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W. R. HEARST.

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THE TRUE DEMOCRATIC POSITION.

Congressman Simpson, Populist and Kansan, and therefore, of course, only worthy to be ridiculed, clings to the idea that the House of Representatives is a representative body—not an autocracy. Holding this belief Mr. Simpson is courageous enough to attack Speaker Reed, who refuses to the House power to transact any business. The Tariff bill is out of the way, so far as the House is concerned. Nevertheless the House must remain in session until the Senate has passed upon the measure, which, from present indications, is likely to be about the first of June.

Here, then, is this body of men, salaried by the people, served with clerks, stenographers, sergeants-at-arms, pages and messengers at public cost, remaining in session without power to do a single stroke of public business because Thomas B. Reed, Speaker by grace of the Republican majority, refuses to appoint committees, and no bill can be considered except after report from a committee. In other words, Reed is compelling the absolute waste of every dollar paid for the maintenance of the House of Representatives.

The Journal believes that protest against this assumption of autocratic power is wholly justified. It holds that Mr. Simpson has done well, and that his party is to be congratulated on having a champion ready to speak out for common sense against Republican and even Democratic partisanship. The position of the Democrats in the House, compelled by caucus, bears the stamp of mere partisanship, devoid of logic, patriotism, insight into the future or real statesmanship. The House of Representatives was not created to be the mere servile tool of its Speaker. In recent years great strides have been made to subordinate wholly the influence, authority and rights of the individual members to the growing power of the Speaker. Until this year every step in this onward march of autocracy in the House has been fought by the Democratic members. To abandon this opposition now is to abandon the real principles of Democracy.

The Journal can agree with Mr. Bailey, the leader of the Democratic minority, that Republican legislation is apt to be bad legislation, without agreeing with him that the Democratic minority ought therefore to approve any act of the Speaker which makes Republican legislation impossible. Such an act makes it equally impossible for Democrats or Populists to offer commendable measures and force the Republicans to record upon them. But more than that—every precedent, every assumption of power which is likely to increase the autocratic authority of the Speaker, should be fought by real democrats—whatever their party name—for the growing domination of the Speaker over legislative methods is a negative of representative government and therefore a denial of democracy.

AN IMPUDENT REAPPEARANCE.

Mr. David B. Hill has resurrected himself from his well-earned obscurity in order to offer suggestions to the Democratic party as to its future course. The soundness or unsoundness of these suggestions is a matter quite subordinate to the question, Who is Mr. Hill that he should assume the right to speak as an adviser of the party? He is no longer a Democrat, having forfeited his title to the name in the last Presidential campaign. Many Democrats withdrew from the organization on the financial issue, opposed the Democratic national ticket and supported the Republican candidate. Naturally Democrats who stood by their party colors cannot be expected to feel grateful toward these deserters, but they cannot withhold respect from them. They acted for the most part on conviction and were honorably frank in their irregular conduct.

But Mr. Hill was not frank nor honorable. He stalked and skulked and sought to keep within the party lines while he gave aid and comfort to the enemy. Mr. Hill played the part of a sneak.

The ex-Senator is out of the Democratic party, and if it has ordinary wisdom it will keep him out. If the Republican party wants Mr. Hill it is welcome to him; the Democratic party can make no good use of sneaks. The men who fought the battle for the Democracy when the campaign was on are the proper ones to advise it and shape its policies now.

THE CLASH OF ARMS IN EASTERN EUROPE.

The first guns have reverberated on the Graeco-Turkish frontier, where the hostile armies have been facing each other for the last fortnight. The King of Greece, it is true, disavows responsibility for the violation of the boundary by the Greek irregulars. He calls attention to the fact that he warned the Porte some time since that it would be utterly impossible for him to restrain his people from that kind of guerrilla warfare, in which they have proved themselves such adepts, whether as bandits in time of peace or patriots in time of war. The Greek nation, with its enthusiasm and hate wrought up to the boiling point, is responsible, for the result is perfectly logical, though its precipitation may have been contrary to the King's wishes. That monarch can be nothing now but the head and mouthpiece of the Hellenic people. It is impossible to see how further conflict can be avoided.

Everything appears to indicate that the Turkish government considers the gauntlet to have been flung in its teeth. The latest news is that the Turkish army will at once move across the frontier, now that the fighting has begun in Macedonia. That the fierce Mohammedan soldiery can be held within the bounds of the mere occupation of Larissa is more than doubtful. That the Greeks, if such a move is made, will yield and fall back without fighting, is contrary to all probability. The lust of battle, the fury of long-restrained political and religious hate, the irresistible current of tradition and sentiment will force a sharp conflict. One battle between the regular troops of the two nations will make all further interference of the peacemakers absolutely impossible, except by armed intervention.

The utter inaptitude of the Great Powers in dealing with this crisis from the very outset of the Cretan rebellion provokes ridicule. Their efforts have been paralyzed by their mutual selfishness, each fearing that in the various side issues involved in the struggle some other power would reap the greater benefit. The resolute patriotism of Greece has baffled all the shufflings of the diplomatic cards, and now Europe will have to face the catastrophe it has professed to dread. The irony of the situation is that it lay within such easy reach of the Great Powers to have settled the whole imbroglio with a minimum of annoyance by acceding to the just demand of the Greeks that Crete should settle the question of Turkish rule by a plebiscite.

What the confederate powers can do now more than look on, and localize the war as much as possible, one cannot easily forecast. That they might even yet interfere between the combatants successfully by the dispatch-

lug of a large army and fleet to the scene of operations is quite possible. But not a note of such a purpose in any contingency has been sounded. To do this at the present juncture would make them actual participants in the war. And the possibilities of such a step seem even more dangerous to European peace than standing as spectators of the game.

It is scarcely probable that the Greek troops would match the Turks successfully in a continued campaign. They are inferior in numbers, in equipment, in discipline. They evidently look to insurrection in the Turkish rear when the tinder is already dry. At the worst, they know that Europe would never permit Turkey to conquer and hold Greek territory. On the seas, too, their navy could easily whip the enemy, and, if the powers permitted, soon thunder at the gates of Constantinople. In spite of apparent inequality the Hellenic people have some reason to hope for a successful issue. If Crete should be lost to Turkey, even at considerable cost of money and life to the Greeks, they will consider themselves well paid. That Crete will be freed from Ottoman shackles, and within a reasonable period annexed to the Hellenic kingdom, if the war goes on, is almost inevitable, whatever be the nominal outcome of the struggle. If Greece is in many ways handicapped by conditions, the Ottoman empire is even more hampered. War now means another long step to the inevitable disappearance of the most monstrous anachronism in European history.

CLEVELAND'S POLICY REVERSED.

The persistence of the Journal in directing public and official attention to the case of Ona Melton is bearing fruit. The State Department has demanded his release. This young man has long been confined in a Spanish prison. He is an American citizen, and as such was within his legal rights when, as a newspaper correspondent, he joined the Competitor expedition. Captured without arms in his hands, he yet was condemned to death, and although his American citizenship saved his life, it has not served to procure him the liberty to which he is entitled. His incarceration is a typical instance of the contempt in which American citizenship has been held by Captain-General Weyler, under permission of Grover Cleveland.

It has now become evident that whether the McKinley Administration shall abstain from action in the interest of the Cuban patriots or not, respect for the American flag is going to be enforced in Cuba. The fact that a man is a citizen of this Republic will no longer be an invitation to Spanish outrage. And there is reason to hope further that presently it will be borne in upon President McKinley that it is not wise to imitate his predecessor and defy the will of the American people, who are overwhelmingly in favor of recognition of the belligerent rights of the gallant Cubans.

A NATIONAL GUARD OUTRAGE.

New York has always professed itself proud of its National Guard. In many ways this pride is well justified. But if in a body of citizen soldiery military regulations and red tape are to be carried to the pitch of outrageous tyranny, it is time to call a halt in our self-gratulations. An example of iron despotism has just occurred in the Ninth Regiment which should sharpen general indignation. A private whose time has nearly expired, forced by his poverty-stricken condition and the needs of a large family, had neglected his drill duties. Compelled to default in paying his fines, he has been locked up for a fortnight in Ludlow Street Jail as a prisoner, and so compelled to leave those dependent on him to face starvation or depend on charity. In other words, a citizen of the freest country in the world has been sent to jail for obeying the primary duties of a man.

If it was needful to punish such technical violations of duty severely, it would have sufficed to have given the man a dishonorable discharge. That to ninety-nine men out of a hundred would be the most powerful deterrent, the surest stimulus of discipline. Even in the regular army to-day punishment is becoming more and more mild for slight infractions of discipline. It is our militia which enforces harsh and arbitrary penalty, which would go back to a darker and crueller age. Such an infamous example of tyranny as this should raise an outcry to make the ears of these puffed up guardsmen ring with shame. And more than this, law should make such things impossible.

NO REDUCTION OF TAXES.

When the Raines law was proposed, one of the most telling arguments in its favor was the large additional income to the State, which would enable the Legislature to lessen the general tax rate. Out of the liquor-tax last year \$3,650,000, or 33-1-3 per cent, went to the State. The actual reduction on the tax rate was a little more than a mill, and on the strength of the large surplus the Republican party plunged into a perfect orgy of extravagance. The example of Tweed, which Mayor Strong recently exalted in such a laudatory fashion, filled their souls with envy. All the big addition to the treasury has been swallowed up in a deluge of jobs, with which the "ring" has been seeking to consolidate its grip.

It is now announced, contrary to the earlier understanding that there would be a gradual reduction each year, that there will be no further change in the tax rate. The income under the Raines law will be at least a million more this year, for the club tax amendment, an apparently cock-sure thing, will give that increase. The Roberts inheritance Tax bill, which has a fair probability of becoming law, would give \$4,000,000 more at lowest. But these increments and as much more would hardly fill the gap opened by the Republican gang in their schemes of profuse money-spending. Are we to have a Tweed regime at the State capital?

Senator Wellington has announced that all Federal appointments in the State of Maryland must first receive his approval. Senator Wellington was elected to his present office as a rebuke to the alleged bossism of Senator Gorman.

That Pennsylvania divorce was convicted on a charge of having libelled a Pennsylvania politician has applied for a change of venue and a new trial. The good man should make an effort to have the next trial in some other State.

The Republican politicians are complaining on account of the general indignation of John Sherman's relatives into office. The complainants apparently forget that office-holding is a great specialty of the Sherman family.

Forcing railroads to carry bicycles as baggage is attended by considerable danger. The various things an ill-natured baggage masher can do to a bicycle are too alarming to contemplate.

The Sultan will be sure to deprecate any lack of harmony on the part of his Christian allies. Just at the present time the wily Turk is a great stickler for Christian adhesion.

The Senate appears to be very well satisfied with the holes it has amended into the arbitration treaty.

The Greater New York charter doesn't seem to appease the tea drinker's taste.

The adjourned style of statesmanship continues to prevail at Washington.

Ever Mr. Platt's Sunday-school class is exhibiting retroactive tendencies.

Smith, a Terror of the Tropics.

THE Bahamas are known to poets and advertising railroads and steamship companies as the Isles of Jung. They are good for nervous prostration, indigestion and melancholy—that is, climatically. You can't find anywhere a lovelier place than Nassau in winter. While New York is frozen tight and getting its yearly visitation of starvation and sentimental socialism, everybody, nearly, is warm and happy in Nassau, which is a charming English town of the last century, touched on, enriched and beautified by the genial sun and balmy air of the tropics. Of the twenty thousand inhabitants, four-fifths are negroes, who live in fireless huts roofed with the true African thatch of palm leaves, and shaded by the graceful cocopalms, the spreading sanadillo, the glistering Jamaica apple and the rattling royal poinciana. The gleaming fairy grotto of the spectacular drama of the holidays is not more gorgeous than nature has been pleased to make the negro quarter of this coral isle of the Southern seas. And speaking of the seas they are full of fish about Nassau, coral white on the bottom, so clear that you can look down to any depth, and on the surface the sky plays such tricks of color with its changing lights, paints so many shades of green and pink and blue and purple that the eye is ravished. The negroes take life easy, are civil, and so well satisfied with being subjects of the Queen that they never by any chance say chance, but chance. They dance likewise, and call you boss if you give them a half-penny, mawster if the tip is a sixpence or a shilling.

Everything is English, the Governor appointed by the Crown very much so. We have no man so great in the United States as Governor Sir William Haynes Smyth is in Nassau. He can be seen only when you are introduced by the Colonial Secretary. I believe, and, like Her Majesty, returns no social calls, and while he gives dinners, is forbidden by his august elevation to go out to any. When he enters or leaves a hall or room everybody rises. The residence of this dazzling potentate is pointed out in a manner so deferential by the inhabitants that the American involuntarily casts a glance about for the cherubim and seraphim. Sir William Haynes Smyth, though, is a human, sensible sort of man. His being English happily relieves him from the discomfort of seeing anything ridiculous in the awful pomp and style of his petty official life.

Next to the Governor, Nassau's pride is in the Royal Victoria Hotel, which was built in the early sixties by the Government to accommodate the crowds of blockade runners and agents of the Confederacy who gathered there to prolong our Civil War, fill their pockets and enrich Her Majesty's subjects. The Royal Victoria is leased to S. S. Morton, a New York hotel man. The house is not run by Morton, however. He lives in it and stands around and does what he can in a feeble, timorous way to apologize for things and keep the guests from deeds of violence on Smith or themselves.

Smith is the clerk of the Royal Victoria. Why the proprietor is in slavery to him is a dark mystery which no guest has succeeded in penetrating. If the hapless Morton had recently been engaged in piracy—by sea, that is—and Smith alone knew of it and could send him to the gibbet, Smith could not more cruelly tyrannize over him than he does. The tyrant tends to the guests. As most of these are invalid women and men no longer young, who have come from the ends of the earth to the Royal Victoria as an alternative to going to their respective local graveyards, they will submit to anything rather than defy Smith. Smith is tall and slim, and of a violent temper, which is always on full cock. He tramples upon sensibilities, affronts, growls and jeers at will in pure wanton joy at being able to do as he likes to the terrified guests and snaps his finger under Pirate Morton's dejected nose. When some wretch who is paying \$4 a day for accommodations worth \$2 sleeps up sufficient spirit to stand for an instant against Smith, Smith waggles his hands high above his head with fingers apart, emits blazes from his eyes and yells that the resisting guest is "breaking the rules which have been established by the management of the Royal Victoria Hotel." Pirate Morton shoulders wherever he is hidden and Smith, who is the management, continues to quote his own rule-making authority and invents rules to suit every demand of his lust for bullying.

"Come back, come back!" he screams to a slender woman ascending the stairs in the wicker of a conservatory.

"But," pleads poor Taberulus (\$4 a day with twenty cents extra for milk and a rattling little oil lamp in his bare room, "but they're my wife's clothes, you know."

"Not allowed!" bellows Smith, dancing out from behind his desk. "It's against the rules established by the management of the Royal Victoria Hotel!"

And the consumptive, trembling and white, takes the basket and pants upstairs with it himself.

"Get out of this!" roars Smith, flinging forth into the night at 9 o'clock and shaking his fists at three little darkies who are slugging.

"But," explains an old gentleman with lumbago and the palsy, "I asked the children to sing. Mr. Smith—my wife here desired to hear them."

"And they sing very sweetly," quavers the old lady.

"Get out of this!" vociferates Smith, cuffing the boys, who send, "It's against the rules established by the management of the Royal Victoria Hotel. If you don't like it you know what you can do. I'll be — if I'll have this thing going on. It disturbs the guests."

The same night a party of college boys keep up a riot in the bar till 2 o'clock that prevents sleep in the hotel. But they are not interfered with. They are buying Morton's, or Smith's, wine.

And when Smith is pleased to be good tempered, or tired of outrage for an hour, all the negroes in Nassau can come up to the Royal Victoria and sing and dance.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Table listing various theaters and amusements such as Academy of Music, Broadway Theatre, Casino, etc.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Generally fair; slightly warmer; northerly winds.

FABLES OF TO-DAY—No. 6.

The Spider and the Fly; or, The Bucket Shop Sharks and the Foolish Investors.



ONCE upon a time there was a Spider who Transacted Business in a Small Way by means of a Web stretched across the corner of an Obscure Street where there were but few Passersby. Prospering somewhat in his Humble Way, he determined to Branch Out, and accordingly built for himself a Large Web of Attractive Appearance and fitted up its innermost Parlors with Soft Carpets, Rolltop Desks and an Instrument which ticked pleasantly all day long. Escorted in this Spag Web, the Spider issued invitations by Circular and Letter to Flies of every degree to visit him and enjoy his Luxurious Parlors. Indeed, so many invitations did he send out that the mails became burdened with his matter, and the Law-makers and Public Officials wondered what his object could be and what Manner of Man he was. His invitations were couched somewhat after this Fashion: "Honored Fly—I beg to Call your Attention to the Parlors which I have recently fitted up for the Purpose of Transacting Business on a Larger and More Comprehensive Scale than ever before."

"Not only are the Parlors themselves well worth a visit, but my facilities for Carrying Large Accounts are such that I am sure you will find it interesting to Examine them."

"My New Web has been constructed at Great Cost and by the most experienced Spiders, from the Finest Quality of Raw Silk. Each Strand has been carefully Tested, and is capable of sustaining a weight equal to that of one hundred able-bodied Flies. Almost every Fine Day several thousand Flies assemble in its Meshes, and by sheer Force of Numbers attract unto themselves the various Floating Particles of Sugar, Candy and other Delicacies with which the Atmosphere in this region is always Highly Charged, and which are invaluable as Articles of Nourishment."

"I therefore Challenge you to Join this Noble Company of Flies, in order that you may Enjoy the Matchless Delight of Getting Something for Nothing. Remember that no other Web in the market offers such Advantages as Mine; nor can one be found on which So Many Flies assemble daily for Purposes of Profit."

"FANG & CO., Unlimited."

So many Flies hastened to Avail Themselves of the opportunity for Profit, thus offered them that, for a time, the Air in the vicinity of the Web was filled with the Hum of their Wings. Those who could not come themselves because of Lameness or other infirmity, sent representatives, usually relatives, and instructed them to Secure some Good Place on the Web and Collect a Bagful of the Nutritive Particles with which the Atmosphere there was charged. It was agreed by all Flies, no matter where they lived, that it must be a desirable thing to live in such a Rich Atmosphere as that which surrounded the Spider's Web. Not one of these Insects presumed to Question the Statements made regarding the Extraordinary Atmospheric Conditions under which the Spider transacted his business, because they had all heard Many times before Similar Stories, and were therefore Quite Prepared to Believe Anything.

Then, too, it were not Unreasonable to suppose that a Large Number of Flies assembled together could Accomplish More than a Single One; and so, for these and other Reasons, they Gladly Accepted the Spider's Invitation.

Not a day passed without a Swarm of Flies of every degree Hurrying Along the strands of the web to the Private Parlors of the Spider, who sat there to Welcome Them. There were sharp, inquisitive Goggles, polite and affable Houseflies of Dutch Appearance, portly and splendid Blue-bottle Flies, flushed with Slaughterhouse Luxuries, Horseflies that had fattened on Thoroughbred Blood—in fact, there was no variety of the species that was not Represented in the Swarm that Buzzed and Crowded about the Approaches to the Web.

But it was not Long before the Quiet and Conservative Insects that resided in the vicinity noticed that, although all these Flies looked Prosperous and Strong when they entered the Web, those that retired generally presented a Pitiful Appearance, there being some who Limped Away on but five or seven legs, others who retained but a Single Wing, and others again who had lost several Eyes or were Mutilated in Some Fashion or other. Nor was the number of those returning nearly as Large as that of the Coming Guests, and soon the Rumor grew that within the Web's Meshes could be found the Skeletons of Hundreds who had become Entangled there and had Perished.

Those who left the Web returned straightway to their Homes and were Loath to speak of their Experiences with the Spider, many going so far as to Deny that they had Visited the Web at all. But by degrees, Certain Facts became known and then all the Other Flies who had not Received an Invitation wagged their heads and Wondered how their Friends and Relatives could have been so Grievously Deceived. It became known that the Spider, by way of welcoming his Invited Guests to his sumptuously furnished Parlors, had been in the habit of Springing upon them from behind his roll-top Desk and Bleeding them until there was Nothing left in their Vitals, when he would Cause their Withered Remains to be Cast Out from his Presence.

It became Known also that the Web itself, so far from being a Strong, Comfortable Basis of Operation for Innocent and Inexperienced Flies, was in reality a Treacherous Structure, in which one's Feet and Wings became Readily Entangled. But the most astonishing Revelation of all was in regard to the Atmospheric Qualities claimed by the Spider, which all the Sadder and Wiser Flies agreed did not exist at all. In fact, the Air about the Web was precisely the same as that which they had been accustomed to Breathing, except that it contained a little more Wind.

And so, as these Rumors spread abroad, it came to pass that the Officers of the land fell upon the Spider's Web and destroyed it, thus Revealing the Whereabouts of Innumerable Withered Frames, the Remains of Eager and Unsophisticated Flies who had Perished while trying to Gather Wealth from the Highly Charged Atmosphere. The Web was Destroyed, but there was no Redress for those who had sacrificed Life or Limbs in the Race for Wealth, and the Spider will, in all probability, soon Begin Work on a New Web, which will be fitted with all Modern Improvements.

MORAL.

This Fable Teaches us that Spiders do not Build Webs for the Purpose of Giving Something for Nothing, and also that Every Promise of Profits Beyond Reason may be Traced Directly to the Lips of a Knave.

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night. "While cruising in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island that was positively red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs!"—Tit-Bits.

Talk of the Literary Shop.

MESSRS. COPELAND AND DAY will soon bring out a new book of lyrics by Father John B. Tabb, whose first book of poems, now in its sixth edition, has attracted a great deal of critical attention. A new volume of poems by Frances Thompson is also announced from the press of the same firm.

Little, Brown & Co. have entered upon the publication of an entirely new issue of the writings of Francis Parkman, the historian. This edition will be in twenty volumes, and will be printed at the University Press, Cambridge, in type specially made for the publication and on fine laid paper with deckle edge. The books will be illustrated by 120 full-page photographic plates from the house of Boussois, Valadon & Co., carefully printed on India paper. The edition will contain an introduction by John Fiske, than whom no man in the world is better qualified to understand and appreciate Mr. Parkman's work. Another book of great importance that has just appeared on the counters of this firm is the "Life of Lord Nelson," two volumes, by Captain Mahan, of the United States Navy. Captain Mahan has already made himself famous by his two volumes of "Sea Power," which have been enormously successful in Europe, and particularly in England, where they will doubtless insure for him a favorable reception for his new historical work.

The following are quoted as examples of the sort of literary fun in which Boston is finding refreshment nowadays: "Quo Vadis" has not only achieved a remarkable degree of success, but has also stimulated the sale of previous works by the same author. "The Honorable Peter Sterling," by Paul Ford, and "Trooper Peter Halket of Marlborough," by Olive Schreiner, may also be mentioned as works of fiction that find favor just now with Athenians of Beacon Hill. "Farthest North," by Nansen, and "Forty-one Years in India," by Field Marshal Roberts, are attracting the attention of those who delight in descriptions of far-away lands, while Kipling's "Seven Seas" is first in the poetic race and the rest nowhere. The historical novels of Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin, "The Head of a Hundred" and "White Aprons," still enjoy an excellent sale, though they are by no means new books. Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" and C. G. D. Roberts' "Forge in the Forest" are also largely in evidence in the most august literary circles.

About twenty-four miles from Boston, in the little village of Greenbush, the man who was driving me to the railroad station stopped to point out the old home of Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," a poem which still lives, embalmed in every quartet in the land. Whenever the quartet habit prevails there you will find familiarity with every line and every verse of this ballad, and I confess that it was with genuine delight that I gazed upon the very scene that conjured up in the brain of the composer who went home one hot day and added his name to the list of immortals under the impetus of what would be called to-day a "crying jag." The man who drove me confessed to the quartet habit himself, and as he stopped to point out the house beside which the old well stood he intoned in deep, resonant notes the lines: "The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket, The iron-bound bucket that hung in the well, "There it is," he continued in his singing voice, "just behind the kitchen. So many people came to see it that the folks that own it now got a brand new paper bucket and a kind of patent arrangement to haul it up because the old bucket and well were out of date. Well, some Chicago parties come along and didn't like the paper bucket, and so they promised to send them an oaken one to put in its place. They did send it. 'Twas all fixed up nice with brass hoops. I believe there's a copper pump on the well now."

We continued on our way, and a moment later the charioter burst into song: "The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood, And all the loved scenes that my infancy knew."

"There they are," he said, and there, sure enough, was a bit of land skirting a broad millpond that might well have suggested the line of description. "The mill that stood by it" stands there still, as it has stood for more than two hundred years, and they are grinding flour in it after the same fashion that was followed when the Indians lived in the neighborhood and were apt to levy contributions on the inhabitants in the way of hair or provisions at any moment. It is an interesting spot, on the whole, and if the trustees of the village know their business they will keep the mill and the pond and the wildwood just as they are and see to it that no one is allowed to replace them with a canvas forest and an imitation mill, and then run excursions from the nearby Athens to look at them. J. L. F.

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The First Buffalo.

The first buffalo of the herd at Van Cortlandt Park was born yesterday.—Evening Paper.

Oh, zephyr of the springtime That monkeys with the lilac, And makes the dainty tea rose With pleasure brightly glow, Oh, prithce, kindly temper Yourself as on you wander Unto the latest baby— The unshorn buffaloo.

Oh, make him blithely caper Along the primrose meadow, Absorbing all the frisky Aroma of the scene. While blowing through his father's Un-Frenched Teutonic whiskers; Oh, make the baby wiggle B's narrative serene.

Oh, make him skip fandangoes Upon the hyperbole, And tumble somersaulting As happy as a lark. O', glad the happy mother Who chants a festive psalm To glad and homey baby That glads Van Cortlandt Park.

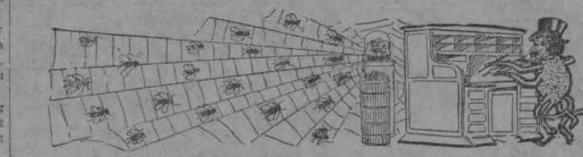
Long live the toots' woots, And may the butcher never Oh, never, kill and run him To slalp around the globe. Oh, may the day be Jistant Whereon, with aspect solemn, The Hand of Fate shall skin him To make a buffalo robe.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Extremity. [Detroit Journal.] "No, no, no!" she cried, waving him away. When he saw how great was her extremity he used her as a bar.

The extremity was a UB at the very least. He accordingly abandoned the effort to sell her a pair of white Summer shoes, and showed her something nobly in light patent leathers.

Arthur Mewen.



THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night. "While cruising in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island that was positively red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs!"—Tit-Bits.

"These," said the noble lord to his American guest, "these are my ancestral acres."

And be carefully took from their case the he did, too, but the shoes were polished, and well polished, ere the officer's arrival, and when he came the cowed Smith had no orders for him.

It was a great day for the guests of the Royal Victoria Hotel, and when Smith wasn't looking, they made up to the intrepid man from New York and congratulated and thanked him. There is a local tradition that Smith was once kicked, and this was revived by the bolder guests with chuckles. The poor Pirate, when complaint of Smith's conduct was made to him by the gentleman, tried to smile and say it was only Smith, and then covered away into his corner again. Smith was not himself until the New Yorker departed for Florida to let Mr. Flagler take what was left in his pockets.

But if Mr. Flagler knows how to charge he also gives you modern accommodations that are worth at least half of your money, and when he builds his contemplated hotel at Nassau, the quaint old town will be freed from the monopoly now possessed by the antiquated Royal Victoria—and freed from the incredible Flies.

"I'll send for the police!" shrieked Smith, prudently retreating, retreating with speed. Send for one of the black constabulary.