NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1897.

THE GOSPEL AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

"The religious leaders may be loath to acknowledge the fact," wrote the Rev. Leighton Williams in yesterday's Journal, "but there is an estrangement between the workingmen and the churches." There need be no hesitancy in acknowledging the fact, however, that when the spirit breathed by Dr. Williams's article and that of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford which preceded it in our Sunday editorial columns becomes the animating, the predominant spirit of the churches the estrangement will disappear. The pastors of St. George's Episcopal Church and of the Amity Baptist Church agree that love of money, undue respect for those who have money, and the disproportionate rewards which come to such as possess the talent for making money give us an un-Christian civilization, a civilization in whch the masses suffer under poverty and denial of opportunity, while the lucky few are gorged. Dr. Rainsford deals in the simple truth when he says:

The love and worship of money makes our social life often painfully lacking in real refinement—makes it vulgarly ostentatious.

Love of money corrupts our Legislatures, and thrusts the lobbyist and boss into the high place of the statesman.

Love of money degrades industry, and makes business a cruel and unscrupulous endeavor to outwit and overreach our fellowman.

Love of money debauches that great natural safeguard of free institutions, the press, till it panders to what is lowest, in, the hope that it will pay.

Let no man deceive himself. A very real shame is ours today; a very real danger dogs, as a dark shadow, our advance. It is the undue subordination of high and low to money.

Dr. Williams does more than make an appeal to the individual conscience against the sordid and unjust state of things which rouses Dr. Rainsford to noble denunciatory eloquence. He pleads for conditions that would make it impossible that gross inequality in the distribution of wealth which is the marvel and shame of this later time when human brains have done such wonders in the way of improving the means of production. Sunday afternoon religious conferences have been begun in Amity Hall, and here are some of the principles accepted:

Liberty requires equality; equality requires fraternity, and fraternity demands fatherhood. You cannot have a changed society without changed individuals; nor changed individuals without a changed society. There is no real brotherhood while one luxuriates and another starves. If God is our Common Father His bounties are for all; no monopoly of natural resources.

If that be Socialism, then the Gospel of Jesus is Socialism, and the churches in order to regain their moral strength, their hold upon the masses, must become Socialistic too. Unpleasant names do not frighten men like Dr. Williams, nor the condemnatory cant of contented selfishness scare men of the calibre of Dr. Rainsford. They have hearts as well as minds, and are not afraid to let both speak. They know that there is a social problem, and that it should be the duty and the highest mission of the church of Christ to be foremost in the endeavors to solve it.

The editorial articles of these two able and earnest clergymen made of the Sunday Journal a messenger to hundreds of thousands of the estranged. When such words of sympathy come from the Church to the masses, when such appeals are made to manhood and true patriotism by clergymen who minister as pastors to the more fortunate, it need not be feared, we think, that the space between the poor and the churches will widen instead of narrow with time. The churches cannot escape the influence of the gospel they are established to preach, and that gospel was never designed to be a shield for greed and privileges, which are the parents of plutocracy. Ministers like Drs. Rainsford and Williams are the evangels not of a new gospel, but of the old gospel applied to modern society. They are the sign and promise of a better day for the churches and the United States.

A PLEA FOR MR. PULITZER.

There is observable in some quarters a regrettable disposition to make light of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's afflictions as a publisher. When the extent of those afflictions is clearly understood we do not see how any humane persons can indulge in merriment at poor Mr. Pulitzer's expense. Although the Journal is the rod which Providence has used for the chastening of Mr. Pulitzer, and what is his loss is our gain, nevertheless we own to a feeling of pity for the misfortunes of a gentleman in so many ways deserving. To hold a man blameworthy because he does not know how to run a paper as well as he might is manifestly unfair. Mr. Pulitzer doubtless does as well as he can, and it certainly ought to be taken for granted that he would do better if he could, and prevent that appalling diminution in circulation which has overtaken the World, soured Mr. Pulitzer's naturally sweet disposition, driven him into dark and tortuous plottings and caused him in the closing stretch of his career to become the sport of his enemies.

Let the scoffers at Mr. Pulitzer pause and think how they would like it themselves if the New York World were theirs and they should be obliged to make public confession that the paper's circulation had dropped **106,894** per day. This ghastly confession appeared at the head of the World's editorial page on Saturday last in the form of an affidavit giving the average daily circulation for the month of March. Compared with the circulation statement published in the same place on December 1st, showing the circulation for the preceding November, the drop of **106,894** stares the excusably maddened Mr. Pulitzer in the face. And to make matters worse, the March average of the World was ballooned by the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight. But for that godsend there is no telling what the drop as compared with the December figures would have been. Thanks to the Carson pugilists, the day following their battle gave Mr. Pulitzer's publication the highest circulation for one issue during his ownership. The fall in the World's circulation is not sporadic, either; it has been continuous now for a long time, because the public prefer to take the Journal. Notwithstanding the World's March boom, owing to the prize fight, the statement quoted shows the circulation to be **19,261** less than it was in March a year ago, which was before Mr. Pulitzer sought to meet the Journal's competition by cutting the price of his paper in two.

So we say again that though the coldness of Mr. Pulitzer's feet is due to the withdrawal of their heat to those of the Journal, we regret the general levity with which Mr. Pulitzer's accelerating decay is viewed. Is it any wonder, after all, that despairing of success in fair rivalry a gentleman of his peculiarities and limitations should have resorted to the Machiavellian device of plotting to keep the Journal out of the Associated Press? A man is not to be judged too harshly when in desperation he steps aside from the straight path and seeks to avert ruin and save the pieces by conduct of which he would not be guilty were he prosperous and wholly himself. The Journal has beaten the World in honest competition, and it has checkmated Mr. Pulitzer's nefarious move to debar it from the Associated Press's news service. Of course it would not be true to say we are not glad that we have outstripped the World in the newspaper race—that is business—or that we are able to overlook the dark moral quality of the conspiracy in relation to the Associated Press, but we can be generous to a beaten and foiled man. Therefore we plead for a more considerate, a more compassionate treatment of poor Mr. Pulitzer in the midst of his sore misfortunes. He and his newspaper are on the down grade and gathering headway with each day's descent, but surely that is no reason why Mr. Pulitzer and the World should be universally jeered at. Better men and better newspapers have gone the same sad road before without being pursued by a chorus of heartless laughter.

AID FOR THE FLOOD SUFFERERS.

The tremendous catastrophe to the whole Mississippi Valley from the river deluge seems to have reached proportions almost unparalleled in previous experience. From St. Paul to the delta a story of destruction, suffering and loss of life is swollen from every section. A quarter of a million people have been afflicted with most serious consequences by this visitation, and no one can easily compute the millions of dollars in present and prospective value which have been wiped out by the vast tawny flood, which in places is stated to be sixty miles in width. The worst has probably not yet been reached, and such levees as are already intact are likely at any hour to give way to the crevasse.

Mississippi floods have been so frequent, occurring indeed to some extent nearly every year, that the sensibilities of the people of the country to the sufferings entailed have become partly blunted. But this deluge of 1897 is so exceptional that it ought to arouse the keenest and freshest sympathy for its victims. President McKinley, it is stated, will make it the subject of appeal to Congress during the present week. He now waits for specific communications from the Governors of the States most affected advising him as to the full extent of the disaster and the needs of the sufferers. The quarter of a million dollars made available by the joint resolution of Congress last week for the improvement of the lower Mississippi River under the direction of the Mississippi River Commission cannot be legally used for this purpose, great and terrible as the need is which protrudes itself in front of the question of ulterior prevention. But Government expenditures, perhaps necessarily, are so wound up with red tape that no appropriation can be diverted to any other use than that for which it was intended. So it will be necessary that Congress should make a fresh appropriation to be of use in the immediate exigency unless it should exercise the power of revoking the appropriation for river improvements and substituting one for river ravages.

But in the meantime, while Government is feeling its way toward the help of suffering humanity, much can be done by private generosity. Americans have never been deficient in whole-souled outpouring of their means, whether the cry of distress has come from over the seas or from within their own borders. Greece, Russia, Ireland and Austria-Hungary have been the recipients of our bounty within a few years. The help sent to the latter country touched a precisely similar issue, the relief of the sufferers from the Danubian flood.

The great Chicago fire roused a whirlwind of enthusiastic helpfulness. There is nothing so dramatic and terrible to the imagination in a river flood as in a great city nearly laid in ashes. But it would not be surprising if when the sum total of damage from the present river overflow shall have been totted up the devastation should be found not lagging far behind, the reports being supposed to be unexaggerated.

The work of collecting funds in our large cities ought to begin at once. He gives twice who gives quickly in such cases. The most serious suffering is that which comes at first, while the feeling of despair is most oppressive in the hearts of the thousands of homeless and starving wretches.

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND THE SUMMER?

At this season of the year, when the chill snows of Winter are melting beneath the warm glances of Spring—a novel phrase that, by the way—the New York householder begins his annual search for a Summer resting place with the same feverish zeal and credulous heart that characterized him when he started on his first tour of inquiry a quarter of a century ago.

The New York householder who makes it a point to study every place within thirty miles of the city every year of his life has never yet been able to solve the problem, but he has at least amassed a great deal of useful information regarding various territories that should be avoided, and can talk glibly for hours about the various resorts that he would not stay in at any price.

He is thoroughly familiar with the Oranges, and has dreadful tales to tell of the hot simooms that sweep down from the crest of Orange Mountain before which the well-seasoned commuters throw themselves prostrate and bury their heads in the sand. He has much to say regarding the fetid waters of the Passaic River and the mists that rise from the Hackensack Meadows. He speaks pathetically of the deserted village of Astoria and with bitterness of all parts of Staten Island, where the mosquito nets, he says, are made of barbed iron wire. Fort Hamilton he declares to be only equalled by Fort Lee as a place of Sabbath iniquity, and as for Westchester County, he cautions his hearers not to forget that it is accessible only by means of the Fourth avenue tunnel.

But he saves his eloquence for Long Island, because that gives him an opportunity to speak of Hunter's Point; and it is indeed unfortunate that it should be necessary for any one, no matter what his offence, to pass through Hunter's Point in order to reach his home. It is doubtful if any living writer can adequately describe this gateway to Long Island. Dante might have done justice to it, or Victor Hugo, perhaps, but the English language, although the householder has carefully ransacked it for the purpose, does not furnish words which he deems strong enough. The traveller, looking from the car window, catches glimpses of unclean pools where goats drink and ragged boys forever fish. He sees vast fields of ashes and other refuse, and smells the oil refineries, the bone boiling establishments, the fat rendering concerns and other fragrant industries. Standing afar off against the horizon are rows of houses—human habitations, perhaps—and here and there his eye falls upon the withered branches of some tree whose dead trunk still stands, an emblem of the hideous desolation that surrounds him.

And yet, after exhausting himself in denunciation of every suburb of the town, the New York householder engages a cottage at Babylon, or Summit, or Larchmont, and spends his Summer in comparative health and enjoyment.

The new Secretary of Agriculture announces that he will go to work to correct the mistakes of his predecessor. This is a commendable resolution, as it will require all his time and prevent him making any mistakes on his own account.

It may become necessary to appoint a sort of Committee on Rules to throttle the Western Republican newspapers that are finding fault with the Dingley bill.

A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

WHEN the late Henry E. Abbey was in charge of the Metropolitan Opera House and was acknowledged as the greatest American impresario, there was a small army of chappies that exerted themselves to do him honor.

To hear them talk and to see them courting the favor of Abbey in those days was to believe that they held his acquaintance a privilege and his friendship an honor. There seemed to be nothing that they would not have done for him if occasion had arisen.

The opportunity has come for them to prove the sincerity of their protestations. Abbey died without a cent and his only child, a girl of some fourteen years, is in need. Certain of his close friends and associates in the Metropolitan venture have undertaken to give a theatrical benefit for his daughter.

Such men as Robert Dunlap, William C. Whitney, George Griswold Haven, Maurice Grau, James H. Breslin and John B. Schoeffel have the matter in hand and there is no doubt at all of the success of the undertaking. But what I want to see is a general turnout of the opera chappies at that benefit, and if I don't see it I shall not attempt to conceal my disappointment.

Oddly enough, an obsorbing topic of conversation in the clubs and cafes yesterday was the attitude of Mr. Bailey, of Texas, toward the dress suit.

Your New York chappie is never surprised at any eccentricity that is reported from Washington. He has seen every conceivable kind of clothing parade Pennsylvania avenue, and trot in and out of the White House on those rare occasions when his longing for a circus got the better of him, and induced him to visit the national capital. He has seen Senators of the United States make bibs of their napkins, and has watched Congressmen eat pie with a knife. He has observed in the halls of national legislation feet where the head ought to have been, and has seen pages warily dodging the fluid nicotine of statesmen. Therefore he was not wont to look toward Washington for hints on etiquette.

But he did think that a man of Bailey's conscious and conspicuous pulchritude would have been more susceptible to the influence of association. How could he have made such a break after sitting in the same hall with J. Murray Mitchell, G. Brinton McClellan and Franklin Bartlett?

The general conclusion was that Bailey was a chump anyhow, and that the dress suit has nothing to fear as long as Mitchell and McClellan are in Congress.

The milk drinkers of the Calumet Club are indeed becoming gay.

They have arranged for a high old time next Friday evening, when Mr. Sidney Woollett will read for their edification selections from Longfellow, Poe, Tennyson and Browning.

The "high jinks" will begin at 10:30 p. m. and continue until Mr. Woollett shall weary of Calumet plaudits.

There was great rejoicing in Del's yesterday at the return of Messrs. Joseph Mora and James Farley from a lengthy sojourn at the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

Mr. William Perzel and Mr. Peter Morris dissolved in lachrymal joy and Dr. Habishaw delivered a lecture on the rejuvenated appearance of both prodigals. Even Philippe relaxed sufficiently to smile a welcome, and the cafe at once resumed that familiar atmosphere of serenity and contentment that characterized it before these two went away for the sake of their appetites.

In reference to Miss Emily Hoffman, who was recently married in London to Colonel Hatton, of the Grenadiers, an English newspaper has this to say:

"Miss Hoffman is one of the most admired of New York beauties. The name is familiar to travellers as the title of one of the best of transatlantic hotels."

When an Englishman undertakes to say something real nice he usually does it in this way.

Another woman who is attracting considerable attention in the hunting field is Mrs. E. Robbins Walker, who rides with the Ocean County Hunt, of which George Gould is the M. F. H.

Mrs. Walker is neither so reckless nor so skilful as Mrs. Kernochan, but she is a thorough equestrienne for all that, and is the star woman rider of the Lakewood country.

She is also the champion golf player down there, having beaten all the men, and altogether is a chappisette whose athletic accomplishments and achievements entitle her to the distinction she enjoys.

Among the welcome evidences of approaching Spring is the return of Mr. Edgar Gibbes (don't forget the Gibbes) Murphy to town.

Mr. Murphy has been en tour for the purpose of titillating the tympani of other communities with his mellifluous reminiscences, while he irrigated the thirsts induced by the habit his auditors have of keeping their mouths open in amazement at the stories that he tells.

Clever scheme, that.

Mr. Murphy, however, is not so irrepressibly buoyant as formerly. He had an experience not long ago that was subduing in its general effect.

He was sitting in Del's, the centre of an admiring group, as usual, when Mr. Howard Burroughs came in with a stranger and introduced him in that hasty and inconsequential manner that takes little account of individual names.

The stranger was from the West and at once began to relate wonderful stories of his prowess as a pigeon shot. Mr. Murphy listened for a time with ill-concealed contempt, and then leaned over to Mr. Burroughs and whispered:

"I'll just go over to the next table a minute and then you tell this jay who I am and see him drop dead!"

Suiting the action to the word Mr. Murphy swelled out his chest, curved his spine, caressed the auburn locks above his pink ears and stood by the next table looking out of the corner of his eagle eye to see the stranger die.

"Do you know who that man is that just left here?" asked Burroughs, interrupting the flow of the stranger's narrative.

"No. Who is he?"

"Why, that is Edgar Gibbes Murphy, the greatest amateur pigeon shot in the world!"

"Never heard of him!" And the stranger resumed the broken thread of his story without so much as stopping to take breath.

Burroughs looked around for Mr. Murphy. He wasn't there. And only the rapidly recurring sound of retreating footsteps toward the Fifth avenue entrance indicated the haste and direction of his departure.

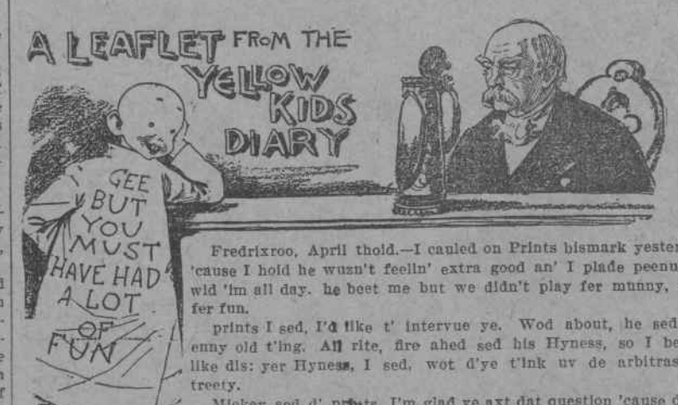
CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music...The Heart of Maryland	Knickerbocker .....The Serenade
American Theatre.....The New Dominion	Lyceum Theatre.....The Mayflower
Bijou.....Courted Into Court	Madison Square Garden....Barnum & Bailey
Columbus Theatre.....Hogan's Alley	Murray Hill.....Darkest Russia
Daly's .....The Magistrate	Olympia Music Hall.....In Great New York
Empire.....Under the Red Globe	People's Theatre.....Hanlon's Superba
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	Pastor's Theatre .....Vaudeville
Fifth Ave. Theatre.Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.
Grand Opera House.....The Politician	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Garrick Theatre.....Never Again	Star Theatre.....A Texas Steer
Garden Theatre.....The Wife of Scarli	Third Avenue Theatre.....Black Crook Co.
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Black Sheep	Wallack's .....Miss Manhattan
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	Weber & Field's.....Under the Red Globe
Harlem Opera House.Jack and the Beanstalk	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Inniscarra
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville	
Keith's .....Continuous Performance	
Koster & Bial's.....Gayest Manhattan	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Rain, followed by clearing weather; warmer; southerly winds.

THE YELLOW KID CALLS ON PRINCE BISMARCK.



Fredrixroo, April thoid.—I cauled on Prints bismark yesterday 'cause I hold he wusn't feelin' extra good an' I plade peenuckle wid 'im all day. he beet me but we didn't play fer munny, only fer fun.

prints I sed, I'd like t' intervue ye. Wod about, he sed? o enny old t'ing. All rite, fire ahed sed his Hyness, so I begun like dis: yer Hyness, I sed, wot d'ye t'ink uv de arbitrashun treety.

Mickey sed d' prints, I'm glad ye axt dat question 'cause dat's ware I'm at home. Arbitrashun, me friend, is a good t'ing if ye know how to hit it. Fer instance, if ye're down an' de odder feller's soakin' ye fer all he's wolth an' ye find ye can't get back at 'im, it's good t' arbitrate. Dat's yer game. If de odder mug is willin' t' arbitrate, he's a chump.

I see, yer Hyness, I remarkt, an' if ye've got de odder mug down ware ye c'n giv 'im d' hart blow it's more adwisable t' giv arbitrashun de glassy eye an' d' marble stare. Kurreckt, replide d' prints ye're a grate diplomat, Mickey.

An' now I sed, t' continue dis intervue, woddy ye t'ink uv d' Joimin empruer—yer frend Billy? Dat, my sun, replide Bismark, is nun uv yer bizness. Bizzy, I cride wid teers in me eyes, dem wolds t' me? Do I get dat cold t'row-down f'um yer Hyness? Yes, sed d' prints, ye musn't ask sech fresh questions.

Wel, den, I askt woddy ye t'ink uv American pork? It's on d' hog, replide his Hyness, givin' me d' winck. Bizzy I sed, I gess I won't intervue you no more. it's too mutch like wolk. let's jest tauk. Den me an' d' prints had a plezzunt conwersashun about art an' literatchoor an' leberwoorsht wot d' prints is very fond uv an' Mark hanna wot he t'inks is a grate man.

by d' way Bizzy, I remarkt, t'inkin' uv sumthin' wot I wunst red in d' noospapers, how did'je happen t' be made uv blud an' iron? wuz it a axident? No, sed d' prints wid grate hautoor, but dere wil be a axident purty soon if you don't quit'cher kiddin'. o I sed, I didn't know ye wuz so tutchy about it.

wel ennyway I enjoid meself very mutch at Bizzy's cassil an' as soon as I c'n get sum money f'um home I'm gaw'n t' go around aggen an' play peenuckle fer keeps. D' prints is sorry dat Caurbet wuz licked. he wuz rootin' fer 'im.

MICKEY DUGAN.

THE JESTER'S CHORUS.

"Doctor, will the boy be very badly deformed?" asked the anxious parent.

"I am sorry to have to tell you," replied the eminent physician, "but he will always be misshapen. His legs will be crossed like a sawbuck and he will have to walk on his hands and feet."

The stricken father wiped away a tear.

"Well, he said, bravely trying to smile, "I shall try to do my duty toward him. No dime museum shall ever have him for less than $75 a week."—Chicago Tribune.

"Aren't you afraid your husband will be fascinated by that pretty widow next door?"

"No danger; he likes a garden and she keeps chickens."—Chicago Record.

"I think," said Mr. Blykins, "that I'll send a note to Willie's teacher and tell her to stop his geography lessons till next term."

"I don't see why," replied his wife.

"The class has just started in on the map of Europe; and the higher he passes in his examination the harder it will be to start in and learn it all over again when King George and the Sultan get through with what they are going to do with the boundary lines."—Washington Star.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornfossel, as she handed him the pantaloons she had just mended, "I reckon the city must hev quieted down a good deal in the past six months or so."

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply.

"Well, mebbe ye're gettin' smarter ez ye grow older. It's one thing or the other."

"What makes ye think so?"

"Every other time ye went wethout me ye come back weth a gold brick or a gripsack full o' sawdust. This time ye got off weth two counterfeit dollars an' a plugged fifty-cent piece."—Washington Star.

She—What is the difference between a trust and a ring?

He—Miss—dear Mabel, if you can only trust me I will get the ring to-morrow morning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Finished your projecting kinetoscope yet?" asked the idle man.

"It works beautifully," said the inventor, "but the hardest part is to come."

"What's that?"

"Getting up a name for it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How old are you, Johnny?"

"Six."

"Ever been ill?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"No."

"Have you ever had the doctor?"

"Yes."

"How often?"

"Just once."

"How long ago was that?"

"'Bout six years ago."

"What was the matter then?"

"I was gettin' borned."—Tit-Bits.

"That woman over there looks as if she were painted"——

"Sir, that is my wife!"

"I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael and had just stepped out of the frame."—Tit-Bits.

When he persisted in his passionate entreaties she shrank away from him.

"No, no, no!" she protested. "Why, my poor John has been dead scarcely a month."

Subsequently she observed to friends of hers, and not without bitterness, that her departed husband always did have a way of being too late.—Detroit Journal.

"That conductor didn't ask you for your ticket."

"No. I guess he was afraid I'd call him Billy. I knew him a few years ago, when he was a brakeman."—Chicago Tribune.

Bumpus—Now take that old saying, "Money makes the mare go." It is unsatisfactory, for it does not tell where the animal went.

Bumpus—Well, if she was like the rest of her sex when they get money she probably went to a bargain counter.—Pittsburg News.

Hon. Cherub Dace (rising to nominate his candidate for Mayor)—The man I desire to present to this convention is a man of few faults and many virtues. He is an orator, a good citizen, a kind husband, an indulgent father, a true friend, a——

Voice from the gallery—Wh-at wheel does he ride?—Cleveland Leader.

"Yarbley has taken a violent distaste for opera."

"What a clever stroke of economy!"—Chicago Record.

"So you're broke," said the indulgent father to the son he had started in business, "but I'll put you on your feet once more."

"On my feet? The first thing I want is a '97 wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

"Put on my tomb," said the professional liberator, "these words: 'Here lies a faithful worker.'"

"Bedad, Moike," said the stubby little man in one of the common seats, "Oi guess you have worked the faithful about as long and as harrd as any av thim."

No, it was not a pin that could have been heard to drop at that juncture.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You good-for-nothing loafer! Didn't you tell me you were a hard worker?"

"Well, it aint easy for me to work."—Detroit News.

A TALE OF WOE.

"Yes, sub, it made my heart blee-e-d, sub!"

Colonel Bourbon Straight brushed his coatsleeve across his eyes and uttered a deep, deep sigh.

"As you are well aware, sub, Majah Stillon belongs to one of the very best families of the South, sub. Owned a regiment of slaves befo' the wah, sub, and was worth a heap of money. Had it to burn, sub. Well, sub, I met the Majah on the street to-day, and we had a chat about old times befo' the wah, and he told me something, sub, that made my heart blee-e-d, sub.

"Yes, sub, and, what was worse, sub, what was an actual disgrace to the proud name of Straight, sub, was the fact, sub, that it also made my eyes watah, sub—watah, sub—just think of it, sub! From what he told me that proud Kentucky family, sub, are in the most straitened circumstances to-day, sub.

"Why, sub," the Colonel cried impressively again brushing disgrace from the eyes of the house of Straight, "why, sub, from what the Majah told me to-day, sub, his family are actually in the most awful want, sub."

"No bread in the house, I suppose?" said the man from the North.

"No bread!" cried the Colonel. "Worse than that, sub, worse than that. Why, sub, they are actually without the necessaries of life, sub. They haven't got a drop of whiskey in the house, sub—not a drop of whiskey in the house!"

Mr. Bill Barnacle, Philanthropist.

"WOTEVER becomes of these here back numbers is a proper puzzle to me, and likewise how they subsists regular, too." Bill Barnacle remarked, somewhat mistily, as he docked at a Battery Park bench in tow of the lubber, and blinked across at the Ship News Office. "Blow me, if they aint a out and out wot you might call a hystery."

Thereupon Mr. Barnacle fell into a doze, leaving the lubber to ponder over a statement not exactly waterlogged with lucidity.

"Howsumever, I know wot I'de do with 'em," Bill continued, suddenly returning to consciousness.

"Drop 'em into hospital boxes, eh?" the lubber ventured.

"Drop wot?"

"Old newspapers and back number magazines. That's what be"——

"Who's talking about literature?" demanded Bill, with maudlin indignation. "It's human back numbers I'm thinking of—the very ones wot makes all this daily literature in Park row. They must wear out some time; get took flat aback in their brains and can't make no more headway, but go drifting around like derelicts wot always floats in the fairway and won't never sink. Wrecked journalists is a proper sad spectacle, to be sure."

Here William heaved a sigh like the wind soughing through a cemetery, and lapsed into moody contemplation of the Ship News Office.

"Do you happen to know any journalists?" the lubber asked, in commiserating accents.

"W'y shouldn't I, having been spoke to frequent and interviewed plumb dry? I knows them personal, and they owes me money yet, some do, but that's no public demonstration. Wot becomes of 'em when they gets old and goes out of commission?"

The lubber said he didn't know.

"Nobody does," Bill solemnly repeated. "Look at ancient mariners? A snug retreat stands by for them when their sailing days is over. Old soldiers is likewise took in, and homes for in-digent females, orphans, busted down men and wot not exists in every city. From wot I can see journalists don't have no union, and, therefore, no friends after their course is run. Nothing but tough luck and no drinks to speak of, which, as I say, is proper sad and mournful to behold."

Again Mr. Barnacle became swamped in a train of thought that evolved a brilliant scheme, and he sprung it on his friend.

"My idea for back number news pirates is this here: Down in the tropic seas there's havens for 'em all, where the sun shines warm and victuals grows abundant and good. There aint no newspapers, but the journalists could set in the shade and cuss the editors they used to sail under and be proper joyous. And by a plan wot I've e-volved these here island colonies could be made regular—lemme see, wot is it?"

"Congenial?"

"That's the very proposition, and easy, too. Now, breadfruit is the standby there. W'y not soak the roots of these here trees with cocoanut oil and raise doughnuts copious? I've seen it done already," Bill solemnly declared. "Then it's an out and out easy job to graft milkweed on to the coffee plant and grow Draw-Ones ready for boiling, and surpassing the best on Park row. Blow me, if this scheme doesn't settle the whole problem of life. If I was rich I'de rig up a colony to-morrow and send 'em down in a ship. Give each man a bungalow, with one doughnut tree and a Draw-One bush in the front yard, and wot more could he banker for but to revel in luxury and cuss editors till kingdom come?"

Once more did the philanthropic mariner doze off, and in that happy state the lubber left him to dream of his congenial home for indigent journalists.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

SONG OF THE FRANKFURTER.

The billow is blue as it rolls on the sea,
And now the gay Frankfurter carols care free;
It lifts its sweet voice in the wind-carven swell
And blows in its joy through the shimmering shell—
To the merman
In German
It tenderly sings
Weia! Waga!
Woge, du Welle,
Walle zur Wiege!
Wagalaweia!
Wallala weialа weia!
And flaps in the zephyr its roseate wings.

Oh, great is the Frankfurter's tra la la lee
While tossing in madcap amphibious glee;
Oh, then are its visions serene and sublime,
A-dream on the mystical portal of Time—
To the merman
In German
It tenderly sings
Weia! Waga!
Woge, du Welle,
Walle zur Wiege!
Wagalaweia!
Wallala weialа weia!
And highcockadoodles its roseate wings.

Long live the Frankfurter! Oh, long may it wave
And lease from fair Echo the musical cave
To send its sweet song on the wings of the dove
To soothe us in sorrow, in triumph and love,
To the merman
In German
It tenderly sings
Weia! Waga!
Woge, du Welle,
Walle zur Wiege!
Wagalaweia!
Wallala weialа weia!
And flippetty flapples its flappetty wings.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Theft.

[Detroit Journal.]

The foreigner of noble birth wrung his hands.

"Thou hast stolen my heart," he exclaimed.

Of course, his lordship was not en rapport with the subtler aspirations of our distinctive civilization, and could not therefore be expected to know of the utter impossibility of a rich person like her stealing anything in this country.

Amenities of the Table.

[Detroit Journal.]

"I waited ten minutes for a car to-day," the Landlady was saying, "and then it passed me without stopping."

It was afterward recalled that the Habitually Silent Man had been having unusual difficulty with his chops.

"Perhaps," he remarked, "the conductor didn't care to have you board his car."