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NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DEC. 4, 1896.

CIVILIZATION THREATENED.

The intelligence comes from Washington that under the Supreme Court's decision in the Chapman case, J. Pierpont Morgan, John A. Stewart, August Belmont and Francis Lynde Stetson will be arrested and punished for refusing to answer the questions of the Senate Bond Investigating Committee.

The indignation of the gentlemen involved will render them personally speechless, of course, but their attorneys will find the strength to point out that the bond transactions, involving some \$163,000,000, constituted a private affair between the outraged financiers and President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle.

There are reckless spirits who may contend that as the people of the United States will have to pay the bonds, principal and interest, Senators, as the people's servants, have a right to know all about the circumstances attending their sale.

WEYLER'S TRIBUTE TO THE PRESS.

It is a grateful compliment General Weyler pays the American press when he says that his failure to subdue the rebels is chiefly due to the pernicious activity of the newspapers of the United States.

The chief cause of General Weyler's ignominious and pitiful failure, with unlimited financial resources and a disciplined army of 200,000 men, to crush the scattered and insignificant and starving bands of insurgents with no money worth mentioning, with nothing but a fierce hatred to keep them keyed up, has been the utter, ridiculous and shameful incapacity of General Weyler himself.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

It must be admitted that the assertions made in regard to the battle ship Texas by Attorney William H. Stayton, of this city, if true, knock the foundations from under Admiral Brown's defence of the vessel.

Let us have the facts in this important matter. If the United States cannot build a battle ship without making a mess of it the public cannot know it, too soon.

SOMEBODY LOVES MR. BAYARD.

"Somebody loves me," sings Ambassador Bayard. "How do I know? Somebody's paper tells me so."

True, every word of it; and the entire American nation will earnestly hope that the Shakespeare and the Chaucer testimonial will be pulled off. If the Ambassador receives such gifts in this manner he can do no less than to read them.

DOES SPAIN MEAN WAR?

It begins to look as if the Spanish Government, stung to shame and blind rage by the impudence of Weyler, is about to attempt some new mad enterprise of war.

Rodriguez, there is great activity in the navy yards, particularly in Cartagena, "where the full available strength is now employed in fitting out six ironclads and three cruisers."

long out of power, forever damned. Probably nobody realizes better than the Spanish Premier himself that a declaration of war would be nothing but a postponement of his downfall, but in his hard case it is doubtless easier to postpone the dose than to take his medicine forthwith.

If Canovas is the shuffling egotist we take him for, he will let them have their senseless way. And then—woe to Castile and Aragon and the land of the Inquisition!

The public is getting a surfeit of pugilism. That always happens when the restraining hand of the law is lifted from the sport.

fighting itself is much less objectionable than the prominence which a fight, particularly one followed by disputes, gives to a multitude of the sort of men who live in the social shade and smell damply of whiskey.

Obviously, it is not practicable to permit prize fights in civilized communities without demoralizing thousands. Cities like San Francisco and New York are as much injured and disgraced by their occurrence, as if the bull-pit were substituted for the prize ring.

Both those imitable bogie men, the Hon. Tom Platt and the Hon. Lou Payne, have served notice on the public that they will get it if it don't watch out and stop calling names.

It anything were needed in addition to the outpourings of Republican statesmen fresh from Canton to indicate the intention of the victors in regard to the tariff, a full-blown hint could be plucked from the list of demands to be made of Congress by the California Fruit Growers' Convention.

California is first in the field. Now let us hear from the wool growers, the salt miners, the lumbermen, the mill bosses, and all the noble army of martyrs to the wicked Wilson bill.

There is a difference there would be in the history of this country if Grover Cleveland had always been a resident of New Jersey.

There are a few stubborn folks who decline to regard the lavish display at Blenheim Castle as convincing evidence of a general return to prosperity.

Secretary Morton, in his annual report, has made a very able argument in support of the theory that the office he holds is a most useless and expensive one.

Comparing Premier Canovas's salary of \$5,400 a year with the annual earnings of Bullfighter Guerrita, which amount to \$62,000, there can be no doubt that Canovas is worth the money.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that the application of the term "Mugwump" is complimentary and not insulting. It is not believed, however, that this decision will popularize the word.

Frank James aspires to be one of St. Louis's Police Commissioners. The country has experienced some wonderful samples of Police Commissioners, but it does seem that the line should be drawn at the ex-highwayman.

Tom Platt resigned a seat in the United States Senate because he was not permitted to have his way, and, unless he has changed his tactics, he should not care to go back to that body.

"A Night in New York."

Precisely a year has passed since I last saw Miss Nellie McHenry in this kaleidoscope metropolis. The fact that she is now at the Harmon Opera House in a new specialty-vaudeville called "A Night in New York" gave me an excuse to see her last night, and I was glad of it.

She holds us all getting ere and ancient. She becooms new fads arise, new hobbies sprout, but it makes no difference to her. She follows the risky, wags of the old soubrette school perfectly undisturbed.

Mr. Donnelly, in his fervid Philadelphia manner, wastes a whole fund of jocundity on a mythical beverage that he calls a "strawberry laloo." Every member of the cast waxes mirthful on the "strawberry laloo" topic.

Some of the specialties introduced into "A Night in New York" are hoarse enough. There is a quadrille in "Black Crook" that gives us four very happy maidens, and some of the Terpsichorean quips will be vastly popular out of town.

On the same page, there is another series which sets forth with directness and simplicity the felicities of a hugging match between a serpent and a bear.

"Clancy Pays the Bill" is a rollicking ballad by E. L. Thayer, the author of "Casey at the Bat," the ballad of the ball field.

This afternoon at two o'clock, with whistles all let loose, for Cuba's shores to get the news, will dry the stanch Vamoose.

The champagne corks will loudly pop, while glides the velvet "pousse Cafe" adown the patriot's throat—Hurray for the Vamoose!

Oh, may she bring the glad news that Old Weyler's in a noose—Oh, may Maceo send that news Upon the swift Vamoose.

Oh, may she glide just like the swan, And not like the caboose; A Yankee ship, a Yankee crew; A Hurrah for the Vamoose!

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Table with columns for theater names and showtimes. Includes: AMERICAN THEATRE, HARLEM OPERA HOUSE, BROADWAY MUSIC HALL, COLUMBIAN THEATRE, DAILY OPERA HOUSE, HENRIETTA THEATRE, GRAND OPERA HOUSE, GARDEN THEATRE, ROYAL THEATRE, MAMMOTH'S OLYMPIA.

LOOK OUT FOR THE SUNDAY JOURNAL! LOOK OUT FOR THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT!

ON THE snow-crueted limb of an evergreen tree, 'Twas the verbum sapsucker that sang in his gloce. As he flapped his bright winglets and raised his sweet note,

What an outburst of joy set my spirits afloat! For the verbum sapsucker sang blithely away, "Oh, order the great Sunday Journal to-day! Don't wait till to-morrow—'twill then be too late; For the Journals are sold upon Sunday at eight."

Oh, be sure to look out for the great Colored Supp. The great Colored Supp. 'Oh, be sure to look out for the great Colored Supp! And I cannot help wondering at the great head of the verbum sapsucker as well as his keen appreciation of quality. In fact, I have to agree with and endorse the dispassionate view of this level-headed songster, for I have just had the pleasure of a mental peep through this journalistic flower garden of rich colors and exquisite gems of wit and flights of vagrant fancy.

On the first page there is a Winter scene full of the spirit of the sculptured snow-drift and the sharp, razor-bladed north wind. The snowflakes are scurrying here and there over the empty corn fields and a beautiful girl is gliding over the glass ice, drawing a toboggan upon which the Yellow Kid is laughing with the joy he feels when he gives the car a bilious headache and knocks the eyeglasses off him with one snowball, and with another rudely removes feathers enough from him to make an ordinary boarding house bed.

It may not be known to the average citizen that the ostrich is fond of frankfurter sausage. He is fond of cast-off rubber boots and of broken bottles, especially when they are suffused with gravel in the way that ple is frequently plied high with drift of granulated sugar. But here we have a sausage romance in the life of an ostrich that was folded. This is a series that will appeal alike to the butcher, the lover and the ornithologist, and this being the case, the reader must feel that he has a rare treat in store to-morrow, if he doesn't forget to order the Journal to-day. Of all new dealers, price 5 cents.

On the same page, there is another series which sets forth with directness and simplicity the felicities of a hugging match between a serpent and a bear. The serpent hugs in a way to show that he is not afflicted with rheumatism, nor afraid of breaking himself, nor of becoming so entangled that he can not untangle himself. All of which is not so keenly relished by the rival bear, who departs across the field a sadder and a wiser bear, and leaves his fiancée, his own Arminia, with the dashing serpent in the high hat with a mourning band.

"Breaking It Gently" is not a servant-girl crockery romance, but is a happening in one of the first families of Shantytown warranted to make the reader laugh. "The Origin of the Flying Fish" is a scientific explanation of the origin of this genizen of the briny deep. There are people who believe the flying fish is half stormy petrel, but that he is no more half stormy petrel than he is half stormy pretzel will be clear to all students of science who order the Journal to-day and refer to this great flying fish proposition to-morrow. "The Man, the Chair and the Somersault" is a combination of pen and pencil that is warranted to cause hair to grow on the Mexican poodle and to make the appreciative man laugh hard enough to break his ribs and dislocate his collar button.

"Clancy Pays the Bill" is a rollicking ballad by E. L. Thayer, the author of "Casey at the Bat," the ballad of the ball field. This poem is illustrated in exquisite colors, which may be said of every other picture in the Colored Supplement. To learn why Clancy paid the bill, and how much it amounted to, it is only necessary to order the Journal to-day. The Sunday Journal's khetoscope is a series of pictures setting forth the actions of a man in fishing a slipper from under a sofa. The man, of course, glides gracefully along the carpet on his eyes and nose, and finally works his head under the lounge. Then the lounge begins to climb over his head and down his back, and when the mad hunter is once more on the floor it looks as if his soul is trying to crawl under him to find its collar button. "Tonsorial Art in Persia" is an Oriental tale in pictures that would have filled the souls of Omar Khayyam and Firdousi with delight. It would also be well for the talkative barber to make a study of it, as he would certainly profit thereby.

"The White Black Snake" is a tale of the Bruin Hollow Tavern, up in Pike County.

Washington correspondents would confer a favor on lovers of truth and accurate English by referring to them as the "usual" instead of the "regular" appropriation bills.

It is believed that an investigation will show that the denial of the story concerning Mrs. Cleveland's treatment by the Washington storekeeper is but another act of the wicked Silver Trust to annoy Mr. Pulitzer in his great work of upholding the credit and morals of the nation.

Talk of the Literary Shop.

It is seldom that one can commend a periodical read in their youth by men who are now grandfathers—and read by them because it had been read by their fathers before them. In this quick-stepping age what we have known in our youth is apt to have fallen out of step, to have grown decrepit and moss-covered long before one generation has reached its prime.

Perhaps the quantity and quality of the mental food dished up to the small men and women have something to do with the precocity of the present generation of young people. It should have, when "two hemispheres have been explored in search of attractive matter," as Messrs. Perry, Mason & Company's prospectus announces, they have been not only explored, but secured. Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, Charles Dudley Warner, F. R. Stockton, Andrew Lang, I. Zangwill and T. W. Higginson are among the literary lights of England and America who have been induced to shine upon the literary pages of the Youth's Companion during the coming year.

Music bath charms to soothe the Journal reader's breast, and here is the "Amorous Goldfish" from the "Gelsia," that marvel of Japanese musical art by the great Japanese artist, Owen Hall and Sidney Jones. It is given as sung by Miss Dorothy Morton with great success upon each and every occasion, and is embellished by special permission of George Edwards, of the Gaiety Theatre, London. It may be cut out and pasted in the hat or between covers, at the will of the owner.

The Sunday Magazine is quite as interesting as the Colored Supplement is funny. To begin with, there is a most interesting account of a flying ship just invented by a Long Island man, who intends to fly it over Cuba, and to drop explosives out of it upon Weyler and his followers, and reduce them, so to speak, to pulp. If the inventor would hit the flower of Spanish soldiery, Weyler, he will have to land his explosives in the cellar of the palace where that great commander remains hermetically sealed, writing accounts of his great victories to write to Madrid.

There is also a story of a man whose business it is to bite off dogs' tails at one dollar apiece. The dog has to pay the price in advance, or go around with his tail just as nature rigged it on him. "Be Your Own Doctor" is an article which is a list of directions by following which you can keep sound in wind and limb without incurring any large bills. How to cure colds and chilblains in twenty minutes, and all ailments arising like the lack from weak chests are duly set forth for the benefit of him who has no money to spend on the medical profession, which makes all its money out of people who treat themselves.

"The Marvellous Feats of a Family of Child Acrobats" will delight all lovers of the circus and make many a white-haired man renew his youth and agility, if not his first teeth.

"Have You a Stomach, and Don't You Abuse It?" is an article which should cause the epicure to stop eating long enough to think. Many men punish their stomachs from eating not wisely but too often, and others from not being able to eat at all. What to eat and when to eat are very important and grave questions which this article takes up and treats in a simple, sensible manner, and no man, in this age of cheap restaurants, which are in themselves causes of insanity and suicide, can afford to miss it. It tells how dishes are made and the partakers thereof unmade in a most delightful and interesting manner, which must cause the epicure to sigh:

Look not upon the ple When it's soggy on the plate. How Englishmen drop their H's on their feet, and then kick them off into the gutter, will interest lexicographers from one end of the world to the other. It will also be interesting to know how these H's are gathered and canned and shipped to the heathen to use in connection with their blocks in learning the English alphabet.

A pageful of pictures of various marine monsters will give the reader an idea of the curious sea creatures and queer fish that get into our new aqueduct. It is fortunate that no such fish ever arrive on our tables. They look like everything that is horrible, from the people of the lobster nightmare to the Tammany politician, which should be sufficient to picture to the reader the fish he will see in to-morrow's great Journal.

It would be impossible to begin to allude to the many other articles in to-morrow's magazine. But it is safe to say that they make the biggest five cents' worth of interesting matter ever offered to the public, to say nothing of the Colored Supplement and the Journal itself, with all the latest news of the day.

This great combination for the insignificant sum of five cents! Order to-day, and read to-morrow. Of all new dealers, R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A Branch of Etiquette. (St. Louis Republic.) For not eating pie with a knife, like the Chicagoese do, a Pittsburg burglar got himself caught and identified. He bit a piece out of a pumpkin pie. The owner of the pie had a cast made of the bitten piece, and when a man was arrested on suspicion of the cast convicted him, as it fitted his mouth to a leucy.

Another Effort. (Washington Post.) It is believed that an investigation will show that the denial of the story concerning Mrs. Cleveland's treatment by the Washington storekeeper is but another act of the wicked Silver Trust to annoy Mr. Pulitzer in his great work of upholding the credit and morals of the nation.