NEW YORK JOURNAL
W. R. HEARST.
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Only fifty days more of Cleveland.

AFTER FORECLOSURE, WHAT?

The defeat of Congressman Bell's substitute for the Powers bill, as well as the Powers bill itself, shows conclusively that Congress will yield to the universal sentiment in favor of foreclosure of the Government's mortgage on the Pacific roads. No other disposition of the matter is possible.

Now the question arises, What shall we do with this railway property, extending from the Missouri River to within a few hundred feet of the Pacific Ocean and covering a mileage of 2,293.04 miles?

Shall we make the experiment of Government ownership and management of railways, as provided for in Senator Morgan's bill?

Or shall we take advantage of the readiness of private persons, as evidenced before the Senate's committee, to pay $120,000,000 for the property under guaranty that they will maintain a competing line to the Pacific Coast?

There are several arguments in favor of the alternative. It would undoubtedly save a lot of trouble. It would give the Government, after paying off the guaranteed obligations, a net return of $60,000,000 on its original investment of more than $110,000,000.

On the other hand, there is no reason why, just to save trouble, we should calmly pocket a loss of $50,000,000 when the trouble would enable us to retrieve the loss. The net earnings of the two systems—Union and Central Pacific—in 1895 were $11,968,902.34. It is true that most of the income was charged to the branches and feeders, on which the Government has no hold, and that the main lines have invariably appeared to be run at a loss. But C. P. Huntington has kept the books, and his bookkeeping always has another purpose than to constitute a record. The truth undoubtedly is that the profits have come largely from the transcontinental long haul business, and that the main line could be operated by the Government at an expense considerably under the receipts. If the main lines had been unprofitable Huntington would not have fought so desperately to keep them.

The plan outlined in the Morgan bill has many points of excellence. Briefly stated, it is this: The stock of the companies is to be reduced to an equality with the value of the property; the Government is to issue bonds to replace the present first mortgage bonds, and until interest on these bonds has been paid and a sinking fund for their redemption established there will be no dividends. Management of the roads is to be confided to nine trustees at moderate salaries, and all existing offices and the directorate will be abolished.

Under this practical scheme Government ownership does not seem either "impracticable" or "chimerical," as it is designated by one of our contemporaries. Nor should any prejudice remain against Government ownership of railways, in view of recent experience, which shows that actual management by officers of the Federal courts, as in the case of the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe, is vastly superior to private management, which brought those properties to the verge of ruin while its managers enriched themselves at the expense of the bondholders.

There is every reason to believe that Government railways would be as economically and satisfactorily conducted as the Government postal service.

BOYCOTTING THE UNITED STATES.

"The belief prevails in Washington," according to a dispatch from the capital, "that should Congress fix $400 a ton as the price to be paid for armor plate in the future, and fail to make provision for a Government armor plate foundry, the Bethlehem and the Carnegie companies will refuse to make proposals to manufacture the material."

Which means that unless we pay $4,000,000 for the Bethlehem and $3,000,000 for the Carnegie plant, which cost $1,500,000, or else agree to keep on paying those corporations $583 a ton for armor which, if honestly made, would cost not more than $250 a ton, including all fixed charges and the cost of maintaining the plants, Carnegie and the Bethlehem people will try to prevent us from having a navy.

This threat somehow does not sound very well in view of the investigation into the Carnegie armor furnished for the Kearsarge and the Kentucky. That armor, it may be remembered, was tested transversely as well as longitudinally, much to the surprise and disgust of the manufacturers, and was found to be dangerously brittle, excessively carbonized and notable for an elongation not exceeding 23 per cent, though 25 per cent was the contract minimum.

The United States are not particularly in love with these corporations. If they are not satisfied with $400 a ton, as recommended by Secretary Herbert, which price gives them a profit of 50 per cent on the cost of manufacture, we can manage to get along without them and their plants.

ARBITRATION BETWEEN NATIONS.

The arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, fully completed by the authorized signatories, has gone to the Senate. That it will be indorsed by them without a word of dissent is reasonably certain. There can be no question of party in the consummation of a fact so auspicious, so compact with humanitarian policy.

Between two such nations as Great Britain and the United States there should be no possible feature of discordance that could under any conditions lead to war. With the same language, blood, literature, and with substantially the same interests in the general policy of civilization, war between them would be almost as fratricidal as was the late civil war. As in the case of that contest, only some elemental principle of right and wrong, which had passed the final court of appeal, could justify it in the eye of history. If the agreement to arbitrate all differences under the solemn definitions of a treaty does not quite constitute such a court of appeal, it approaches as near to it as is possible. The final resort to force is the backbone of all government and nationality. Without this reservation neither nation nor society within the nation could exist. It is the ultima ratio of self-respect. But that every hedge should be provided to guard this principle from running riot is a proposition beyond cavil. Such a hedge, one which scarcely any ebullition of popular impulse could ever surmount, is provided by this treaty. No matter what one, whether he be Briton or American, may think concerning the original Venezuelan issue, which was the root of the matter, the issue is warmly welcomed on both sides of the Atlantic. British jingoes and American Anglophobists alike keep silence in front of this great fact. We shall be much surprised if, in the intelligent survey of the nineteenth century, this is not accepted as one of the crowning achievements of a most notable age.

Aside from the question of the unspeakable disaster of an armed conflict between the two great leaders of the Anglo-Saxon race, on the verge of which we have stood more than once, the treaty is an entering wedge of reform which has infinite promise. Example is a potent initiative. While we do not expect that governments founded on the military principle, passionately fond of military glory, will welcome the theory that arbitration is as practicable between nations as between individuals, an object lesson becomes a luminous argument. Those specially interested felicitate themselves that they have sealed the obligations of blood and race by this compact. They may well anticipate still more widespread means of conquest over the blood-letting passions of mankind.

CLEVELAND AND PUBLIC OPINION.

In Senator Mills's speech on Cuba he very neatly called attention to the one thing responsible for most of Grover Cleveland's mistakes, the one thing which, more than all others, has marked his Administrations with the mark of failure.

I do not know, said the Senator, where the President got the idea that the recognition of Cuban belligerency is no longer urged. It may be possible that Boards of Trade, the Stock Exchange, the commercial clubs in the great exporting cities on the Atlantic seaboard and in the Northwest have access to his ear and give him that information. They say "Business is just reviving, and now you are going to destroy it again. You want to bring on war. What have we got to do with Cuba? We are making money now. Let us alone." It is this mercantile spirit in the country that is fighting against its honor.

President Cleveland might have put himself on the side of public sentiment instead of against it in the Cuban, as in almost every other matter, if he had known what public sentiment is and was. But his mind is an island to which only one boat, the Oneida, runs, and which has no other communication with the rest of the world. It is said that he reads only one newspaper, and that published within earshot. Certainly he never listens to Senators and Representatives, and his Cabinet has no influence with him.

All Mr. Cleveland knows of the country, its needs and its desires, is what two or three of his cronies tell him. Though it is to their interest to misinform and mislead him, he either does not know or does not wish to know it, but trusts them implicitly, and bases all his actions on their statements and their selfish judgment.

In fifty days, however, King Log will be deposed and we shall be very much better off. Unless, of course, Providence sends King Stork to rule over us for four years from March 4.

GERMAN PORTENTS IN THE SKY.

The Saturday Review, not so wont to etch with acids as it used to be, indulges in some suggestive comment as to the impending situation in Germany. It sums up the situation pregnantly: "The generation which Bismarck bullied and cowed is passing off the scene, and the younger Germans who are entering the electorate show an interesting tendency to make for themselves another 1848—only with a difference."

In other words, liberalism will fight its battles with ballots and not with bullets. As the Review very justly calls to mind, the German Kaiser, following the historic example of his political master and victim, Bismarck, has intrigued with all parties and philosophies, with the view of making them subservient to his own end, that of absolutism. In common with that master he has achieved so far the semblance of success, which really means but little more than an armed truce. The tremendous tide of enthusiasm which submerged all the deeper instincts of the Teutonic spirit in the joy of a united nation, the dream of centuries, has nearly passed away. The spirit of individualism, the sense that people are not made for a government, but government for the people, has become intensely self-conscious. Of this spirit socialism, clericalism and all the other forms of dissent in the Reichstag are only varying manifestations. They have given the German Emperor already much food for thought, if thought has not been already swallowed up in the froth of baffled self-conceit, and the immediate future promises still more material for unwilling digestion. The Emperor appears to have committed himself to the policy of "rule or ruin." He has yet the lesson to learn that men are vastly greater than the greatest man. It is not necessary to recall the terrible phantoms of Charles I. and Louis XVI. Civilization has passed such grisly remedies. Germany, too, owes a debt to the Hohenzollerns which it would be loath to forget, even in the excesses of such a fundamental revolution as it is not likely to undergo. But that the elements of opposition to the Emperor's absolutist policy, which he has so recently frankly avowed, are crystallizing is a fact that cannot be ignored.

The simple truth is that the tremendous burden of militarism under which Germany is staggering cannot much longer be borne. All problems of national self development have been made subsidiary to this Moloch. The time seems to have come for a halt. The factitious crown of glory which dazzled the people as the founder of German unity has been laid aside at Friedrichsruh. No successor can wear that diadem, either Kaiser or Chancellor. The German people are coming to the van, and its junkers and nobles will have to retire. The world will watch with great interest the struggle between Crown and Commons in Germany. If the Commons does not win at the finish, it will be in opposition to the essential spirit of the age, a conclusion against which the odds are overwhelming.

A reader disputes the assertion that Dr. Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock can find in the precepts of the Jesuits some sort of authority for their practice of entrapping persons into crime and then making examples of them. Possibly he is right; but as his arguments would not leave Messrs. Parkhurst and Comstock a leg to stand on, it is better to let them pass.

The Cleveland Administration has succeeded in demonstrating that a Cabinet officer is but a species of political office boy. Possibly it is a fear that this sort of thing is to be continued that is causing so many prominent Republicans to decline McKinley's invitations.

Mr. Damrosch entertains a very poor opinion of the operatic tastes of the Baltimore people. But Mr. Damrosch should not lose sight of the fact that these are not very good opera times in a great many American cities.

The re-election of Senator Hansbrough is due to a blizzard, and when it comes to the selection of United States Senators it is believed that some blizzards have much better judgments than some Legislatures.

A bill to make the salary of Chicago Aldermen $8,000 a year has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature. This looks like a covert scheme to keep Chicago Aldermen out of the United States Senate.

The next time the footpads try to hold up Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons they should go about it in a more diplomatic way and secure the job of refereeing his next fight.

The "cuff for publication" feature of the ante-nuptial dinner will hardly commend itself to future candidates for matrimonial happiness.

There is a hen in Ohio that is laying two eggs a day. Everything in Ohio seems to be in an abnormal condition.

THE HALL MARK OF THE HYPHEN.

The art of bluffing is the art of securing the greatest possible results on the strength of the smallest tangible foundation. For example: It is an easy matter to acquire a reputation among the astute citizens along upper Broadway for unlimited wealth and princely generosity by simply buying a few ostentatious bottles of champagne and conversing in loud accents about any gas or railroad stock that has taken a recent rise. Nor is it difficult for any gentleman of smooth speech to convey to people who have never been south of Mason and Dixon's line the impression that his family were the largest slaveholders known to the South of ante-bellum days.

The bluff of which I treat now was worked with enormous success by the family of old Bill Jones, who kept a feed store in the Ninth Ward and died, leaving behind him but an ambitious wife and daughters and an effeminate son to struggle with the world as best they could.

Mrs. Jones was always a woman of action as well as of words, and so it happened that within a very few weeks she had established the family in a Queen Mary house, situated within five minutes' walk of the railway station, which bears the name of Nutmegleigh. Their possessions filled three large vans, but not all of them combined equalled in value the bluff that had taken form in Mrs. Jones's brain about three weeks before they moved and blossomed forth on the moment of their arrival at their new home. This bluff was nothing more nor less than a small black line, but it pervaded the whole Jones outfit from the addresses on the furniture vans to the family visiting cards.

Old Bill Jones's widow was now Mrs. William Carter-Jones, her daughters were the Misses Rebecca and Rowena Carter-Jones, and her son, formerly known to those who hung about the old man's feed store as "Tom," had been metamorphosed into T. Seymour Carter-Jones.

The bluff was a hyphen; that was all.

The inhabitants of the various Queen Anne, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth cottages that lie within five, eight and thir-

In the Splendor of the Hyphen.

teen minutes' walk of the Nutmegleigh station came, saw and fell down before the bluff—conquered. By nightfall the social leaders of the place were alluding to "the" Carter-Joneses as glibly and as familiarly as if they had known them all their lives, while every tradesman stood ready to give them any amount of credit. Already the bluff was working like yeast.

As the days wore on the leading inhabitants of Nutmegleigh vied with one another in their efforts to welcome and entertain the newcomers. T. Seymour Carter-Jones was put up at the Casino by the principal real estate owner in the place, and seconded by a gentleman whose wife's sister lived in New York and kept her own carriage with two men on the box.

The young ladies were invited to join the Thursday Morning Literary Class, then in the throes of Dante, and were soon able to hold their literary end up, even in the presence of Mrs. De Mudget, who had been born with a culture caul and could pronounce "Renaissance" and "Pre-Raphaelite" as glibly as bread and butter. It was even seriously proposed to ask Mrs. Carter-Jones to become a member of the town school board, in spite of the fact that her grammar and spelling were as shaky as the newest commuter in a malarial district.

And the hyphen had done it all.

Something else that the hyphen did for the Carter-Joneses was to secure for them the attention of the local correspondents of the New York and Newark papers and through them that of the compilers of society columns. There is nothing that the average society reporter holds in such high regard—unless it be a cold, portable bird—as a family with a hyphenated name, and the members of the craft seized upon the Carter-Joneses with such avidity that their names began to glisten even in the most important chronicles of fashion.

And all this time no one suspected that the total assets of the Carter-Joneses, outside of the family hyphen, was the small sum that had been saved from the closing-out of the paternal feed store, enough perhaps to maintain them for two or three years.

The Carter-Joneses had no intention of remaining permanently in Nutmegleigh. They only stayed there long enough to acquire a species of social renown they could never have won in a more fashionable place. At the end of a year they moved to one of the most fashionable of the Oranges, choosing that place because the same Newark newspapers that had chronicled their Nutmegleigh doings enjoyed a wide circulation there. So it happened that when they arrived with their hyphen in their midst, they found their reputation had preceded them.

"There's one thing I like about this town," said the elder Miss Carter-Jones, the morning after their arrival, "and that is the number of young men I see driving daggarts about the streets."

"Yes," responded the mother, significantly, "and we must up and at them!"

And they upped and atted them with so much tact and vigor that before they had paid a year's rent there came a day when Mrs. Carter-Jones had the supreme satisfaction of seeing no less than five New York society reporters, to say nothing of scribes from Newark and other New Jersey towns, taking down the names and dresses of the guests at the grand double Carter-Jones wedding, the fashionable event of the Orange season.

"And what is to become of us, mamma?" inquired Mr. T. Seymour Carter-Jones, as mother and son stood watching the servant as she swept the rice from the piazza.

"I shall divide my time between Rebecca and Rowena, but I have a trick up my sleeve for you, my boy," replied the mother.

About one month later the New York newspapers burst into screams of excitement over the fact that another member of the Four Hundred had "actually gone into trade," and, sure enough, the great name of Carter-Jones appeared on a gilt sign over the "Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoe-Cleansing and Russet Renovating Parlors. Violets from Mrs. Gusset-Furbelow's Long Island Hot Houses."

And the hyphen had done it all!

JAMES L. FORD.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music..Two Little Vagrants
American Theatre....Captain Impudence
Bijou.....Courted Into Court
Broadway Theatre.....Shamus O'Brien
Broadway Music Hall.....The Geezer
Columbus Theatre..Under the Polar Star
Casino.....An American Beauty
Daly's .....Much Ado About Nothing
Empire Theatre.....Under the Red Robe
Eden Musee.....World of Wax
Fifth Avenue.....A Superfluous Husband
Grand Opera House.....New Eight Bells
Garrick Theatre.....Secret Service
Garden Theatre.....Heartsease
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Contented Woman
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris
Harlem Op. House..Lost, Strayed or Stolen
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville
Irving Place Theatre.....Rabenvater
Keith's.....Continuous Performance
Koster & Bial's.....Vaudeville
Knickerbocker Theatre..The Hobby Horse
Metropolitan Opera House...Grand Opera
Murray Hill.....The Great Northwest
Olympia—Music Hall, Vaudeville, 8:15 P. M.; Winter Garden, Bal Champetre, 11 P. M.
People's Theatre..The Power of the Press
Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M. to Midnight.
Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Star Theatre.....A Trip to Chinatown
Third Ave. Theatre.....The Merry World
Wallack's..... Kismet
14th St. Theatre.....The Cherry Pickers

A LOST ITEM.

When I was running the Geeville Beacon Light of Liberty, one of my patrons from a way back district came into the office one day late in the Fall. Joy was beaming from his face like a jack-o'-lantern shining through the holes in a jack-lantern.

"Tol de rol, de rol, de raddidy! Tol de rol, de rol, de ray!" was his first remark, as he cut a series of backwoods pigeon wings around the room. It was court week, during which event the Geeville taverns were wont to set forth to their eager patrons a tipple that had won much fame for the promptness with which it took dull care by the neck and tossed it out of the window, and I at first thought that my friend from 'way back had been in fond and too protracted dalliance with this insinuating bowl; but such was not the fact. After he had warbled and pirouetted off his first burst of glee, he plunked down in a chair and said:

A Patron from the Back Districts Came In.

"I'm goin' ter give yer a piece fer yer paper better'n hoss steelin', or running off with somebody else's wife, or burning your neighbor's barn! Ye know the Widder Buggles, an' ye know the Widder Buggles's place, don't ye?"

I told him I did.

"How old d'ye s'pose the widder is?" he asked, and I told him I had no idea.

"Why, dod durn it! She's sixty-eight! Sixty-eight past. An' aint she humly? She's so all-fired humly that she sot in her corn patch this season an' actu'ly skeered the crows away! That's pooty durn humly, aint it? An' aint she thin? An ash saplin's got more meat on it than the widder has! Fact! She's deefer'n a post, too, an her off eye is out. An' you couldn't raise white beans on that clearin' o' her'n! For agricultur'l purposes, that clearin' aint wuth nine shill'n an acre. But, do ye know, she won't sell the durn place for any price. She says if any feller wants that clearin' he's got to take her with it! An' who d'ye think's ben edgin' round the widder, anxious to git the clearin' on them diskerigin terms? Actually willin' to marry the Widder Buggles to git that clearin'? Why, Pete Sykes! An' why is he so durn willing to git the clearin' on them diskeridgin terms? 'Cause he's found out that the clearin' has got this here on it, that's why."

"I put them on a shovel and held them on the fire."

My friend from 'way back took a handful of glittering, heavy bits of ore from his pocket and handed them to me. Then he danced joyously again, shouting:

"Gold, by thumps! Gold! Tol de rol, de rol, de raddidy! Gold on the Widder Buggles's clearin'. She's old, an' rattly as a dried gourd, an' deef, an' short an off eye, an' her clearin' aint wuth nine shill'n an acre for agricultur'; but there's gold on her clearin'. Tons an' tons of it! An' Pete Sykes, he's found it out, somehow, an' is willin' to marry the widder! He told me so! But he don't know that the widder's dead sot on me. Pete's goin' up to ask her to'night! Tol, de rol, de rol, de raddidy. An' the widder don't know she's got gold on her clearin'! She's dead sot on me, an' Pete can't tetch her! She's old enough to be my mammy, but she's got gold! Say! Aint this goin' to be a piece fer your paper that 'll make things rattle?"

I took the specimens my 'way back friend handed me. They were iron pyrites. I put them on a shovel and held it in the fire. Presently they vanished as if they had never been. The look on my visitor's face was a sight to see.

"That's what they call 'fool's gold,' Jaggers," I said. It's entirely worthless. You couldn't get a dollar for a thousand tons of it. You've had a narrow escape. You might have married the decrepit Widow Buggles and her worthless clearin'. Let Pete Sykes have the widow if he wan's her."

"There aint no widder," he yelled.

My friend at last awoke to the true situation. He stamped and thumped and knocked things around the office, and yelled and swore until things looked blue.

"Let Pete have the widder?" he yelled. "Why, great crackin' heels o' Julius Caesar's ghost! There aint no widder! The Widder Buggles, old an' rattly an' deef an' without an off eye, aint the Widder Buggles! She's Mrs. Elnathan Jaggers, by thumps, fer I stole a march on Pete an' married her this mornin'!"

And my friend from 'way back dashed out of the office and away.

I never put his piece in the paper.

ED MOTT.

At Washington.
[Detroit Tribune.]
Just pass a law to make people pay us more for what we've got to sell and we can make money.—Chorus of protected industries.

Olney Converts.
[Detroit News.]
Several notable conversions to Olney's theory indicate that the Executive is still able to temper defiance with patronage.

THE CHAPPIES.

Mrs. Bradley Martin will delight the beau monde on the 10th of February with a grand fancy dress ball that is expected to transcend in brilliancy all previous efforts of this very princess among entertainers.

The ball will be given in the Waldorf, and the costumes will be chosen from prints and fashion plates of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, three hundred years of color and picturesqueness.

Nobody doubts that this will be the most dazzling affair of the whole season, as it will be the redemption of the pledge made in Mrs. Martin's name on her return to America a few weeks ago that she would wake up the town with something pre-eminently characteristic of her broad and liberal nature and superlatively brilliant record.

By an unfortunate mixing up of the types in lifting my matter into the forms of yesterday's Journal a paragraph referring to a poker playing incident was transferred from its rightful position in the second column and placed in the first column beneath my comment on the announcement of the engagement of Arthur Kemp and "Baby" Belle Neilson.

This misplacement was confusing, and may have created the impression on the minds of hasty or careless readers that there was some connection between the Kemp-Neilson matter and that which immediately followed it.

There was none, in fact, and I was quite as much astonished, and probably more disgusted, than any one else at this sorry trick of the types.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., attracted much attention at Mrs. Henry Sloane's ball on Monday night.

This was gratifying to their numerous friends, but to-day the gossips are asking how it is that "Neely" can be in mourning for his grandmother and still attend such gladsome and hilarious functions.

On the other hand, if the young couple had not gone to the ball and should eschew the gayeties of the fashionable world there is no telling what these same gossips would say.

The wealthy chappie's lot is not always a happy one.

All eyes are turned to Paris and all ears are open for the first click of the cable announcing the birth of a child to the Countess Boniface de Castellane. The Gould family is becoming anxious, as they expected favorable news a day or two ago, but the hope is engendered that no news is good news and that in a little while we shall receive assurance that "mother and child are doing well."

Perhaps it is in the stars that the grandson of Jay Gould shall become the head of the ancient house of Castellane. Not that I care anything about that, however, for to me a mousetrap is of as much consequence as a coronet any day.

Every new instalment of filth from the Seeley trial is greeted with this earnest prayer from the real chappies of the town:

"Thank God, those fellows are not in our set."

"Those fellows," by the way, have discovered a vast difference between Seeley suppers served at Sherry's in Fifth avenue and Seeley sandwiches served at Teddy's in Mulberry street.

It has been alleged that the engagement between William Travers Gray and Miss Massie Strong was broken on account of the circumstances that led to the duel between the young man's father, Henry Winthrop Gray and John G. Heckscher, who is now the husband of William Travers Gray's mother.

I place no credence in any such story. All the circumstances of that unfortunate affair must have been known to the Strongs long before the engagement of their daughter to young Gray was announced. The know-alls must guess again.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Winter's Whines and Whistles.

Now the pond has no green 'broidered
drake on it,
But the leaf has a shining snowflake on it;
And I sing, fancy free,
In my boisterous glee,
O'er the plate with the brown buckwheat
cake on it.

While the wind rustles
Through the empty grove
And the dog hustles
To annex the stove.

Oh, the pudding that has a green sprig on
it
Of the holly bough dancing a jig on it,
And the dish as it stands
In the cook's rosy hands
With what's left of the little roast pig on
it.

These are the pleasures
That my visions throng—
The merry measures
Of a Winter song.

Oh, the nice, cozy hearth with a rug on it,
And the simpering, whimpering pug on it,
And the nice easy chair
To which oft I repair
By the board with the homely brown jug
on it.

And as the wood pile
Up the chimney goes
Of joy a good pile
Through my spirit flows.

Oh, the ice boat that flies with a sail on
it;
Oh, the snow with the rabbit's frail trail
on it;
Oh, the Winter's divine,
With its whistle and whine
Unto me as the toast with the quail on it.

What if sleets drizzle
And the bleak north blows—
Here will I sizzle
Till I cook my toes!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A Fair Warning.
[Detroit Tribune.]
Of course, Queen Victoria can abdicate if she wants to, but she might as well understand that she'll lose the moral support of her great and good friend, S. Grover Cleveland, the moment she does it.

THE TIDE TURNS FOR CUBA.

Like the tortoise, our English cousins are not remarkable for swiftness; but they may be credited with a ponderous desire to be fair and just. It is interesting to observe the change of opinion on Cuban questions that is sweeping over the tight little island.

A few months ago the Times' correspondent recanted his gloomy views as to the future of free Cuba, and now we learn a leading British paper is to send a battle-scarred war correspondent to take the field with the insurgents. What a change from a year ago!

We clip the following from the current number of the National Review, one of the most powerful and conservative of English publications, which indicates the new tone of the British press.

* * *

"The French newspaper Le Soleil informs the world that 'if the United States recognizes the independence of Cuba, European opinion will be unanimous in supporting Spain against America,' while the Spanish Ambassador in Vienna has recently declared that 'Spain must be looked upon as an outpost of European civilization. For centuries she had fought against the inroads of the Arabs. To-day she had before her a two-fold task. One part of it was to withstand the yellow race in the Philippines, where the ringleaders of the rebellion were Mongolians; the other part consisted in checking in colonial questions in general the progress of the new race, the Yankees.' * * * Great Britain has had some experience of the enlightenment of public opinion in Europe during the past year, and has seen it steadily supporting another 'outpost of European civilization' in the person of the Sultan of Turkey."

* * *

"The European view presumably is that the 'Jingo' and 'Land-grabbing' party in the United States wants a decent pretext to annex Cuba, and that this annexation of Cuba will be a preliminary to further aggressions upon the possessions of other European powers. * * * This is an ignorant, mischievous and short-sighted appreciation of the present movement in the United States. * * * There is no more 'land-grabbing' in the Cuban agitation in America than there is in the Armenian agitation in England, and the possibility that intervention might lead to the incorporation of Cuba in the Union by the desire of the Cuban people has had a most prejudical effect upon the strength of the movement."

* * *

"What would the average Englishman's attitude be if he could put himself in the place of the average American? Would he be cautious with the Administration, or 'impulsive' with Senator Cameron and his colleagues? We think it is beyond doubt that were Great Britain in the position of the United States, she would have intervened between Spain and her unconquerable insurgents years ago, and by this time Cuba would be either under a wholesome 'Egyptian' administration, or she would be governing herself as a free colony."

* * *

"A French farmer who had just been ordered out of Vuelta Abajo, where he had farmed for thirty-five years, by the Spanish military authorities, confirms what one has heard elsewhere as to the character of General Weyler's campaign."

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"In reply to my question as to what happens to those families who do not comply with the Government order to move into the towns," wrote the Times correspondent, "he answered that such families were treated as rebels and killed. When these families come into the towns they are made to work at drawing water, sweeping and cleaning the streets, and cutting firewood for the troops; for this compulsory labor a small ration of food is allotted. According to this evidence men, women and children are butchered for declining to abandon their homes and become the menials of the Spanish soldiery. It is hardly surprising that "an outpost of European civilization" maintained by such means is odious and impossible in the eyes of many right feeling Americans."

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"It has generally been assumed that this is a black rising, and that an independent Cuba would be a second edition of Hayti, with a terrible race feud thrown in. The Times's correspondent, who used to take a very gloomy view of the personnel of the insurgency, depicts it in very different colors now, and shows that there is hope for the stricken island if only the Spaniards can be induced to withdraw."

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"Have the Americans any reasonable grounds for their disposition toward Spain, as embodied in Senator Cameron's resolution, which was lately accepted by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate? * * * Is it a piece of hysterical jingoism on the part of a politician who is anxious to tickle the ears of the groundlings? The proposer of the resolution is the retiring Senator for Pennsylvania, which he has represented for twenty-five years as the successor of his father, who sat for thirty years before him. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is a great name in the United States, and its present bearer is considered to be one of the most level-headed and able men in Congress, which he has hardly ever addressed."

The Complicated Situation.
[Washington Post.]
Weyler announces that all Cuban leaders who surrender will be treated with consideration. This, coming on the heels of the declaration that there are no Cuban leaders left, tends to complicate the situation.

Bay State Is Busy.
[Washington Post.]
The Massachusetts folks are so busy worrying over that colored member of the Governor's Council that they have no time to devote to the race question in the South.

A Kansas Wonder.
[Atchison Globe.]
You are all familiar with the giddy old fellow who dyes his mustache black. Well, Atchison has a man who dies his mustache gray.

Announcement.
[Washington Post.]
Now, if the audience will kindly turn its gaze in the direction of Albany, Mr. Platt will give his little exhibition of putting the "better element" to sleep.

A Critical Period.
[Washington Post.]
Mr. McKinley has reached that period in his public life where he is called upon to touch the buttons to start things.

Those Who Survive.
[Detroit Tribune.]
Only those whom the gods love die young. The others live to a ripe old age and hold all the offices.

Olney's View.
[Detroit Tribune.]
According to Mr. Olney, the President has his hands on Congress.