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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Clearing; cooler; Southeasterly and Northeasterly winds.

VERY SHORT-SIGHTED PATRIOTS.

The venerable Senator Morrill holds up his hands in solemn deprecation at the thought of annexation in connection with Cuba.

Cuba should belong to the United States (1) because it is geographically an American island; (2) because its possession would strengthen us greatly in case of war; (3) because it is a land of rich natural resources and would by immigration speedily be transformed into a prosperous American State; and (4) because the great majority of its people, including its harassed property owners, favor annexation.

It is a strange sort of American patriotism that can look with complacency, with approval, on the ownership of Cuba by a European monarchy, when the brave men of the island are themselves in armed revolt against foreign mastership.

Consider the Bahamas, which lie but a few hours by steam from our coast. These islands are owned by England, and that fact has cost us an immense loss of blood and treasure.

The English port of Nassau was worth an army in the field to the Confederates. The English industry of helping the South to disrupt the Union was enormously profitable.

How extensive it proved at the principal port of these American islands Stark, in his "History of the Bahamas," tells us. The imports of Nassau in 1860 were in value only \$234,029, and its exports \$157,350.

And here is how the English community inhabiting this capital of an American island flourished while the Republic was battling for its life.

Every one was wild with excitement during these years of the war. The shops were packed to the ceiling, the streets were crowded with hales, boxes and barrels.

Should it be our fortune to engage in war with any other power than England Nassau would be again a neutral port, and therefore a base of supplies, a safe resting place for the ships of our enemy.

It is affirmed by the Washington dispatches that Senator Pettigrew's anti-trust amendment to the tariff bill will be supported by nearly all the Democratic and every one of the Populist Senators.

As, if the Republicans contend, protection is designed only to encourage home industry and maintain wages, and not in any degree to create, foster and guard trusts, it is not apparent how they can consistently oppose the Pettigrew amendment.

The sympathy of all citizens, regardless of party, who are opposed to the Government being a nurse to the tariff-fathered trusts, is with the stand taken by Senator Pettigrew.

It is said that General Lee has made a report on the Cuban situation which takes most decisive grounds in favor of the insurgents.

Mark Hanna might apply for an injunction to prevent those Ohio millionaires becoming candidates for the United States Senate.

Mr. McKinley has so far recovered from his fear that the currency of the country might be Mexicanized that he has entertained a Mexican band at the White House and enjoyed its notes.

There is something extraordinary in the matter when Hon. John W. Foster cannot find provocation for taking a trip abroad at the Government's expense.

With the blowholes in the armor plate, the leaks in the dry docks and the sinking habits of the war vessels Assistant Secretary Roosevelt finds the opportunities for reform in the navy unlimited.

Once and for all, Henry John Whitehouse and Ethel Mand Dentize are married. The marriage occurred in Dinard, France, on May 5, as was published in this column.

The leaks in the dry docks are heavy contributors to the loss in the Treasury.

land, his continuance in office makes him an accredited agent of the new Administration, who cannot be ignored in spite of the fact that a special coadjutor and probable successor has arrived in Havana.

It is desirable that this official report should be made known to that body without delay, though it is indicated that to get possession of it will require a surgical operation.

The whole country, equally with President McKinley and his protectionist satellites, is anxious to have the tariff muddle settled and the tension of business relieved, so far as tariff legislation can do it.

The action of sundry courts in holding tax assessors to a severe account in undervaluing or overlooking personal property as a basis of taxation has spurred the State Board of Commissioners to activity in the matter.

That body has issued strict injunctions to all city, town and village boards in the State to enforce assessment of real and personal property at full value.

Irish green with the tiger couchant would be fine for the Manhattan. Eucalyptus yellow with Venus dormant would suit the New York.

A broken one for the Union, a Bishop's mitre for the Century, a dollar mark for the Metropolitan and a pap bull for the Callahan would catch the town at once and save us the trouble of looking in the Register to find out exactly to what clubs a chap belongs.

Christopher Columbus Baldwin, who died in his Newport cottage yesterday afternoon, will be sadly missed in social and club life.

His two sons, C. C. Baldwin, Jr., and J. Dixon Roman Baldwin, are members of the Kulchebocker Club and figures prominently in the smart set, while his daughter, Louise Roman Baldwin, is one of New York's most popular young women.

Nothing has more deeply interested intelligent railroad men than the possibilities of electricity as applied to traction. The immense loss of power by the use of steam, furnishing less than one-fifth of the potential value of the coal, has always been one of the greatest factors of cost in railroad operation.

The wedding of Miss Alice Tracy Wilmerding and Mr. Frederic H. Condit, Jr., yesterday afternoon, was one of the prettiest that I have seen this season.

The New York & New Haven Railroad has been carrying on a series of experiments for the last three years, ending in what has been proclaimed a most salient success. It is accomplished by means of a third rail midway between the carrying rails, forming with them a perfect circuit.

Miss Margaret Wilmerding is a handsome woman, but she is not of the same generation as the bride of yesterday.

Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been interviewed at length as to why he chose Harvard instead of Yale, and he has settled this question of national importance by telling in a very straightforward, manly way that he had never intended to go to Yale, and that he is going to Harvard because his chums are Harvard bound, and because his mamma thinks Cambridge is a healthy place.

Mr. Harry Prettylegg Lehr, the bean of Baltimore, is again radiating New York with the light of his countenance, and Miss Louisa Ward McAllister is suffering from the heat sunk in a temporary oblivion pending the settlement of this all important matter.

George Vanderbilt's way of amusing himself does not appeal to the Fifth avenue chaps.

As though life at "Biltmore" were not dull enough and lonely enough, George is going to spend most of the Summer in the forests of Norway and Sweden studying forestry.

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Chappies Dote on Decorations.

With the ever increasing number of social organizations that demand a distinctive badge for each member we are gradually becoming a nation of medal wearers and decoration devotees.

These fellows, as they come together for their annual feed, wear badges and ribbons that transcend anything seen in Europe.

Philippe, the clever little head waiter in the cafe, has come to know all these decorations by heart. "These are Sons of the Revolution," he will tell you as a list of dandified-looking chaps file by with impressive badges.

Enough has been written to preface a proposition that I would like to make. Since badges and decorations have become more popular in this Republic than in any Old World kingdom, why shouldn't our social clubs adopt insignia of their own?

For the Kulchebocker Club, for instance, what is the matter with a royal purple ribbon supporting a bas relief of old Kulk rampant?

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Emile Zola Nearly Killed.

Paris, April 27.—Emile Zola has just had an experience which by miraculous intervention some Parisians escape. He was knocked down by a cab last evening at the corner of the Rue de Valenciennes and the Rue de Provence, but, like a true philosopher, instead of lamenting a few bruises he congratulated himself that he had "experienced a cerebral phenomenon" which had hitherto escaped him, whereby he probably intends to convey the impression that he saw stars.

"I was dodging round a stationary cab," he says, "when suddenly another came upon me, and in an instant I was down among the horse's hoofs. I owe my escape, I think, to falling all of a lump. The coachman protested vigorously that he was not to blame, and certainly it was not his fault; indeed, I told a policeman not to trouble me. I ought not to have ventured among the class of vehicles called 'Cabs' in the first place. I am an enthusiastic cyclist, and up to the present had rather despised those who had been unfortunate enough to be bran over. I now humbly beg their pardon. I was fortunate enough to escape so easily." The eminent apostle of naturalism was well enough to attend a performance of "Messidor" at the opera last evening, and this morning he complains of nothing more than a headache and a certain soreness about the body.

The report that the Minister of War is soon to issue an order requiring all French officers to wear their uniforms both on and off duty has created something of a sensation in military circles. In previous years officers stationed in Paris have not been encouraged to wear their uniforms after a certain hour of the day, unless their duties required it, not only because it seemed incompatible with republican theories but because there existed an apprehension that the soldier might be insulted in certain districts where revolutionary opinions exist.

At present, however, the army is much more popular with all classes, while the contempt of the military element that once prevailed among the old-fashioned Republicans has vanished almost entirely, being now confined to a fraction of the Socialist party, and officers may go into any part of the city without running the slightest risk of insult.

There are to-day plenty of officers' uniforms to be seen all over Paris, and the quiet and gentlemanly conduct of the wearers of these uniforms and their absence of swagger have won them a general respect and widespread popularity. Nevertheless, I am informed that there are occasions when some of the younger officers of the French army, not to mention their elders, engage in entirely harmless diversions to which they do not desire to attract undue attention by wearing conspicuous uniforms.

The obituary ceremonies which have just taken place over the remains of M. Paul de Jouvence, a former member of the Chamber of Deputies, who was known in public life as a pronounced agnostic, raise a theological issue that ought to be interesting. M. de Jouvence's family maintained that he had returned to Catholicism before his death, and that he asked to be buried according to the rites of the Church. The priest who was present at the death bed emphatically corroborated this statement. The political friends of M. de Jouvence, however, insisted that he was an agnostic, and, taking advantage of a will he had made several years ago, expressing his desire to be cremated, carried the remains to Pere la Chaise under the protection of the law, and had them buried in the big crematory.

The ex-Deputy's relatives refused to attend the funeral service at Pere la Chaise, but had one of their own the same day with a religious service, but no corpse, in the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas. They claim that M. de Jouvence's soul was in the church, though his body was at Pere la Chaise. Philosophers who are unable to comprehend the more subtle theological distinctions, however, are predicting confusion on the Resurrection Day, under orthodox conditions, when M. de Jouvence's sanctified soul shall re-enter its unobscured temple.

M. Georges Baillet, who claims to be the last survivor of the French soldiers who fought at Waterloo, came all the way to Paris from Carisey, a town in the Department of the Yonne, on Thursday, to attend a banquet given in his honor in celebration of his one hundred and fourth birthday, which occurred last week. M. Baillet had lived in Carisey for the last fifty years, and at present makes his home with his daughter and her husband, who look after his comfort with unflinching solicitude. M. Baillet's grandson is a Paris notary, who married the daughter of Napoleon, the emperor, and the old soldier has a small army of grand nephews and nieces, through out France, all of whom are proud of him.

Unlike most men of his age who get their names in the newspapers, however, M. Baillet does not saw a cord of wood before breakfast, drink the contemporaries of his grandchildren under the table or read the Bible twelve hours per day without spectacles. Nevertheless, he retains the faculty of speech to such an extent that in the town of Carisey the story of Waterloo is not only a humiliation to the human lants, but an acute pain.

Artists at the Gobellins are now putting the finishing touches to the Marie Antoinette tapestry, as it is called, which is to be presented to the Tsaritsa. The work is a reproduction of the fine Gobellins tapestries in the Elysée Palace, which were much admired by the young Empress when she was here in October. The old chapel of the Gobellins manufactory has recently been transformed into a museum, and of the valuable tapestries now in national buildings or owned by private persons.

A Natural Indignation. [Washington Star.] "I want to have this man court-martialed," said the subordinate officer. "I doubt whether I could do so specifically provided for in any way, but something ought to happen to him."

"What did he do?" "He treats serious matters with undue levity. I had just remarked that the naughty boy would never make me quit, when I saw a puff of white smoke. He observed it, and with what I consider culpable flippancy remarked: 'The naughty boy may not make you quit, but it doesn't have any trouble in making you duck.'"

A Modern Idea. [Washington Star.] "Yes," said the wealthy member of Congress. "I will name your charitable institution in my will for a considerable sum of money."

"You are very kind," said the philanthropist, "but—"

"Steak frankly, I beg of you."

"We need the money now, and I called to see if we couldn't derive an arrangement by which the best could be retroactive."

Ambassador Hay's Snap Shots at Theatre Folk.

LONDON, May 1.—Although he has only been in town two or three weeks and has not yet presented his credentials as United States Ambassador, Colonel John Hay has achieved a distinction as yet attained by no other representative of the American people. The scale of expenditures on which he has established his household and the generosity of his entourage cause even the English people to gape. Colonel Hay has taken one of the finest houses in probably the most expensive residential street in the world, Carlton House Terrace, for which he pays the modest sum of 3,000 guineas, or more than \$15,000 for three months. He is the first representative of the United States to bring over his own horses and carriages.

Instead of hiring or buying what he needed, he has done, and his carriages and Amblers have done, and his carriages are pointed out by the London swells as doing credit to Hyde Park.

Even the Telegraph to-day mentions the Colonel's wagons and his cattle with respect. "Among the interesting features of American life to be seen in London just now," says the Telegraph, "are the Ambassador's horses. Everybody associates American horses with a shaggy-looking road wagon or a pig and imagines that the animals themselves should be lean, tall and narrow, as well as able to trot a mile in two minutes. The carriage horses which have just been brought over by Mr. Hay display none of the unpleasant characteristics of the American trotter. On the contrary, they are well conducted, exceedingly handsome steppers, such as would command attention any day for their beauty at Aldridge's Tattersall's. There are five of them, two for the brougham and two for the landau, with a stylish colt for the use of Miss Hay in Hyde Park. The two American vehicles attract more attention in London than the steeds. Both are by the most fashionable New York carriage builder, are rubber tired, exquisitely varnished and polished, and they have the peculiarity of their carriages from across the water is their lightness. They seem to combine to a remarkable degree the strength which American builders had to arrange for in the trotting wagons and sulkies with lightness."

Colonel Hay lives up to the expectations which he has roused in the terms of office in London, and will not break any records for republican simplicity.

It is worth recording as a sign of the times, that the effort on the part of certain overpious or overzealous clerical gentlemen of the Presbyterian denomination to convict of heresy their co-religionist, Dr. John Watson, who writes books under the nom de plume of Ian MacLaren, has come to naught. In fact, the Synod yesterday overwhelmingly turned down Dr. Kennedy Moore, the originator of the motion against Dr. Watson, giving him to understand that in the opinion of right-minded men he (Dr. Moore) was a "heresy hunter," which it seems is a good thing not to be in Presbyterian circles. The chairman of the committee that had in charge the alleged heresy case even reported that "there was no evidence before the committee, and none, he believed, before the Church, that there existed in the Church any wide spirit of alarm or misgiving or suspicion on the subject which the petitioners sought to bring forward, and, therefore, it was decided to advise the Synod to advise Dr. Watson to resign his office, and to believe the committee thought that it had been due to the unadvised and precipitate action of the petitioners themselves."

Dr. Moore replied, sadly, that he had abundant evidence that the Church was not in a proper state of quietude and confidence, and called upon the Synod to observe that the old Presbyterian Church died through the spreading of the same views of which he said the beginning now. Then the unopposed Synod cheerfully voted him down.

Gilbert Parker's play, "The Seats of the Mighty," has not fared any better in London than it did in New York, though it was brought out with all the prestige of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, Beetham Tree's new shop, with a splendid cast, in conjunction with a "poetical address" written by the poet Laureate and the singing of "God Save the Queen" by a famous soloist, with a chorus of a hundred voices. The Daily Chronicle considers "The Seats of the Mighty" "nothing but a picturesque melodrama of the most conventional sort, and not good at that." The Morning Post says that "it will never move an audience of cultivated people," and the critics of the other newspapers express similar opinions. Alfred Austin's poem, which was recited by a lady, contains the error on the first act of the play, is of the most commonplace order. It contains errors of taste as well as of metrical composition. Even Austin's most devoted admirers, for instance, thought that he might have left out the line—

"Long may she linger, loved, upon the scene," in his apostrophe to the Queen, since he knew the Queen of Wales was to be in the audience on the first night.

The presence of the Prince, by the way, afforded an opportunity for a study in English manners. Albert Edward occupied a place in the right hand proscenium box. He sat in the front seat at the further end, where he was able to get the best view of the stage, which he took back to the rear of the auditorium. He did not change his position between the acts. So soon as the curtain went down after each act, however, as many of the seat holders as could crowd into the aisle of the balcony opposite the Prince's box struggled for positions where they could catch a glimpse of the little fat man's bald head, and stood there gazing intently at the Queen, who sat in the middle of the balcony, and who, in the first night, was the only person in the audience who was not a member of the royal family.

It is not often that the performance attracts a reputation and a success before it goes on exhibition, but this is what has happened to Philip Burne-Jones's painting "The Vampire," which has attracted most of the attention at the Summer exhibition at the New Gallery, that was opened on Monday. "The Vampire" is a picture that inspired the body of the Vampire, which has attracted most of the attention at the Summer exhibition at the New Gallery, that was opened on Monday. "The Vampire" is a picture that inspired the body of the Vampire, which has attracted most of the attention at the Summer exhibition at the New Gallery, that was opened on Monday.

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"I do," said the undaunted obtuse. "The old villain ought to have gone there forty years ago."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Potts—Well, one good thing, at least, has come out of this Eastern war.

Mrs. Watts—And what is that?

Mrs. Potts—My husband has stopped reading the paper through aloud—Indianapolis Journal.

Jones (severely)—It's easy to see why you are always hard up, Smith. In the first place—Smith (glumly)—There's always some other how. What's the use of twisting me of that—Detroit Journal.

"Here you are with more hits at the 'blamer girl,'" exclaimed the editor, petulantly. "Isn't that thrashing old straw?"

The rich, warm color suffused the face of the humorist.

"Oh, certainly not, old 'raw,' he protested. "Excelsior or cotton-bale, perhaps."

Oh, that's surely so much—each Journal.

IT SEEMS that we have all been in the wrong. There is not, and never, never can be, any jealous hickories between the two "first ladies" of the "Wedding Day" star combination at the Casino. Both have, sweetly declared that the idea is absurd, and if we had stopped to reflect we would have believed them. Our misapprehension is the fault of the fair Lillian, who has been too modest to say she could not be jealous of Della if she tried; and as for Della—well, you know Della has a dignity that is all her own.

It therefore remained for Counselor Hummel, speaking for the one, and Steve King, the staunch champion of the other, to settle this disturbing question once and for all this time. Said Mr. Hummel no longer ago than yesterday.

"To say that Miss Russell could be jealous of any singer living is to accuse her of ignorance of her position before the public. If the Czar of Russia jealous of Oom Paul?"

And now kindly listen to the wisdom of Mr. King, whose remark is barely twenty-four hours old:

"Della Fox jealous of Lillian Russell? Pish, pish! You forget that Miss Fox is the recognized prima donna of this country?"

Now, therefore, let us be calm.

Oscar Hammerstein has a powerful imagination, as witness his contributions to the lyric stage. Still, perhaps, this consideration should not detract from the value of his solemn declaration that the Baroness Blanc is the most humble, contented and amiable of stars that have thus far shone at Olympia.

"The Baroness came to me already three or five times yesterday and to-day, yes," said Oscar with much complacency. "She looked troubled, yes. I say to myself: 'The Baroness thinks Oscar Hammerstein will raise his ante yet already, yes.' But what do you think she says? I will tell you, yes, and you don't believe me. The Baroness says: 'Mr. Hammerstein, do you think I had better stop now? Or do you think that some time, I'll work very hard. I will be able to earn my living as an actress? Well, do I dare lead already, yes? Almost, but not quite. I work up hard and I tell the Baroness: 'You break up hard anyhow. It is good for the health. And we shall see what we shall see.'"

Mr. Hammerstein will doubt the prudence of being quoted as saying that his poor garden patrons highly approve of the Baroness, but that much seems to be due to a lady of her antecedents, who possesses the rare virtues of humility and industry.

"Never again. Never again, so help me!" This is the solemn vow of an "Angel." It is the solemn vow of all "Angels," as those benevolent gentlemen are called who furnish funds for theatrical enterprises.

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