

SIR JULIAN MAY QUIT DINING OUT.

British Ambassador Will Either Sit Next to the Giver of the Feast or He Will Stay at Home.

Senator Chandler Will To-Day Renew the Fight for the Seizure of the Carnegie Armor Plate Works.

Nelson Threatens Trouble for Hoar Over the Bankruptcy Bill--Perkins Collides with an Ashcart While Trying to Ride a Bicycle.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—We're in a peck of trouble down here. Sir Julian is threatening to fly the coop. Not leave us and go back to England; he could not do that, because the Queen won't let him, don't you know; but he has about made it up that he will not dine with us hereafter. You see there's been some beastly publications in certain papers to the effect that Sir Julian was getting flakey about his feed, and wanted a trough to himself, and all that sort of thing, and it's all put Sir Julian in a temper.

It makes a horrid mess. It has become so that none of us can gorge himself satisfactorily unless Sir Julian bats in his company, and now S. J. is threatening a general declination to all dinners in advance. No one can blame Sir Julian for declaring himself in this affair. As the greatest man in the hemisphere, he claims his proper place at dinner, which is just two points off the "starboard" bow of the maker of the feast. Sir Julian will get out of the dinner way of nothing on this continent save the President. Vice-Presidents, Cabinet folk and such fry as Senators and members of the Supreme Court must trail in after Sir Julian or they don't eat. Or Sir Julian doesn't eat—one or the other.

And now that Sir Julian has gotten his Ambassadorial back up over this subject of precedence, not only will he eschew dinners, but he is, I hear, about to refuse invitations to funerals unless he is allowed to ride next to the bears. Sir Julian concedes that a gentleman at his own funeral is entitled to the right of the line. But he will go no further; will yield no more. Hereafter Sir Julian comes next to the corpse, or the obsequies will have to struggle on without him.

This trouble with Sir Julian ament the good question worries me. It may lead to awful complications. We have got some mighty haughty feeders of our own in Washington. Only the other day Sewell and Vice-President Hobart quit the Metropolitan Club in dudgeon and went over to Chamberlain's because some gentleman wouldn't let them eat his dinner. Yes, indeed, we capital woods are full of what one might call high-toned repeaters, and I fear that Sir Julian may get against some of these local gamecocks of the dinner table, and it will become a case of flying feathers and drop socket gauffs between them.

Our Senators took an early adjournment to-day. To-morrow it is esteemed as certain that Chandler, the Fire Eater from the Franconia Notch, will burn the armor plate ringers at the stake and move for the immediate capture of Carnegie's works. Chandler is a strong-minded person. Usually he knows his business, and the score card doesn't charge him with many wild throws. It is well, then, to regard this sort of Chandler against the armor platers as a serious affair. If Chandler undertakes the seizure of Carnegie's works he will get a piece of them, rest sure. And Tillman and sundry others of the Senate Apaches will join Chandler in his war-making. This Senate fracas in armor plates is worth watching with interest.

Papa Hoar is, I learn, deeply determined to pass his bankruptcy law at this extra session. Knute Nelson, the statesman from the upper Red River, will give Papa Hoar the fight of the year.

Knute Nelson has been very quiet since that session of the Legislature of the Great Northern Railroad which selected him as the Senator. But folks do say that Knute's a buzz-saw, and that all one need do to find it out is to throw on the belt. They declare that Knute can make fence boards of the toughest knot in the Senate when it comes Knute's turn. It will may be. Knute is a lineal descendant of those old Berserkers of the North. In his veins flows the blood of Harold Hardrada, Rolf Ganger and the Bongvold Jarl.

The ancestors of Knute have aforetime hung their shields along the sides of their long sea serpents, bent to their heavy ears, and away on the path to pillage and burn and slay and onslave for months at a time. Knute's forbears drank blood from the skulls of their slaughtered foes; you can see it in Knute's face; and then, in their old age, after their fights and their drinking bouts and their horseflesh feasts were done, they died and went to Valhalla to hobnob with the heroes who preceded them until the end of time. Knute, of course, can't do these things. It wouldn't be good form to quaff blood from the skull of your enemy in Minnesota, where Knute lives. Nor does the country about St. Paul offer the best facilities for Viking cruises. So Knute has, up to date, forborne from these ancestral gayeties, and in lieu of Valhalla has come to the Senate and maintained himself with much peace and dignity since his arrival.

But the old Berserk spirit still lodges in Knute's bosom; still gives Knute's dauntless breast as its address. And I want to warn Papa Hoar right here that, while I don't aim to discourage him in his bankruptcy plottings, when Knute comes after him, he (Knute) will make him (Papa Hoar) exceedingly hard to find. Knute will spoil him.

Perkins Tries to Ride a Wheel.

Our friend and condofutor, Senator Perkins, is nursing a wrist, swollen to the size of the fetlock of an elephant. Perkins has been a sailor bold and ploughed the raging main. And Perkins claimed that a man who was qualified to lay out to the weather carrying of the foretopsail yard and furl and stow the sail in a hurricane could easily ride a bike. It was this bold opinion of Perkins which bore fruit in the swollen fetlock aforesaid. What implanted in Perkins the bike thirst will never be known. Perkins can't tell himself. He saw Jerry Simpson and his golf stockings and Joe Cannon and other birds of Congressional prey flitting about the scene aboard of bikes and was caught up in the mad whirl. That's the best explanation Perkins can give. But whatever the fatal impulse, this morning, when there was none to restrain him, Perkins repaired to a bike place and leased one of those unsteady engines by the hour. In the first stages of this mad escapade it would seem that Perkins did more than well. His marine training stood him in good stead. Perkins wobbled a bit, and was unceremonious as to course, but he made weather of it. Perkins went tacking down the street, first starboard, then port. The bike was an unusually weathery craft, so Perkins says; a trifle down by the head with Perkins on her, but beyond being a little hard to steer on that account, Perkins noted no



Chandler, the Fire Swallowet.



Nelson, the Last of the Vikings.

faults. Perkins was approaching a corner; he had his bicycle on the port tack. Just then up the side street came an ash cart, with the wind free and her sails set wing and wing.

"Luff, you lubber!" shouted Perkins, as he foresaw with nautical skill that a collision was imminent. "Luff, you landswab, or I'll run you down!"

"Let your felucca off a point and cross astern of me!" retorted the captain of the ash cart. The felucca cart captain called Perkins's bike a felucca.



The Senator, the Ash Cart and the Frantic Bike.

The ash cart did not luff and Perkins did not let his bike off a point. Each held his course. There was a grinding crash. Perkins's bowsprit was caught in the main rigging of the ash cart and carried away. With all this hamper across his bows, naturally Perkins went down. Hence the elephant's fetlock instead of a wrist that Perkins wears now in a sling. When Perkins was again on an even keel the ash cart was hulled down on the horizon and chase was out of the question.

HE COULDN'T GET WORK.

In Spite of Magistrate Flammer's Recommendation John Reilly and Wife May Go to the Workhouse.

The attempt made by Magistrate Flammer to get employment for John Reilly, an upholsterer, of Winfield, failed and the little family expect to be dispossessed to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Reilly walked from their home to the Gerry society in this city, a distance of fifteen miles, on last Thursday. A pair of twins two years old and an eight-month-old baby were wheeled the entire distance in a baby carriage. Magistrate Flammer gave Reilly \$5 and letters to a number of friends, but so far he has not secured work. He left his home yesterday morning to look for employment as he has done in vain nearly every day for seven months.

Mrs. Reilly left the twins in the care of their three-year-old brother and with her baby in her arms hurried over to the Hart court where she told Gerry Agent St. John her trouble.

"Our goods will be set on the street to-morrow," she said, "and I suppose we will lose them. I want to come over to-morrow and have the twins sent to an institution and then I want myself and the baby sent to the workhouse. Have given up hope."

After she had gone the court officers and reporters made up a purse of \$10.50, which will be given to the woman when she comes to court to-day.

"I have investigated the case," said Agent St. John, "and the family is a thoroughly deserving one."

BOYS ELUDED THE RESERVES.

Twenty Policemen Failed to Capture a Set of Youthful Window Breakers.

Two policemen in plain clothes hung about the open lot on Sixty-third street, west of Amsterdam avenue, yesterday afternoon looking for a dozen small boys who have had a fend with some stained glass windows in the school of the Children's Aid Society at No. 224 West Sixty-third street.

The boys were stoning the windows in great force yesterday when Patrolman Neuman was summoned and chased them ineffectually. Neuman went to the West Sixty-eighth street police station house and reported that the boys treated him with great lack of respect. A reserve force of twenty men was ordered to bring in the youthful rioters.

The police divided into four squads and descended on the lot suddenly from its four sides, but the youngsters vanished into the nearby tenements and only Joseph Woods of No. 214 West Sixty-eighth street, who is eighteen years old and so proud of his muscles that he stood to fight the police, was captured.

CHICAGO'S BIG LABOR LEAGUE.

Thirty Thousand Men in Building Trades Will Form the New Organization.

Chicago, April 12.—The Organization Committee of the Building Trades Council, together with a joint committee representing 28 local unions composed of men in the building material trades, have formed a new central body to work in conjunction with the Building Trades Council.

The name chosen for the new organization is the Building Material Trades Council of Cook County, Ill. Its object is to unionize all factories in the city making material used in building. Another purpose of the body is to aid the council in the Spring campaign for higher wages and shorter hours. It is thought the new organization will soon have a membership of 30,000 or more.

ANOTHER TYPHOID VICTIM.

Toenniges Is the Twelfth Mill Employee to Die from Drinking Well Water.

Harry Toenniges, nineteen years old, another of the employees of the rubber mill at Lambertville, N. J., who contracted typhoid fever from drinking water from a well at the mill, died yesterday, making twelve fatal cases. Toenniges was to have been married last Wednesday. During his fatal illness he was nursed by his sweetheart.

PARDONED, BUT SEEKS PENANCE.

Albert Arndt Astonishes Justice by Surrendering Himself.

LOGICAL, NOT REGRETFUL.

Says He Committed a Punishable Crime and Should Be Made to Suffer for It.

Albert Arndt, mild mannered, with porcelain-like eyes and skin blacked by coal dust, asked of Magistrate Wentworth, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday, the favor of punishment for a crime of which he was acquitted three years ago.

While the Magistrate stared, the detective who accompanied Arndt told the man's history. He was an intimate friend of Frederick Schneider, janitor of a tenement at No. 420 West Sixteenth street, and shot him three times on July 30, 1894, for no reason that one could divine.

Arndt was a sweeper in the Street Cleaning Department. Schneider was detected by his tenants, but Arndt was not one of them. Had they provoked his sympathy for their wrongs, Schneider and his wife were sure he would have sermonized, not tried to kill. Arndt had said nothing. He was acquitted by a jury before Judge Cowling. Schneider is in San Francisco.

"The man must be mad," said Magistrate Wentworth, and he committed Arndt for examination at Bellevue Hospital. Arndt was placed there in the insane pavilion. He impressed none who talked with him on other subjects than his shooting of Schneider as if he were out of his mind.

On the shooting of Schneider he spoke not as one remorseful, but as one gone daft on logic. "I shot Schneider. It was a crime. The law punishes crime. The law should punish me." He said this, nothing more.

The warden of the Jefferson Market Prison was surprised at his association of the idea of crime with the idea of punishment, for three years ago, when the warden saw him a prisoner under charge of felonious assault, Arndt was incapable of assembling two ideas.

He is forty-five years old, a German and lived at No. 139 West Twenty-seventh street, where little is known of him. He refers to John Callahan, of Seventeenth street, near Ninth avenue, who said last night:

"Arndt never knew until a little while ago that he shouldn't have shot Schneider. It takes him a long time to think things."

In the time before his crime, when Arndt had space in his mind for one idea at a time only, he was astonished at everything, except when he had to assemble

two ideas. There was an explosion of steam almost under the feet of a horse that he was driving, for instance. It was a violent surprise on a crowded street, and it drew expressions of fear from the bravest men. Arndt did not budge, he did not shiver, he did not even turn his head. It had been impossible for him to associate the idea of noise with the idea of danger.

Since his crime Arndt has been haunted with fears and reminiscences. His new manner has come apparently, of his association of the idea of crime with the idea of punishment. So the physicians in the insane ward of Bellevue Hospital intend to try to instill into him the idea of forgiveness, but this entails an association of three ideas, and it may be too much for Albert Arndt.

TRAPPED JIM THE PENMAN.

Sanford Confesses He Forged for Years Without His Family's Knowledge.

Jamestown, N. Y., April 12.—H. J. Sanford, who was arrested last Friday, was taken to Fort Wayne for trial this morning. Before leaving he acknowledged that he had been engaged in forgeries and passing bank paper for the past five years.

He said his right name was C. F. Moore, that his home was in Cleveland, and that he was president of the United States Fuel Economizing Company, doing business at No. 1005 Woodland avenue, that city. He says that neither his business associates nor his family have any idea that he has been engaged in these forgeries.

YALE'S BRICK ROW TO GO.

President Dwight in His Annual Report Says It Spoils the Symmetry of the Quadrangle.

New Haven, Conn., April 12.—The annual report of President Dwight, of Yale University, for the year 1896, was issued to-day. He thinks that inasmuch as the new buildings to-day will soon become old to all living graduates, that in the future all the old brick row, including South Middle, will have to go, for the sake of the symmetry of the quadrangle.

He favors a system of fellowships of a purely honorary character and without any money income, those being especially adapted to young men of wealth, who, not needing the money, will be glad of the scholastic honor.

President Dwight favors strongly a department of architecture in connection with the Art School, which would cost, with equipment, not less than \$250,000; the addition of several hundred thousand dollars to the library fund and the addition of a new medical building at a cost of \$35,000. The total gifts for the year amount to \$402,568, and in ten years to over \$4,000,000. The library for the year shows the largest annual increase in its history, namely, 22,100 volumes and 27,000 pamphlets. The giver of the Hunt library (Scandinavian) is now announced as Mrs. Henry Farnam, of New Haven.

The largest clientele of intelligent, thoughtful readers reached by any periodical, daily, weekly or monthly in the world during 1896 was that of The

Cosmopolitan Magazine

....During 1897....

DOES MODERN COLLEGE EDUCATION EDUCATE IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE OF THE TERM?

What is probably the most important discussion of the educational question ever held will be opened in the April COSMOPOLITAN. President Gilman of The Johns Hopkins University will follow the introductory article and the leading educators of the day will contribute articles upon this most important inquiry: "Does Modern Education Educate, in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" If you are at all interested in the instruction of youth, either as teacher or parent, you can not afford to miss this remarkable symposium, intended to review the mistakes of the nineteenth century, and signalize the entrance of the twentieth by advancing the cause of education. President Dwight of Yale, President Schurman of Cornell, Bishop Potter and President Morton are among those who have already agreed to contribute to what promises to be the most important series of educational papers ever printed. The aim is to consider existing methods in the light of the requirements of the life of to-day, and this work has never been undertaken on a scale in any degree approaching that outlined for THE COSMOPOLITAN.

No business man, however high his place in the financial world, or humble his commercial life, but will find interesting and instructive material in this series. It will constitute a very complete course of business training, and every young man just entering commercial life, and every old man, however experienced, will alike find it of value. The first of the series is in the March number, on

"The Methods of Banking"

by THOMAS L. JAMES, formerly Postmaster-General, many years president of the Lincoln National Bank. This paper is illustrated by portraits of twelve of the leading bankers of New York, taken for THE COSMOPOLITAN in their bank offices by flash-light.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is on his way to India, as commissioner for THE COSMOPOLITAN, to investigate the famine and plague now desolating that land. India is the least known of the populous countries of the earth, and it is worth while sending there an American with an established reputation for fairness and sincerity, who will paint in his own graphic style, the actual condition of affairs.

I.—The Famine in India. II.—The Plague in India. III.—British Rule in India. IV.—Commerce and Finance in India. V.—The Future of India.

will be studied for THE COSMOPOLITAN's readers by Mr. Hawthorne. These papers will embrace one of the most important series ever presented in a magazine.

If Du Maurier had not chosen "The Martians" as his last title, that would have been the name of the new story of Mr. H. G. Wells, to be begun in the April COSMOPOLITAN. "The War of the Worlds" is one of the most brilliant pieces of imagination ever put in words. Swift and Poe, Jules Verne and Flammarion have all been left behind by the boldness of this new conception of Mr. Wells. Mars, growing cold through the ages, the fight for life on that planet has developed the intelligence of its people to acuteness many centuries in advance of the inhabitants of our globe. They determine to migrate and seize upon our warmer soil. England is the point at which they arrive, and the interest is intense from the first to the closing chapter.

THE NEW STORY THE WAR OF THE WORLDS BY WELLS—TO BEGIN IN APRIL COSMOPOLITAN.

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