

163 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1897.

THE FIGHT FOR CHEAP GAS.

The last recourse of the defenders of an unwarrantable extortion is to raise the cry of "vested rights" and the plea for the widows and orphans who hold stock in the offending corporation. Senator Malby, in raising these time worn arguments in response to the very convincing indictment of the New York Gas Trust by the Journal's representative, Professor Edward W. Bemis, gave justification to the inference that he enters the investigation now in progress with his opinion already formed.

Professor Bemis put his argument in support of the Cantor-Lalmeber bill lucidly and convincingly. By statistics drawn largely from sworn testimony taken in other cities, he demonstrated that at a rate of 75 cents a thousand the companies in New York could pay reasonable dividends on their actual investment. The proposed bill offers them one dollar, but they are now paying unreasonable dividends on a capitalization which is notoriously double the actual cost of their plant.

As a result of Professor Bemis's visit to Albany the bill as originally drawn has been wisely amended so as to give the proposed Gas Commission authority to investigate the accounts of the companies, the quality of the gas, and the condition of the meters, and further denies to the companies the right to issue any more stock or bonds without the approval of the commission.

There is but one proper answer the gas companies can make to this attack upon their profitable privileges. Pleading merely that they are in possession, and that to disturb them would be to attack "vested interests," would do. The people have certain vested interests in the streets, and enjoy a perfect legal right to regulate those who occupy them. If the gas companies can disprove Professor Bemis's figures, if they can satisfy the committee that \$1.25 a thousand is the least price at which gas can be delivered at a reasonable profit, if they can show their enormous capitalization to be necessary and justifiable, and, finally, if they can disabuse the public mind of the present belief that all are welded into a single trust for purposes of spoliation, there might result reasonable doubt as to the merit of the bill.

But none of these things can the corporations prove, and their remarkable array of high-priced legal talent demonstrates that they will rely on legal quibbling, or perhaps the less creditable methods of the lobbyist, to protect themselves in their extortions.

BROTHER MOODY AND THE PROPHET JONAH.

A gale of religious interest blows freshly every few years over the romantic and remarkable story of Jonah in connection with his whale adventure. Even clergymen noted for their orthodoxy in all the essentials of Christian belief laugh mildly over the story, and recite its characteristic excellence as a happy example of the myth or of religious folk lore. But Brother Moody sees no fun, nothing of allegory, nothing of mere literary interest in such a discussion. To him, fervently believing that everything between the lids of the Old and New Testaments is literally true and inspired by God, any such Erastianism is sacrilege. Such magnificent faith is a refreshing fact, and one loves to contemplate his heroic figure standing against the insidious criticism of those who would deduct one jot or tittle from the crude and concrete truth of Scripture.

The Northfield apostle announces that to believe in the "whale" story is a part of Christian truth so essential that one cannot fully accept Christ without swallowing this legend, even as the big fish swallowed Jonah. And he quotes from Matthew to prove his point from the Master's words: "For as Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." This allusion by Christ to the Jonah story is regarded by Mr. Moody as absolutely vouching for its accuracy.

It is perhaps necessary for fervent preachers, in stirring the hearts of the callous worldlings, to titillate them with such freshness and enthusiasm of belief as if to move mountains. It is with this thought in mind that we gaze with respectful admiration on a man who in the higher interests of evangelism shuts his mind to the purely intellectual side of a question. This is heroic blindness and the true martyr spirit. We regret that an eminent Presbyterian clergyman shoots a keen dart askant at Mr. Moody by prophesying that fifty years hence the believer in Jonah and the whale will be looked on as akin to a mummy.

THE ENGLISH AND BENIN.

Benin is an obscure African principality of which few have heard till very recently and still fewer know anything about it. It lies about sixty miles inland on the river of the same name, and properly belongs to the delta of the Niger, through one of the mouths of which it is ordinarily reached by boat journey. A paradise of tropical jungle beauty, it is infested by the deadliest malarial diseases and by one of the most abominably cruel and degraded of the negro races. The King is an absolute tyrant, and he again is the slave of a system of fetishism, the priests of which inspire further bloody crimes which his own cruelty overlooks when his appetite for the moment becomes satiated. In Ashantee and Dahomey the rulers have always exercised the privilege of decapitating their subjects at will, especially on state occasions, when wholesale operations of the executioner are an important feature in the public function. But the King of Benin puts a little finer edge on his work. His favorite amusement is crucifixion, and he delegates to obscene birds of prey and the innumerable tribes of tropical insects the closing scenes of torture and death.

His African Majesty, however, has been a trifle imprudent in stretching his power. He ventured to put to death, whether by crucifixion or not is not stated, a small party of English officials and traders who visited his domain. Perhaps he had heard what such visits ultimately mean. Probably he did not know that his little country lies within that shadowy claim known as a European sphere of influence, the title in this case being asserted by the English and French alike. The upshot is that an armed expedition of British marines under the command of Admiral Rawson will punish the offender forthwith, take formal possession of the country and confiscate all his barbaric wealth. The righteous wrath of the English is no doubt further stimulated by the report that the ebony monarch has great stores of elephant tusks, a precious commodity nowadays. The King's tribute is said to be one tusk of every elephant killed, and such loot as this is a fact not to be overlooked in British calculations.

Vengeance in this case may be closely coincident with justice. But one cannot forget how the British commercial instinct has been the ultimate power which has pushed all her splendid achievements of conquest and annexation. Retribution for a slain trader is the easiest of pretexts. From the hundred years' French war, begun under the

third Edward, to the subjugation of India; from that colossal tragedy of robbery to the last drama of South Africa, the hunger for the possessions of other nations, exercised under the name of the extension of commerce, has been the source of English expansion. In support of this policy England has not been chary in stretching stratagies to their utmost limit, in using frivolous pretenses to justify violation of national rights, in promptly drawing the sword where intrigue had failed. Other nations, to be sure, have not been lacking in invoking that pregnant euphemism, "the inevitable rights of civilization over barbarism"—that name itself being often an unhistoric misnomer. But it has illuminated the pages of English history with a continuous flash of cannon and musketry.

Applying the English object lesson, one is tempted to inquire what the fate of Cuba would have been had Cuba been as near geographically and politically to Great Britain as she is to the United States; had her commercial interests been so closely entangled in the embargo as are ours; had so many of her citizens been cruelly maltreated by the blindness of Spanish anger?

There can be but one answer to this. No treaty, no sense of international comity, no rebuttal, however plausible, would have stopped armed intervention, if not acquisition. Easy pretenses for an ultimatum with an army and fleet in its wake would have been found, and Cuba long before this have been a part of Great Britain. The expedition to Benin is a trifling affair, but it is in the direct line of a long series of precedents, and under other conditions Cuba would have been among these. Yet the United States, under the most serious provocation, has quietly watched with folded hands.

THE FARMERS AND PROTECTION.

The Journal yesterday published the general plan of the tariff bill which the incoming Congress and Administration will make law. Of course the measure falls far short of the extreme protectionism of the famous "McKinley bill."

Equally of course what it lacks in seeming beneficence to workingmen it replaces by supposititious benevolence to the farmer. And thereby hangs a political tale. Time was that the Republican party reckoned the farmer as its own. It gave him little thought, putting him down at election time with the most perfect confidence on the right side of the ledger. The workingman was the fellow for whom Republican politicians reached out. They preached protection for him and for his masters, and exerted every effort to convince him that he could be taxed into prosperity. Normally Democratic, the workingman to some degree yielded to these blandishments. Last year he voted for McKinley, and this year he is sorry.

Curiously enough, when the mechanic—who has been a Democrat—became a Republican, the farmer—who has long been a Republican—became a Democrat. The watchful politicians of the Republican party quickly discovered this fact, and formulated the tariff bill which will be presented to the next Congress, with a view to winning back the farming element. They will try to "protect" agricultural products in the face of the fact that prices for wheat, corn and even wool are fixed abroad in competition with countries which export under the stimulating effects of a silver standard. They will put a duty on dressed meats for the benefit of the "Big Four" of Chicago. In short, they will make every effort to persuade the men who draw wealth from the soil that the Republican party again turns to their support.

The fact of the matter is that effort to aid the farmers by protective duties is hopeless. We export and do not import food products. The tariff is of no possible advantage to the farmer. The duties levied on his products by the Dingley bill were fixed for political purposes only—and nobody knows that better than Mr. Dingley. If the farmers of the United States allow themselves to be diverted from the money issue—which to them is all important—by a cheap bribe in the tariff bill, they will ruin themselves and grieve their friends.

EX-GOV. FLOWER AND HIS FRIENDS.

Roswell P. Flower, formerly Governor of New York, and a "gold Democrat" who was loud and insistent in his advocacy of McKinley, has unwittingly provided support for the chief argument advanced last Summer by those who desired Mr. Bryan's election. In an interview had with ex-Governor Flower Wednesday by a reporter for the Evening Journal Mr. Flower said:

Finally, we turn to our wheat crop and the wheat conditions in other parts of the world. The farmers raised a good crop last year, and they got a good price for it. Another good one and they will be in a position to spend money, and they'll spend it, will they not? I guess so. The wheat crop of India was a failure this year. Some one must supply the inhabitants of that country with wheat. The Russian wheat crop was not up to the average. All eyes have been turned toward the United States for it is here, mind you, that the wheat season is the earliest. With our immense wheat acreage I look for a big crop this year. That will make two good crops in succession, and will set the farmers on their feet. I expect the price of wheat will begin to go up within a month. When the farmers of this country get their money they will spend it. This will set the factories here a-bumping. Prosperity to the whole country will then be an accomplished fact.

In other words, the more money in a country the greater the prosperity. Or, as Hume stated it, "in every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly everything takes on a new face; labor and industry gain life, the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skillful; even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention." Or, as the "honest money" New York Times prophetically put it a few days ago: "The currents of trade, set in motion by new investments, will stir business into life, as the rain upon parched land makes vegetation stir and shoot up. There will be more money paid out for wages every week, and this in turn will increase consumption and augment demand. Raw materials will be called for in greater volume, and the output of manufactures will increase. This new activity will swell the earnings of railway and industrial shares."

Thus ex-Governor Flower, agreeing with the great historian and with the "honest money gold standard" Times, admits what he and the Times strenuously and angrily denied last Summer, namely, the validity of the quantitative theory of money, the truth of the theory advanced by Mr. Bryan and his friends, that national prosperity depends upon the volume of money in circulation (not in hoarding) in the nation.

How will Mr. Flower explain himself to Major McKinley and Mr. Hanna and Mr. Cleveland?

Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons is wrestling with a dog as a part of his training, regardless of the fact that dog falls don't count in the prize ring.

Mr. McKinley went to the Wooden Nutmeg State for his private secretary. There may be a faint suggestion in this for the only Thurber.

Governor Black is gazing into the camera of outraged public sentiment and making a great effort to look pleasant.

Hon. Lyman Gage is having considerable difficulty in explaining that he was a single taxer in a Pickwickian sense only.

Miss Fanny in Real Life.

I am often asked if there are any "Miss Fannies" in real life: if there are any New York women well born, cultured, of high social position, who devote any considerable time to relief or educational work in the city's congested districts; if, in fact, "slumming" was ever anything but a fad, and has not been abandoned by its fashionable devotees. I am as often surprised at the implied ignorance of a highly interesting feature of New York life which is not only an ephemeral fad, but which includes in its work stores, yes, hundreds, of actual Miss Fannies.

Possibly, though, I should not be surprised at the doubt of my questioners. No notable critic as William Dean Howells has thought it worth his valuable time and space to twice attack me for overexercise of a story teller's license in picturing, as I have, the relations of the people of the slums with the "upper class" missionaries. He had never known of any "Miss Fanny" winning the devoted love of any "Clummiel Padden," and avowed that I should have exploited so unrealistic a relationship. Well, some time when Mr. Howells is inclined to devote as much time to a study of the subject as he has to proving me in error, I'll be pleased to prove to him that the error is not on my side.

I should have enjoyed having the distinguished gentleman with me on a visit I made this week to the Pro-Cathedral building, at No. 160 Stanton street, which is just at the upper end of Peverly Hollow, Mr. Howells. I went there to visit the Kitchen Gardening class. It is in charge of a very good prototype of "Miss Fanny," who is assisted by half a dozen others. The name of the work probably is not very illuminative to the masculine understanding, at least. The work aims to accomplish this: To instruct the little girls of the very poor in the science and economy of house-keeping. A graduate of the class, or of the school, rather, for there are several classes, is competent to take service as a maid of all work, or in a larger domestic establishment, as a kitchen, a dining room or a chamber maid. Until they do find such employment they are trained to be helpful members of their own household, where help is so much needed.

That is the practical, the material aim of the school; but there is both a moral and an aesthetic side of the work which succeeds only because the teachers are what they are—Miss Fannies. If you please; refined, cultured, sympathetic women, doing this hard work from lofty and beautiful motives. I'll explain that later.

Before the classes are admitted to the school room the ladies are there arranging for the day's work. A number of long, low tables are placed about the room, one for each class. Little chairs are placed at the tables, one for each pupil, and on the table, before each chair, is a small card, the material for the demonstration. One table is supplied with a simple outfit of table ware, no more elaborate than the children see in use in their own tenement homes. On another are placed boxes containing toy dishes of a more elaborate set, such as the pupils must be familiar with to set a table in the homes of well-to-do people. On other tables are a laundry outfit, in miniature, of course, including bags of household linen and wool. On a third are little beds, each with its supply of mattress, bolster, pillow and requisite linen and blankets. In an alcove a large table is supplied with "real" dishes, silver, etc. That is for the advanced class.

While this is being prepared the scholars have been admitted to an anteroom, where they don white muslin caps and pinafores. When all is in readiness a principal of the school plays a rattling march on the piano and the girls march in. If you watch them then you begin at once to realize the benefit their experience there has had on the bearing, manners and habits of those children of the slums. The delightful cleanliness is the first thing that addresses you, if you've had much experience in the Ghetto; next the straight-eyed fearlessness, the evidence of self-respect, showing that they have been won by kindness and have returned love and confidence. Unless you have seen an equal number of children of the same class who have never come under the influence of a "Miss Fannie," it is hard to understand the difference.

There are short religious exercises and singing, and then the lessons begin. Everything is taught by demonstration from the proper manner of laying kindling wood for a kitchen fire to the manner of lifting a soap suds cover so that the condensed steam will not drip on the table cloth. The homemakers begin with cutting the mags over, and end for end, and progress to the first smoothing pat of a well-made bed.

At the laundry table there is instruction which teaches the pupil why hot water should not be used with some fabric; why thorough rinsing is necessary; how it is best to hang out clothes to dry, and everything about the operation, even to the way an ironed handkerchief should be folded. Verses are taught, some of them set to music, which impress the lessons on the learners' minds, and for an hour this work goes on, each child thinking it is play. All this time the teachers are imparting to pupils much more than is set forth in the books on kitchen garden instruction. First they obtain the complete confidence of each scholar, and with this tremendous force they direct their thoughts and inspire ambition.

You may think it is a small thing that a teacher at such times induces a girl with a heavy long "bang" to brush her hair back from her forehead, to keep it brushed and keep it back—it's a great thing, for it is the first step to induce perfect personal cleanliness.

Then, in ways they are trained to know, the teachers impress the value of gentleness, fairness, politeness, forbearance, industry, carefulness, economy. All this is done so skilfully, and such unobtrusive patience and kindness, that it accomplishes its purpose the same time the most notable effect of all—self-respect.

After this playwork there is more singing, and then the pretty march out. The mothers are invited to visit the classes at intervals. One of them said: "Before my girl came here, I couldn't look her hard enough to make her come in out of the streets to help me get the meals, set the table, wash the dishes. Now I couldn't be her hard enough, if I wanted to, to keep her from helping me. You've taught her to think it is play, and she does all these things better than I can."

I believe that work was first carried on at No. 160 Stanton street by St. George's parish. It became too heavy a load for St. George's to carry, and Bishop Potter took the whole establishment off his hands. There is much other work carried on at that pro-cathedral building, but this I've been describing is supported by the efforts of the lady in charge. Perhaps she numbers in her family, and such a circle as Mrs. Burton, "the Path" of "His Wishes," whose purse she assesses as the work requires. Yes, there are Miss Fannies in real life. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Table listing various theaters and their performances, including Academy of Music, American Theatre, Bijou, Broadway Theatre, etc.

THE WEATHER—Snow, turning to rain, and warmer temperature.

A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

MY HEART is filled with grief at the well-grounded rumor that one of my pet chappies is paying attention to the wife of a millionaire, who has come to New York from the West.

Of course I know, and Madam knows, that the relations existing between her and my young friend are purely platonic, and, therefore, harmless in themselves. But the world in general and New York society in particular do not believe in Plato. They hold that propinquity is a dangerous thing, especially when it exists between exuberant adolescence on one side and vigorous maturity on the other.

But the days of Don Juan are done. At least, I think so; and Madam agrees with me in all my theories concerning the present case. All there is in the matter is that to relieve the monotony of waiting until her husband shall have found a little time from his millions to devote to her, Madam has been diverting herself by entertaining my young friend and several of his boon companions with champagne suppers at her house.

Madame herself does not indulge in champagne. Like Queen Victoria, her tipple is whiskey and water. But the chappies dote on fizzy wine, and she gratifies their preference ad libitum. That is all there is to a matter that is furnishing food for gossip in many a club corner. It is altogether harmless, except in the report of it. But there the danger lies. Many a reputation has been wrecked on the rocks of a champagne supper.

Chappies should be more circumspect. Madame should be more discreet. He is too handsome, too well bred, too high in the favor of one of the most famous of this season's debutantes to risk his future for the evanescent pleasure of clinking a glass of fizz against a tumbler of whiskey.

She is too ambitious of social recognition, too pronounced in her wearing apparel, too conspicuous in the parade of her husband's wealth, to add to the disfavor in which society already regards her, by furnishing even a pretext for gossip.

The worst thing about a champagne supper may not always be the dark brown taste of the morning after. Those of us who may have official or other relations with President-elect McKinley during his administration should congratulate ourselves on the selection of Mr. John Addison Porter as Mr. McKinley's private secretary.

I've known John Addison since his college days, and I've always found him to be a gentleman. That, I take it, is the prime requisite of a President's private secretary. Since he was graduated from Yale in the class of '78 he has been cutting considerable social ice in New Haven, where he was born, and in Hartford, where he has edited a newspaper and dabbled in politics.

A. Porter, whose mother was a Sheffield—the daughter of the founder of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale—is some pumpkin in Nutmeg aristocracy. John Addison is not unknown in New York society, for he married Miss Amy Bets, of this city, and trails with what is known as the "Scroll and Key" crowd among the Yale alumni.

His younger brother, Eddie, went in for breeding bull pups, and made such a success of it that he attained the distinction of being a judge at our dog show. Eddie was in a fair way to become more famous or

THE YELLOW KID AT COURT.

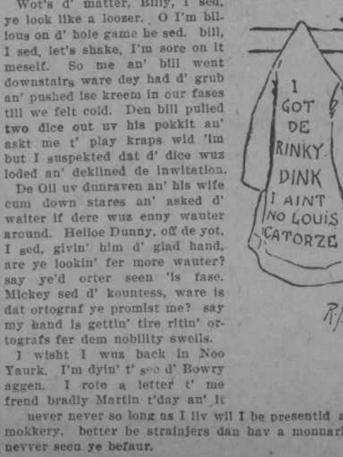
By Rudolph Block.

LONDON, February 5 by telephone I don't think I was presented at court to-day by de speshul invitation uv me friend d' Queen. I pleaded not guilty in de absents uv me lawyer. De invitation wuz brant to me hardin' house on Rotten row witch is a good name fer it, by one uv d' Queen's messin'jers, say Mickey he sed ye're in luck, de ole lady's invited ye t' be presented to 'er at court. Wor kind uv a game is dis, I sed, d' Queen an' me 'r' ole frends, why does she want me t' be presented to 'er. o dat's only fourmality sed d' bloke.

Victoria, victoria, I side, I hope ye're not puttin' on airs. But ennyway I went an' I wuz presented, mister Michael Dugan yelled d' mug at d' door. o shut up I sed, d' Queen knows me an' ye don't need t' be yellin' me name all over d' shanty. Dat settled dat mug.

Den I seen me friend Billy Gladstone an' I went over an' spoke to him but he wuz sore about sunthin' an' didn't hav nutch' say. Wot's d' matter, Billy, I sed, ye look like a hooser. O I'm bilious on d' hole game he sed, bill, I sed, let's shake, I'm sore on it meself. So me an' bill went downstairs, waze dey had d' grub an' pushed iss kreen in our faces till we felt cold. Den bill pulled two dice out uv his pocket an' askt me t' play krapa wud 'im but I suspektet dat d' dice wuz loded an' declined de invitation. De Ole uv dunraven an' his wife cum down stares an' asked d' waiter if dere wuz enny waiter around. Helloe Dunny, of de yot. I sed, givin' him d' giad hand, are ye lookin' fer more wauter? say ye'd orter seen 'is face. Mickey sed d' kountness, waze is dat ortogaf ye promet me? say my hand is gettin' 'er rittin' ortogaf fer dem nobility swells.

I wish I wuz back in Noo Yauk. I'm dyin' t' see d' Bowry again. I rote a letter t' me friend bradly Martin t'day an' it never seen so long as I liv I will be present at enny kourt agen. It's a hollo morkery, better be straitjars dan hav a monark wot noze ye, waze belevy he never seen ye befaur.



Written by Gaslight!

And Within One Hundred Yards of a Blazing, Gilded Dome.

The following dispatch was rushed through the Spanish trocha in Cuba by a special courier and telegraphed to a New York newspaper, in which it was printed with great display yesterday morning:

GOMEZ WONT ACCEPT SHAM HOME RULE.

But if Spain Grants Genuine Autonomy and the United States Guarantees It, the Insurgents Will Be Urged by Powerful Planters to End the War.

THE SPANISH MINISTER'S PROMISE TO MR. OLNEY.

Batavano, Cuba, Thursday, Jan. 21. All Cuban property holders will be glad if the insurgents can accept the kind of autonomy Spain is about to offer, but it must be guaranteed by the United States. If Spain can be induced to grant real, not sham, home rule to Cuba, then every-thing will depend upon the acceptance of the proffered terms by General Gomez. If he refuses, the overtures of Spain and the diplomacy of Secretary Olney will have been alike in vain.

I am convinced that the insurgents can hold out almost indefinitely on the present line. I do not believe that Spain can long maintain the war, which is costing her nearly ten million dollars a month. But if Spain can be induced to make just concessions to the Cubans, I know that the most powerful people here who now sympathize with the insurgents, and even the great plantation owners who now secretly aid the rebels, will bring great pressure upon Gomez to accept. The insurgents now in arms will follow unquestioningly his lead.

The Cubans will win absolute freedom, it's true, in time. But this means the total ruin of all interests, American as well as Cuban.

I have a lively hope that Spain will see the inevitable and will seize the only means left to her to keep Cuba.

Then will come the indorsement by General Gomez and the Cuban Government and principal leaders. I now know that Secretary Olney and President Cleveland wish greatly to arrange autonomy, and that de Lome, the Spanish Minister at Washington, has guaranteed that Spain will accept the United States' arrangement. I also know that Prime Minister Canovas has not yet made good Minister de Lome's promise. The state of public feeling in Spain probably prevents.

If Gomez accepts and indorses the plan of autonomy when it is promulgated, then will come a truce and probably long negotiation between Spain and the insurgents, with the United States as mediator. The fact remains that Spain has not gone half way.

I write this by candle light within nine hundred yards of an encampment of one of General Weyler's flying columns.

The Journal takes great pleasure in emphasizing this piece of news. It is perfectly true. There is only one piece of information that the writer forgot, and that is this:

If the Cuban insurgents lay down their arms and surrender, the Spanish authorities will consent to call the war off and declare all the insurgents prisoners.

The Journal has this upon the best authority and is in a position to substantiate its assertion. One other detail was omitted in this dispatch—an unimportant detail, yet absolutely true:

If General Weyler were to fall off the top of the Eiffel Tower and land upon his head on the ke-n side of an axe, he would very likely be hurt. Facts to prove this bold assertion are in the Journal's possession.

WHITHER AWAY.

Now about disasters coastwise. Do we read with features pale, And we think the man is most who Who his journey makes by rail. And he's wiser still who hustles For his pleasure here at home, Where we have the air of Brussels, Moscow, Baraboo and Rome.

Here one moment blows the Winter, Then the zephyr sighs of Spring, Then the Fall's our nasal tinting, Till the Summer wags its wing.

First the Autumn is the finger Of our dreams with colors glad; Then the Winter with its ginger Penetrates our liver pad.

Then the Summer comes to veto All our dreams to pleasure bent; Spring then brings the grim mosquito Of our blooming discontent.

First the lazy breeze of Napa Melts the snow our feet beneath, Then the sleet of Saccarapa Knocks askew our laurel wreath.

So we think if we'd be merry We around this town should hang, Where the Marshachio cherry To the cocktail adds a tang. For each season's here a hummer— At the same time here they sing: Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer, Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring. And we do not want Toronto Any more than Quoags or Cork, When we can cavort with Ponto On Fifth avenue, New York. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Interpreting Mr. Lee. (Washington Post.) As we understand Consul-General Lee, he didn't tell Mr. Money anything of the sort, and will never tell it to him again. The New Senator. (Detroit News.) The Hon. "Bully" Masou, of Illinois, does not know much about statesmanship, but he knows more stories that are contemporaneous with the adoption of the Constitution than any other man in America.