

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

BEAT THE HULL BILL.

We now demand the government of our new territories as integral parts of this country, according to the American idea, WITHOUT ANY PROGRAMME OF MILITARISM OR IMPERIALISM FOREIGN TO THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF OUR REPUBLIC.

We demand the erection of great national universities at West Point and Annapolis, where all students educated at the expense of the Government shall receive such military training as will make of them efficient officers in time of war, TO THE END THAT THIS NATION MAY BE PLACED UPON A PROPER MILITARY FOOTING, WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF THAT UN-DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION, A LARGE STANDING ARMY.—From the Journal's National Policy.

The House yesterday took up the Hull bill increasing the regular army to 100,500 men. No more thoroughly vicious measure has ever appeared in an American Congress.

The Hull bill ought to be beaten: Because it provides for the creation of a standing army twice as large as we need.

Because it places the work of creating and organizing that army under the imbecile or corrupt management of Alger and the gang of harpies that surrounds him.

Because, disregarding all the frightful warnings of our recent experience, it makes no provision for a reformed staff organization, but simply gives the insubordinate, inefficient and intriguing head clerks in charge of the bureaus in the War Department more men to abuse and more money to squander.

Because it deliberately provides for the increase and perpetuation of politics in the army by authorizing the appointment of vast numbers of civilian officers with no test of their efficiency.

Because it makes no provision for a supply of trained officers even proportionate to the inadequate number in the present establishment, but on the contrary so dilutes the little current of efficiency flowing from West Point that in the new service it creates Egans and Corbins must be the rule and military men fit for their positions the exception.

The kind of bill the country needs is one providing a specially enlisted force to meet the present emergency and a permanent army large enough to spare a few regiments for garrison duty in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines and serve as a nucleus for a large body of trained reserves at home. This army should be organized in the most perfect manner, on a military, not a political, basis, with its staff clerks in due subordination to its military head, and every officer, not only in the regular establishment but in the reserves, should have a thorough military training.

Such an army, after the next year or two, need not exceed 50,000 men. For the present we can get along with a simple resolution authorizing the temporary maintenance of the force at its war strength of 62,000.

If the Journal were more a Democratic than an American paper it would rejoice at the blunder by which the President is on the point of dissipating all the popularity the victories of our soldiers and sailors have won for him. By committing the Republican party to the maintenance of a huge, costly and mismanaged standing army, a nest of jobbery, extravagance and scandal, he is doing everything in his power to insure Democratic victory.

But it is not only the Republican party that is threatened with ruin through the President's insane leap into Algerine militarism—IT IS THE POLICY OF EXPANSION—IT IS THE FUTURE OF AMERICA AS A WORLD POWER. If expansion is identified with the maintenance of a huge standing army, especially with one of the Algerine kind, EXPANSION IS DOOMED. The American people would sooner give up the Philippines than take them with such a mortgage. The Journal, being patriotic before it is Democratic, protests against a measure which, while it would drag the Republican party to destruction, would bury in the wreck a policy on which much of our future national greatness depends.

No Democrat can vote for the Hull bill, because it is outrageously undemocratic in every line.

No Republican ought to vote for it because, if enacted, it would ruin the Republican party and the expansion policy to which the Republican party stands committed.

GIVE US HONEST ARMY REORGANIZATION. NO OVERGROWN MILITARISM. NO ALGERISM.

LIQUOR SELLERS AND LIQUOR DRINKERS.

The liquor question is one of those troublesome problems that come up from time to time, are discussed from every side and are then abandoned as hopeless until some enthusiastic newcomer stirs them up again. The trouble does not lie with the saloons. As long as there exists a human being who wants to get drunk he will get drunk if he has to learn to manufacture the liquor himself. The root of this particular evil lies in the desire of the individual to buy alcoholic stimulant and not in the desire of the saloon keeper to get him drunk. The worst evil of the matter is that poor men will buy whiskey with money that rightfully belongs to their families; yet if saloons were only allowed to

sell liquor for five minutes out of each week, in those five minutes all the harm could be done. The thirst for alcoholic stimulants is a degrading weakness. The only way to overcome it is to build up individual character.

NEW LIGHT FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

The Filipino Junta in Hong Kong announces triumphant that many of the young American soldiers stationed at Manila have become engaged to native girls. That puts the whole Philippine question in an entirely new light. If those islands can turn out girls who will make good American wives—and surely the young American soldier is a good judge of that—the sooner we annex them the better. Or the other hand, however, we hope that the young ladies to whom the Junta refers

are not mistaken as to the real feelings of their soldier sweethearts. It is impossible to say, with our lack of information on the subject, whether the young ladies of Manila are more or less susceptible than young ladies elsewhere, or whether they have had enough experience in the ways of the gulfleut world to grasp the subtle difference between a fervid declaration of love, "when the moon is shining brightly on the Pasig," and a solemn financial discussion with papa. For the soldier lad is a capricious rogue when it comes to women, and under the influence of tropical skies he has been known to say things that weren't strictly mathematical.

The suggestion, however, is extremely interesting, and the young ladies of this country who happen to have sweethearts among the soldiers stationed at Manila might write for information on the subject.

MUSTN'T HAMMER LAWYERS.

It is just possible that Edward P. Sholl, importer of macaroni, derived more than \$250 worth of satisfaction from hammering a wall with Attorney Bullowa's head. But not every witness can afford to pay that much for the privilege of asserting his manhood; and as the alternative might resolve itself, under the elastic "contempt of court" procedure, into perpetual imprisonment, it is not likely that the thrashing of scurrilous cross-examiners will become so much of a vogue as two recent instances would have seemed to foreshadow.

This does the law vindicate its dignity, and that greatest of trade unions, the legal profession, assert the sanctity of its members' persons at all times. For it was not in court that Sholl pounded his traducer's head against the wall. It was outside in the corridor, after the proceedings were over. It might just as well have been in the street. Indeed, Judge Brown intimated as much when he said:

"The fact must be established that no attorney is liable to personal violence for his utterances in court."

That makes the situation very plain indeed. It means that no attorney is liable to any punishment, under any circumstances, for slanders uttered for the purpose of influencing a jury. Judge Brown, in the first instance, permitted Bullowa to hold Sholl up to detestation, just because that unhappy importer of macaroni was the complaining witness in a civil suit against the man who had agreed to pay a fee to Bullowa. There was no remedy for the writhing victim at that time and in that place. Afterward, when he saw his tormentor's head in tempting proximity with the corridor wall, he reached for such primitive redress as nature suggests to the lacerated heart.

But the trade union of the law has arisen in its might to discourage all the worm-family of laymen from following the impulsive Sholl's example. To have allowed the case to go to a police court, where a similar assault on an abusive truck driver would have gone, would have been to endanger one of the most dearly prized privileges of that profession which sees no immorality in pleading an unjust cause for gain.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THE VANDERBILTS now have a clear way across the continent and into the United States Senate.

POOR CUBA has not experienced the last of her calamities. During the latter part of February she is to have a visit from Alger.

THE BOY BURGLAR of Mount Vernon is proud of his notoriety. Mark Hanna, in the Senate, is not. Which shows how conservative age makes one.

SENATOR PLATT has magnanimously declared for the eight-hour day. But it doesn't appear that he will pay his untiring henchmen for overtime.

IF MURAT HALSTEAD is made Librarian of Congress he will be forced to give offence to many eminent Kentuckians in affirming that reading, also, maketh a full man.

The Journal's Enterprise and Liberty.

A valuable publication is that just made by the New York Journal of a full report of the secret proceedings of the Peace Commission at Paris from the official reports, in English and Spanish, with the protocols and treaty also. Our State Department has not yet made public these documents and proceedings, and the pamphlet, being printed from official copy, is a trustworthy source of information and for purposes of reference. The Journal has distributed these volumes freely and is entitled to praise, both for its enterprise and liberty.

A Fine Piece of Enterprise.

The Hawk-Eye is indebted to the enterprise of the New York Journal and Advertiser for a pamphlet copy of the "Secret Proceedings of the Peace Commission." It claims to be the official verbatim report in Spanish and English of every session and the protocols and treaty in full between the United States and Spain as originally agreed and exclusively published by the Journal and Advertiser. It is a fine piece of newspaper enterprise and a valuable document for reference.

Approves the Journal's Expansion Policy.

Editor of the New York Journal: Allow me to express my great pleasure in the very able defence of your stand on expansion in the Journal. J. B. FAGAN. Port Jervis, N. Y.

The Publication of the Peace Treaty.

With commendable enterprise the New York Journal obtained, somehow, from its correspondents abroad, a complete report of the secret official proceedings of the American Peace Commission in Paris, together with the treaty in full, both Spanish and English texts—and printed it, exclusively, nearly a week in advance of its official publication by the State Department. It has now been issued in book form, paper covers, making 217 large, double-column pages, English and Spanish texts side by side. The Democrat is under obligations to the Journal for a copy of the valuable document, and it, and the whole country as well, will be under additional obligations if the Journal will secure and give to the public the instructions given by the President to the Paris Commissioners during the pendency of the negotiations—copies of which the Chief Executive a few days ago refused to lay before the Senate, albeit so requested by a unanimous vote. The public would like a look at those instructions. They would, in all probability, throw some interesting side lights on the Philippine situation.

DEJEUNER A LA SOUBRETTE. ALAN DALE ATTENDS THE WALDORF BREAKFAST.

AGNES BOOTH, and consommé en tresse; Grace Rutter, and mousse de volaille verte; Henne; Olga Nethersole, and cotelettes d'agneau sautes; Charles Ross, and beccassine anglaise rotie; Adelaide Cushman, and glaces assorties, and Beatrice Herford, with petits fours and cafe—these were the inducements offered to a large flock of ladies who went to the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday for a dramatic breakfast. Tickets sold at the ridiculously trivial price of \$5 apiece, and I am able to state on my own authority that of this sum \$4.75 went to entertain the stomach, and the 25 cents was apportioned to the mind.

All the ladies looked large, and silky and hungry. Before repairing to the theaterium many of them had finished with Agnes Booth they could find their consommé on tasse awaiting them. The programme insisted that they should swallow Olga Nethersole before their stomachs could assimilate the cotelettes d'agneau sautes. But they made all their arrangements so as not to be balked of the cotelettes. Only a gold chair was necessary to appreciate Charles Ross. But a table and "service" had to be secured before the beccassine anglaise rotie could be dallied with.

A lady in black with diamond dewdrops pending from her larynx was responsible for it all—in the name of the Society of Decorative Art—a lady who spoke consolatory words to me as the hungry ladies looked on. I am afraid that I was not my usual handsome, debonair self, for I was thinking of a morning rasher and an evil egg that I had swallowed hastily in order to be "among those present." This Waldorf-Astoria life is so killing!

Mrs. Osborn looked to me like the critic-feeding actress of whom I have met such varieties. I thought vaguely of Minnie Seligman tempting me to Trocadero's with promises of chicken sandwiches and fizz. I thought of the breakfasts that I had declined at the hands of playwrights and managers. And yet, here I was with this greedy crowd, who were rushing at Agnes Booth for the sake of consommé en tasse, and tearing to their golden chairs for Olga Nethersole as a prelude to cotelettes d'agneau. Nobody will believe me when I

say that I really went to the Waldorf-Astoria, because this is a gloomy, barren week, and I wanted to hear Beccassine Anglaise Rotie—I mean Charles Ross—in a serious salad—I mean play. Nobody will believe me. Appearances were against me. Probably I looked as greedy as the others, as we began that mad entertainment culminating in petits fours and cafe! Think of glaces assorties as a climax to the drama!

The performance began very punctually. It began unpunctually when food comes before, instead of after. If the consommé en tasse had been given before Mrs. Booth, and the cotelettes had preceded Olga, I don't believe that there would have been any performance at all. Judging from the crowd present, there is something very exalting about Waldorf-Astoria food, and I shall not have any regrets on the subject of my dramatic breakfast if these few words give any inspiration to Charles Frohman and Augustin Daly. These managers, catering to a food-loving public, pass around hot water between the acts. Ice water! Ha! Ha!

Mrs. Agnes Booth, Grace Rutter and John Findlay led the march consommé-walks with the second act of "Engaged." It seemed very apropos, as the large, hungry ladies in the breakfast room had thus labelled their tables. The title of this morsel was most happy. It was an act of W. S. Gilbert's play, and the three people went quickly through it. No time was wasted for applause, although Mrs. Booth—delightful Agnes Booth—has become something of a stranger in this city. Mrs. Booth as an overture to barlets vertes, however, is rather melancholy, to my mind. Such an actress deserves a better fate than that of appetizer—but, after all, that is her lookout.

Then came my excuse for being present—Weber and Fields's Charles Ross, stripped of burlesque, in a little play by Justin Huntly McCarthy called "One Woman's Life." One woman's life as an inducement to five hundred women's appetites was a dreary fizzle. It was an over-cooked affair, without any seasoning at all. Mildred Modred finds that she is no longer beloved of Alfred. He had married her for money, and—well, he had other fish to fry (please note my gastronomy). She pleaded and cried and endeavored to call back his

feeling love. But he would have none of it. Just as the Waldorf-Astoria ladies were beginning to feel that the glaces assorties seemed a long way off, and half a dozen Charles Rosses were no excuse for delaying the beccassine anglaise, Mildred Modred dropped dead on the stage, and the curtains came together.

If this were a serious criticism I should throw metaphorical plates at Charles Ross for his evil work. I should tell him that his mispronunciation of everything unpronounceable allowed about one per cent of his lines to reach the audience. But after all, what is a poor fellow who is being used as a hors d'oeuvre to do? Poor Ross undoubtedly felt that he was simply a sort of pepsi pill to stimulate digestion, and who can be great with that odious piece of knowledge on the brain? Miss Adelaide Cushman as the wife was far more earnest than necessary. She was evidently "playing for keeps," forgetful of cotelettes d'agneau sautes, and saïade escarole. I appreciate sincerity in its right place, but when actors and actresses are dished up as a first course to a Waldorf-Astoria feeding match no sincerity is necessary.

"One Woman's Life" was succeeded by Miss Olga Nethersole, who came late, in a very fetching gown and hat, and a Tanqueray face. Miss Nethersole looked so tragic that I'm sure she nearly took away the appetites of the assembled crowd. She recited a little something by Owen Meredith, and a little something more, if you please, by W. S. Gilbert. There was a yearning look on her face, and she seemed to be saying: "Ladies, you must never ask me to be an incentive to your gourmandize again." However, the performance took up very little valuable time, and the great feature of the occasion was halled with sighs of relief and "Oh!" of delight. Greedy, greedy people!

Let managers take the hint. Why not charge a little more for a theatre ticket and supply a coupon for a subsequent supper? Why not introduce the intellect to the digestive apparatus in the fond knowledge that union is strength? The Waldorf-Astoria feeds simply spoil one for plain, unspiced, untreating. Perhaps Mrs. Osborn had something in the matter. Mrs. Osborn—may I call you Ossie?—wont you interest yourself in the case? ALAN DALE.

"MAN CAN, BUT WOMAN CAN'T." THE CASE OF MR. CAMPBELL AND FAYNE MOORE.

By Winifred Black.

M R. NEIL CAMPBELL, the "big-hearted" man who is trying to bail out Fayne Moore, seems to be having troubles of his own. The Judge, who is probably "small hearted," according to the logic by which Mr. Campbell is dubbed, appears to have doubts about Mrs. Moore's perfect good faith and Mr. Campbell's good money.

What fun it must be to be a man! You can have all the emotions you want to, and no one calls you a hysterical degenerate.

Think of the lovely names that would have happened to a woman who had offered to bail out Mr. Fayne Moore! Who would have called her big hearted or even big headed?

The country is full of experts on any kind of a woman question. And every one of them would have scrambled desperately to get an analysis of the low type of hysterical creature who could so far forget herself as to try and bail out a man who was confessedly no gentleman. While it is quite the thing for a man of cultivation to become much interested in women who really are not quite ladies, it is imperative, in the minds of the experts, that a woman who can read and write should look at no one but a high-born Vere de Vere.

This is a weird world we live in—but on the whole, a pretty rich one. The man who feels sorry for a murderess or a thiefless because she has pretty hair or a pair of eyes that he rather likes may not be exercising that fatal gift of logic for which his sex is so justly famous, but he is rather likely to be a pretty decent, sensible fellow—as men go.

The woman who sends flowers to a good-looking murderer is acting on exactly the same principle which prompts the man on the jury to let a pretty woman go scot free—guilty or not guilty—but she's wrong and he's right in the eyes of the world. And the world's judgment in the case is pretty apt to be rather near to correct.

The man in such a case carries out the instinct and tradition of his sex. The woman in such a case tramples upon hers. Anything out of the normal type is apt to be a bad type. Look out for the blond Italian, and do not believe all that a brunette Swede tells you.

It is as easy to forgive the general's wife for running from a mouse as it is to smile at the general's smiling plainly to be seen admission of a good-looking waitress. If the general ran and the general's wife flirted with the groom, things would be different, but fortunately for such of us as must live and get our amusement out of this rishaday world there are few timid soldiers and not many flirtatious grande dames.

When he sailed for Europe some weeks ago we were informed that he was going to be absent until late in the Spring, paying visits to the country seats of those distinguished Englishmen and titled foreigners of one kind and another to whom he has dispensed such lavish hospitality in New York during the past two or three years.

In fact, it was believed that Mr. Cockran's trip abroad was due to the fact that the invitations from his friends on yonder side of the Atlantic had become so pressing that he could no longer put them off.

Knowing this, I have carefully watched the lists of the people who have participated in the great country house entertainments during the Christmas season. But nowhere have I found any mention of the name of Mr. Cockran among the guests.

I was wondering what had become of him, when suddenly I learned from the cable dispatches that he had cut short his European holidays and was returning home. And now the first thing that he does on reaching New York is to deliver a public address which in its abuse of everything English has seldom been surpassed.

What has happened? What is it that has thus all of a sudden embittered the eloquent ex-Congressman against his distinguished friends? The general impression is that, like so many others who have gone to Europe expecting some slight return for courtesies shown here to foreigners, he has been signally disappointed, and in fact, cold-shouldered by those people, of all others, from whom he had reason to look for a hospitable reception.

Knowing the Honorable Bourke as I do, and those social aspirations which are one of the weak points, in many respects, of a strong, powerful character, I can only ascribe to social dis-

appointments on yonder side of the Atlantic his sudden and intense bitterness against everything English.

The Howard Goulds will go away for quite a long period, taking in Europe. Frank Gould has at last made his debut, and received along with his sister at the second reception, while Mrs. Edwin Gould poured tea. This latter member of the family seems to have had more social success than the others, and she is entertaining quietly but extensively, for all that, at her Fifth Avenue house; and one meets the Edwin Goulds about a good deal just now.

There will be some dinners for Frank, now that he has made his debut. He is, unfortunately, very shy, and has not yet acquired that assurance which is so essential to the New York society man.

But Frank is a good whip and rides well to hounds, and is up in all country sports, so I have no doubt that his social success will be but a matter of time, if he has a mind thereto.

He is said to have no disposition for the stage or the green room, which is unkind in view of the fact that two of his sisters-in-law have been footlight favorites.

The reception was a very informal affair, Miss Gould rather tending to extreme simplicity.

There was another blowout at the Stevens castle this week, and this in honor of one of the last brides of the house, who was the beautiful and spectacular Miss Horwitz, of Baltimore.

Although the Stevens festivals are picturesque and there one should meet everybody who is anybody, the way to Hoboken is long and cold, and on some occasions at the Stevenses, owing to strict temperance principles prevailing at the Hoboken castle, there was not sufficient of anything to cheer except tea and lemonade at the end of the journey.

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And you can't. Soldiers are fighting men—not white ribbon organizers. Why do not the soldiers in garrisons call meetings to protest against the shameful cowardice of the average member of that Brooklyn and other stalling conventions?

The man who wants to bail Mrs. Moore out and let her wander fancy free may not be a model of prudence, nor yet a high-minded student of causes and their effects, but he's a man, and, very probably, a rather good sort of man at that.

The old, old trick of calling a man tweedle-dum and a woman tweedledee sounds uncommonly well, but it never made a single convert to the theory expressed in the ridiculously impractical proverb which tells us that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

A gander is rather a tough bird, and he needs a rather spicier sauce to render him palatable, but in the language of the election eve young man, "he's all right."

The people who insist that the goose and the gander are precisely alike in disposition are all wrong.

The man of sixty who does not look at sweet sixteen with a kind and kindling eye is no honest man.

The woman of sixty who slumbers at a youth of twenty is no honest woman.

The man who thinks Fayne Moore ought to be acquitted because she is too pretty to go to jail is an irritating creature; but he says what most men really think but have sense enough to deny.

The woman who calls men unjust for such thinking is, in a sense, right, but she is a fool for saying it.

You might as well worry a dog with a sharp stick and then go home and write an essay on the irritability of the canine species.

Men are unjust to women. That quality is born in them, just as the power to raise a beard is born in them.

The average man simply cannot be just or fair in dealing with a pretty woman, and every pretty woman knows it and is glad of it.

The ugly women? They do not count—where a man is concerned. Mr. Neil Campbell, I salute you. You're a "regular man." And I say it in the same sense in which men speak of something which a woman does. "That is just like a woman." It usually is "just like a woman," and it is as true quite an unpardonable sin, either. WINIFRED BLACK.



FAYNE MOORE.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER. YE ENGLISH INGRATITUDE AND YE HOBOKEN CASTLE.

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Consequently sometimes the men prefer to meet Albert on this side of the Hudson. He at least has always been the most convivial and jolly of hosts, and he does not appear very often at the home festivals.

Mr. Stevens the youngest still goes about with the dog which was her only attendant at her wedding in Baltimore some weeks ago, and is as handsome and chic as ever, and just as amusing.

Life in Hoboken, even in a turret castle, is apt to be affecting to the spirits, and even a honeymoon might be not as heavenly under such circumstances. But the young couple are absolutely radiant, which shows what the power of love can accomplish.

I really believe society has grown tired of the dinner dance. There are only two more of these institutions on the social programme. The lists of guests grow wider and wider. The Sloanes were most catholic last week, and at the musicale which Mrs. Sloane will give on Thursday the invitation list will comprise many of the Vanderbilts' old friends who have not kept up in the social race.

Mr. Hammond, the fiance of Miss Emily Sloane, cares more for church and Sunday school work than he does for cotillions and dances, and Miss Sloane herself is a writer and a lecturer, and after this year she will, when married, go very little in society.

By the way, talking of retirements, what has become of Tom Howard?

For years he was the only cotton leader in New York. But since he has married Miss Spriggle Post, Mrs. Vanderbilt's niece, one never sees him. I have heard that he has become a thorough country squire, and that he lives all the time up on the Frederick Vanderbilt place at Hyde Park. And yet a few years ago one would have hardly imagined such a transformation. The lists of names you can think of Worthington Whitehouse becoming a byword of the regulation stage type or of Elisha Dyer devoting his life to the Church. And yet it may all come about.

Moral to the Tale.

"Did you ever hear of 'Buck Fanshawe?'" asked Uncle Sam. "Never," replied the obstreperous Filipino. "What about him?" "Well, according to Mark Twain, who knew him," explained Uncle Sam, "he was a peaceloving man. There was nothing he liked so much as peace, and, if necessary, he would lick every man within four blocks in order to have it."

It Was a Live One.

"Dead, is he?" "Yes, Died suddenly." "Old story, I suppose. Looked in the gun to see if there was a charge in it." "No, New story. Felt of therolley wire to see if there was a charge in it."—Chicago Post.

How Mean.

Cholly, as the smoke from Brown's cigar comes toward him—The old proverb is proved again—"Beauty draws smoke." Brown—"You've got it wrong: 'Nature abhors a vacuum.'"—Indianapolis Journal.