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W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Fair and warmer; southwesterly winds.

SPLendid FIGHTING OF THE GREEKS.

The courage and élan of the Greeks have been worthy of their classic ancestors, and show that they have not degenerated in personal valor from that spirit which made some of the episodes of the Greek revolution of a little more than half a century since more like tales of romance than passages of modern warfare.

To this semi-religious enthusiasm the Greek has opposed the sentiment of a passionate patriotism and a pride in the traditions of a time-honored name. But mere courage does not determine the issue of war in this age.

The plan of the Greek campaign has evidently been based on the passage of the mountains along the Western frontier, with many detached bodies of troops, mostly irregulars. The purpose of penetrating to the rear of the Turkish advance, cutting off communications and stirring up rebellion among the Christian population, is sound strategy, and it has brought out characteristic features of Greek dash and valor.

Greek valor, however it may shine, will not save the Nation from great immediate disaster unless it checks Edhem's advance at Larissa and gives the other factors which the logic of events time to work themselves out.

A hopeful thought is suggested in the reported demands of the Bulgarian Government on the Porte, which, in spite of Russian protest, has addressed an ultimatum with the threat of immediate army mobilization.

THE ELLSWORTH BILL DONE FOR.

Black can get it back into the Assembly again. The Governor is willing enough to oblige Boss Platt, but we doubt if he would go the length of resurrecting Ellsworth's preposterous measure.

The burying of the Ellsworth bill really is not a matter of much practical importance. The unconstitutionality of such an effort to abridge the freedom of the press is manifest.

The politicians responsible for the Ellsworth attempt to loathe the bosses with the power of censorship have heard on the people. Whatever faults the newspapers may be as the result of liberty are far easier to endure than to be a press supervised by the Legislature at Albany.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN PROMISE.

President McKinley has been sneeringly criticised by many of the newspapers which supported his candidacy because he has, in pursuance of the pledge of the Republican national platform to promote international metallism, appointed a commission to proceed abroad and go through the form of sounding the various European governments on the subject.

self in the position of a public servant who sternly fulfills party promises, regardless of results.

Such being the high-minded posture of the President, it is naturally to be presumed that ere long he will take steps to give effect to this other pledge to the American people contained in the same platform, and put forward as one of the reasons why the Republican party should be clothed with power.

From the hour of achieving their own independence the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other American people to free themselves from European domination. We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battles of the Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty.

President McKinley, in common with most other Americans, is doubtless stirred with generous sympathy for the noble struggle which Greece is making in the face of fearful odds in behalf of the oppressed people of Crete. We trust that the Greek example of helpfulness to the brave and suffering Cretans, who are no braver, and have suffered no more from tyranny than the Cubans, will spur the President to speedy emulation.

Cuba is our Crete.

HOW TO MEET BRIBERY.

Chicago is not so patient in its attitude toward legislators who legislate with an eye single to their own business interests as are some other communities, larger and smaller. The passage of bills extending for fifty years the franchise of the street railways of Chicago is threatened. A mass meeting of citizens was held on Wednesday night to protest.

The Chicago mass-meeting adopted resolutions declaring that every representative of Cook County in the Legislature who may vote for the obnoxious bills "is a public enemy, who should be treated as a traitor to his constituents in his public and private life, and that his name be Judas, for he has sold his master, the people, for a few pieces of money."

That is strong language, but of what avail is strong language to combat the power of the sack in the hands of the lobby at Springfield, or at the capital of any State where the Legislature is in session and combined and conscienceless wealth is seeking favors? This widespread and terrible evil of bribery must be fought with something more formidable than the vehement resolutions of mass meetings, if it is to be lessened.

This protection of the law could be removed and the danger of the corruptionist rendered so great that the calling of the lobbyist would require as much courage as that of the burglar, whose activity is immeasurably less harmful to the community. Suppose that, on the same principle which justifies the promise of immunity to the criminal who turns State's evidence against his confederates, it should be made no crime for a legislator to accept a bribe, while it remained a penitentiary offence to give one?

If it be objected that this change in the law would inevitably subject many of our most wealthy and respectable citizens to perpetual blackmail at the hands of persons who do not go to the Legislature "for their health," the answer is that wealthy and respectable citizens can easily escape that peril by refraining from putting themselves in the power of such persons. The object of the change in the law would be precisely to furnish this motive among others to the wealthy and respectable to stop that system of bribery which is rotting our whole legislative life.

A squadron of eight British war ships has entered Delagoa Bay, creating great excitement. An arbitration treaty between England and the Transvaal Republic has not as yet been suggested, we believe, by those gentle souls among us who are covered with shame and heated with indignation because the United States Senate is slow to believe that Great Britain wants to reform and abandon the bullying and plundering of the weak from now on, and for moral reasons to eschew war with the powerful forevermore.

Senator Allen's resolution expressing sympathy with Greece will no doubt go through on a wave of enthusiasm. Our commerce with Turkey is so very small that even the "business interests" can afford in this case to indulge themselves in the luxury of a little manly sentiment. As to Cuba, however, the possibility of war with mighty Spain is too appalling to be contemplated without a sickening sinking of the American heart.

Senator Ellsworth has a large head. Possibly that accounts for the readiness with which the pestilent cartoonists pick him out from among the crowd of common men. Ears, cracked fine and sprinkled with some reflection and a little modesty, is, however, usually considered more efficacious than legislation as a cure for the sort of head which gives Mr. Ellsworth his conspicuousness.

The Democratic platform which the Republican carpenters at Albany are industriously erecting will be broad enough for every honest man in the State to stand upon.

A Moment with the Chappies.

Miss Quibb's connection with the death of Mr. James L. Kernochan brought her into unpleasant notoriety, is generally accredited with being engaged in marriage to Mr. William Coady Loew, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Loew, of No. 25 West Fifty-seventh street.

The general interpretation of this utterance will be that an engagement between the young people exists, but that for obvious reasons there will be no great do about it.

Theodore Havemeyer has been seriously ill with threatened pneumonia, but is now out of danger and improving rapidly.

The trouble was due to a heavy cold. He was caught in a heavy rain storm while coaching in Westchester County, but wouldn't relinquish the reins although he was well soaked.

The result was about as close a call for the links of the hereafter as the "Daddy of Golf" will care to take in a long time to come.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Whitney will not be seen at Newport this Summer.

They will sail for Europe on the 5th proximo to remain abroad until the last of August or the first of September. London and Paris will occupy most of their attention.

When they return to America they will go at once to Mr. Whitney's Westbury country seat, which is going to be one of the handsomest on Long Island.

I wonder how many women in New York are waiting for an adjustment of alimony claims before marrying the second time?

What is funnier yet the prospective husbands of these second-hand brides are taking quite as lively an interest in the monetary side of matrimony as the ladies themselves.

Old No. 1 hangs on to his money more tenaciously than he did to his wife, however, and that is where all the trouble comes in. He is more than willing that the other fellow should have her, but when it comes to surrendering his dollars as well the proposition assumes a less pleasing aspect.

Certain weddings that are a bit overdue have hung fire for no other reason than this.

Mrs. George W. Kidd and Miss Georgette Kidd, the inseparable mother and daughter, will sail for London, June 2.

They will view the Queen's Jubilee procession from a little balcony of the Hotel Berkeley, for which they will pay \$150 extra, although they secured apartments at this hotel long ago, and the little balcony referred to is a part of their suite.

But windows and balconies commanding a view of the Queen's Jubilee parade are held as things apart on that day. The other windows in Mrs. Kidd's apartments at the Berkeley will be occupied on Jubilee day by persons of whom she has no knowledge and may never have.

The balcony, which the management of the hotel has kindly permitted Mrs. Kidd to retain out of consideration for the extra charge, will accommodate eight people. This will permit her to have six guests, all of whom, she says, shall be Americans.

An enterprising contemporary has made the wonderful discovery that the Patriarchs disband because the balls cost too much. It makes "one of the oldest of the Patriarchs" say this:

"The trouble is we cannot give balls as cheaply as could Mr. McAllister. He had the knack of getting more for the money than any one else. I do not believe Delmonico ever made much money out of the Patriarchs. The new management may not be able to give more than one ball, but one Patriarchs dance is better than none."

I don't think so. Any such semi-rehabilitation of the Patriarchs would be altogether unsatisfactory, and the Four Hundred wouldn't stand for it. We don't want any Cheap John, poor-mouth, one-half ass, any man who would have it. If the Patriarchs are wise they will stay dead rather than submit to any such sorry attempt at resurrection.

There will be a brilliant assemblage, in color at least, at the Westchester Country Club to-morrow, when Gordon MacDonald, of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, will be the guest of honor at a hunt breakfast.

Covers will be laid for about one hundred and twenty-five, and as the hunting chappies will all wear pink coats and the chappies will be arrayed in spring finery, the scene will be gay, if not gaudy.

Prince di Faustino, who has half a dozen other names that I can't remember, seems to take the breaking of his engagement with Miss Jane Campbell very imperturbably.

No satisfactory explanation of that fracture has been offered, but it is generally accepted here that the history of the princely house of Di Faustino affords instances of mental peculiarities that made the marriage undesirable.

Certain people of my acquaintance would not have allowed a little thing like that to stand between them and a title. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

His Gratitude. (Cleveland Leader.) Banks—Do you know what I'd do to Hanby if I were in your place? Watters—No. Why? Banks—He told me this morning that you were a liar.

Watters—How did he come to tell you that? Banks—He just blurted it out, in plain English. Watters—Did he offer any proof? Banks—Proofs? No, of course not. Watters—All right. I'll send him a box of cigars at once.

Had a Sure Thing. (Cleveland Leader.) Thompson—Oh, Flummert, you Populists and Popocrats make me sick with all your talk about there being no business in spite of Republican success. There is business. Everybody's busy, and I can prove it to you. Flummert—How'll you do it? Thompson—Just step to the telephone, there, and call for any number you please. If the line isn't busy I'll agree that you're right and I'm wrong.

Overweight. (Detroit Journal.) "If I understood you rightly you called that cake we had for dinner poundcake." "Yes, Why?" "Oh, nothing only it occurred to me after I ate it that you might have cheated yourself."

The landlady made no reply at the moment, but in the silent watches of the evening she telephoned the butcher to make it a round instead of a porterhouse.

McClure's Birthday at Syndicate Village.

EVER since the foundation of McClure's model village of Syndicate has the Hackensack ring with such merry, innocent mirth as it did yesterday, when McClure's Birthday was observed in a fitting manner by the inhabitants of the literary village. Mr. McClure, who generously bore the entire expense of the merrymaking, arrived in the village nearly a week ago, and since then has been engrossed in his preparations for what he declared should be the most notable literary gathering ever seen on this continent, and when the factories closed at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening all the hands were notified that they would not be opened again until Tuesday morning, and that the piece workers would be paid for Monday as if they were salaried employees, in order that the holiday might cost them nothing. It is by such acts of generosity that Mr. McClure has made himself beloved by all literary workers whose good fortune it has been to do business with him.

And it is because of this and many other acts of generosity on Mr. McClure's part that that upright and discriminating manufacturer found no difficulty in securing a score of willing volunteers at an early hour on Monday morning when it became necessary to transfer to the lighter, "Paraphernalia," several cases of Daniel Webster portraits and a section of the new to New York. This work accomplished, the hands returned to the village in time to prepare for the merrymaking, which began shortly after 1 o'clock.

At precisely 12 o'clock a special train arrived from New York laden with invited guests, among whom were a great many men and women well known in literary and artistic circles. Mr. McClure welcomed us cordially as we alighted at the station, and then led the way to the art department, where a toothsome collation had been spread. The fires had been put out in the forges, the huge bellows were all motionless and the anvils now served to support the wide boards which were used as a banquet table. It was difficult for me to realize that this well-swept, neatly garnished room was the smoky, noisy art department, with fierce flames leaping from a dozen banks of glowing coals that I had visited but a few days before.

At the conclusion of the banquet the guests were escorted to seats which had been reserved for them on the village green and immediately afterward the sports began.

The first athletic event was the putting of the twenty-pound jock from Harper's Bazar. There were eight competitors in this contest, including Mr. Hamlin Garland, who mistook a block of wood for the jock, threw it and was disbarred, as were two other contestants who were unable to see the jock after they had put them.

The next event was an obstacle race for the literary section of the settlement, the former being subjected to a handicap of three extra "O. K.'s" on account of their superior sprinting qualities with such a goal in sight. This contest was won by a one-legged man whose intimacy was offset by the fact of his long experience in cashing checks in the office of the Illustrated American.

Then came what was called a "Park Row Contest," open to all ex-journalists, in the form of a collar and elbow wrestling match for the city editor's desk, catch as catch can. There were seven contestants in this match, each one of whom was obliged to catch all the others in the act of doing something wrong and report the same at headquarters. The prize was given to a gentleman who had filled every position on the Herald from window cleaner to editor-in-chief, and is now spending his declining years at the copy desk in that establishment and taking a morose and embittered view of life.

The running high jump next occupied the attention of the spectators. A huge pile of reminiscences of prominent statesmen, writers and other famous characters was placed on the ground, the prize to be awarded to the one who could jump over the greatest number of them without touching the top of the heap. This proved to be an exceedingly spirited and interesting contest, and the pile slowly increased in height until there was but one contestant left who could clear it. He proved to be a complete outsider, the grand-nephew of one of the poets who had asked permission to take part in the sports as a guest of Mr. McClure's. The old gentleman was visibly affected when the prize was handed to him and explained his success by remarking that he had been in the habit of skipping all the reminiscences in McClure's Magazine whenever he came across them, and this habit, coupled with his regular mode of life, had enabled him to land all his competitors, even at his advanced age.

Mr. Gilder, of the Century Magazine, was kind enough to lend his aid in the manuscript-throwing contest which followed. Forty poets, armed to the teeth with their verses, assailed the Century editor without an instant's delay. The speed with which the experienced editor returned each wad of manuscript to its sender was the subject of general admiring comment to all present except the poets themselves, who found themselves unable to land a single verse. Mr. Gilder was so fatigued with his efforts that he asked to be excused from playing the part of the bag in the bag-punching contest which the poets were anxious to have given.

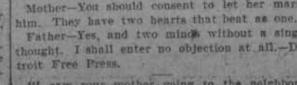
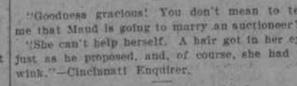
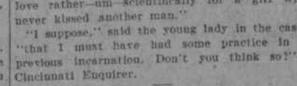
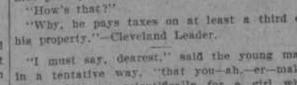
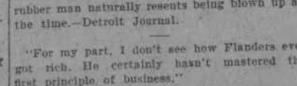
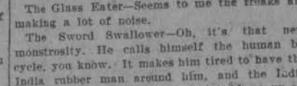
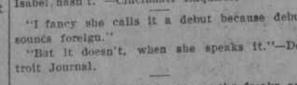
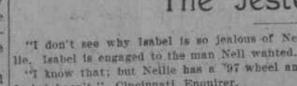
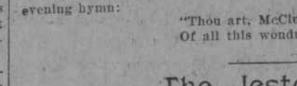
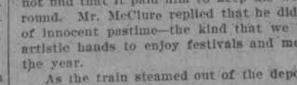
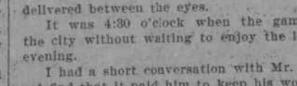
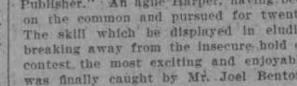
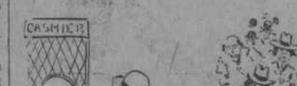
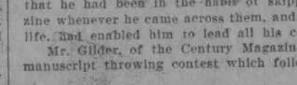
The sports closed with a novel and interesting game in which everybody joined with hearty good-will and enthusiasm. This game was called "Foot, was let loose greased from head to foot, was let loose on the common and pursued for twenty minutes by the excited literary citizens. The skill which he displayed in eluding his pursuers, doubling on his tracks and the breaking away from the insecure hold of some reckless poet, served to make the contest the most exciting and enjoyable event of the whole day's programme. He was finally caught by Mr. Joel Benton, who floored him with a Thanksgiving ode, delivered between the eyes.

It was 4:30 o'clock when the games closed, and I was compelled to return to the city without waiting to enjoy the literary exercises which were held during the evening.

I had a short conversation with Mr. McClure, however, and asked him if he did not find that it paid him to keep his workmen in good health and spirits the year round. Mr. McClure replied that he did and that he proposed to encourage all sorts of innocent pastime—the kind that we had witnessed—and permit his literary and artistic hands to enjoy festivals and merrymakings at frequent intervals throughout the year.

As the train steamed out of the depot I heard the inhabitants beginning their evening hymn: "Thou art, McClure, the light and life Of all this wondrous world we see."

JAMES L. FORD.



"Mr. New York, Esq."

There is no need for any cold-blooded comment upon the new burlesque, or review, or rehearsal, or re-frarescence, or whatever it is, that was named "Mr. New York, Esq.," and produced at Weber & Fields' music hall last night. It is the sort of entertainment that defies any sort of description or analysis. As a general thing, it is to laugh. Sometimes it isn't. But, however that may be, a flock of intensely local people—New Yorkers to the backbone—voted that they had enjoyed a jolly evening, and would be perfectly willing to enjoy another of the same sort.

The vast and untrammeled Weber & Fields' forces were turned loose to graze in a sort of meadow furnished by a jocularly irreverent topsy-turvydom of "The Prisoner of Zenda" served up with "Geozor" leavings, Messrs. Weber & Fields' disinter myrmidons in this meadow. Every member of the company earned his or her salary, whatever it was, and earned it literally by the sweat of the brow. Legitimate burlesque has not yet found its way to Broadway. The road is being paved for it. "Mr. New York, Esq.," may lead up to it. In the meantime let us be thankful for jollity of any sort, and spare the laughs at Weber & Fields' as they are offered to us.

Joseph Herbert "wrote" the book of "Mr. New York," and perhaps his manuscript would be something of a curiosity. Exhibited in the lobby of the music hall in a glass case, it would make a hit. John Stromberg and W. T. Francis are responsible for the flingy jingles that tickled the ear. A fastidious management, with an eye to effect, provided a number of comely maids, who wore all sorts of fine feathers upon the least provocation, and sang choruses whenever the principals entered or the curtain fell.

The burlesque was long, but it rarely dragged. It had its serious moments—moments when you got a whiff of bona-fide manuscript. It also had its knockabout movements, when the comedians fell all over the stage, and the audience, as they recalled the days when they were young, fiddle-de-dum. And through it all you saw these merry folks working, working, working to please you. Such sincerity never fails. Everybody in the house realized the stupendously energetic efforts that were being made, and stamped these efforts with good-natured approval long before the evening was over.

At the top of the bill was Henry E. Dixey, cost for the role of "a Bohemian." He might have been an Irish leading man, a comic person, or anything rather than "the Bohemian." Dixey seemed to most of us sober for two days, were addressed to him, and he replied, "I am always sober." These sallies simply convulsed the audience. People yelled with laughter, and a look of coy complacency dawned on Mr. Dixey's features. I have always been one of these gentlemen's extreme admirers, and his dancing last night recalled the nimble days of "Adonis." Nothing else in his work, however, recalled those days. Dixey must be a victim of his vocal chords. His voice made your eyes water. It was husky, almost inaudible, and melancholy. A laugh was caused when he "hit" his recent engagement at Koster & Blal's by remarking that he had been asked to produce a play that would "make a horse laugh." Dixey had "that tired feeling" very badly. And one of the best comedians on the American stage was seen at a distinct disadvantage.

Charles J. Ross as "a victim of heredity" is always an entertainer. In "Mr. New York" he was less hilarious than usual, but it is a pleasure to see a man who can really act and who owns a genuine sense of the ridiculous. Mr. Ross is such a comedian, "Joe" Weber and "Lew" Fields were incessantly amusing, and so were Sam Bernard and John T. Kelly.

Then there was Yolande Wallace, the lady with the exceeding limbs and the clinging tights. Miss Wallace was all that purple and spangles could make her. Occasionally she sang. That is one of Miss Wallace's very bad habits, of which she should endeavor to break herself. It is very nice to sing, but it is not always necessary.

Miss Sylvia Thorne, in a garb of virginal white, smote the vision pleasantly. No Melba or Eames ever possessed a more fertile crop of prima donna mannerisms than those that haloed Miss Thorne. But it is a good thing to take one's self seriously, especially in burlesque, and Miss Thorne, with her Sister Mary Jane's top notes, really almost made you believe that she was cut out for grand opera, and was only adorning Weber & Fields' music hall until Maurice Grau was making up his Metropolitan Opera House list.

Miss Mabel Fenton appeared in the second act as Tess of the W'berfelds—a singularly ingenious title for a parody. Then there were Ada Deaves, and Nellie Beaumont—who did their "Geozor" specialties; Lillian Swain, their glowing team comprising Frankie Bailey and Nellie Stroumburg, and other ladies who were not programmed, because programmatic reading matter is limited.

A burlesque on a cake walk and a screamingly funny game of poker were among the bits of the evening. These bits, by-the-by, were neither Herbert nor Stromberg. They were all due to comedians and interpolated business. The "Click, Click" song, rendered by Ryan in "The Geozor," fell as flat as a pancake, interpreted by Mr. Dixey, who had one or two other ditties to undertake.

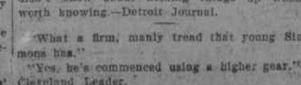
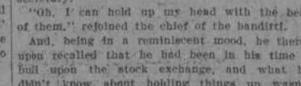
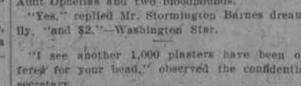
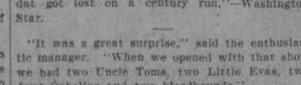
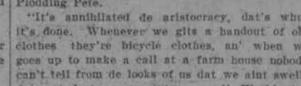
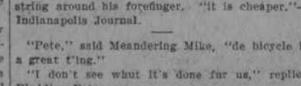
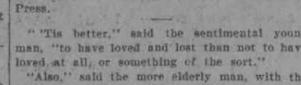
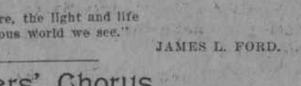
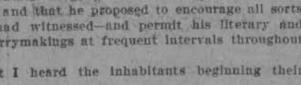
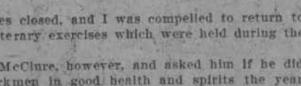
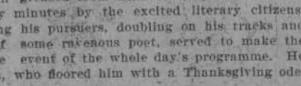
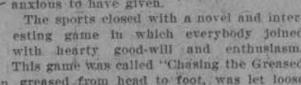
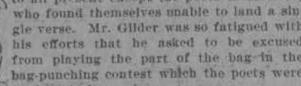
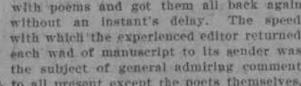
But "Mr. New York, Esq." is not a "newspaper" subject. It must be seen while you are in the most untrifled and serene state of mind. It will be built up into a potent drawing card. It has all the elements that will satisfy the Spring fancy of New York. Don't go to the music hall and sit through it all in a critical state of mind. In fact, don't go at all. Drop in. "Mr. New York" is something to "drop in" at; to take in kindly, home-opathic doses. Weber & Fields' into a kind of house is blossoming forth into a New York institution for droppers in. DANIEL WEBER.

ALAN DALE.

Statistics. (Detroit News.) Reports submitted to the American Tract Society show that 30,000,000 of the Americans are outside the church. On warm Sundays, when the roads are good, the number is probably much greater.

Any Suggestions? (Kansas City Times.) By the way, have the Republican papers of Chicago any new plans to suggest by which the Democratic party can manage to get together?

Important Item. (Washington Post.) Things are remarkably quiet in the vicinity of Princeton, N. J.



The Jesters' Chorus.

"I don't see why Isabel is so jealous of Nellie. Isabel is engaged to the man Nell wanted."

"I know that, but Nellie has a '97 wheel and Isabel hasn't."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I fancy she calls it a debut because debut sounds foreign."

"That it doesn't, when she speaks it."—Detroit Journal.

The Glass Eater—Seems to me the frogs are making a lot of noise.

The Sword Swallower—Oh, it's that new monstrosity. He calls himself the human bicycle, you know. It makes him tired to have the India rubber man around him, and the India rubber man naturally resents being blown up all the time.—Detroit Journal.

"For my part, I don't see how Flanders ever got rich. He certainly hasn't mastered the first principle of business."

"How's that?"

"Why, he pays taxes on at least a third of his property."—Cleveland Leader.

"I must say, Geozor," said the young man in a tentative way, "that you—ah—er—make love rather—um—scientifically for a girl who never kissed another man."

"I suppose," said the young lady in the case, "that I must have had some practice in previous incarnation. Don't you think so?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Goodness gracious! You don't mean to tell me that Mend is going to marry a suctioneer?"

"She can't help herself. A hair got in her eye just as he proposed, and, of course, she had to wink."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Mother—You should consent to let her marry him. They have two bears that beat as one."

Father—Yes, and two mice without a single thought. I shall enter no objection at all.—Detroit Free Press.

"I saw your mother going to the neighbors."

"I crossed the street. When will she be home?" asked the lady caller.

"She said she'd be back just as soon as you left," answered truthful Jimmie.—Detroit Free Press.

"Is better," said the sentimental young man, "to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all, or something of the sort."

"Alo," said the more elderly man, with the string around his forefinger. "It is cheaper."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Pete," said Meandering Mike, "de bicycle is a great thing."

"I don't see what it's done for us," replied Flooding Pete.

"It annihilated de aristocracy, dat's what it's done. Whenever we gits a handout of old clothes they're bicycle clothes, an' when we goes up to make a call at a farm house nobody can't tell from de looks of us dat we ain't swells dat got lost on a century run."—Washington Star.

"It was a great surprise," said the enthusiastic manager. "When we opened with that show we had two Uncle Toms, two Little Evans, two Aunt Ophelias and two bloodhounds."

"Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes dreamily, "and \$2."—Washington Star.

"I see another 1,000 plasters have been offered for your head," observed the confidential secretary.

"Oh, I can hold up my head with the best of them," rejoined the chief of the banditti.

And, being in a reminiscent mood, he thoughtfully recalled that he had been in his time a full member of the Stock Exchange, and what he didn't know about holding things up wasn't worth knowing.—Detroit Journal.

"What a firm, manly tread that young Simons has!"

"Yes, he's commenced using a higher gear."—Cleveland Leader.