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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The President to the Filipinos.

President McKinley's proclamation to the people of the Philippines, through General Otis, ought to insure their hearty co-operation in our work of regeneration.

The authority of the United States, he announces, "is to be exerted for the security of the persons and property of the people of the islands, and for the confirmation of all their private rights and relations. It will be the duty of the commander of the forces of occupation to announce and proclaim in the most public manner that we come, not as invaders or conquerors, but as friends, to protect the natives in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights."

President McKinley promises that civil and municipal government shall be carried on as far as practicable by officers chosen from the inhabitants of the islands. As the guiding rule of the new government he lays down the principle:

Finally, it should be the earnest and paramount aim of the military administration to win the confidence, respect and affection of the inhabitants of the Philippines, by assuring to them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the heritage of free peoples, and by proving to them that the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule.

It is beyond reasonable doubt that the inviting prospect of peace, order, liberty and prosperity under the American flag will be welcomed with joy by the masses of the Filipinos. It is to be hoped that it will be gracefully accepted by all. But if it should happen that an ambitious minority, intoxicated by the desire for power, should attempt to prevent that restoration of order which is an essential preliminary to any practical training of the Filipinos in the art of self-government, it would become necessary to repress their pernicious activity with such firmness as the case might demand.

And if, in performing this work of civilization, American blood should be shed, the position of our anti-expansionists would not be enviable. The first shot fired against the American flag would make domestic opposition to the measures of our Government over treason. And those who practise treason find small indulgence in any country.

WHERE JEFFERSON SLIPPED.

The Omaha World-Herald quotes from a letter in which Jefferson, in answering some objections to the acquisition of Cuba, let slip the incautious remark: "Cuba can be defended by us without a navy, and this develops the principle which ought to guide our views. Nothing should ever be accepted which would require a navy to defend it."

Perhaps the most conspicuous, as well as the most incomprehensible, flaw in Jefferson's rounded "political wisdom" was his strange jealousy of a navy. It was that which led him into the disastrous schemes of fighting the mistress of the sea with embargo and gunboats that could be hauled up out of the wet when not engaged in wresting victory from the haughty foe. It should have been apparent even in his time that a navy was essential to a democracy, a free it could

never be used for domestic oppression, and that lesson has been taught still more emphatically since. The navy played no part at Homestead and Lattimer.

As to the strategic, as distinguished from the political, aspects of the question, Jefferson could not pretend to speak with authority. The influence of sea power was very vaguely understood in his days, and in any case he was a civilian, who had given no attention to such matters. The idea that Cuba could be defended without a navy has just been tested by the Spaniards, who have had to surrender the island, with 150,000 unbroken troops holding virgin fortifications, simply because their navy has been over-matched.

We should need a navy for the defence of our own coasts and our own commerce if we did not own an island in the world. And, having it, the defence of any islands we may pick up becomes a mere incident of its possession.

LEAVE IT TO DEWEY.

In view of the condition of unrest and dissatisfaction that prevails in the Philippines just now would it not be an excellent scheme to utilize the sagacity and experience of Admiral Dewey to restore order and contentment?

Admiral Dewey won the Philippines for us. He knows the islands, and has upon several occasions demonstrated his ability to handle their inhabitants. In addition to all of which he has a splendid fund of common sense and intellectual ballast, and is not addicted to blundering.

To-day he is in command of the naval force in Philippine waters, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy. The land forces, while working in co-operation with Admiral Dewey, take their orders directly from the Secretary of War. Much energy and personal force is necessarily lost by such an arrangement.

The Journal therefore makes this suggestion to the President: Appoint Dewey Provisional Governor of the Philippines, with full power over the land and naval forces, and say to him:

"George, straighten out this affair in the way you think best, and your Uncle Sam will stand by you."

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE SOLDIERS.

In last Sunday's Journal Mr. W. J. Bryan gave forcible expression to the prevailing discontent among the volunteer soldiers. He maintains that thousands of men who left good positions to defend their country when war threatened are anxious, now that peace has been declared, to return to their families.

The Journal is in receipt of many letters from volunteer soldiers in Southern camps and in Cuba, demanding that they be mustered out and complaining of their treatment. The following is an extract from a communication from the soldiers of the Fourth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, at Camp Wetherill, Greenville, S. C.:

We are fined on the slightest provocation. For missing roll call we are fined from \$2 to \$5; also one day's pay, 52 cents. We do not think that is right. We are here sleeping nine in a tent on the floor, and it is impossible to keep clean. We are packed in like sheep and if we complain we are threatened with the guard house. Our food is also very bad.

There is the same dissatisfaction among many of the regulars. In a letter to the Journal from a corporal and three privates, claiming to speak for three hundred members of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, these complaints are made:

Editor of the Journal: When the Spanish-American war began an order was issued by the War Department to enlist men for the term of the war. The order read: "All men who enlist during the war, can get their discharge on their own application at the end of the war."

About thirty thousand men left good homes and situations to answer this call. They truly believed that the Government would live up to its agreement and let them go to their homes and occupations at the end of the war.

Three hundred of these men in the Sixteenth Regiment, United States Infantry, have appointed as their representatives, to appeal to the freedom loving American public through the columns of the Journal for their rights. We enlisted before the battle of Santiago had been fought, hoping to have an opportunity to prove to our country that we could give our blood as freely as those who went as volunteers (we being in the regular army are unnoticed by the "powers that be" and calmly ignored).

Here we are, unable to return home, while our people at home are, in many cases, unable to support themselves and urgently need our assistance. Many of us who enlisted left good situations, confident of being able to return to them upon the signing of the peace treaty, but we are held in bondage.

Heatsville, Ala., Jan. 6.

Mr. Bryan's suggestion that the volunteers be mustered out at the earliest possible moment, and a call be made for volunteers to serve for a stated period as an army of occupation in Cuba or the Philippines, would meet all the requirements of the case. It is plain that thousands of the volunteers and regulars are dissatisfied. They believe that the Government has not kept its pledges, and if retained in the service they will make but indifferent soldiers.

The families of these men are also deeply concerned. Their interests should be considered, too. The subject ought to engage the early attention of Congress and the President.

A GIRL'S GREAT MISSION.

It has remained for one self-reliant girl to set an example which the United States as a nation might well follow. Miss Frances Molina has gone to Havana to teach small Cubans the English language and American customs. She will establish a school to be called "The American School,"

because, as she says, "it will be American in its methods, American in the branches taught, American in its text books, American even in the use of the language—for I shall speak English in teaching my pupils."

There is something peculiarly happy in Miss Molina's enterprise. The very nationality of its founder is an augury of great promise. Miss Molina is a Cuban. That she should possess the originality and energy to carry out a timely project well worthy of Yankee enterprise encourages the belief that her race possesses qualities with which it is not always credited, and that the labor of training the little boys and girls of Havana in American modes of thought and life and speech will not be thrown away.

It will be a pity if this modest campaign of enlightenment cannot be enlarged upon and carried out through public or semi-public agencies, for there could be no more pulsant advance agent of freedom and greatness for Cuba than the American schoolmaster abroad. This would be merely to hasten an inevitable process. By force of irresistible circumstances, even apart from political ties, Cuba will become as American as California. It is a desirable consummation, and the more it is helped the better. Every Frances Molina that enters the educational field in Cuba lops some years of the running schedule of the Civilization Express.

NO LAW FOR STANDARD OIL.

The Standard Oil Company claims that it has not burned the books of which the Attorney-General of Ohio is so anxious to have a glimpse. It has devised a better plan to circumvent judicial process. Its attorney faced the Supreme Court at Columbus yesterday and openly defied that august body. He told the Court that the Standard Oil Company refused to submit its private books and papers, and threw out a vigorous insinuation to the effect that any attempt to hold the officers for contempt would be met by an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

This course is entirely consistent with the Standard Oil Company's record. It affronts a Supreme Court as nonchalantly as it burns a rival refinery, bribes a railroad official to secure special freight rates, or does any one of the hundred criminal acts that have marked its flagrant career.

And what is the Supreme Court of Ohio going to do about it? The Standard Oil Company is a law unto itself. It laughs at anti-trust legislation. It crushes out competition at all hazards. It buys lawmakers. It defies courts. It stops at nothing to further its nefarious purposes.

Strikers who disobey a mandate of court are liable to be shot down by deputy sheriffs or United States soldiers. What authority in this trust-ridden land would be bold enough to apply the same treatment to the lawless officials of the Standard Oil Company?

PAINTING THE LILY.

It is announced that the Spanish peace treaty and protocols will be made public as soon as the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has made its report.

Why this waste of money? The documents have already been made public through the Journal without cost to the Government. It is impossible to give them greater publicity than that. Now, if the treaty and protocols had been originally printed in the World, there might have been some reason in a desire to make them public. It would have been worth the Government's while to spend some money for that object. But to pay for making public what has already appeared in the Journal—if Solomon could have imagined such a thing as that, he would have added something to his remark about painting the lily and gliding refined gold.

IT IS GRATEFUL to note the completion of the \$100,000 fund for the benefit of the widow and daughter of Colonel George E. Waring. The interest on this amount will be paid to the beneficiaries, and at their death the money will go to the creation and endowment of "The Waring Municipal Chair," in Columbia University.

No higher tribute could be paid to the memory of any man. Colonel Waring's life was devoted to a faithful performance of public duty, and it is peculiarly fitting that the community, whose interests he advanced, should record its appreciation so worthily.

A Cuban Thanks the Journal. Dear Sir—As a Cuban, I wish to thank you for your several editorials in the Journal, which show the correctness of your judgment on the question of Cuban independence.

Your consistent writings on the matter of Cuba do justice to the American people, who would be dishonored by those who wish to force annexation on Cuba; an act that would be nothing short of a conquest, and which, I think, was never contemplated by the people of this country. With highest esteem, very truly yours, ALBERTO JIMENES.

No. 114 Wall street, New York City.

Wants Brooklyn "L" Cars Heated. Editor of the New York Journal: Dear Sir—In the interest of the travelling public of Brooklyn, I and thousands of others, who through the exigencies of business, are forced to patronize the Brooklyn "L," ask: Can they not be compelled to heat their cars? Business compelled me to-day to go over to Manhattan. I and the other passenger who occupied the car, when we arrived at the Bridge and emerged from the cold storage we had endured, could hardly realize if we were human beings or refrigerated beef, and since the Brooklyn Elevated road has had control of the Bridge cars, we again had to go through the cold storage process in crossing that thoroughfare, as through the niggardly and penuriousness of that company the Bridge cars were not heated, as they formerly were when the city had control of them. Can't something be done to compel them to heat their cars? Yours very truly, PHILIP BOWNE.

No. 232 Sunnyside avenue, Brooklyn, Jan. 1.

HER MEANING AND HIS. Scribbles—My new book will be out soon. I hope you will lose no time in reading it. Miss Cutting—Indeed I want. I lost several hours reading your other one.—Chicago News.

COMIC OPERA IS NOT FATAL.

ALAN DALE PROVES IT BY PERUGINI.

DON'T blame any comic opera "favorite" who shakes the dust of the cardboard chateau from his feet and tries something easier. Comic opera is a sort of game of now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't. No comic opera artist can last forever, except the Bostonians, of course. I firmly believe that the Bostonians—including Barnabee, Frothingham and Jessie Bartlett Davis—were singing when Noah went into the ark, and that nothing but a collapse of this planet will ever stop them.

For those who are not Bostonians, however, the comic opera world is a fatiguing one, with nothing in it but changes of clothes for purposes of disguise. All the tenor has to do is to wear nice satin knickerbockers and be prepared at a moment's notice to sing some touching ditty to the prima donna, with lots of "darling" and "forever, forever" in it. This he has to do season after season, irrespective of prima donna. He may find that he has to "darling" a mountainous debutante or to lie himself "forever" in the audience. Naturally he grows up "forever" in love, forever" to a lady who pulls upon him, and after a time—in the language of Gilbert—"a tenor can't do himself justice."

So I wasn't surprised when I went to Keith's yesterday to find the tenor who once permeated numerous comic operas doing a "charming one-act play," without music, and with the aid of Miss Rosabel Morrison. I refer to Perugini, who not only went in furiously for comic opera, but something less than nine years ago sang the role of the Conte D'Almariva in "The Barber of Seville" to the Rosina of Adellina Patti, at the Metropolitan Opera House. From Patti to Rosabel Morrison seemed to be something of a dizzy leap that made me close my eyes for a moment and try to comprehend.

Perugini's immediate predecessor on the Keith bill yesterday was a dreadful boy, billed as a "phenomenon." If there is anything loathsome on this earth it is a phenomenon or a phenomenon. This particular prodigy was called O'Hare, and in the midst of a church "set," he fell to, apostrophizing the unfortunate angels "ever bright and fair," and begged them to take him, oh! take him to their care. But they didn't. Those particular angels must be getting somewhat deaf to that kind of anatomy. Master O'Hare, however, didn't chase me out. I was determined that I would see the "charming one-act play" called "A Sorrento Scarf," that served to introduce Perugini and Miss Morrison.

The tenor, just before he made his appearance, was heard warbling behind the scenes, and although he is trying to rid himself of his voice—as a sort of useless old-man-of-the-sea—I am bound to confess that it seemed to be in exceedingly good shape. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he came after the boy phenomenon, and didn't ask the angels to take, oh! take him to their care.

Perugini was a sort of idealized Italian bootblack, who dabbled in chestnuts as a side issue. He suggested spaghetti in their very politest form. As soon as you saw him you felt convinced that he was there for tragedy and not for comedy. And you were right. The tragedy was turned on very quickly. The bootblack's wife was rather tired of the monotony of boots and chestnuts. She had received a letter from a lover begging her to give him, not one hour of her life, but all that remained of it. The husband had promised to buy her a Sorrento scarf, and just as he was about to present it he discovered her perfidy (the word "perfidy" is made for these occasions).

She had gone to her bedstead in a most un-Turtle-like way. In fact, she had retired in all her clothes, not even loosening her corsets. She had lighted a couple of candles by the side of a crucifix, and thus sank into slumber with her boots on. The bootblack soon woke her up, and it looked very much as though the Sorrento scarf was to be used for choking purposes. She writhed. He struggled. She besought. He abused. The stage was comparatively dark. The tragedy was thick. But the denouement was happy. Her appeal to him bore weight, and with the curtain fell she was going to try and live happily ever afterward with the bootblack and chestnut venter.

I can't say that "A Sorrento Scarf" is a jolly little thing. Nor did it seem to be particularly apropos in a vaudeville house. But it served one purpose, at any rate. It showed that Perugini is an adept in the art of acting, that he has all his tricks at his fingers' ends. One would think that

he would get their gossip from the back stairs. I always like to go to the Callender and De Forest rest musicles, because the entertainment gives you such an idea of society as it should be. This year the indefatigable Miss De Barril has been rearranging the invitation lists, and there have been many names eliminated.

The De Forest and Callender musicles are not famous for their suppers. These latter only consist of pate de foie gras sandwiches and as much champagne as you can drink. And this liberality in champagne is quite a novelty in these days. At two entertainments last week the supply was very small, and at a large wedding the guests were only regaled with claret punch, and quite weak at that.

But this was possibly a measure which had to be adopted because of the indiscreet drinking this winter, especially by the younger element. At a well-known caterer's last week the whole establishment had to be closed before the usual hour because the young men who were at a dancing class upstairs deserted their partners and invaded the cafe and drank and were very boisterous.

It was impossible to refuse them admission, but it has been arranged that on evenings of dances of this kind the cafe will be closed at quite a Philadelphia hour to avoid any recurrence of the disaster.

Men of the Mince—No. 2. Miss Jessie had numerous handsome Christmas presents, and her father gave her a very beautiful turquoise and diamond bracelet. Mr. Sloane has been seen at the opera several times recently, and on one evening he was in the Bleece box. So far there is no prospect of reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Sloane, and there does not seem to be any hope of it.

Mrs. Sloane has not been present at any of the entertainments recently given, and she will not be seen in society this season.

The fight in Philadelphia concerning early hours will have no counterpart in this city. Mrs. Mason, a very high-handed lady, who is, with Mrs. Cadwallader, the oracle of fashion, insisted that all dances should stop at midnight.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who is a daughter of the house of Drexel, agreed with her as to other people's dances, but when she gave one herself it was not over until 6 in the morning.

The ladies will clash at the Assembly this week, and as the younger element are all for late hours, it will be interesting to watch which will come out triumphant.

All Philadelphia is excited, and there are many New Yorkers going over to help the fight, which promises to be a merry if a bitter one.

The opera, from a society point of view, is beginning to flag. One sees very few of the excelling sives in comparison with the beginning of the season. It is like the Horse Show, and boxes are being sent to relatives.

The other evening the Welles and Schermerhorn cousins were in the Astor box, and Mrs. Edgar Shepard was in the Cornelius Vanderbilt box. Mrs. Shepard was a Miss Gwynne, and is a sister of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Some of the Vanderbilts stick to their colors and their diamonds and appear at intervals, but the younger people stay away.

There is too much dancing, there are too many dinners and other festivities among the Vanderbilts just now. They are busy, as usual, in keeping to their own set, and having their own amusements and not letting other people in. They have been in Lenox and up in Westchester the past week, and have given three entertainments in New York, all of which were of much magnitude.

By the way, there was not a cake walk at Willie K. Vanderbilt's. The music played was more of a classical turn. In fact, the cake walk mania is dead. It lasted for a little while, but society soon tires of its toys, and this year it is the fad to be sedate. The very mention of cake walk would make any of the exclusive young and be bored to death. But the idea once fixed that a cake walk did happen, it will be impossible to eradicate it from the minds of the "know-alls."

Harry Woodruff as a best man will be quite a "Talking of patriotism," said Asbury Peppers, "the South furnishes the only genuine article." "Fact," shouted the hoarsest from Connecticut. "Fact." Think of the clay eaters down in Georgia. Just think of how they love their native soil!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Oh, that I would have married a funny man!" she wailed. "What is the matter, lovey, dear?" asked her most intimate friend. "He came home and told me he had a sure

MR. ASBURY PEPPERS. "Talking of patriotism," said Asbury Peppers, "the South furnishes the only genuine article." "Fact," shouted the hoarsest from Connecticut. "Fact." Think of the clay eaters down in Georgia. Just think of how they love their native soil!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WOES OF A WIFE. "Oh, that I would have married a funny man!" she wailed. "What is the matter, lovey, dear?" asked her most intimate friend. "He came home and told me he had a sure

POSTER FIRE. The Man abivered over the wretched fire. "The chimney doesn't draw well!" he muttered. "Say nothing against my drawing!" roared the Chimney, irritably. "Rather applaud me for leaving so much to the imagination!"

Which was only to say that a chimney had as good a right as any other to take advantage of tendencies.—Detroit Journal.

Miss Rosabel Morrison is not what one would call "strong," but she is not inefficient. I should imagine that she could distinguish herself if she got the chance. Was it not in a play called "The Shutech" that she once appeared at the Star Theatre? There were no other characters in "A Sorrento Scarf," and no music other than that warbled behind the scenes by the tenor. He did not seize the opportunity to give us a medley of operatic airs while his wife lay on her bedstead with her clothes on. He might have done so. It would have been quite in keeping with the traditions of vaudeville. This was self-abnegation pure and simple, and it made a hit with me. I had almost prepared myself for a little something from "Provatore," and a sprinkling of melodies from "Faust." This absence was gratified. Even "The Swanee River" would have come at Keith's, but Perugini was wonderful. He has evidently a temperament of his own, and it urged him on in the artistic way.

When a tenor breaks away from his cardboard chateau, when he says facts to the funny man far whose sickly jokes he is usually the target; when he ceases to let the prima donna that he is hers, love, forever and for aye; when he does all this to actually act—then I maintain that comic opera is not as demoralizing as might be supposed.

ALAN DALE.

MEMOIR OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER CHATTER.

Whether it is the effect of the recent fearful tragedies and the general excitement consequent on the Henry Sloane divorce I do not know, but there are newspapers and supposed social writers who are just now indulging in the wildest and most extraordinary guesses and speculations.

One day it is that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sloane are to be reconciled within two weeks. This is utter nonsense. Mrs. Sloane will go abroad within the next month.

Mrs. Ogden Mills is to have a small dinner dance which has been immediately magnified into a ball of enormous proportions.

Mrs. Mills never gave a ball in her life, and perhaps years from now, when a daughter of the house will make her debut, she will do this. But she gives extremely large entertainments, and she only gives the most delightful but the smallest of dances and dinners.

There are, as usual, every winter a series of dinner and supper dances given on non and opera nights, and the givers are always Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Starr Miller, Mr. Perry Belmont, Mrs. Henry Sloane, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. Gerry and Mrs. Cutting.

This little set wines, dines and gives dances one to the other every winter with the regularity of clockwork.

To make any special significance of anything of the kind just now is absurd. Mrs. Henry Sloane and Mrs. John Jacob Astor will not give dances, and I doubt if Perry Belmont will enter the lists of hosts.

The Sloanes are not to be reconciled, and it is very doubtful if Mrs. Sloane, until she feels that she can justify herself in the eyes of the world, or even if she had already done that, would wish to go into society just now. She is a woman of too much good sense. It is not a question of innocence or guilt, but simply one of good taste, and she is too much "femme du monde" to care for it.

All these bits of news are simply wild guesses. One older than the rest is that Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont were guests of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt pending a "reconciliation."

Such a statement is so absolutely ridiculous as to hardly merit comment.

The reception given by Mrs. Lorillard and the De Forest musicle make one breathe a little easier, and with a feeling of security from the wild and maddening throng. Here are two affairs which merit notice, because everybody will go to them independent of any family cross purposes.

Mrs. Lorillard is a charming hostess, and her daughter, Mrs. Suffera Taylor, is a picturesque and beautiful woman, who is to-day at the zenith of her loveliness.

At the De Forests, as at the Lorillards, one meets the people one knew ten years ago, irrespective of bankbook account, and this will also be the case at the balls given by Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Jay.

Frank Work will lunch at Delmonico's, and he will not go to the downtown place now, although so near his house. Every day sees him well wrapped up in a cab, driving to the uptown Delmonico's, where he passes hours.

He is the only one of the old set who has vacated the downtown place for the one uptown, and in down and up town I am speaking relatively of Madison Square and Forty-fourth street.

I do not see any more the famous dog which danced like McAllister, and which has possibly passed away to the same realms where the souls of the ex-steward of New York society is entering the ghosts of the Four Hundred.

In the death of Mrs. Edward Bogert, a daughter of the late Dr. Hawks, the other day, I am reminded of that clergyman—it must be the same, as there was only one Dr. Hawks—who was "the Vicar of Bray" of New York.

He with the late Mrs. Preston were the clergyman in attendance at old St. Luke's, in Hudson street, then a fashionable chapel belonging to Trinity parish.

Nor has there been any New York divine that I can recall of whom a greater number of amusing stories are related than of this genial, big-bodied, big-hearted father-in-God.

He married and had a number of children, and when the elder Bishop Potter reproached him for asking for more money, reminding him that he ought to look more to the Lord, who saw "that not a sparrow falleth," answered, "Yes, that is true, but He does not make any provision anywhere for little hawks."

Harry Woodruff as a best man will be quite a

MR. ASBURY PEPPERS.

WOES OF A WIFE.

POSTER FIRE.

VENGEANCE.

GEORGE W. M'CLUSKY, Chief of Detective Bureau.

To Chief M'Clusky, Detective Bureau: Dear Sir—In response to your request for a reading of your future, will say that you have a star that is still in the ascendant and shows no sign of fading. You possess some push and a lot of pull, and although your mind chart reveals several large desert spaces, yet there is here and there an oasis containing a notion or two. I see, however, a large man, between five and seven feet high, short but tall, with and without a red, black, gray or blond beard, with blue or black or perhaps gray eyes, dressed in dark, but still somewhat light clothes, with a derby like Tam o' Shanter hat or bicycle cap, who seems to be standing in a drug store, buying everything in sight and singing in a low, shrill, baritone cadence those tough lullies: "Down went M'Clusky to the bottle for to see if the label held a dew. Or a theory in it grew; If the woman died of cyanide (potass. or mercury), I'm most fit M'Clusky ever knew." Beware of him. He may find you yet. Yours astrologically, ABDUGALLO, Arabian Astrologer and Sect. Glenridge, N. J.

VENGEANCE. Gondalfo glanced lovingly into the glowing eyes of Gabrielle. Felice saw it all, and her heart became as ice. "Would that I were in her shoes!" muttered Felice. Not unobtrusively glowered she, contemplating her rival's happiness. "In her shoes, for just one moment!" she moaned. "Just long enough for the world to see they are a mile too big for me!" In that hour she prayed to be avenged.—Detroit Journal.



GEORGE W. M'CLUSKY, Chief of Detective Bureau.