

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Why Do We Need More Soldiers?

We have taken Iloilo without the loss of a single American life. General Otis declares that if he had the reinforcements now on the way, which would raise his total force to not more than 25,000 men, he could end all trouble in the Philippines in twenty days.

It is intimated that the Administration intends soon to withdraw most of the American troops from Cuba. That is right. There is no need for our soldiers there, and the sooner they come home the less chance there will be of friction and the more agreeable will be our relations with the Cuban people.

The people of Porto Rico are protesting against the continuance of military rule in that island. They say that they are loyal Americans, and perfectly capable of maintaining order without the presence of armed garrisons. In this they are entirely correct.

Then what do we want with an army of 100,000 men? Where, and against whom, is it to be used?

We have no occasion for it in the United States, for any purpose that anybody dares to explain. There are no more Indian wars worthy of the name. Two thousand men can do all the Indian fighting we shall ever be called upon to undertake. We need a few thousand artillerymen to man our coast defenses, and a few thousand infantry and cavalry to serve as the nucleus for the mobilization of our reserves in case of war. But what legitimate peace purpose can be named for which the regular army's present war strength of 62,000 men would not be ample?

EVERY DOLLAR SPENT ON THE NAVY WOULD GIVE US GREATER RESULTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONAL STRENGTH THAN FIVE DOLLARS SPENT ON THE ARMY. If we had an army of a million men it would count for nothing in our relations with Europe without a great navy. If we had the great navy it would enable us to maintain our will without any army at all.

The army is organized now on a basis of 62,000 men, and it could be kept on that basis as long as necessary without the appointment of any new officers except the number needed to supply the annual waste. But under the reorganization proposed by the Hull bill there would be over a thousand new official positions to be distributed among politicians, to the destruction of military efficiency. Is that why the friends of the Hull bill, so poor in arguments, have been so rich in votes?

RAINES OFFERS HIS AMENDMENT.

Senator Raines on Monday night introduced his amendment to the law which bears his name, and announced that he would make vigorous efforts to secure its adoption. The change contemplated is to forbid even hotels and clubs to dispense liquor

on Sundays and election days under any circumstances whatever. Fortunately there is little prospect that the measure will pass, unless the Republican majority should make it a party issue and force it through under caucus pressure. As Senator Platt and Republican members of the Legislature are opposed to this there is no likelihood that the splenetic Senator from Canandaigua will succeed in making good his promise to teach the hotel keepers of New York by his own peculiar methods that "there is a God in Israel."

DISHONORING THE MAINE'S DEAD.

The memorial services for the dead of the Maine, to be held at Havana to-day, ought to be a solemn tribute to the whole American people, with no discordant note. Unhappily, official jealousies have been permitted to mar even such an occasion as this, as they marred the flag-raising at Santiago, the American entry into Havana and the funeral of Garcia. Captain Sigbee, who should have been the central figure in the ceremonies, will be absent, and General Ludlow, the Military Governor of Havana, has snubbed the American women who called upon him to ask him to provide an escort for the procession. He refused their request on the ground that the affair distinctly belonged to the navy.

If it had not been for the destruction of the Maine it is not likely that General Ludlow would now have been giving orders in Havana. It has at least that much to do with the army. It "distinctly belonged" to the American nation, and the American people do not propose to have it belittled by the miserable jealousies of officers of one service or another. If the management of the army has any desire to make itself a little less ridiculous than it is, it will stop this childishness and "remember the Maine."

PROMOTION FOR DEWEY.

The Senate has tardily performed a duty that should have been attended to on the first day of the session by passing the bill creating an Admiral of the Navy. Of course it is understood that George Dewey is to be appointed to this position, but with commendable caution Senator Tillman inquired, before the passage of the bill, whether the Senate would have the right to pass upon any selection the President might make. There is probably no real doubt that Mr. McKinley will give Dewey the appointment, but if there were no Senatorial power of rejection it would not surprise anybody acquainted with his characteristics to see him give it to Sampson.

THE JOURNAL DISTRIBUTES FOOD AND CLOTHES.

Although the blizzard is over, intense suffering still prevails in all of the poorer sections of the city. The methods of relief for the starving and destitute adopted by the regularly organized associations and societies are entirely inadequate to meet such a contingency as now exists. Under these circumstances the Journal has undertaken to proceed on its own account in the task of saving life and relieving distress. All day Monday and Tuesday Journal wagons laden with bread, coffee, rolled oats, general family groceries, clothes, shoes, shawls and blankets made the rounds through the stricken districts and distributed their contents to the sufferers. This was done in addition to the regular distribution of bread at certain points in the congested district begun some weeks ago.

The acute distress that prevails in so many parts of the city has been brought about by unusual conditions, and hundreds of families hitherto entirely independent of outside assistance are involved in it. They have not been accustomed to seek relief and are unacquainted with the laborious methods of getting it. Our aim is to help these especially, but there is neither time nor inclination for searching investigation. The Journal's distributors are instructed to help where their eyes show them that help is needed. It is not charity in the usual sense of the word that is offered. It is succor to people stricken down by a great calamity.

Any contributions sent to the Journal, either in cash, clothes or provisions, will be gladly received at this office and distributed. But whether anything is received or not the Journal will continue to use all possible efforts to prevent further suffering in the present crisis.

THE FIGHT AGAINST WINTER.

Abrupt changes in weather are an affliction to the weak and sensitive, who often predict their approach before they arrive. The robust are not at all times exempt from ills due to meteorological conditions. How is one to guard against their evil effects? How best preserve the body in such a positive state that it will not too suddenly and violently react to states of atmosphere that permit high winds, rain, ice and snow, something altogether different from yesterday or the day before, when calm and sunshine prevailed? Methods may vary, but the principle of action resolves itself into minute attention to two things: The most careful measures to keep the skin active, and the avoidance of whatever is calculated to lower the tone of the nervous system. This sounds simple and easy. In reality, it is difficult and complex, requiring thought, time and perhaps a certain amount of money.

The proper care of the skin is always more or less expensive in one way and another, for it involves clothing as well as the ordinary bath, and sometimes massage and the Turkish bath. The skin is in reality an organ of the body, a sort of supplement to the kidney and lungs. It throws off waste material, which clogs the

pores and prevents this function if allowed to accumulate. It may be said to breathe, since it throws off carbonic acid and absorbs oxygen. Another office is to secrete and excrete perspiration that helps regulate bodily temperature; and, still another, to secrete and excrete a substance for its own nourishment. The skin is said to be active when it is doing all these things without interruption, breathing, secreting, excreting and throwing off waste matter that would render the blood impure if reabsorbed and thus diminish the resisting power of the whole organism.

Unless removed by the daily bath and friction with coarse towels afterward, a sort of imperceptible varnish forms over the skin, composed of deleterious substances. Then comes sudden cold weather or damp weather, that in itself makes the surface less active, chills it, and interrupts its various functions. This hampers physiological processes. The circulation then takes up waste matters, and the blood carries them around to the various tissues, which in turn are embarrassed in their duty. If previous weakness exists, in eye, ear, lungs, etc., a cold or inflammation of the defective organ is the result. Or it may be that quite new conditions appear, possibly to be a source of similar discomfort later, whenever there is a fresh cold. The normal skin uncaressed for is at times as helpless as one covered with extensive scars, as from burns, that nearly always throw too much work upon internal organs, wearing them out and increasing their susceptibility to the effects of sudden changes in weather.

Even when the skin is not quite up to the standard of perfection there is sufficient resistive power elsewhere to prevent disaster. If the nervous system is sound. Whatever weakens it invites disease. Its enemies are well known, as overwork and idleness, too little food and too much food, late hours, worry, and all forms of dissipation, whether coarse or fine. Nerves require an abundance of oxygen, indoors and out, to keep them in health, together with plenty of exercise and sufficient sleep. They need rest and recreation, work and play, interests, efforts and all that pertains to modern life. A good nervous system and an active skin reduce the effects of sudden transformations in temperature to their lowest possible capacity for evil.

CRIME RECOMMENDED FROM THE BENCH.

Magistrate Wentworth, sitting in the Harlem Police Court, delivered himself of the startling declaration that he believed in suicide, and would recommend it to all who felt that the world had nothing more in store for them. This sensational and entirely gratuitous observation was made from the bench in the regular course of the trial of a sixteen-year-old boy who had attempted self-destruction the day before.

Comment on the sentiment expressed is superfluous, but when utterances of this kind come clothed with judicial authority, and are likely to exert the deepest influence upon those who are accustomed to look to the bench for interpretation of right and wrong, they cannot be rebuked too severely. Here was a young lad, not half-formed intellectually, who, in a mood of temporary depression caused by his failure to get a position he sought, tried to kill himself. The learned Judge, instead of administering kindly advice, pointing out the cowardice of the crime contemplated and offering sensible encouragement to a distracted soul, sends the boy away with the implied admonition to try again.

Who is Magistrate Wentworth, to tell men that they may decide for themselves when the world has nothing more in store for them? Is it or is it not his duty to enforce the law prescribing punishment for would-be suicides? If, as in this case, it was right to be merciful, and give the offender a chance to expiate his crime without subjecting him to the humiliation of prison life, was it not criminal to send him away with advice that must inevitably make him more morbid?

French Comment on Journal Enterprise.

A remarkable illustration of the enterprise of the American press is afforded by the publication by the New York Journal, in Spanish and in English, of an official verbatim report of the protocols and treaty in full between the United States and Spain. There is a pleasant little note of satire in the announcement on the cover that it is issued "for the information of United States Senators and Representatives, Governors of States and members of State Legislatures," inasmuch as the New York Journal succeeded in getting the report out five days before its official publication by the United States Government.

Great Money Made by Beef Embalmers.

The New York Journal prints several telegrams that passed between the Armour & Company agent and the house. One bearing date of January 14th of this year orders for a great beef contract and the dispatch includes these words: "Not necessary to be particular about quality." It seems to be certain that some great money for poor beef was realized last Summer. The punishing of General Miles had better be postponed.

The Journal Thanked by American Federation of Labor.

423-425 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., February 8. Mr. W. R. Hearst, Editor of the New York Journal: Dear Sir—It affords us pleasure to transmit to you herein a copy of a resolution unanimously adopted by the delegates to the eighteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at Kansas City, Mo. It is as follows: Resolved, That this convention of the A. F. of L. expresses its appreciation and thanks to the labor press of the country for the general and gratuitous publication of the union labels of our trade unions; and we also attest our appreciation and thanks to W. B. Hearst, of New York, for his generous issuance and distribution of a "Union Label Bulletin," with fac-similes in the original colors of all of our trade union labels. We urge a more general advertisement and agitation of union labels and union label products, and send greetings and thanks to all who may render us any aid in the advancement of the great cause toward which our movement is devoted. Assuring you of our personal as well as official appreciation for your courtesy and consideration in this matter, we have the honor to remain yours very respectfully, SAM'L GOMPERS, President, FRANK MORRISON, Secretary, American Federation of Labor.

"LORD AND LADY ALGY" AT THE EMPIRE. A REVIEW OF THE LATEST ENGLISH COMEDY.

By Alan Dale.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, and last night throngs came the way of William Faversham, at the Empire Theatre, in R. C. Carton's comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy." Mr. Faversham has for some time been starring on the mock heroes of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman—rampaging around impossible castles, in impossible lands, inhabited by impossible people. In "Lord and Lady Algy" he is permitted to dally with these modern times, and he "won" in a "jag" scene at a masquerade ball.

There are "jags" and "jags." There is the offensive "jag" that is wedded to poker in comic opera and farce comedy, and the inoffensive article that is funny without being indecent, such as that



which made Maude Adams famous in "The Masked Ball." Mr. Faversham's jag belonged to the latter category. Disguised as the Duke of Marlborough (Conselio's husband's ancestors), he went to the house of a bone-boller of social aspirations, accompanied by his jockey friend, the Young Pretender. "You're not yourself to-night, old man," somebody remarked, noticing the jag. "No," was the reply, "I am the Duke of Marlborough." And then came the inevitable laughter—the maudlin mirth of the bon vivant who has the "summer of the vine" in his veins. It was in this bonny episode that Faversham distinguished himself, and excited to laughter that polite, drawing room Empire audience. Hawtry, in London, added weight to his reputation by this part. But it is difficult to imagine how he could have improved upon Faversham in this tippy part, although he might have been, and probably was, "better form" and more glib edged in the opening episodes of the play.

"Lord and Lady Algy" is a comedy of chatter and chais. The former seems to ooze from the pores of everybody's tongue. The latter were sat upon, in all styles, through the evening. But, thank goodness, it is up to date! It deals with today, which we are beginning to neglect. It has "costumes," but they are called for merely by the bal poudree to which I have referred. It is all nineteenth century—very nineteenth century—which is refreshing. To-day is good enough for me—and I imagine that there are others equally

irrelevant. Plays of the "Lord and Lady Algy" type nowadays are dragged back into the last century in order to excuse their artificiality. Just as though we couldn't be artificial ourselves if we tried! It is perhaps needless to say, in view of the very little title of Mr. Carton's comedy that we get some very pungent whiffs of "society." English playrights—even Pinero—are never happy without a "dook" or two, and his colleagues follow suit. If they get their information from the back stairs it is none of our business, as long as they get it and serve it up hot. "Lord and Lady Algy's" main characters are the Duke of Droneborough, the Marquis of Quarmby, his elder son; Lord Algernon Chetland, his younger son, two ladies of title, "one honorable" and a captain of good form and better clothes. There are postmen, and funkeys, and all the accessories of that "high-life" that always seems so pictorial. And the employes indulge in that rapid, inverted-epigram chatter that invariably enhances the gilt of the golden picture. And there are intrigues between legitimately wedded people such as feminine novelists always write about in naked, candid novels.

Lord and Lady Algy are a couple "living apart." Naturally they are very fond of each other. That is generally the reason—on the stage—why people live apart. They disagree on the question of cigarettes. He smokes Egyptians. She prefers Turkish. They are very horsey, and I'll confess that a good deal of race-track perfidage was lost upon me. Even a critic, who is supposed to know everything, cannot be expected to follow the ideas of society ladies who chatter about "cracked heels" and "foundering home with a crook on top." Lady Algy is in fact the acme of slang, and her favorite interjection is "Pickle!" The climax of the first curtain was "Pickle!" So you must believe that there is something latently funny in the interjection. Mr. Carton hasn't bothered himself much about a plot. Algy has lent his rooms to a butterfly brother, in which to receive an innamorata. Lady Algy sees the innamorata leaving these rooms and draws her own conclusions. There is your plot—and it is just as well that there are not "complications." I fancied there were going to be a few, for there were so many doors in the rooms. I am always suspicious of doors.

The bal poudree is so good that it easily atones for other shortcomings in the way of too much palaver. But "Lord and Lady Algy" is a jolly, frothy thing, the "apple" of which refuses to stick. Only those who are always looking for evil favors will object to the slight suspicion of intrigue that enmeshes this comedy. And then there is just a little dash of sentiment in the return of Lady Algy and her care of the tippy husband, as he is ordered from the house of the ball-giver. It is a gossamer sort of play, light enough to

blow away, but with all the appurtenances that an Empire audience—the nicest audience in New York—likes. Below Fourteenth street "Lord and Lady Algy" would be as unintelligible as Sanskrit. It is not (as we say of pudding) filling at the price. Mr. Faversham, as before mentioned, carried all before him. As a nicely combed, lackadaisical London clubman he is not a success. Even in the matter of clothes, he scarcely fills that bill, but as the intoxicated Duke of Marlborough he was a gorgeous half hour of artistic fun. Miss Millward as Lady Algy got herself up as a fright, and suffered from the consequences. A trifle too harsh and deliberate was Miss Millward with her gossa-



mer speeches. It was only in the substantial and acrid interjection of "Pickle!" that she touched the mark. W. H. Crompton as a paternal duke played a "serious" part very well indeed, and young Joseph Wheelock was remarkably good in one of those roles that have little to say and plenty to look—the most difficult roles of all to play well. This young man has steadily advanced, and if I haven't mentioned him, I've watched him closely. Miss Robson was all there—a target for an outburst of laughter. She was an old society woman made up fearfully and wonderfully as Little Bo Peep, with a baalamb under her arm and a costume that would have made an elephant guffaw. Miss Blanche Burton as a romantic matron, who wished to be thought of as a "hazy dream," is improving, but she is still rather a light weight. Mr. Standing as a marquis, addicted to saying "Eh! what!" was sufficiently amusing, and Mr. Benrimo showed up to less advantage than "Phroso."

"Lord and Lady Algy" is a nice, frolicsome little butterfly affair, that you can see, agreeably, even if you check your mental apparatus with your overcoat. There is nothing whatsoever to "discuss" in it. And oh! let us feel joyful at that. It makes no inroads upon your conscience. And the band all the time plays "The Piccadilly Johnny with the Little Glass Eye." ALAN DALE.

"SIEGFRIED" OF THE SECOND CYCLE. LAST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE AT THE METROPOLITAN.

By Reginald De Koven.

QUITE a difference indeed between the large audience at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon, when "Siegfried," the third opera of the second cycle, was sung, and the scant assemblage at "Faust" the previous evening; but then the weather was different. The performance yesterday afternoon was quite up to the mark—unexceptionable, in fact, in all important details. The cast was the same as at the last previous performance—Herr Wagner and included Herr Dippel as Siegfried, Mme. Nordica as Brunnhilde, Frau Schumann-Heink as Erda, Miss Marie Engle as the Forest Bird, Herr Van Rooy as the Wanderer, Mr. Bispham as Alberich and Herr Meffer as Mime.

What a cosmopolitan and varied group, when one is obliged to change the nationality of the prefix before almost every name! Had he a more commanding physique and a larger experience in husbanding his vocal resources, Herr Dippel would be an almost ideal young Siegfried, for he looks the part, sings it capably and plays it with convincing enthusiasm, naturalness and picturesque quality and force, and the great duet with Brunnhilde full of passion and intensity, even allowing for the limitations mentioned above. Mme. Nordica's Brunnhilde has certainly broadened and matured since first seen; it has grown, too, in grace and poetic feeling, as it seems to me, if vocally she cannot entirely at all times thrill and carry you away, she certainly sings the music with great intelligence, finish and dramatic color, and her impersonation is always interesting, because invariably artistic in an unforced, wholly sympathetic way. THE opera was given in all its inordinate length, without cuts. To restore the very interesting scene between Alberich and the Wanderer is well; but I could readily dispense with the dull and dreary scene between the same Wanderer and Erda, in spite of the beauty of Frau Schumann-Heink's voice. In "Siegfried" Wagner takes us, as it were, back to Fairyland, with its dwarfs and dragons, talking birds and fire-girl sleeping beauties, and it struck me that it was the pictorial parts of the performance in which the audience of yesterday seemed most deeply interested. I saw so many people deep in their librettos and so evidently un- familiar with the matter in hand, that I fancied that curiosity, pure and simple, and the novelty of the whole thing had much to do with their presences there. Let the Wagner cranks and wisecracks prove me wrong; the burden of proof is on them. For "Siegfried" is so unusual and so interesting scenically that one need not be a musician or even an alleged Wagner lover to enjoy it thoroughly. What a master of stage effect Wagner was! I again admired the gnome-like subtlety of Mr.

Bispham's Alberich, and again felt that there was a needed element of the fanciful and the grotesque lacking in Herr Meffer's Mime, although he played the part better yesterday, to my thinking, than he has done hitherto. Miss Engle's Forest Bird was charming. The orchestra, I thought, hardly played as well as usual, and Siegfried's horse was certainly queer and uncertain, but the performance as a whole was too good to carp at. Personally I enjoyed it thoroughly. I have always wondered what became of Brunnhilde's horse during the twenty years or so she slept waiting for a hero to awaken her. Did Wotan put the horse to sleep along with his mistress? If not, horses must have enjoyed unusual longevity in those legendary times. I have never seen any explanation vouchsafed anywhere for this curious fact in natural history, but I suppose dramatic license may be stretched to account satisfactorily even for this. Because of the continued illness of Mme. Schwan "Faust" will be substituted for "The Hugenots" on Saturday night, and on next Monday night a seven-dollar-per-seat performance of "The Hugenots" will be given, with a perfect galaxy of stars, including Sembrich as the Queen; Nordica, both De Reszkes, Plancon and Maurel, in their accustomed roles. On this occasion—for we do love great casts with great names—the audience will probably be as remarkable as the cast. At least, the management hopes so.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER. WHISPERED FROM DAY TO DAY AMONG THE "400."

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

MARDI GRAS will be celebrated with plenty of masquerade. There are no fewer than five dances, each of which will have a carnival feature.

The Tremor Parks on Monday, I understand, is given in honor of Miss Fair and Willie Vanderbilt, Jr. There will be vaudeville and all that sort of thing.

The Lee Tailors gave the same sort of entertainment on Thursday, and Howard Constable, not satisfied with his party for Saturday, will give another one on Tuesday.

Both are fancy dress affairs, and in one of them a young matron will go as "The Screech of the American Eagle."

What her gown will be it is hard to imagine. There is a story afloat that the Cornelius Vanderbilts and the Sionnes are somewhat offended because Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., did not tell them of his intention to marry, and sprang it upon them, as it were, quite unawares.

They could not be otherwise than delighted at his excellent choice. But then they wanted to be consulted in the matter.

There will come a time when the Vanderbilts, perhaps, will want everything. But there are some things which they cannot have. I hear that among the fancy gowns to be worn at the Fish ball on Shrove Tuesday some young women have elected to come as "demoselles de telephone."

This dressing as the merry telephone girl, as seen at the Casino last year, is in compliment to Mrs. Fish's recent telephonic encounter with Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr.

Mrs. Fish appreciates a joke as well as any one else, and does not mind one on herself, and she may treat these young women to a repetition of that spirited dialogue—or, at least, to her part of it—as the other fair heroine will not be present.

The separation between Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward is a matter of not the least surprise to society. The Wards never seemed congenial to each other, and each went his or her way. Ward preferred England, and he had a great many friends over there with whom he was more or less associated. He came from Boston, and was a clever business man. His social position in that city was not what it was in New York, although he deserves great credit for the way in which he gained a place there, both financially and socially.

His sister, Miss Alice Ward, is an extremely clever woman, and to her he owes a great deal, as well as to the constant booming of one of the Boston newspapers. Miss Newcomb, the daughter of H. Victor Newcomb, whom he married, is a general favorite in New York. She has always been more or less of an invalid, especially since her marriage. The arrangement which they have made of separating amicably is one in excellent good taste. I doubt if either would ever care to marry again, and an agreement without airing possible family differences is the ne plus ultra of settlement.

Joke by the "Rural Editor." The State editor lounged over to the funny man's desk. "Here's a joke," said he. "This is a case of kill with intent to salt," remarked the farmer as he stuck his knife into the worker's throat. The funny man is convalescing slowly.—Syracuse Herald.

An Object. "Don't you know," said Aguilaido's confidential friend, "that even if the Philippines are left to our control we can't hope to hold on to them." "Yes. But if anybody feels like paying for them I want to be in a position to collect the money."—Washington Post.

Various Effects of Arsenic. In her agony the miserable woman sent her hated rival by post a can of corned beef containing arsenic. The latter, being passionately fond of food, partook of the beef. Thereupon her complexion was such beautified. Here, again, we have villainy confounded by what some people are pleased to term fortuitous circumstances.—Detroit Journal.

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Where Will It End? The Honorable Member from Ashtabula (with cutting sarcasm)—The false and puffing philanthropy of the pretended friend of labor who has just addressed the House, Mr. Speaker, deceives nobody. He is a laborogue.

The Honorable Member from Pumpkin Hollow (pale with wrath)—Mr. Speaker, I hurl back with scorn the vile epithet the "honorable gentleman" from Ohio has seen fit to try to fasten upon me. He is a Hannagogue!—Chicago Tribune.

A Test. "You will never forget me!" "Never, Alfred!" Yet would he test her. Accordingly, he bet with somebody that he could walk around the world in thirty days, starting penniless and coming back with \$100,000 in gold, and fared forth amid demonstrations of the most intense public interest in his undertaking.

For if a man isn't forgotten under those circumstances he'll never be forgotten.—Detroit Journal.

An Apprehension. "I suppose," said the Hawaiian citizen, "that the United States is willing to admit by this time that we are not likely to make any of the trouble predicted by the anti-annexationists."

"Yes," answered the other; "I sometimes wonder whether we want to create a little disturbance in order to avoid being wholly overlooked."—Washington Star.