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PROSPECTIVE GAS LEGISLATION.

There is revealed in the discussion of the gas problem the need of a strong, honest city commission with the full power and duty of securing and publishing the fullest reports annually of every detail of the receipts and expenditures of these quasi-public monopolies of light and street car transportation. No one disconnected with these companies seriously doubts the legality and wisdom of such publicity. The only claim usually heard against it is that the time is not yet ripe for it, which simply means that the people are not supposed to be strong enough to exert their legal rights. The sooner a test is made of this the better. A temporary defeat for the people squarely on this issue will be most fatal ultimately for the victors, developing, as it certainly will, the demand for public ownership of any monopoly of situation that in private hands is more powerful than the State.

The bill before the Legislature promises this publicity as to the gas companies, which is more important in its ultimate bearings than even a reduction of twenty-five cents in the price, for publicity would furnish a safe guide for further wise legislation. Senator Cantor and Representative Laimbeer, however, have agreed to embody this provision, together with public control of the chemical quality as well as the candle power of the gas and the action of the meters, in their otherwise excellent bill.

The people, however, will have to be on their watch against all such dangerous provisions as Assemblyman Dudley has introduced in his bill for a State Gas Commission. After giving such a commission many useful powers of investigation, and the right to prevent the construction of any new competing plant, this bill reads: "The commissioners shall not give publicity to such information, contracts, agreements, lists or other engagements, if, in their judgment, public interests do not require it, or the welfare and prosperity of such corporations in the State might be thereby injuriously affected." Yet this commission, by the bill, is to be given legislative and judicial powers to fix a reasonable price of gas, electric light and water in all private plants in the State. In other words, like the Massachusetts Gas and Electric Light Commission, in this particular, which is its great and almost fatal weakness, the proposed New York State commission would be empowered to give practically legislative and court decisions without revealing the evidence on which it acted. Such anomalous and star chamber proceedings must be fought to the death.

STEALING A PUBLIC PARK.

The purpose of Mayor Strong and the Park Board to give the Metropolitan Traction Company a slice of Union Square is in effect a plan for the encouragement of manslaughter. Because this corporation has been killing and maiming citizens daily at "Dead Man's Curve" the authorities propose to take a piece of the people's land and turn it over gratuitously to the offending company. There is no suggestion that the corporation shall spend any of its own money—except the comparatively trivial amount involved in moving the tracks. Upon the people the real cost of remedying the engineering blunder committed when Dead Man's Curve was planned is to fall.

The project is absolutely preposterous. There are many ways in which the dangerous curve can be done away with without mutilation of the park. The tracks could be carried for a block down University place, or, if the company is determined to cling to the Broadway route, part of the property at the southwest corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street could be acquired by condemnation proceedings and tracks carried diagonally through it. This would be expensive to the Traction Company, no doubt, but the people are not to be asked to surrender a large part of a public park in order that the dividends of a street railway company may not be diminished.

It is scarcely probable that this wholly indefensible scheme will survive the publicity it has already received.

INTERNATIONAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

The curious complication of the Cretan question is no whit nearer solution than it was when the drama opened with the sudden and fierce ebullition of the Greeks a week ago. There is something almost humorous in the strut and bluster of the powers at the first, in the curious game of cross-purposes which they have been playing, in the vacillation and uncertainty which have marked their policy. The threats fulminated against Greece, in case of their persistence, have mainly evaporated in smoke, and the Greeks have pressed forward apparently willing to defy a world in arms to gain their ends.

It is not difficult to see that the Greeks, who, as a race, possess a sagacity worthy of their more distinguished ancestors, are quite cognizant of the deep sympathy with them on the part of the peoples of Europe. The Governments of England, France and Italy especially, however they may profess a public policy consistent with the antiquated notion of keeping Turkish dominion "in statu quo," are quite aware of the passionate sentiment of their respective peoples in favor of Greece's ambition in the existing imbroglio. True, this is largely sentimental, exactly as the wave of public impulse was which took Lord Byron to Greece, and which ultimately armed Europe to crush the Turks at Navarino. But after all sentiment is a tremendous factor in politics, once it is fully aroused. The statesmen of the parliamentary Governments of Europe are quite conscious that they will have to reckon with the makers of power in the electorate if they enforce action unfriendly to the aspirations of the Hellenes.

The Greeks, then, are not taking heavy odds in disregarding the threats of the powers. The Emperor of Germany is the only sincerely hostile factor in the complications, if the many contradictory and confusing reports can be analyzed at all. With him wounded vanity, the pride of the Imperial peacock, that he, as one of the great powers, should be flouted by the little game-cock of the Aegean, seems to be the aggravating cause. The Kaiser has been anxious to blockade the Piræus, even, but the proposition was snubbed by Lord Salisbury.

It is, of course, quite possible that at any moment what has been so far only a concerted threat may become concerted action inimical to the Greeks. But this will occasion much greater surprise throughout the civilized world than to see Crete either made autonomous or handed over to the Hellenic Government. It may be safely set forth that the action of Russia will determine the end, or will go farthest in defining the exact policy to be pursued by the powers. And it is not easy to believe, in the face of late sinister rumors, that Russia will take action hostile to Greek ambition. Of all the powers, she

is most intimately related to Greece. To use as an enemy she will needs violate all the ties of dynasty, religion, history and gratitude.

CAPTAIN MAHAN ON NAVAL PREPARATION.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who has lately been placed on the retired list of our navy, is recognized at home and abroad as an expert of the highest authority on naval questions, especially in their relations to national policy. The remarkable book, "Sea Power in History," by which he attracted the attention and admiration of the world a few years since, has been followed by other studies in the same direction scarcely less pertinent and illuminating. The article from his pen in the current issue of Harper's Magazine on "Preparedness for Naval War" will be read with great interest, as it enforces the present needs of our own naval system. This subject has engaged the practical and theoretical attention of the country for the last ten years to a degree not surpassed by any other public question. What he has written there will be received with the deepest respect.

As a student of naval history, Captain Mahan expands the thought that defensive tactics are totally insufficient in effective war; that shore batteries and fortifications, with all the subsidiary help of submarine mines, do not answer the ultimate purpose. The object of war is to whip the enemy ruthlessly and relentlessly, and this can only be achieved by the aggressive policy in strategy. For example, it is of the utmost importance to have a city like New York amply protected by big-gun batteries and torpedo beds. But, as a factor in the object of war, these agencies have their value mainly because they leave fleets free to seek the enemy at sea and destroy him wherever found. In his "Sea Power in History" the author emphasized the truth that one-half of Great Britain's tremendous effectiveness at sea, ever since she first rose to prominence as a naval power, lay in her uniform daring in seeking her foes and never waiting for them—in forcing battle, even at odds. To win battles and crush the hostile force is the only reason d'être of war once it is declared.

In summing up the elements which constitute naval strength, in those relations which peculiarly affect American needs, the author calls particularly attention to the human factor. So far as officers are concerned, our navy is magnificently equipped. Its personnel cannot be surpassed in the world. But a different story must be told of the enlisted force, on which the fighting power of a war ship so largely depends. It is a well known fact that the force with which our ships would needs be manned in case of a sudden war is lamentably deficient in number and quality. Captain Mahan propounds it a serious problem "to provide in sufficient numbers upon a sudden call the living agents, without whom the material is worthless." He goes on to say:

"Such men in our day must be especially trained; and not only so, but while training once acquired will not be wholly forgot—stays by a man for a certain time—it nevertheless tends constantly to drop off from him. Like all habits, it requires continued practice. Moreover, it takes quite a long time to form, in a new recruit, not merely familiarity with the use of a particular weapon, but also the habit and working of the military organization of which he is an individual member."

The author seems to recognize in the American lack of well-trained working crews for our ships and nurseries whence they could be easily drawn one of the crying necessities of our navy. How this can be obviated he does not tell us, except in partial degree by lengthening the term of enlistment. He seems to have but little confidence in the naval reserve system, except for the use of manning shore batteries, doing torpedo work, and possibly serving as crews of commerce destroyers. In the essential work of sea-fighting the regular force alone could be considered.

Captain Mahan's paper is full of interesting suggestions and will be read by the laity as well as by professional naval people. While he does not solve any of the problems he propounds, to have them so clearly set before us is a most useful fact.

A REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

As a result of the steel rail war, in which the highly protected iron masters fell to wrangling and then cutting each other's throats, nearly \$20,000,000 worth of business was placed on the books of the partners of the late pool in five days' time. Considerably more than a million tons of rail were ordered, and of this great aggregate 100,000 tons go for export. Only a few weeks ago the cry was clamorous that no profit could be insured at less than \$36 per ton. Yet now eagerly all the manufacturing gentry have sprung into the breach to gobble all the orders possible at anything over the limit of \$17. It is authoritatively stated that the orders taken under the fallen rate will keep the Pittsburgh mills running for a year, the Western mills for three-quarters of a year, and the Eastern mills for several months.

It is not to be supposed that the steel magnates are doing business for philanthropy, to keep their men from the poorhouse, or even to save their machinery from the deterioration of disuse. Having made millions of dollars under a practical trust system, codified by Government protection, their eagerness to do business on a basis so much reduced clearly affirms how unnecessary has been the system under which they have fattened. Large sales at a small profit in a world's market, with no local restriction on the free interchange of products, are sure to be in the near future the basis of American trade. The illustration of the shattered steel rail pool and its results is one out of many facts which converge with great directness to one conclusion.

Mr. Thurston's failure to have his law partner appointed to the Federal bench must be quite discouraging to him. He will be compelled to try his railway cases before a judge who will make his own decisions.

A Kentucky man brained his father with an axe because he objected to his marriage. Notwithstanding this vigorous treatment, there is going to be a lynching instead of a wedding.

In reply to the joint note of the Powers, the Greeks will be justified in claiming that the suggestions it contains are sadly out of joint with the advantage they hold.

Governor Plingree's campaign against the railroads will be sure to revive the theory that he is several different kinds of an Anarchist.

If he cared to be accurate, Mr. David B. Hill would have said that there is nothing in the future of the Democratic party for Hill.

If the Emir of Nipe will but join hands with Lilluhakani, he will be sure to find the vaudeville business quite lucrative.

Chicago's warring biscuit companies will sooner or later regret the loss of the dough they are now squandering.

The presumption is that the Turk who is massacred by a Christian stands a much better show in the hereafter.

Dr. Depew is not so bad as his enemies would have us believe. He never stoops to the Scotch dialect story.

CASEY'S ESTIMATE OF CLEVELAND.

"I see he th' daily priss," said Casey, backing toward the stove and clasping his hands under his apron, "I see he th' daily priss that Grover is comin' back to us wanst more. Niver mind jokin' over th' certain man," he went on. "The diversion was caused by Muller's attempt to peer out into the driving snow. 'Ye're as safe here as though ye were in the insph'ator's pocket. The roundsman will find plenty av wurruk at the station house the night. Long since it kin under me notice that wanst a policeman is taken off a beat his hilt bekims thrilly feminine in its dillicy, th' fragility increasin' as he makes the higher grades. Be th' time he've an insph'ator he'll not shir a fut fr'm th' station house av a w'it night unless it's in a copyy will both windas shut."

"Who is th' Grover, you were talkin' aboot?" asked Muller, returning from the door and resuming his seat by the fire. "Who's this Grover you were talkin' aboot? Is it Billy Grover, that 'blew the goph' at Yonkers?"

"That blew th' Goof 'at Yonkers," echoed Casey. "Will ye listen to that now! 'Tis not chatterin' thieves slang that'll make ye a sargent, Jimmy Muller! Naw, 'tis not Billy Grover th' bank robber. He's not due fr eighteen months. 'Tis Grover Cleveland I mane; th' whole wurruk down at Washington. I knew um will at Buffalo, Muller—th' town they writ th' song aboot—an' I call him Grover fr'm early habit av what wud it be? 'an' 'Fr'm th' same bottle, Emmett," he'd say.

"Manny th' long mile av weary mud I've waded with thousands av others as crazy as myself shoudin'."

"Grover Grover, for ye now av Grover. 'He hure but a short three weeks comin' now, an' in common wid th' other patricks who sang an' shouted, I'm dom'd glad 'tis no longer."

"They say him an' Olney an' Carlisle an' a mug be th' name av Uhl will be stidin' around cards fr a law office openin'. What iver his enemies may say av him they can't say Grover's no good at his thrade. Divil a better iver blid his thumb in a session law as he misleaced the statute to th' court. 'Tis a woadler he is fr diplomacy, James Muller. When he was a young man, long before he was Sheriff. I knew he had the makin' av a whiner. He didn't do thim in a rush like me frind Follows—Goo kape him—nor did he have th' thrubblesome habit av talkin' th' armons of th' jury like old man Everts. Not thus did Grover folley his profession, Muller. He was no oraytor, nor was he what we indicated him call a logician. His strength lay in bein' foxy. That was his game, an' see where it brings him."

"I mind th' case that first bid me to repose faith in his future. Before that I lugged upon him as th' merest dud av a lawyer. Big Jim Finucan, an engineer on th' Lake Shore, had his wages gar-anthized for a four dollar board bill. In thim days what wud spiltin' up cash fare wid the conductor an' doublin' th' road, engineers was riddy money. They thought no more on their lives than Russell Sage av a free chat place, an' four dollars wid a passenger engineer was as the brith on th' pane. But th' gar-anthize procces filled Finucan with rancor. Fr'm th' round house he heads straight fr Folsom an' Cleveland's law office, hot as a burnt boot. Finucan knew both min, an' he breaks into th' office widout siddin' in a case-ard."

"Me pay's ben tied up," he says, "be Bradley th' boordin' house keeper. I want jiz to show th' criminal where he's wrong."

"How much is ut?" asks old man Folsom.

"It's only four dollars," says Finucan; "it's not th' money I'm mindin'. I'd ped ut when I lift his cockroacher after our fight over whether Jack or game goes out first when Jack's turned, but I overlukked ut in me haste."

"Thim ye owe um th' money," says old Folsom.

"I do, but what av it?" says Finucan; "I'll pay fifty," he says, "to bate him out av ut."

"I'll bate um fr half th' money," says Grover, movin' his face down fr'm th' disk. "Gey me th' twinty-five, Finucan," he says, "an' ye'er case is as good as won. I'll bate Bradley as nisy as takin' a drink."

"Go pay ye'er board bill, Finucan," old Folsom breaks in; "no livin' man kin win th' cause. Don't ye see ye'er on a did case-ard, Grover?" he says.

"I'll thrif this case meself, Oscar," replies Grover. "Av I w-ant consultation at any time I'll notify jiz. Manetin' gey me the papers, Finucan," he says, "nor forgettin' th' twinty-five, as an evidence av good faith. The case is set fr Saturday, I see, he says, puttin' th' money in his pouch. "Be at the Magistrate's at 9 o'clock in th' mornin', an' I'll make a monkey av ye'er frind Bradley," says he.

"No sooner was Finucan out av sight than Grover goes over to th' Justice av the Peace.

"What's th' full amount, claim an' costs?" asks Cleveland.

"Four dollars fr Bradley, three twinty-five fr th' constable, an' me own fees four—call ut th' avon 'lvin dollars, Grover," says th' Justice. "I'll not be hard on ye'er eloint, an' I think th' constable have fifty cents over charge anyway. Make it 'lvin an' lave ut go part of that."

"Cleveland gey th' Justice th' doush. Now," says, said Bradley his four dollars, an' I'll be here wid me man Satchel to have th' case dismissed."

"Sure enough, Grover an' Finucan, an' Finucan's friends was on hand, Bradley had his stuff an' sted away."

"I now move the court," says Cleveland, "that th' cause be dismissed, th' plaintiff thru out, an' th' defendat go hince wid-out day. 'Tis unwillin' th' robber Bradley is to luk a square man in the face," he says.

"'Tis so ordered," says the Justice.

"Ye'er Honor, Grover goes on, 'will ye see now gey me honest frind an' eloint a ralise on th' gar-anthize which is th' Lake Shore road, so me man kin draw his in-ard-earned wages," he says, "th' same havin' ben tied up by th' civil machinations of this land pirate Bradley," he says.

"I told ye, Finucan, me b'y," says Cleveland, as they lift, "I'd bate th' case as gey as jokin' shikies."

Old Folsom said when Cleveland split out th' fourteen he stood to th' good, that a man who cud make two blades av wheat grow where wan grew before had a Janus fr th' law. The reference, fr no doubt 'twas a reference, he wed was too far fr me, but I was wid th' old man in his conclusion.

"'Tis a blither night, Jamesey; will ye jine me in a final bowl before I close up?"

EUGENE TRACY.

Fads and Follies of the 400.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.



Companions in Lent.

If Lent does not bring with it the development of at least one social sensation I will admit that I have misinterpreted the signs. Owing to the fact that the ladies in charge of the Bradley Martin ball tableaux have seen fit to announce the titles of the pictures and to withhold the names of the people to be exhibited, speculation is rife as to the identity of the participants in this rehash of the season's most sensational function. Much curiosity is expressed as to whether or not Mr. Otto Cushing is to be one of the exhibits. Mr. Cushing is the young gentleman who appeared as the felon and started the on-the-assembly by the versatility of his costume to the ancient print from which it was copied. The Four Hundred is a bit rusty on falconry, and therefore when Mr. Cushing hopped into the Waldorf ball room with a falcon on his arm and apparently nothing on his legs there was almost a panic.

If a place in the tableaux has been assigned to Mr. Cushing, and I think he is worthy not only of a place, but a whole frame to himself, would respectfully suggest the addition of a lamp shade, or something of that sort, to his costume. The laws governing theatrical performances are stricter than those regulating fancy dress balls, and the place where the tableaux are to be shown is in the polite precinct of Captain Chapman, who may recover from his nervous prostration before next Friday, the date of the show. In making this suggestion I am sure that I shall have the approval of every person who will take the trouble to examine the accompanying illustration, which represents Mr. Cushing as he appeared at the Bradley Martin ball and as I would have him appear if he is to take part in the tableaux. There is only a lamphshade of difference, but it is necessary.

Of all the fads that have cropped out among the chapples, the funniest is that of Edwin Gould, who was known in Wall Street, in the days of his adolescence, as "Bad Boy Eddie." This sobriquet was bestowed upon him because his dabbling in stocks was wont to cause much distress to his father, the late lamented Jay Gould. Certain corrective influences were brought to bear upon Edwin in that speculative period, however, which cured him of the itch to rival his progenitor in the wizard business, and turned his attention to matches and soda water.

It is the latter that his father had to do with, and that concerns us now. In his handsome residence at Ardsley, Edwin Gould has had constructed one of the finest soda water fountains that money could buy. It is fully equipped with all the accessories necessary to the business of irrigating the Sahara of schoolgirl thirst, and I am credibly informed that only cut glass and silver are tolerated in the equipment. It is such a fountain as would fill with envy the



The Rising Fad of Edwin Gould.

proprietor of the most pretentious drug store.

When Mr. Gould returns from his daily toil, his first act is to rush to his soda fountain and refresh himself. When people come to visit him, the first thing done to entertain them is to explain the mechanism of his favorite toy. When time hangs heavily on his hands, he invents srypps, and when his children are nervous and irritable, he soothes them with the song of the sphyon.

So fond is Mr. Gould of his fad that he will not permit any one else to operate the machine when he is at home. His greatest joy is to range his friends in front of the marble slab and play the part of a soda water jerk. No music is so sweet to him as the fizz of the fountain, no sight as satisfactory as the foam on the glass, no gratification so keen as the realization that he has filled each visitor to overflowing. It is a funny fad, and some would be funny people pretend to see in its continual dilution a sign of heredity, but I am not of these.

Dudeism is not especially agitated over the approach of the dog show, which will open in Madison Square Garden to-morrow. There is a natural antipathy existing between dogs and dudes. They are deadly rivals. When mademoiselle fondles Fido little Reggie sulks, and when Reginald receives attention Fido becomes furious. It often requires the physical intervention of the mistress of the dog to prevent open hostilities with the dude. Even then peace is not restored. There is a ceaseless system of bushwacking on both sides. Reginald takes every chance to kick Fido surreptitiously or to tread upon his tail, and Fido loses no opportunity to snap at Reginald's calves or to tear his trousers when his mistress is looking the other way.

Hence it is that the dude fairly hates the dog show. He hates upon the horse show, for the horse is really not in it, but he can't stand the dog and the dog can't stand him. Some day there will be a fight to a finish, and then we shall have fewer dudes or fewer dogs. It don't matter which.

Entertainment for to-morrow will be general but quiet. The Southern Society will celebrate Washington's Birthday as usual by holding its annual banquet. Hospitality will be open-handed and participation will be general. The Metropolitan Club will throw its entire house open to ladies, who will be permitted to take other ladies, but no men. H. McKay Townsley will entertain Dr. Depew and some of the members of the Vanderbilt family at his country place in New Jersey, and a dozen of more extravagant dinners will be given in honor of the anniversary of the birth of the Father of His Country.

Deadly Rivals.

SPRING FEVER.

Now Martin blows his trumpet
A trifle in advance,
His music takes the crumpet
And makes the baker dance.

Despite the shrill strains
The organ grinder groans,
While blithe and nimble Jocko
Goes dancing up the blinds.

The rumpy-tumpy tumber
Tunes up his lumpy tumb,
And still he wings the plumber
Is plugging for the plumb.

The shangini rooster's jumping
Along the garden bed;
The farmer's gayly thumping
The taurine quadruped.

The crab that's called the hermit
Now grins with fun allow—
He soon will have a permit
To munch Myrtille's toe.

E'en as the spry gymnast
The poet burts on steam
And courts the lotus
That capers in his dream.

The chippy's cheery chirp
Is heard within the tree;
The pansy's pensive purple
Goes bumping down the lea.

The small boy in Chenango
The circus understands,
While dancing a fandango
Upon his freckled hands.

The cow may have the garget
When fragrant winds are blowing;
The goat may be the target
Of brick and cobblestone.

The bard in his podaga
By rosy fancy led,
Engulf's the "Scotch" and soda
To paint his visions red.

He flutters from his pulpit,
Of songful rapture full,
As swif't as o'er the bill pit
Cavorts the bridled bull.

These are the pictures glowing
That in our dreams we see
When March is blithely blowing
His trumpet fancy free.

Although a presence soulful
Of robin-touted June,
Our dreams should still be conful,
To keep the stove in June.

For Spring's all topay-turry,
Like Fame's uncertain cup,
That knocks the moral surry
Right off the mental pup.

The myrtle meadow, muttoned
And lambled, sets joy afloat—
But keep securely buttoned
Your ulster to the throat.

Yen, let the furnace swallow
The coal and rip and tear;
This Spring is all a hollow
Delusion and a snare.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

M'MILLAN'S HUMOR.

There is humor in McMillan of a flavor
Cloying as sweet,
It's sensational, to say the very least—
His suggestions for the cable for the curv at
Fourteenth street—
Proved a festive and an acrobatic feast.
He would run the cable straightway, would
McMillan the Grotesque—
'Twas a thought that was original and
rare—
Right across the rolling bosom of the green
so picturesque;
And to do it he would murder Union
square.

Oh, McMillan is so funny that his fun is
very fine;
He's as funny as the monkey on the
stick,
And some day it is quite likely he will
want to run his line
Through the Custom House upon the double
quick.
He would run it through the chapel, he
would run it o'er the houses—
He's a joker from his ankles to his hair,
Oh, his humor bursts the buttons from the
bosom of the blouse,
When the joker gayly jokes of Union
square.

Oh, McMillan! oh, McMillan! he should
cock his fun a while,
For he is so much more lively than the
lark
That he might forget his power and the
city duds beguile
Into yielding him the Bronx and Central
Park.
He would cut them into slices on the rise
and on the fall,
And beside the Obelisk collect the fare,
And then he might Old Trinity, likewise
the City Hall,
Hack serenely as he'd murder Union
square.

Oh, McMillan! oh, McMillan! when his airy
fun's on tap
Is a symphony, a vision and a joy.
On the greensward of the fancy he can
flip the flippy-flap
With the lithe and supple graces of a
boy.
But he shouldn't be so funny in his prank-
some airy flights,
For we're blinded by the coruscating
glare
Of the joking of the joker and his star be-
jewelled lights,
When the joker lightly jokes of Union
square.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Jesters' Chorus

"I wish I had been born a man," said the
young woman in the course of the conviwersy.
"Really," said the young man, "I think Adam
is the only person on record who had that ex-
perience."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Henry!"
"Yes, Your Excellency."
"I am deeply interested in the news from
Athens."
"Yes, sire, it is very interesting news."
"It is, indeed, Henry. If the other nations
will only keep their hands off we may see Tur-
key get a thorough beating by hot Greece."—
Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope
you will never again reprove me for being slow
about getting ready to go with you to the
theatre. I'm not so bad as some people."
"What do you mean?"
"I heard you say last night that it took a gen-
tleman named Orbert two or three years to get
in a pair of gloves."—Washington Star.

"My precious little!"
"At this moment the door opened and some one
came into the office.
With remarkable self-possession the man who
was sitting beside the pretty typewriter girl
proceeded:
"This precious little money I'm collecting
these days, and I need every cent that is con-
ing to me. Please remit the amount of your
indebitness without delay, and oblige yours
truly. Got that down? . . . Well, all, what
can I do for you?"—Chicago Tribune.