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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Huge Army or Mighty Navy.

The statement of General Miles published in yesterday's Journal helps to clear up the military situation. The fact that the commander of the army is not wedded to the idea of increasing our regular forces to 100,000 men, but would be satisfied with 70,000 or 75,000, should silence those obtrusive patriots who hold it treason to question the propriety of turning this pacific Republic into an armed camp. General Miles pertinently points out that before long we may not need any garrisons at all in Cuba or the Philippines, and certainly we shall not need a very imposing force in peaceful Porto Rico.

As a matter of fact all our military needs at this time would be amply met by the passage of a simple resolution authorizing the maintenance of the regular army at its present war strength of 62,000 men until further action by Congress. That would cost less than $50,000,000 a year, instead of the $166,000,000 demanded by Secretary Alger.

For the general purposes of national defence and national prestige there can be no question of the direction in which we ought to spend our money. A great navy is at once economical, effective and safe; a great army is expensive, ill-adapted to our needs and dangerous. The Journal reiterates what its editor said last week over his signature—that a great standing army is a **"menace to popular rights,"** and that **"a naval power is not only best adapted to our conditions and our policy, but is that form of military force which is most in harmony with democratic institutions, since it must always be employed against a foreign foe, and may never be directed toward the repression of our own people at home."**

The pitiable state of France to-day luridly illuminates the danger of a vast army in a democracy. It was on the army that Boulanger counted to overthrow the Republic. The Dreyfus infamy is the ripe fruit of militarism. The men in control of the army are the real rulers of France, and so notorious is the incompatibility between a huge military establishment and a popular government that partisans of the army mob presumptuous citizens who venture to shout "Vive la Republique!"

France has to have a great army, with all its dangers, to defend herself against an invasion. We are under no such compulsion. We have no Germany on our land frontiers. There can be no invasion of America except by sea, and against that the navy is the certain safeguard.

A million trained soldiers could not save our coasts from blockade and our commerce from destruction. A mighty navy can make our own shores safe, enable us to proceed with our business in peace, and carry all the ills of war to the coast of the enemy.

The amount Secretary Alger asks for the support of his standing army of 100,000 men would build **a gunboat every day,** or **a battle ship every nine days.** It would pay the **entire cost of Secretary Long's great shipbuilding programme—three battle ships and twelve cruisers—in less than three months** It would **more than duplicate the fighting strength of the American navy in a year.** It would **pay for the finest navy in the world in two years.**

Spent in that way we should have something to show for it. But what should we have to show after spending it on Alger's pet contractors and corporations?

NO ALGERISM IN PEACE.

The people of the United States want an army adequate to the responsibilities they have assumed, and they are willing to pay liberally for its support. But they do not propose to impoverish themselves for extravagant and unnecessary military luxuries to please Secretary Alger or anybody else.

Mr. Alger wants an army of 100,000 men. That is at least fifty per cent more than we need in time of peace, but let us assume for the moment that this number is required, and see what it ought to cost, as compared with the Secretary's estimates.

For the fiscal year 1900 Secretary Alger asks $195,250,377.71. Deducting $28,523,778 for rivers and harbors, the amount requested for strictly military purposes is $166,726,599.71. Of this, $55,430,909.22 is to go for the pay of the army, as against $14,106,665.20 for the same purpose in the present fiscal year. The pay of 100,000 soldiers at an average of $16 per month, or $192 a year, would be $19,200,000 a year. That leaves $36,230,909.22 for the officers. Surely it would be a remarkably top-heavy army in which the salaries of the officers would foot up twice the pay of the soldiers.

Mr. Alger asks for $29,813,875—practically $30,000,000—for transportation. That is $300 per man for the entire army of 100,000 men, and at least $1,000 per man for all the troops that will have to be moved during the year. After making all possible allowances for the cost of transporting supplies and baggage, there remains in these figures a stupendous job. The regular appropriation for transportation for the present fiscal year is $2,300,000. Is there any reason, aside from the need for putting money into the pockets of pet corporations, why quadrupling the army should multiply the cost of transportation by thirteen?

Mr. Alger wants $17,682,437.50 for subsistence of the army, against $1,550,000 this year; $14,000,000 for regular supplies in the Quartermaster's Department, against $1,800,000; $3,900,000 for incidental expenses in the Quartermaster's Department, against $600,000; $14,744,431 for clothing, etc., against $975,000, and $2,115,200 for the Medical Department, against $130,000.

The little regular army we have maintained heretofore has been notoriously the most expensive in proportion to its size in the world. It has been over-officered and over-supplied with costly accessories of every sort with the avowed object of making it capable of easy expansion. Is it not absurd that this expansion should make it proportionately more costly than ever? When the number of men is multiplied by less than four, what excuse can be given for multiplying the cost of the staff departments, transportation and supplies by from eight to sixteen?

Algerism has cost us enough in war. We want none of it perpetuated in peace.

THE UPRISING OF CHICAGO.

It is hardly possible that the righteous indignation of the citizens of Chicago over the attempt of boodle Aldermen to vote a fifty-year franchise to a corrupt street car corporation will be followed by an exhibition of physical force.

The people have held public meetings and denounced the conspirators, in and out of the Board of Aldermen, who have planned this rascally scheme. That some violent talk was heard at these gatherings was to be expected. The peaceful casting of a ballot against an unworthy candidate for office does not satisfy the feeling of the honest voters who year after year see thieves made lawmakers by the power of the machine. It is natural that they should seize the first opportunity to express their contempt in more forcible terms.

It is necessary to summarize the provision of the Allen law, which was forced through the Legislature at a cost of $1,000,000, to appreciate the infamy of the franchise grabbers. Under this law Mr. Yerkes can go to the Council at his pleasure for renewals of franchises that do not expire for five years, and in some cases for seventeen years. The fifty-year extension will not begin until the present franchises expire, which will make the life of some of the recent franchises nearly seventy years. The Allen law further prohibits the city from making a lower rate than five cents for the first twenty years, and practically shuts out any new or competing company.

That the people of Chicago have risen as one man against this confiscation of their property is mainly due to the stand taken by the honest press of that city. In the face of lying assaults from the street car boodlers the newspapers have condemned the steal in unmeasured terms. They have so aroused public sentiment that Mayor Harrison finds practically a united people holding up his hands in his battle against the pirates and their allies in the Board of Aldermen.

This uprising of the people of Chicago in defence of civic liberty will favorably affect every municipality in this country. Our city governments as a whole are incompetently and corruptly administered. The only remedy for this failure is for the citizens to hold every office-holder to strict personal account.

Lawlessness cannot be defended, but the wrath of an outraged people has before this been found an excellent deterrent against official dishonesty.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH THE PEOPLE.

A Republican Senator is quoted in an anonymous interview as criticising the President for changing his views on the question of possessing the Philippines and becoming a ranting imperialist, when in the early days of the controversy he was earnestly opposed to expansion.

It is probable that President McKinley's opinion on the desirability of the Philippines has changed. But why condemn him for that? He has simply put himself in touch with the people and has responded to their demands.

He should be commended, rather than assailed, for rejecting his narrow personal view in favor of the popular approval of expansion.

Neither a leader nor a party that blocks the path of progress and opposes the will of the people can hope for success.

WHY NOT A STAR?

Fayne Strahan Moore, whose hypnotic eyes and personal charms have been so variously exploited during her husband's trial on the charge of blackmail, expects to go on the stage when her legal troubles are over, of course with the understanding that she will not be called to play a long engagement in prison.

This is a very natural ambition for a pretty woman to hold. She wants to coin her notoriety into dollars. Others have made it pay. Why not she?

Ratcliffe, the wife-beater, doffed a prison suit and stepped into a good engagement. Professional burglars have appeared in a successful melodrama for years. A convict is now starring in a virtuous play written by himself.

In a land where "The Turtle" waxes fat and indecency fills the play-houses with patrons there is no reason why Fayne Strahan Moore shouldn't declare a cash dividend on her depravity by going on the stage.

THE UPLIFTING SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

Some of the warmest compliments paid to last Sunday's Journal come from leading ministers, who, as a rule, strongly disapprove of Sunday newspapers.

Significant among the expressions of approval was that of Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, pastor of Cavalry Baptist Church. He said:

> I have not favored Sunday newspapers, but the Journal, by reproducing these magnificent Tissot pictures so fittingly and reverently, will do untold good, reaching tens of thousands who could not or would not go to see the originals. The pictures chosen for reproduction were most happily selected, bringing into strong relief the spiritual aspect of the work.

The Tissot pictures were a triumph indeed. They were reproduced with consummate skill and portrayed perfectly the wonderful beauty and impressiveness of the original work. These striking scenes in the life of the Saviour are as productive of good results as the most powerful sermon, with the added advantage of being addressed to a multitude of readers reaching into the millions.

The thoughtful divine will find in every issue of the Sunday Journal something to interest him. Its mission is to instruct and uplift. The brightest minds in the world contribute to its columns. It has a purpose no less beneficent than that of the ministry itself.

A great newspaper, properly conducted, is a power for good. It is a foe to ignorance. It serves the state and the nation. It ever strives for the betterment of the race. It makes the righteous battles of the people its own. It is at once a counsellor and a friend.

DEPEW IN AND OUT OF PLACE.

Dirt has been defined as "matter in the wrong place." In the right place it may be as dainty and pure as a snowflake. A crumb of angel cake would be dirt in the works of a watch, and a splash of Chateau Yquem, "wine of kings and king of wines," would be dirt on a white shirt front.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is admirable in the right place. As a raconteur, a friend of interviewers and an illuminator of the festal board, he is all that could be desired. He is all right, too, as a business man. He is an excellent figurehead for a railroad that has railroad men to run it. He is an indispensable harmonizer of family jars among his employers.

But as a United States Senator in livery Mr. Depew would be distinctly matter in the wrong place. This otherwise harmless American citizen would be in that capacity both offensive and dangerous. His election would be an innovation not to be tolerated.

There is no reason why the Vanderbilts, who are as respectable as anybody else, should not go into politics if they feel like it, and if one of them chose to be a candidate for the Senate nobody would have a right to object. But for anybody, whether his name be Vanderbilt, Gould or Rockefeller, to send his clerk to represent his interests in the highest legislative body of the Republic is an evil novelty that will not be accomplished without serious trouble.

WHAT HAS QUAY DONE? excitedly demands the faithful Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ask us an easier one. What hasn't he done?

GIVE US TRAINED OFFICERS.

(Gen. Nelson A. Miles to the Journal.)

It would be manifestly to the advantage and efficiency of the military service if officers from West Point and soldiers promoted from the ranks were given the opportunity of a broad education in all the branches of the service. An officer in the artillery, if he should develop the genius for a cavalry leader, should have the chance to be transferred to that arm. And so in all the branches. The direct result of this would be to produce in time a large number of officers well equipped and fit for any position to which by promotion or necessity they should be assigned. Such results have been obtained in the representative armies of Europe, where military law has been reduced to a science both in theory and in practice.

In reference to the feature of the bill reviving the grades of general and lieutenant-general I have no personal interest whatever. I would not care, for instance, if there were a proviso in the bill, when passed, that the grade of general be not filled for any desired number of years. As to the lieutenant-generals, perhaps the places ought to be filled by Major-Generals Brooke and Merritt.

Stand.

The Chief of the Imperial Secret Service was assured that he might tell all, without fear of getting the Federal machine down on him.

"The foreign dogs," the Chief of the Imperial Secret Service thereupon announced, "are saying Your Highness stands for mediaeval barbarity!"

"Well, we don't stand for fear of bagging our trousers, like some people!" sneered the Sultan, heatedly, thus indicating that he was aware, in spite of the censor, of the Fall fashions for enlightened men.—Detroit Journal.

Dietetic.

Being angry the young man spoke with great bitterness.

Which was extremely injudicious.

Because the other young man immediately made him eat his words.—Chicago Tribune.

Miles.

Chicago Man—Do you know how many square miles there are in Chicago, sir?

Borough of Manhattan Man—A great many, I dare say! They are the only square things you can have without being disloyal to your town, sir!—Detroit Journal.

WASHINGTON: Arthur McEwen on Men and Measures.

Washington, Dec. 12.—There were great questions before the Senate to-day, questions the settlement of which involves the future of the Republic for all time.

Can we under the Constitution establish and hold colonies that are not to be organized as Territories and ultimately admitted as States?

Shall we build the Nicaragua Canal as a Government enterprise under the Maritime Company's concession?

Surely, matters more vital could not be thought of, yet the few Senators who listened did so with but languid interest, and most of them made frequent trips to the cloak rooms to recharge their nerve cells. Perhaps it was because Senator Vest, of Missouri, upheld the contention that the Constitution is an impassable barrier to national expansion that less than two dozen statesmen cared to hear him.

Mr. Vest since his illness has become a fragile and querulous old man. Temper has taken the place of force, and he was unable to keep his voice from cracking and whistling when he vehemently objected to the atrocious conduct of a licentious press in sneering at public men as decrepit who stand by the landmarks and with valiant conservatism protest that the United States of to-day have no power to do anything of importance unless the men who fought the War of the Revolution foresaw the need of it and gave their written permission to posterity.

It was a long and lawyer-like argument, bristling with references to Valley Forge; the tyrannical colonial system, against which our forefathers battled, and citations from Marshall, Taney and other venerated and dead-and-gone worthies of the Supreme Court.

Senator Hoar, perhaps the most respectable looking man in the United States, took a seat near Mr. Vest and smiled and beamed to such an extent that it was equivalent to applause. But his aspect changed to that of a shocked and indignant elderly lady of ample means and the highest New England social connections, when Senator Platt, of Connecticut, got up and remarked that the power to annex territory is inherent, because the United States is a nation.

"Do you mean to say," snapped Mr. Hoar, "that this nation has the power to annex countries that shall have no rights under the Constitution?"

"I mean to say," replied Mr. Platt, "that whenever our sovereign power warrants us in going to make war we have the right to retain what we conquer."

If Mr. Hoar had held knitting in his hands he surely would have dropped it. He did almost gasp, and found nothing better to say than that he denied it.

Then the debate flickered out, and Senator Morgan, precise and clear and patient, as becomes the scarred old campaigner that he is, began his speech for the Nicaragua Canal, entering into an elementary explanation of the situation, the rights to be obtained by the Government in becoming the principal stockholder of the Maritime Company, for the enlightenment of the chamber and the public. A dozen Senators kept their chairs and four of them listened. Senators prefer to get their information on any points of any intricacy from the Congressional Record. Mr. Morgan drudged away undiscouraged.

The Canal Bill Will Pass the Senate.

It is expected that the Canal bill will pass the Senate easily, but that it will encounter fierce opposition in the House. It will be fought in the Senate, too, of course. Senator Caffery will attend to that if nobody else does. His legal mind is as hotly inflamed against the bill and the canal itself as if he had been retained by the railroads.

Opposition is in Senator Caffery's blood. Though a Democrat, he opposed the Democratic national ticket in 1896; and though an American, he opposed the war for the liberation of Cuba. But he and other antagonists of the canal are being made to feel that simple hostility to the amended Maritime Company scheme, which eliminates the corporation in reality, is not an effective plan of campaign. Therefore some alternative measure may be looked for any day.

Senator Morgan himself says that the American people want a Government canal, and are in a state of mind which would cause them to approve the forcible appropriation of as much Nicaraguan territory as may be necessary for the right of way. Senator Caffery and Mr. Huntington, and all the men interested in preventing interoceanic competition with the railroads, are as well aware as is Mr. Morgan of this condition of the public mind, and may be trusted to take advantage of it. How much influence they have with the Administration remains to be disclosed. Last June the Administration took the ground that it would be unjust and unseemly for the Government to open negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for a concession the granting of which would deprive an American corporation, the Maritime Company, of valuable rights. But this is an Administration which has a well-earned reputation for ability to change its mind.

A canal built openly by this Government, exclusively controlled by this Government, fortified and closed to an enemy in case of war, is what the American people would like, and what most of the supporters of the Morgan bill would prefer to get if they could. A bill proposing such a canal would have the advocacy of every corporation attorney in both houses and the enthusiastic approval of the railroad lobby.

Why? For the reason that it would mean endless delay. Before such a canal could be had, the Maritime Company, the Cragin-Eyre Company and the Atlas Steamship Company would have to be bought off. Then Nicaragua and Costa Rica would need to be persuaded to renew the Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty, or something analagous, giving us full sovereignty. All this, not to mention disposing of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty (about which Senators and Representatives of the Caffery school are profoundly concerned), would consume years, and then not be successful should Nicaragua prove obstinate—a detail that the railroads would doubtless attend to.

The canal situation as it stands means that we shall have to consider ourselves fortunate if we get half a loaf instead of no bread. Good friends of the project are beginning to talk, too, of the expediency of inviting England to join with us in defraying the cost. If, they reason, the most we can expect is a canal under the Maritime Company concession, unfortified, neutral, purely commercial and open equally to the war ships of all nations in war as in peace, what is the object to be gained in paying the whole expense of the undertaking ourselves, merely that we may have the right to fix tolls and rules of transit.

But if that is the only kind of canal we can hope for, why limit the invitation to cooperate to England? Every country that has commerce and a navy might as well be asked to contribute.

There is still a strong desire for some plan to replace the Maritime scheme and give us a truly national canal, but the obstacles are so obvious that any proposition of the sort is more likely, just now anyway, to be regarded as a device of the enemy than as honest. A strong and determined President in the White House, no doubt, could work wonders with the Government of Nicaragua, but it is not Mr. McKinley's way to take the lead. Still, his ear is ever at the ground, and there is no telling what an insistent popular demand might accomplish.

"Mark Hanna, with Gentlemen All About Him."

Mr. Hanna was in the Senate Chamber for but a few minutes to-day, which was a disappointment to the well-filled galleries. No other Senator excites so much interest among sightseers as he. But Mr. Hanna has larger matters than interoceanic canals and national expansion to occupy his mind. Makers of Presidents and promoters of second terms cannot reasonably be expected to listen to speeches on themes apart from their specialty. Nevertheless, Mr. Hanna has a sense of duty to the public which frequently impels him to occupy his chair and allow himself to be examined by his fellow citizens who revere power.

In gazing down upon that refined and intellectual countenance, that well-fed and comfortable form, the youthful patriot perched in arms up above cannot but experience a thrill. This, he reminds himself, is the most august legislative chamber on the globe, the Senate of the free and great Republic upon which the quaking monarchs of the earth look with dread and their oppressed subjects with hope. And there, clad in authority and dignity, with gentlemen all about him, sits Mark Hanna, whose fame is coterminous with the boundaries of our money-making Anglo-Saxon civilization.

In what other land could such a spectacle be furnished? Beginning life as a grocer's clerk and now a millionaire; a statesman, political creator and intimate friend and guide of the President of the United States, William McKinley, Heaven's favorite and revealer of Deity's designs in the affairs of nations.

It is impossible but that ingenuous youth should feel a glow of exaltation at beholding this proof of the opportunity which our free institutions offer to ability to earn its reward. The young American in the presence of this living and pushing type of success would be dull indeed if he did not depart with shoulders braced and head erect, saying to his ambitious soul:

"I, too, will aspire and achieve. All that the preachers and teachers tell me is true. By toilsome days and studious nights I shall qualify myself for service. By the practice of honest thrift and pious avoidance of vice I shall accumulate wealth, and men shall be forced to discover me and cry, 'Here is virtue, here is honor, strength and patriotism! Let us lift this exemplar of knowledge, talent and integrity above common men, and by our votes appoint him to rule over us. He shall stand before kings and sit among the mighty.'"

Mr. Hanna is, naturally, aware of his merits, and not blind to the impression he makes on the youth of the Republic represented in the galleries. But he bears his load of honors rather meekly, and even shamefacedly at times (after, say, he has opened his Journal and seen a Davenport tribute to worth). He has one defect, and perhaps it is knowledge of this shortcoming that keeps down pride. It is the Washington verdict that Mr. Hanna in point of piety is inferior to his other self—President McKinley.

The young American, if he waits long enough, is sure to be further impressed. He will see others of his country's successful men and famous lawmakers wander over to Mr. Hanna's chair and shake his hand with an air of cordial equality—Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, for example, and Senator Platt, of New York, and Senator Kenney, of Delaware, and not one of them will seem to have the slightest fear of the police.

Doubts of our possession of the wisdom and goodness needful to extend to neighboring and distant peoples the blessings of freedom and self-government which we enjoy and to protect them from corruption and pillage and tyranny are dissipated from the reflective mind by a visit to the Senate gallery. There are many men in the body of a different mould from Hanna and Quay and Platt, of course, but nobody there seems to be mortified or otherwise distressed by association with that galaxy. ARTHUR M'EWEN.

Postscript.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.—The predicted alternative canal bill was introduced in the House this afternoon by Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa. It provides for the purchase of necessary Nicaraguan territory by our Government. The friends of the Maritime scheme point out that the 19th section of their bill practically clothes the President with the powers given by the Hepburn measure. They add that the new bill must face all the obstacles which the Maritime bill evades, and can only work delay and rejoice the enemies of the canal.

Though Mr. Hepburn is chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, his bill does not come from that committee, but was presented on his individual responsibility, which is suspicious. Nevertheless, his standing is such as to give ground for the belief that the desire for party advantage and personal glory rather than any sinister motive inspired his action.

His bill before its introduction was unheard of by those having the Maritime measure in charge. It is not, however, to be condemned off-hand as a flank movement by the corporations. A few days will develop its true character, whether good or bad.

ARTHUR M'EWEN.

IN REFERENCE TO FIREMEN.

MR. DOOLEY, THE IRISH PHILOSOPHER, DISCUSSES ONE HE ONCE KNEW.

"I KNOWED a man be the name iv Clancy wanst," said Mr. Dooley. "He was fr'm th' County May-o, but a good man f'r all that; an' whin he'd growd to be a big, sthrappin' fellow, he wint on to th' fire departmint. They's an Irishman 'r two on th' fire departmint an' in th' army, too, Hinnessey, though ye'd think be hearin' some talk they was all runnin' prim'ries an' thryin' to be cinthral co-mltymin. So ye wud. Ye niver hear iv thim on'y whin they die; an' thin, murther, what funerals they have!

"Well, this Clancy wint on th' fire departmint, an' they give him a place in thruck twinty-three. All th' r-road was proud iv him, an' faith he was proud iv himsilf. He r-rode free on th' sthreet ca-ars, an' was th' champeen hand-ball player f'r miles around. Ye shud see him goin' down th' sthreet, wid his blue shirt an' his blue coat wid th' buttons on it, an' his cap on his ear. But ne'er a cap or coat'd he wear whin they was a fire. He might be shiv'rin' be th' stove in th' ingine house, wid a buffalo robe over his head, but, whin th' gong sthruck, 'twas off with coat an' cap an' buffalo robe, an' out come me brave Clancy, bareheaded an' bare hand, dhrivin' with wan line an' spinnin' th' hose cart on wan wheel at ivry jump iv th' horse. Did anny wan iver see a fireman with his coat on or a polisman with his off? Why, wanst, whin Clancy was standin' up f'r Grogan's eighth, his son come runnin' in to tell him they was a fire in Vogel's packin' house. He dhropped th' kid at Father Kelly's feet, an' whipped off his long coat an' wint tearin' f'r th' dure, kickin' over th' poor box an' buttin' ol' Mis' O'Neill that'd come in to say th' stations. 'Twas lucky 'twas wan iv th' Grogans. They're a fine family f'r fawls. Jawn Grogan was wurrukin' on th' top iv Metzri an' O'Connell's brewery wanst with a man be th' name iv Dorsey. He slipped and fell wan hundred feet. Whin they come to see if he was dead, he got up, an', says he: 'Lave me at him.' 'At who?' says they. 'He's delirious,' they says. 'At Dorsey,' says Grogan. 'He thripped me.' So it didn't hurt Grogan's eighth to fall four 'r five feet.

"Well, Clancy wint to fires an' fires. Whin th' big organ factbry burnt, he carried th' hose up to th' fourth story an' was squrtin' whin th' walls fell. They dug him out with pick an' shovel, an' he come up fr'm th' brick an' boards an' saluted th' chief. 'Clancy,' says th' chief, 'ye betther go over an' get a dhrink.' He did so, Hinnessey. I heerd it. An' Clancy was that proud!

"Whin th' Hogan flats on Halsted sthreet took fire, they got all th' people out but wan; an' she was a woman asleep on th' foorth flure. 'Who'll go up?' says Bill Musham. 'Shure, sir,' says Clancy, 'I'll go;' an' up he wint. His captain was a man be th' name iv O'Connell, fr'm th' County Kerry; an' he had his fut on th' ladder whin Clancy started. Well, th' good man wint into th' smoke, with his wife faintin' down below. 'He'll be kilt,' says his brother. 'Ye don't know him,' says Bill Musham. An' sure enough, whin ivry wan'd give him up, out comes me brave Clancy, as black as a Turk, with th' gal in his arms. Th' others wint up like monkeys, but he shtud wavin' thim off, an' come down th' ladder face forward. 'Where'd ye larn that?' says Bill Musham. 'I seen a man do it at th' Lyceem whin I was a kid,' says Clancy. 'Was it all right?' 'I'll have ye up befoor th' ol' man,' says Bill Musham. 'I'll tach ye to come down a laddher as if ye was in a quadhrille, ye horse-stealin', ham-sthringin' May-o man', he says. But he didn't. Clancy wint over to see his wife. 'Oh, Mike,' says she, ''twas fine,' she says. 'But, why d'ye take th' risk?' she says. 'Did ye see th' captain?' he says with a scowl. 'He wanted to go. Did ye think I'd follow a Kerry man with all th' ward lukkin' on?' he says.

"Well, so he wint dhrivin' th' hose cart on wan wheel, an' jumpin' whin he heerd a man so much as hit a glass to make it ring. All th' people looked up to him, an' th' kids followed him down th' sthreet; an' 'twas th' gr-reatest priv'lige f'r anny wan f'r to play dominoes with him near th' joker. But about a year ago he come in to see me, an' says he, 'Well, I'm goin' to quit.' 'Why,' says I, 'ye-er a young man yet,' I says. 'Faith,' he says, 'look at me hair,' he says—'young heart, ol' head. I've been at it these twinty year, an' th' good woman's wantin' to see more iv me thin blowin' into a saucer iv coffee,' he says. 'I'm goin' to quit,' he says, 'on'y I want to see wan more good fire,' he says. 'A rale good ol' hot wan,' he says, 'with th' win' blowin' f'r it an' a good dhraft in th' ilivator shaft, an' about two stories, with pitcher frames an' gasoline an' excelsior, an' to hear th' chief yellin': 'Play 'way, sivinteen. What in hell an' damnation are ye standin' aroun' with that pipe f'r? Is this a fire 'r a dam livin' pitcher? I'll break ivry man iv eighteen, four, six an chem'cal five to-morrah mornin' befure breakfast.' 'Oh,' he says, bringin' his fist down, 'wan more an' I'll quit.'

"An' he did, Hinnessey. Th' day th' Carpenter Brothers' box factory burnt. 'Twas wan iv thim big, fine lookin' buildings that pious men built out iv celluloid an' plasther iv Paris. An' Clancy was wan iv th' men undher whin th' wall fell.

"I seen thim bringin' him home; an' th' little woman met him at th' dure, rumplin' her apron in her hands."