to my husband last night when I heard the hack drive up and your trunk lifted out, I say to my husband, says I: 'Well, she'll want to know about the Assembly Ball the very first thing in the morning, and I'll tell her the whole story.'"

"Well, the Jimcracks, those new folks from Brooklyn, came on invitation of Mrs. Gavel, so to give the town a sort of reputation for hospitality—they're only taken their hour for three months—and it 'ud give us a chance to look 'em over and see whether we wanted 'em in the club or not. The Jimcrack man is quite nice looking and has got perfectly elegant manners, but Mrs. Jimcrack is a sight to behold. She's got a nose so sharp you could stick an apple into it, and she had the audacity to come wearing her hat—such a hat, too, as I never see the like of, with a feather behind and a sharp thing sticking out in front to match her nose—and she would have worn it all the evening if she hadn't caught some pretty sharp remarks that Molly Manxton and I made about strangers not being ceremonious enough in their attire to suit people that knew what was what. Then she went into the dressing room and took it off.

"Yes, Judge Popcorn was there, lookin' as if he had jest come out of a hayfield, and with his spectacles a-settin' way down on the end of his nose, till it was a wonder they didn't hop off of their own accord, and he was walkin' around with the points of his collar stickin' up under his ears, smilin' and talkin' as chipper as you please, an' him three instalments behind and likely to find himself sittin' out on the road on top of his sofas and bedsteads, and all Buncohourst lookin' at him from behind the blinds. There's one or two others that's in the same plight as him, as I happen to know, and next instalment day is goin' to ring more than one death knell in this town, I can tell ye.

"The Fishbacks? Of course they were there, and did nothing but talk about the highwayman that chased Mrs. Fishback into the house the other night—turned what he wanted of her is more than I can imagine—if she'd turned around and looked at him once it would have settled him in short order—the whole story's made out of whole cloth, so's to beat down the price of Beverly Lodge, on the ground of its being a lonely neighborhood. There was a stone thrown, though, and it hit the stained glass window in the front entry, but the colored paper held the glass together so they didn't notice it for two or three days, and it might have been that way always.

"Mrs. Tortoiseshell? I thought you'd come to that. I've been saving up about her. Would you believe it, she came there with her hair all nicely crimped—it must have been a job doin' it—and a ruff around her neck and her lips all pursed up to look as much like a young girl as she could, and you'd a-thought butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth. I had my eye on her when she came in, you'd better believe, an' the way some o' those men acted was simply sickenin'. I don't know how she's accustomed to act out in Orange, the last place she lived, but it's about time somebody gave her a hint what to do here. Of course that Henocamp man made a move the minute he set eyes on her, an' I heard him say something to his wife about stepping out to see if it was raining—the night as clear as a bell and every star out, and he knew it—but she just grabbed him by the arm an' give him a look that settled his bash so's he sort o' fell back again and didn't so much as budge till supper time. Then he made a rush, I can tell you.

"Yes, there was a good many that danced. I needn't to tell you that the Tortoiseshell woman was one o' them. She walked with young Harry Commute till her bang nearly dropped off, and then nothing would do but she must get into the quadrille in the same set with Mr. Henocamp. And the way he did act when it came to 'swingin' your partners' beat everything I ever did see in this town. If I'd been his wife I'd a'ranked him off that floor quicker'n a scud. I see her snuggle up to him when she thought no one was looking' at her and whisper something that set him grinnin' till I thought he'd lose that new upper set he'd aint paid for yet.

"The supper? Well it was jest about the same as any basket party the week of instalment day. The Fishbacks didn't bring anything, and they forgot it, but I know Fishback had paid for his new commutation ticket yet, and has to hide in the baggage car when the conductor comes round. But that bluff went long on this road, for they're on to him ever since he sucked the date off o' that old excursion coupon and tried to travel on that. He'll have to hide in the water tank, unless he can scare up \$8.85 before Monday. There was one dish of scalloped oysters, and I bet the Henocamps brought 'em, because they eat pretty nearly all themselves, and a big dish of pork and beans that Judge Popcorn fetched 'round in a covered basket, and of course Mrs. Tortoiseshell, she had to do something fancy to attract attention, and so she brought a great, big frosted cake, a Dolly Varden, she called it, with 'Casino' writ in red letters on the frosting. I took jest one bite of it, and that was enough. I spit it out on the floor, and I says to Molly Manxton: 'There's no wonder folks set against the time gaddin' down to the Post Office and flirtin' with other folks' husbands hasn't time to learn anything about cooking.' I no need one thing, and that is that although the Fishbacks didn't bring any basket when they come, they took one away with them, and it was loaded down so it took the two of them to carry it. Well, I don't grudge those children o' theirs a square meal of victuals. The Lord knows they look peaked and starved enough to make anybody pity them.

"Did we have a collition? Yes, right after supper, and it was a pretty one, too, and some good new fingers into it, too. Some of the favors were cheap, but some were real useful, and in the instalment figger for those that were only one instalment behind they gave away excursion tickets to New York, contributed by old man Cornerlois, so's to freshen up business.

"That Mr. Jimcracks introduced a new figger that'll be all the go this winter, and seems to have been popular in South Brooklyn, where he last lived for a good while. They call it the 'ague figger.' Did you ever hear of it?"

"No? Why, I thought you used to go out in society a good deal when you lived over Brooklyn way. Well, it's jest the thing for a place like Buncohourst, especially in the Spring time, when the frost is out of the ground and they're diggin' here and there for new houses. All there is to it is that those who have a chill coming on takes hold of someone who has the fever, and off they go, one sort o' neutralizing the other. Dr. Liederp was there, and he said there wa'n't anything in it at all, but I guess he didn't want his practice hurt."

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

"I wonder why the tax levy is made in mills instead of cents," remarked Beechwood.

"That is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things," replied Homewood.

"Because it grinds the taxpayers."—Fitzburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Now, when you ask papa for me, be sure to face him like a man."

"You bet I will. He doesn't get any chance at my back if I can help it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I tell you, our seances are educational. Yes, sir, they are highly educational."

"In what way, sir?"

"Well, we called up Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots last night, and best if they didn't go all over the same old scrap."—Detroit Free Press.

"I am told," remarked the Ordinary Mortal, "that you own the earth."

"Well, replied the Plumber, with becoming humility, for humility is becoming to anybody, however great. 'I have laid my pipes for it.'"

It will be recalled in this connection that pipes are laid in such a way that they will freeze up and burst eight or more times each winter.—Detroit Journal.

Theosophical Civilization argued with Savagery.

"How," it warmly demanded, "if you wear absolutely no clothes in the morning can you wear less at evening functions?"

"This is that inexorable logic beats down, one by one, the redoubts of superstition.—Detroit Journal.

"How on earth did you come to marry such a woman later?"

"I suppose he was converted. I guess he was only confident."—Detroit Journal.

The hermit crab exploded with rage.

However, his course was not natural. He found that the home he had chosen for his future abode was indeed a bum shell.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Editor—I want to criticize your "help wanted" advertisements.—Yes?

Editor—Yes. They have so many impossible situations in them. They are likely to be mistaken for a serial story.—Detroit Journal.

"Cheer up, old man; Spring is on the way."

"That's what sundays do; the people next door who borrowed our snow shovel, all winter have moved and taken their lawn mower along."—Chicago Record.

"Who is that young woman sitting there by the bed-side? I mean the one with the willowy figure, adly complexion and chestnut hair?"

"That? Oh, that is Miss Wood."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Minister De Lome on Americans.

There is one passage in the volume written a few years ago by Senator Jo Lome, at present the Spanish Minister to this country, and at that time a full-grown man, and not the "nera boy" he declares himself to have been. This passage is devoted to the American woman, and reads as follows:

"We all know what she is, an adventuresome, forward, travelling about alone with full liberty, protected more by the fear of the law than the respect which she inspires. She is a spendthrift, is showy, darning, and wears every kind of clothes because she knows that all become her. She has slender figure, small feet and beautiful hair. Is she a woman of the home? I don't know, and what is more, I don't believe it. I have seen her in California, in Paris—all over Europe—always extravagant, spending money that the husband, whom no one knows, earns, no one knows how or where. While unmarried they are protected more by the law than by any respect that men have for them. When married, how do they conduct themselves? Who can tell? Some believe they are model wives. I do not believe that they are of the women that one is not prepossessed in their favor."

"For instance, the mysterious history of a certain witch"—this was in 1876—"who today owns a palace on Fifth avenue, and whose fortune, of which she now makes an insolent show, was amassed by preventing the increase of population in the great republic; the 'personals' in the New York Herald; the excursions on steamboats, which follow the publication of these 'personals'; their trips to Europe, and the lives they lead in Paris."

It is interesting to know precisely the sort of feeling that the statesman who may be said to fairly represent the enlightened sentiment of his country entertains toward women, and with this knowledge it is not difficult for us to comprehend how such men as himself and General Weyer can regard with indifference the insults offered to Cuban women by uniformed ruffians, and even go so far as to demand the right to inflict the death penalty upon the weaker sex.

ABOUT THE TOWN.

Mr. Harry Miner—I beg pardon, Mr. H. Clay Miner—desires to close out most of the theatrical enterprises that bear his name and take a long trip around the world in company with his young and pretty wife. Mr. Miner is one of the few theatrical managers who have really amassed any tangible visible property, and a great deal of it has been made out of his cheap variety theatres. He has also found time during his busy life to occupy himself with such auxiliary enterprises as politics, a big drug store, a large lithographing establishment and the rearing of a brood of lusty children, every one of whom, as he explained to his constituents the last time he ran for office, was born in the downtown district. Mr. Miner has always been a man of strong ambition, and his present desire is, so it is said, to devote two or three years to the study of the political and social systems of other countries, and then come back and make himself a greater political power than he has ever been before. These are certainly lofty views, and I cannot help recalling the fact that when I first knew Mr. Miner, fifteen or sixteen years ago, his chief ambition was to look like Mr. Tony Pastor, to become like him an undoubted facial resemblance, a resemblance which he carefully cultivated even up to the point of waxing his moustache in the famous Pastor style.

John Lane, who visits this country very frequently now that he has an office of his own in Fifth avenue, is a progressive Englishman who has come to the front in literary matters very rapidly during the past few years. Born in Devonshire, he went to London at an early age and secured employment under the Government. His energy and discretion and other good qualities secured for him rapid advancement, and at the end of twenty years he retired, commuted his pension for a good round sum in cash, added to that his own savings and embarked in the book publishing business in Vigo street, in partnership with a bookseller who had been established there for many years. Subsequently he founded the Bodley Head, with himself as sole proprietor, and has since that time been a leader to draw about him a number of clever men and women representing the very newest ideas in literature. He has contrived to issue some books that are distinctly bad and interesting, others that are still worse and absolutely devoid of interest, and some that are genuinely clever. All the time he is doing something to make his publications talked about and extending his business with no small degree of success and skill. He occupies rooms close to his office, and the tenor has played an important part in the building up of his Bodley Head. It is to his credit that he has succeeded in making a great many people believe that the Yellow Book is cleverly written, and it is still more to his credit that he should have accomplished as much as he has in conservative and slow-going England while still very little more than forty years of age.

THE VITAL QUESTION.

It isn't if Greece will play horse with the Turk.

It isn't if you're cash in at work.

It isn't if Ellsworth's cartoon bill will pass.

It isn't if David B. Hill's gone to grass, it's not if McKinley to Hanna will cling, it's not if John L. will re-enter the ring, but this is the question on every side, On horse car and steamboat— Which wheel do you ride?

It's not who you are and the name of your set,

It's not if you're rich