

NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, FEB. 1, 1897.

IS PAYN TO BE CONFIRMED?

It is now definitely stated that today the appointment of Louis F. Payn to be Superintendent of Insurance for New York will be made by Governor Black, and that Governor Black has so reduced the opposition to his confirmation that instead of twenty Republican votes in opposition to it, there will at most be no more than five.

The next three years will be an unusually dangerous period for this State to have a corrupt Superintendent of Insurance. One life insurance company has recently changed hands not without scandal, although it is hoped that the purchasers will run instead of wreck the company.

The dividends of stockholders in most life insurance companies are limited by law. Men who intend to wreck a company can afford to pay a far larger price for it than men who intend to run it honestly.

INVESTIGATION OF TRUSTS.

The joint legislative committee to investigate trusts and to recommend remedial legislation has been announced, and Senator Clarence Lexow is chairman, as was assumed. Senator Lexow won what little glory crowns his brow as an investigator.

In the investigation of trusts the Nyack statesman has a field still more fallow, far more needful of the plough and the harrow of stern inquiry. The guilt involved is vastly more subtle and difficult to trace.

That such an investigation has been ordered by the Legislature is welcome to the best instincts of the people. They may distrust the source as of "Greeks bearing gifts," for a Republican Legislature, especially a Platt machine, is scarcely the source whence one would look for such a procedure to be conducted with the stern and impartial vigor of truth seeking inquirers.

It is natural and desirable that the committee should ask for a counsel in such a tremendous task. Such an assistant in an emergency like this should be one of the greatest men at the bar in character and ability, a man, for example, of the type of James C. Carter.

THE CHINO. RUSSIAN TREATY AND THE UNITED STATES.

Foreign advices confirm guesswork as to the contents of the secret treaty between Russia and China. It places the Middle Kingdom essentially under the protectorate of Russia, ceding a great coast line and giving the Muscovite the control of railway building through Manchuria in connection with the great trans-Siberian railway.

There is reason to hope that it will also be a material advantage to the United States. Among all the European powers Russia has been our most consistent friend in practice as well as theory. That her great authority at Peking will be uniformly extended to encourage American commerce as against England offers no great hazard of opinion.

LIBERTY OF TAXATION.

A bill is now before the Legislature, introduced by Mr. Brennan, of Kings County, looking to the exemption of different kinds of property from local taxation on the vote of each municipal council. It establishes the right to determine whether the levy shall be exclusively on the assessed value of personal property alone; or on the assessed value of real estate alone, inclusive of land and improvements; or on the assessed value of land alone, exclusive of improvements and personal property; or on the assessed value of land, improvements and personal property together.

none which touches the heart and pocket so closely as that of taxation. No question of legislation or administration is more intricate or taxes more sagacity of judgment. It is a presumptive fact that each community is the best judge as to the wisdom and equity of the methods by which its own taxes shall be raised.

The exemption of some forms of property is wise is unquestionable. The labor unions, for example, in this State have insisted again and again that the taxation of productive enterprises increases the cost of goods, discourages production and lessens the demand for labor.

ARBITRATION WITHOUT PERIL.

The amendments made to the arbitration treaty by the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations seem to remove the treaty's objectionable features without at all diminishing its moral value. The committee recommends insertion of a clause stipulating that "no question which affects the foreign or domestic policy of either of the high contracting parties or the relations of either with any other State or power, by treaty or otherwise, shall be subject to arbitration under this treaty, except by a special agreement."

As the treaty now stands it is perfectly unobjectionable, for there is no longer any chance that England could take unfair advantage of its provisions; while as a pledge of amity and a guaranty that war between the two nations will not be the first thought of either in a dispute it is precisely as useful as it was before the changes were made.

MAJOR MCKINLEY'S CHICAGO FIND.

Mr. Lyman J. Gage seems likely to prove the most entertaining figure of the McKinley Cabinet. It is seldom that a newly appointed official selected from private life has had to do as much vigorous denying of stories about his opinions as he.

One of the first curious revelations about Mr. Gage is that he wrote a letter to Governor Altgeld warmly urging the pardon of the Anarchists. What a curious turn in the affairs of men it is that he now should accept office as a result of victory in a campaign in which that pardon was used as a reason for denouncing the supporters of Governor Altgeld and Mr. Bryan as Anarchists.

Mr. Gage has denied that he is a "single taxer," but there are not lacking earnest followers of Henry George in Chicago who recall his early interest in this economic creed, and the fact that his frank expressions of approval of it were ultimately curbed by the objections of the directors of his bank.

After the expenditure of enormous sums of money and experiencing numerous disappointments, Hon. Russell A. Alger has succeeded in getting into a Presidential household. It is true that Alger's ambition to become the head of an official family of this sort has not been appeased, but it is better than a continuous residence outside the breastworks.

Mr. Platt has gone South to rest and recuperate from the effects of that hard chase that job in the United States Senate gave him. For a man who is not accustomed to being pursued by office, Mr. Platt is conducting himself in the most graceful manner.

President-elect McKinley has denied the report that he desires a cheap inauguration. Perhaps he believes a cheap inauguration makes a cheap President, and it is his intention to show the country that McKinley comes high.

Spanish talk of home rule for Cuba sounds very much like the flow of language that emanated from the spider when he issued that famous invitation for the fly to inspect his living apartments.

The action of the Nevada Legislature in legalizing prize fighting will be a great disappointment and shock to the people, including Mr. Jim Corbett and Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons.

Mr. Hanna has decided to close the Republican headquarters and stop all agitation. The public will take notice and quit talking.

Mr. Cleveland has found the Civil Service law a very handy instrument with which to reward his friends and punish his enemies.

If Chicago's most eminent banker goes into the McKinley Cabinet he will owe his elevation to Chicago's most eminent banker.

Mr. Gage says he will be the Secretary of the Treasury in fact as well as in name. Mr. Hanna will see Mr. Gage later.

It is presumed that John Sherman has agreed to forget his recollections of Russell A. Alger.

A Power in Art and Literature

Has any contemporaneous philosopher ever undertaken the consideration of the enormous influence exerted by the idle classes; or, to speak vulgarly, loafers of various degrees, on the literary, artistic and social affairs of this city?

Everybody who has ever devoted any thought to the subject knows that fully nine-tenths of the advice offered gratuitously, and some of that offered for a fee, emanates from loafers, not because they possess any extraordinary degree of wisdom, but because they have plenty of time to devote to it.

Let the news that a gang of men are at work on the "blue pipes" in One Hundred and Thirtieth street reach one of the Bovey lodging houses and half a dozen of the leading boarders will instantly desert the stove and hasten away on foot to behold the miracle of honest toil.

So potent is the influence of loafers, even of this low class, in politics, and so careful are our statesmen to consult them in regard to every piece of legislation contemplated that we find ourselves now with a millstone of bad laws about our neck that we will not rid ourselves of in a quarter of a century.

In the more exalted circles of society the influence of the idler—who is none the less a loafer because of his good clothes—is even greater than that of his ragged counterpart of Chatham Square. In the clubs he becomes a man of note because he spends so much of his time at the front window and knows the names, private histories and personal traits of all the other members.

On his way to the stage door the loafer pauses a moment to say a few words of flattery to the pretty soubrette, who is just enough of a fool to possess the making of a good actress, and before he leaves her he has swelled her head to such a degree as to make her unbearable and fairly deserving of the two weeks' notice served on her by her long-suffering manager a few days later.

The loafer has, by this time, done a fairly good day's work, but he is not content. He returns to his club and instantly falls upon his acquaintance, the bright young newspaper man, who, having worked hard all day, is enjoying a Welsh merrit and a mug of ale.

"You're making that newspaper of yours too high-toned," says the loafer, with an ominous wag of the head. "The gang don't read it any more. I don't hear it talked about half as much as I did six months ago. Who the deuce cares for all that long-winded stuff about books and music and all that sort of thing? Why, I saw a long article about some fellow named Kipling not long ago. I tell you nobody ever heard of him before. There's plenty of good material bobbing up every day, and if you like I'll do a column of it and call it 'Town Talk,' or 'The Clubman's Corner,' or something of that sort. And don't you forget it, but I'll make a column that'll knock the town silly. I'm an old newspaper man myself, you know, and used to contribute to the 'Man About Town' in the Star. That was the brightest and wittiest department that was ever published in a New York newspaper, and I wrote pretty near half of it."

These words sink deep into the heart of the credulous journalist, for the mere fact that they were uttered by a loafer has the same influence with him that it has with the artist, the actor, the manager, the soubrette—that they have, for that matter, with almost any one except the plain, hard-headed man of business.

The truth is that there are two distinct classes in this country, despite the prevalent theory that we are all free and equal. There are people who work, and people who do not, and in this busy land the latter named have very little to do except give advice. But the advice of an idler, it matters not whether that idler be a silly, ill-mated woman of society or a lodging house vagrant, is absolutely worthless to any person of serious purpose.

There is no one in this country who does any sort of work with head or hands who is better qualified to give advice to an artist, a journalist, or an actor than the cafe and club loafers whose influence is so potent.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. Academy of Music... Straight from the Heart... Broadway Theatre... Shamus O'Brien... Grand Opera House... Under the Red Bob... Herald Square... The Girl from Paris... Vaudeville... Sweethearts...

Weather Probabilities: Fair in the morning, snow or rain in the evening, easterly winds increasing in force, slightly warmer.

MR. HAWKINS' BREAK. NOTICE—Guests are strictly prohibited from COOKING or doing WASHING in their rooms. By Order of the Prop.

This sign, numerously displayed in the corridors of a swell uptown hotel, where such warning had never before been exploited, imparted a sudden shock to the overwrought nerves of young Mr. Hawkins, though he was expecting something of the kind.

His business kept him at the office until midnight or later, and, as a natural sequence, the Hawkins remained in bed until noon or later. By this diplomatic stroke they eluded breakfast at the hotel, but there was a still more expensive luncheon that might answer for the matter.

On a dark and stormy night well fitted for the evil deed, Mr. Hawkins smuggled a gas stove into the suite, concealed beneath the folds of his mackintosh. Under the other arm he carried a paper bag containing eleven eggs—the grocer had robbed him—and in the cavernous pockets of Mr. Hawkins' apparel lurked divers cooking utensils, provisions and some butter in which to fry the eggs.

But early in the morning a blizzard raged along the avenue, seeking what it might devour. The paper bag on the window sill withstood the onslaught until nearly noon, when its feeble strength gave way, and, amid wail, the eleven eggs exploded with their soft, well-earned results on the white marble stoop of the swell avenue hotel.

"The only trouble was that the audience didn't seem to recognize him." "Good; and did she?" "She did at the first rehearsal, but she wanted to wear a lot of jewelry, so she changed to a German peasant dress; the dialect was too hard, however, and she finally did it as a Japanese girl."

"Yes, she was the hero's mother, and she did it in a white frock with blue ribbons and her hair braided down her back, and the audience laughed so that the manager had to go before the curtain and announce that the hero was only an adopted son, anyhow. It did seem hard to me that people were not willing for Maud to look young once in her life. But I must tell you about my gown; it—" "Oh, do tell me, had you a large audience?" "Very; we gave all our friends tickets, you know. The odd thing was that all of us noticed so many of our enemies in the front seats."

"Why, no," replied the gentleman. "I haven't noticed it, but I'll report at the office and have them investigate." "Please do not go to that trouble," hastily exclaimed Mr. Hawkins, who saw that he had made a horrible break. "The odor of cooking somewhere in this part of the house?" "Why, no," replied the gentleman. "I haven't noticed it, but I'll report at the office and have them investigate."

Good Prospects. Cleveland, Garfield & Wilson as a law firm will not be able to serve the corporations as well as they have served them in their official capacity at Washington, though they are expecting a great deal of corporation work.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"Did I ever tell you Bill Wheeler's good joke on Joe West?" remarked the Western man. "No? Well, Wheeler thought it the funniest thing he ever heard of, and the first time he related the story it took nearly an hour, the laughter choked him so."

"I was with a party of prospectors that had camped on a bend of the Gila in Southern Arizona, when one evening Bill Wheeler rode over from Peter's Ranch to tell us the joke on Joe West. The cowpuncher was simply bubbling over with merriment, and we had to give him a pair of details before he could proceed."

"This here West rides up to the ranch and allows Mr. Wheeler observed, and then plunged into a fit of laughter fit to strangle him. 'No cow pony what ever bucked kin make me eat dust; so trot out a rip-snorter and watch me humble him bad.' The hands was workin' with some wicked buckers, and when Pete Smith rode up on his little buckskin beast Joe West remarks that there is his meat. Smith invites West to take a canter, seel'n he knows 'em much about horses, and poltely turns the buckskin pony over to him."

"First, he makes a straight shoot for a hundred yards, and then stops quick. That's where the funny joke comes from. West, he keeps on goin', and after whirling twice hit the solid earth in a heap. When we reached him," continued Wheeler in a scream of merriment, "West's neck is broke and he dies without knowin' it."

The black and white cat that makes her home in the County Court House should have a gold medal for heroic conduct in saving lives. Janitor Patrick Kane is her reputed owner. She is sleek-coated and well-fed, but not at all amiable.

He started to build the fire, and had just ignited a pile of kindlings when the cat rushed up and leaped through the blaze into the furnace. The janitor jumped back in amazement. In a moment the cat reappeared with a little spotted kitten in her mouth. She dropped it on the floor and hurried back into the fiery interior, again returning with a kitten. Four infant tabbies were carried out in this way. Then the janitor on examination found that all of the kittens had been saved.

The life-saver was well stung, her eyelashes were gone and her ears were blistered. But she was a heroine just the same, and she now has a comfortable box filled with straw in one corner of the basement.

"What are you—a Britisher? What's your name, anyway?" "My name is Henry Ordina, me—your wishup, and I'm a Englishman." "Well, Henry, I shouldn't have thought it. What's your business?" "Your wishup, I'm a beer hlaprover," said the prisoner, shifting his bulk from one leg to another. "hand hit's wot you might call a porthuban by accident. Has you see, I'm orful full of a'ubt. Hover in the hold kentry I was a hunder bot-chor on board a P. and Ho. steamer to Hingy, but I got that blessed fat that I couldn't stand the 'eat, so I higrated to this 'ere kentry. The very first berth that I got was in a brewery a openin' of 'ot poles. Three doys after I'd got me berth I started to take a short cut across a plank hover a vat that was arf full of beer, when, stroiles me hugly, hif the bloomin' plank didn't break, and hif with a splash I fell into the beer. Well, bafter I'd hollered bloody murder for arf an hour the boss come along and pulled me houn with a derrick. Your wishup, hit's the gospel truth, I was that bloomin', blazin' boozey from my beer bawth that I didn't know my weskfit from a door-knob."

"When I was called hup to the Capt'n's horkis on Saturday," continued the prisoner, "I went in all of a tremble, loike one of them 'ere jelly fish, doncherno. When I got hinside the north there was no one there but the Boss. 'I'm arfraid, see 'e, that you're too fat for your job, and I'm a-goin' to give you another. I'm a-goin' to pay you twenty dollars a week to go and fall-into that there same vat of beer bevery Saturday hovenink.' 'What for?' asked the Magistrate. "Your wishup," said the prisoner, "from wot I 'ears and from wot I knows, stow my bloomin' hoptics if the saloon-keepers that got that 'ere beer didn't double their horders. Seems as 'ow hit 'ad so much body to it."

"So you've been doin' the tumble act once a week ever since, eh?" "Yes, your wishup, and I've been hintonkated most of the toime—wot you might call a habsorption drunk, doncherno?" "Well, you might, Henry," said the Magistrate, with a smile, "but I should call it a six months' soak. Five dollars, Henry."

Good Prospects. Cleveland, Garfield & Wilson as a law firm will not be able to serve the corporations as well as they have served them in their official capacity at Washington, though they are expecting a great deal of corporation work.