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Journal readers will confer a favor upon the publisher if they will send information to this office of any news stand, railway train or passenger steamboat where a New York paper should be on sale and the Journal is not offered.

THE WEATHER. Official forecasts for today indicate that it will be cloudy, followed by showers.

Senator Gorman is still doing business at the old anti-administration stand.

The Harrison campaign has made its appearance, and before long the "grandfather's hat" joke will come ambling along.

If the Carlisle letter was intended as the forerunner of the third-term movement, there is no wonder that it fell so flat and so hard.

The Raines law is by no means complete. It should have a bankruptcy department for the accommodation of those people it is driving out of business.

Notwithstanding the protestations to the contrary, the public inclines to the opinion that the Platt-Quay invasion of Florida pertains more to office seeking than to health seeking.

With the loyalty of fourteen members of the Ohio delegation suspected, and the large Democratic gains in the municipal elections in that State, it looks as if Mr. Hanna's eagerness to invade the domain of the opposition has caused him to neglect things at home.

The McKinley managers seem to have made a very complete job of the work of humiliating Governor Bradley in Kentucky. The McKinley boom is climbing to success over a long string of humiliations for the old-time Republican leaders, and with McKinley in the White House, there would be more humiliation in store for them.

EUROPE AND THE CUBAN RESOLUTIONS. Americans who understand how deep and forceful a popular conviction was the better Congressional action.

able to repress a feeling of indignation when they read the comments thereon by European statesmen and the European press.

President Cleveland, for his part, can scarcely fail to see how anomalous a position he occupies because of his superabundant caution. To him the Spaniards are looking for aid and comfort. Canovas, Dupuy de Lome, all who can speak for Spain, belittle the action of Congress and express confidence that the President will nullify it.

They assert, indeed, that President Cleveland's friendship for Spain is such that the hostile action of Congress, even though when by so overwhelming a vote as 245 to 27, will not shake him in his purpose to protect Spain in her effort to maintain Cuba in a state of vassalage.

The Spaniards, of course, can base their expectation of President Cleveland's efforts in their behalf only upon conjecture. The President has done nothing to justify it. True, his apparent lack of interest in the Cuban resolutions during their stay in House and Senate, and his failure to give them immediate approval upon passage, have to some degree disappointed the people of the United States, who, with insignificant exceptions, stand for a free Cuba—freed, if need be, by American influence and aid. It is probable, however, that the frank declaration of the Spanish press that Spain regards Mr. Cleveland as its representative and not that of the United States, will not pass unnoticed by the President. He cannot very well ignore the fact that what Congress has done is offensive to Spain, hence helpful to Cuba, and therefore acceptable to the American people.

This is unquestionably the most striking feature of the European comment on the Cuban resolutions. But one other phenomenon ought not to pass unnoticed. The press of England is hostile to the position of the United States, not unexpectedly. It was perceived only to be expected that the press of Europe would see in the adoption of Cuban resolutions by House and Senate nothing but partisan politics.

Wish, tush! A Presidential election is at hand! say the wise and well informed leader writers of London. If like action had been taken by any legislative body of Continental Europe London would have had intelligent and accurate elucidation of the causes leading up to it. As it was in the United States Congress, British journalism rests content with the sweeping phrase, "Presidential politics."

Neither European statesmen nor European editors have shown perspicacity in dealing with the action of Congress on the Cuban affair. In what is really the most impressive expression of popular will they profess to see nothing but official trick. They are ignorant,

witfully and needlessly ignorant, of the depth of conviction, the enthusiasm of purpose which animate the American people in dealing with this issue. As for the estimate which the European press, particularly the press of Spain, puts upon President Cleveland, the Journal cannot accept it. No official responsible to the people, even though he be President of the United States, can ignore such a widespread popular demand as is expressed by the passage of the Cuban resolutions by a vote of 245 to 27.

Mr. Raines may possibly discover that there is a vast difference between constructing a measure that will hold legal water and a machine for utilizing the liquor traffic for political purposes.

A PRISONER FOR DEBT. Louis Shablosky is a poor man, not through his own fault, for if neighbors may be believed, he is sober, industrious and thrifty, but through adverse fate and through hard economic conditions which keeps the man who works with his hands poor. His wife, married seventeen years ago, is ill, pitifully, hopelessly afflicted with a cancer. For seventeen years the husband lovingly and loyally cared for the wife. He had health, strength and industry, and with the three kept employed and earned a living—a slender one, perhaps, but still a sufficient one.

Last February the State of New York said to this man, "You must go to jail, and stay there for an indefinite time. Meanwhile your wife may starve, die of her illness, perish for lack of care. All that is as nothing compared to the fact that you are charged—not convicted—with being a fraudulent debtor." Shablosky lay in jail two months.

Mark upon how slender a charge this man was cast into prison, this home broken up, this woman exposed to death in cruel form. A "friend" consigned a dog to Shablosky's care. The dog ran away. Its owner declared it worth much money, brought suit and secured a judgment for \$36.50, and costs aggregating \$3.23 more. This judgment under the medieval law of New York enabled the creditor to throw Shablosky to jail. The Empire State in its tenderness for the owner of the dog thought nothing of the husband. It said to the former: "You shall recover the price of your pet, though in so doing a sick woman be condemned to starvation, a husband compelled to sit upon a pile of his wife's in his absence."

Shablosky is out of jail now, but not through any mercy of the New York law. The Journal paid his fine. His case is perhaps more pitiful than most, yet in a year, under the execrable law of this State, many almost as sorrowful must arise. It is nothing less than a blot on the humanity of New York, a disgrace to the Commonwealth, that in this human, intelligent modern community should linger the indefensible practice of imprisonment for debt. To-day, as in the time of "Little Dorrit," the innocent feel most cruelly the injustices of such a law. Abandoned in every civilized nation, abolished in every other State of the Union, this execrable practice lingers in New York—lingers though the people have been given ample evidence that it works only oppression to the weak and cruelty to the helpless.

Had those California bandits captured Mr. Depew and held him until after the St. Louis Convention, the Morton boom would have been most seriously crippled in its oratorical department.

SECRETARY CARLISLE'S POSITION. That Secretary Carlisle's friends with one accord dismiss as disingenuous or meaningless his letter declining a Presidential nomination might be construed as somewhat disrespectful to that statesman were it not the common practice of political friends. Whenever a "Presidential possibility" declares himself unwilling to be a candidate for the office, his friends cheerfully pronounce him a liar. Only among his enemies does he get credit for veracity. Secretary Carlisle is not alone in his predicament. General Harrison, too, has suffered a like experience within a few weeks.

The rewards of Carlisle for professing to renounce Presidential preferment have not been very glittering. The chief response to his announcement has been that he really wanted the nomination; that he couldn't get it, and that if he did get it he would not carry enough States to give the Democracy reasonable representation in the electoral college. It is urged, with some plausibility, that nomination of Mr. Carlisle would be made for two reasons only—first, out of compliment to the Democratic South, which of late years, under the assaults of Populism, has shown signs of wavering in its Democratic faith, and second, as a compliment or sop to the so-called sound-money element of the Democracy, of which in recent years—or months—Mr. Carlisle has been a distinguished spokesman. Yet in the South hostility to Carlisle is of the bitterest, while his views on the currency question are of such recent formulation, and so wholly at variance with his earlier convictions, that in the fierce light of a Presidential campaign more than one law in his controversial armor would probably be detected.

Secretary Carlisle is a shrewd poli-

tician, an old and tried champion of Democracy. His letter was wise in purpose and expression. The "friends" who strive to make it appear disingenuous do him an ill turn.

Those of Mr. McKinley's managers who persist in ascribing their adulation to the fact that he has made some desirable enemies should bear in mind the fact that the idea is by no means new. It is one of the stock stage effects of Mr. Cleveland's professional admirers.

CLERGYMEN AND NEWSPAPERS. Our excellent and sturdy friends, the Methodist ministers, took their regular "rise" out of the Sunday newspaper before adjourning their conference. They passed a resolution declaring that wherever it enters the home it secularizes it and makes it more difficult for the ministers of the gospel to resurrect a life of righteousness. This is entirely too sweeping. There are Sunday newspapers and Sunday newspapers, and it would be well for all God-fearing Methodist families to discriminate in this matter just as they discriminate in food and clothes and pastors. If there are Sunday newspapers which demoralize and contaminate let them be anathema. If they set a bad example to the young of falsehood and larceny, if they are inimical to the best moral interests of the community, if they discourage patriotism and hold religion up to scorn and sell themselves to the devil, let them hang themselves with their own rope. But to condemn all Sunday newspapers because they are not edited by our stalwart friend Dr. Buckley, and revised by the Tract Society, is very much like condemning oxygen because Mr. Platt and Mr. Divver both pour carbonic acid gas into it. It is a very good religious plan for Methodists and all other sincere religious bodies to follow the Biblical rule in this matter and "keep themselves unspotted from the world."

First it was Hon. Russell B. Harrison and now it is Mr. Thurber who is threatened with the measles. This nursery disease is without the least regard for the consideration due greatness.

The St. James's Gazette "candidly confesses that it does not admire the new American diplomacy, as applied to Spain." It is well to inform the Gazette that it is not diplomacy at all. It is simply honesty and right. If that is to be the new "diplomacy," more power to it.

The character of Mayor Strong as the great unknown quantity in politics was never better exemplified than in his attitude on the Greater New York bill. The man who knows what the Mayor is going to do on that question could probably inform the world exactly who wrote the letters of Junius.

The bill requiring railroads to carry bicycles as ordinary baggage has passed both houses of the Legislature, seemingly indicating that bicyclers have a greater "pull" at Albany than the railroads. Perhaps the twentieth century Jay Gould may define his politics as a Democrat in one county, a Republican in the next, but a bicyclist everywhere.

A blind man is on trial for murder in this city. An armless woman is under indictment for theft of a pocketbook—alleged to have been committed with her teeth. In "freak" circles excitement is running high because the "Turtle Boy" George, legless and brainless, has eloped with a pretty girl—or she with him. In short, New York is the home of romance in real life, the true Midway Plaisance of the nation. In view of the curious and unexpected things which have happened here within a week, one might almost receive without incredulity a report that Russell Sage had ordered new lamps for the elevated cars.

Colonel Carroll D. Wright ought not to expatiate upon what he calls the great increase in the rate of wages between 1880 and 1890, without more carefully stating the figures on which he bases his rosy report. To compare the figures of the eleventh census with those of the tenth—which was apparently Colonel Wright's course—is misleading. The methods of the two censuses were absolutely different. It is as impossible to compare the wage-tables of the two with a view to exact results as to determine the ancient problem, "Which was the greater man, George Washington or the Chinese giant?" The experience of men in manual trades is that wages have not risen since 1880. When they hear or read Colonel Wright's glowing assertions to the contrary they suspect the error which keen critics of statistics have already detected and exposed.

General Miles was an excellent soldier when soldiering in the United States meant something more than fuss and feathers. In the sputtering warfare with the Indians his tactical skill and pertinacity rightly won for him the admiration of skilled military men. It is probably safe and just to say that there is no living American soldier more eminent than he. Yet that is no reason for making him a lieutenant-general. For thirty years that rank has been supposed to lapse with the death of the soldier who held it. But as fast as one died excuse was found for "reviving" the rank for the benefit of the senior major-general who succeeded him in command of the army. The rank of lieutenant-general has been seriously cheapened already. If it must be conferred upon General Miles, let it be with the distinct understanding that hereafter all commanding officers of the army shall hold it. Have done with the farce of periodically "reviving" a rank which is not allowed to expire.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT

- ACADEMY OF MUSIC.....Humany Abbey's American.....The Law of the Land BROADWAY.....Excelsior Mr. BLOU.....The Widow Jones COLUMBIAN.....The Lady Sings Life DALY'S.....The Sign of the Cross TROVADERO.....Contaminous Vandellie THE STAB.....The Last Stroke SPANDARD.....A Happy Anniversary PALMER'S.....Mme. Sans Gout PROCTOR'S THEATRE.....A Lion's Heart PROCTOR'S PLEASURE PALACE.....Continous Vandellie OLYMPIA THEATRE.....Continous Vandellie MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.....Marguerite and Variety KEITH'S.....Continous Vandellie IRVING PLACE.....Continous Vandellie ICE PALACE.....Skating IMPERIAL MUSIC.....The Prisoner of Zenda HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.....A Black Sheep HERALD SQUARE.....The Heart of Maryland GARDEN.....His Absent Boy GARDEN.....The Squire of Damocles FORTY-FIFTH STREET.....Comedie ELYMPIA.....Wax Works and Concerts EMPIRE.....Bohemian LOUIS'S.....Continous Vandellie

"The Little Duke"

Nature never takes back her gifts. Once generous, always generous, and although Miss Lillian Russell has for years hidden from us those large and sturdy evidences of Dame Nature's kindness, she allows us to realize by means of "The Little Duke" at Abbey's Theatre that they are still to the good. Many a silken gown has swished about her soft and bolder limbs, and she has never been less than a beauty. They are an honor. They are potent as ever, and the bride has yet to be built that they could not support, with all the traffic of a seething metropolis passing over it.

Many a laughing lad and lass had forgotten nature's generosity to Lillian Russell. It had passed into history, but history, alas! nowadays is seldom read. The world moves too fast for it. It was therefore a joy and a noble proceeding on the part of Miss Russell, also on that of her manager, Mr. Abbey, Schoffel & Grant, to give us the grand spectacular opera as their goal. As the Duke of Partharoy, little in title only, Miss Russell is an imposing and a massive figure. There is no nonsense at all about her embonpoint. It is all there, and it is almost feverishly accentuated by white satin, glittering, glossy and expensive. Miss Russell snaps her fingers defiantly at the silly tradition that makes satin an abhorrence to women with a tendency to be adipose. She is not in the least ashamed of her splendid proportions. She shows her wealth of flesh, she selected for her little duchess the plump, but scraggy little damsel, Aileen Burke, souvenir of O'Drory Cartie's "Utopia" company.

Miss Russell wears the white satin knickerbockers of the Little Duke gleefully and sleekly. She might have minded and poured into them. In fact, I can imagine no other way into which she could possibly get into them. They do not wrinkle, neither do they bag, but as Miss Russell is not given to undue flippancy of movement, no accident is possible. A sprightly and vivacious damsel knickerbockered as closely as Miss Russell might cause a prima donna, however, dares to stoop, and nothing more. She realizes the non-elastic properties of satin, and she is both careful and discreet. I was going to suggest a little frill round the jacket of her white satin suit, or, at any rate, a yard or so of fringe, but I will refrain. It was very evident last night that the large audience at Abbey's liked Lillian just as she was.

"The Little Duke" is indeed a pleasant release from "The Goddess of Truth." One feels so much safer in the old-fashioned hands of Charles Leoan, than in the new-fashioned but monotonous grasp of Italian prima donna, however, dares to stoop, and nothing more. She realizes the non-elastic properties of satin, and she is both careful and discreet. I was going to suggest a little frill round the jacket of her white satin suit, or, at any rate, a yard or so of fringe, but I will refrain. It was very evident last night that the large audience at Abbey's liked Lillian just as she was.

Dramatically, also, Miss Russell is markedly better than she was in "The Goddess of Truth. She shimmers less. The boyish complacency of her work has more grace. Her gestures are easier and more graceful than they were, and she positively does not care to stand without standing in the centre thereof to do it. In fact, I noticed on one occasion only the use of the limelight to irradiate the presence of Miss Russell. Before this present revival her calcium men had a hard time of it. They worked far more ardently than the prima donna herself in their frantic efforts to effectively halo her.

"The Little Duke" gives them a holiday, so to speak, and Miss Russell is her own guiding star. There is no need of limelight introduction. It is an opportunity for her to pose, she changes her clothes with less frequency than usual, and she wears merely \$100,000 worth of her diamonds, instead of the \$200,000 worth that we got in the Stage-Edwards opera. The horizon, therefore, is rosy with hope. What say you?

Frederic Solomon also looms up very agreeably in this revival as Diann, the chamoisette. The comedian represents the wild fever of his attraction to the man, and is amusing in a sedate and unrolled manner. To be sure the quips dealt out to him for distribution are not of the most accurate. I remained seated, and by so doing discovered an old friend, for the grand table-topped vivandier turned out to be a character that was used in "The Tzigane." Thank goodness that it was a reminiscence of "The Tzigane," rather than of "The Queen of Heligoland," which, alas! it is. It is no knowing how often it may be dispensed to us. We must hope for the worst. I shall remain seated for it again, though I don't think I shall.

ALAN DALE.

Tales of the East Side: A Rift in the Cloud.

Though the sky be gray and dreary, yet will the faintest rift reveal a vision of the dazzling brightness that lies beyond.

So does a ray, a look, a single act of a human being often reveal the glorious beauty of a soul.

It is written in the Talmud, and it needs no rabbi to expound it. What I am going to tell you is neither a rounded tale nor yet a sketch. I found it out on the beaten track, yet in the very heart of this city, and while it is known to many, yet it has never been told before. It is a brief explanation of the situation of Polatschek, who makes cigars during the day and gets drunk every night.

In that Hungarian colony which clusters around East Houston street, the lines that separate Gentile, Jew and Gypsy are not more strictly drawn than are the lines between the lines. And as the pedigree of every member is the common property of the colony, the social status of each group is pretty clearly defined.

Being an outcast, Polatschek has no social status whatever, and all that the colony has ever known or has ever cared to know about him is this:

By a curious avistatic freak Polatschek was born honest. In the little town in Southern Hungary from which he came his great-grandfather had been a highwayman, his grandfather had been executed for murder, his father was serving a long sentence for burglary, and his two younger brothers were on the black list of the police. And so, when it was announced that one of the Polatscheks was coming to New York, Houston street society drew in its latch-string, and one of the storekeepers even went so far as to tell the story to a ward detective. This, however, was frowned upon, for Goulash avenue—the Hungarians laughingly call Houston street—loves to keep its secrets to itself.

There is no need to describe the appearance of Polatschek; it is extremely uninteresting. He has a weak chin, an unblemished character, and when he is sober he is very timid. A Hungarian does not easily make friends outside his own people, and so it came to pass that Polatschek had no friends at all.

How Polatschek lived none but himself knew. Somewhere in Rivington street he had a room where, it was once said, he kept books, though no one knew what kind of books they were. For a few hours every day he worked at cigar-making, and just enough money to keep body and soul together. He was, in short, as uninteresting a man as you could find, and all who knew him shunned him. Night after night I saw him in Natzi's cafe, where the gypsies play on Thursdays, drinking slivovitz—which is the last stage. He would drink, drink, drink, and never a word to a soul. On music nights he would drink more than usual and his eyes would fill with tears—maudlin tears I always thought.

The habits of the place had grown accustomed to his habits and paid no attention to him.

It was music night at Natzi's and Polatschek was sitting close to the gypsies with his eyes fixed upon the leader. He had been drinking a little more than usual, and marvelled that a man in his condition should take such a deep interest in music.

They were playing the "Rakoczy March," which only the Hungarians know how to play, and Polatschek was swaying his head in time to the melody.

It seemed so strange, this friendless, hopeless man's love for music, so thoroughly foreign to his dreary, barren nature as he had pictured it in his mind, that when the gypsies had finished I spoke to him.

"That was beautiful," he said, and he looked at me in surprise, his eyes wide open, and after gazing at me for a moment he shook his head.

"No, that was not beautiful. The 'Rakoczy March' is the greatest march in the world, but these gypsies do not know how to play it. They cannot play it. They have no life, no soul. They play it as if they were machines."

Startled by his vehemence, I could only murmur: "Oh!"

"Listen!" he exclaimed, rising in agitation. He took up the leader's violin and bow. "Listen! This is the 'Rakoczy!'"

The gypsy leader had sprung to his feet, but at the first tone of the violin he stood as if petrified. A silence had fallen upon the room. With his eyes fixed upon mine, his lips pressed firmly together, Polatschek played the "Rakoczy March" for me. The guests were staring at him in blank amazement. The gypsies, with sparkling eyes, were listening to those magic strains, but Polatschek was un mindful of it all, and I felt proud because he was playing that march for me. I have heard Sarasate play the "Rakoczy March." I have heard Mme. Urso try it and I have heard Remenyi, who plays a Hungarian, play it best of them all. But I had never heard it played as Polatschek played it.

As I saw the lines in that face grow sharper, saw the body quiver with patriotic ardor, those ringing, rhythmic tones sang of the tramp, tramp of armies, of the clank of cavalry, of the clank and clangor of battle. Then it all grew fainter and fainter as the armies were vanishing in the distance, and the sad strains of the undersong rose to the surface of the melody and I heard that sobbing appeal, which lies hidden somewhere in every Hungarian song. It died away, there was a moment's silence—Polatschek remained motionless, looking at me—then a mighty shout went up.

"Ura! Ura!" they cried. It was an exultant shout. But Polatschek had resumed his seat and his slivovitz, and in a few moments he was very drunk. RUDOLPH E. BLOCK.

"High Up on the Ladder of Popularity."

From the Home Journal.

The Morning Journal has achieved a veritable triumph of color printing in its Eastern number. There are four pages of colored pictures, real pictures, drawn by celebrated artists, in water colors, and reproduced with great truth as to coloring and form. This supplement makes the handsomest Eastern card we have seen.

The Journal has come to stay; it has begun its career high up on the ladder of popularity, and is still climbing. While speaking of the Journal we desire to add a word in praise of the tone and character of its editorial page.

Notify Constock.

[Philadelphia Call.]

If Spring is as airy a creature as the poets represent her it might be worth while to notify Constock.

A Musician's Troubles.

[Washington Star.]

As a musician Mr. Platt is finding much interesting occupation in explaining to Mr. Constock how as many of those delicate cases came to his aid.

A Kansas Explanation.

[Kansas City Globe.]

Kleisig a woman on the stage at the theatre must taste a great deal like eating painted fruit made of wax. Atchison Globe.

The Cream of the News of Europe.

London, March 28.—De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, very truly says that nothing interests Paris so much as Prince Henry of Orleans. He intimates that the Prince is unscrupulously ambitious, and ready to betray both the head of his family and the Republic, meaning, I suppose, that the Prince hopes to be the next King of France. De Blowitz says that at the banquet at which Henry pretended to be a good Republican he really confided admirers of the revolution, in order to follow the devious path of pretenders who throw themselves into the arms of the Republic in order to strangle it on the wedding night. He apologized for being a Prince and swore passionate love for the revolution which butchered his ancestors.

"The Prince's inexperience and heated ambition give thoughtful persons melancholy forebodings. They would like to see him resume his distant expeditions and return without any fuss. It is always better to go where you like, than where others send you," says the gifted De Blowitz.

The long-expected crisis in French politics was before the Income Tax bill came on, but not the crisis. A great many of the English editors, in fact nearly all of them, have presented pictures of the wonderful courage of M. Bourgeois in persisting in introducing and forwarding a measure which, above all others, it was believed the French people would consider obnoxious. A much clearer understanding of the case is given me by your correspondent in Paris, who says that nothing but the shut of the measure was pushed by De Blowitz.

In fact, the vote of 281 yeas against 277 nays by which the crisis was overcome, was simply a vote for the Budget to prepare an Income Tax bill. Bourgeois had dropped more and more of his boasted project until, from backing an income tax bill system modelled on that of England, which he at first proposed, he now simply throws upon the Budget Committee the duty of producing some sort of an income tax measure.

I am assured that the people of France are no more favorable to the project than when it was first mentioned. They know perfectly well that it would simply produce a piece of political machinery, that only 500,000 persons would be obliged to pay the tax, while several million others would pay it, or not, according to their political affiliations. I mean by this, that the declaration of a man in favor of the Government would be received by the local officials to whom he made it, while a man opposed to the Government would be absolutely at the mercy of such officials, who would make out his income to be whatever they pleased.

The Income Tax Commission, which is now well advanced, it is fair to say, will be dead before it is born.

The famous Lehndy trial, instead of proving a serious blow to the system of blackmailing which honeycombs Journalism and public life in France, has proved a fiasco. Many men who ought to have been sent to jail were entirely missed in the proceedings, and some went through the proceedings and escaped. No one in America has any idea of the tremendous scale and almost universal application that characterizes the blackmailing in Paris. Only those who get into trouble and those who live public lives can appreciate it, and these have to be shrewd, indeed, not to be led to their finger tips. Now that the trial is over, some of the parties to it are posing as terrible martyrs of injustice. Carle Des Perrieres, one of the acquitted prisoners, has published an account of his experiences which may excite commiseration in France, but will excite every suspicion to American readers. He describes the terrors of having been locked between two detectives through the streets, how he nearly fainted because of the damp hospital smell of some place he was put in, how he sank exhausted on a straw mattress and felt as if he were going mad, how magistrates laughed at him and jailors chained him like a dog, how he was measured and described like a criminal and how every night for a month while in jail he was frequently awakened by the coming and going of policemen and prisoners and the cries of lunatics.

He intends to write a book on his present experiences, but wants to enjoy freedom and fresh air for a time, presumably because his health has been so wrecked by the absence of these advantages. Roseulth (St. Cere), another of the prisoners who was acquitted, has gone to a hospital for treatment. His maladies may be genuine, but the fact of his being in the hospital sounds very French and very dramatic.

The story that the hospital administration at Arles filled the cells with supernumeraries on the occasion of the recent visit of President Faure is vouched for by several papers. The Figaro tells the story at length. It seems that there were very few or no patients in the hospital, and the authorities, seeing that their usual decorations were in peril, resolved to supply this lamentable deficiency. The wards were put in scrupulous order, and the suffering patients, attended by all external comforts, surrounded by sympathetic officials, awaited the Presidential passage. All went superbly till M. Faure put to one invalid the kind question: "Well, mon ami, and how are you getting on?" Very well, mon President," responded the patient, with perfect sincerity. "Are you well treated in the hospital?" "Very well, mon President." "And from what mainly are you suffering?" The invalid remained open-mouthed, in consternation. The President repeated the question, "I—I do not know; I have not been told," was the reply. Thereupon the President applied to the Sister in charge, who stammered out: "I do not know, M. le President. The doctor has not diagnosed." The doctor was summoned and questioned, but could not get out a comprehensive answer.

"This is a strange hospital, where no one knows what the patients are suffering from!" the President exclaimed, with much irritation. "Gentlemen of the medical staff, I regret to state you are wanting in your duties." He then passed on, and the personnel, in consternation, followed.

This, unfortunately, was not all. The Premier, M. Bourgeois, had stepped behind for some cause or another, had, dashing through the wards to overtake the President, was horror-stricken to find some fifty soil-driest patients en deshabille, delighted that the ordeal was over, executing a wild dance of joy on the dormitory floor. He fled in horror, denouncing the carelessness shown by the administration in the maintenance of order.

No covetous decoration has been distributed, the Presidential subscription was meagre in the extreme, and the medical staff and the administration are now engaged in the general work of mutual recrimination. JULIAN RALPH.

Uncle Reuben's Guest: An Epicurean Tale.

On a poor downtown street which begins nowhere and ends nowhere in particular, is a little restaurant—"restraw," the proprietor calls it. Over the destinies and tables of this unobtrusive bit of New York presides Uncle Reuben, black—very black—grizzled, stooped, soft of speech, softer of manner, and deft in the art of the kitchen; more deft than he himself understands.

About that time when folks up North and folks down South were disputing each other's right to live Uncle Reuben found New York and located. In his first evident Summer he kept a stand-up fish counter down Fulton Market way, where the hungry and not over-particular bought fish sandwiches and good coffee. The chill of Winter necessitated a change of quarters and Uncle Reuben moved indoors just where he is to-day.

From the stand-up counter he got in the fullness of time to tables. Fish was his specialty; fried perch, baked bass with a queer, odorous sauce, in which sage and eggs predominated, and, for the first rates, brook trout, roasted in a way all his own. Now, these things are not native to New York, and so New York began to talk about Uncle Reuben and his fish dishes. When the talk travelled up as far as Broadway a new kind of customer began to drift through Uncle Reuben's shadowy doorway. This new patron was sleek and clean and well furnished as to the matter of dollars, but woefully equipped in the matter of appetite.

It came to be generally known about town then that down at Uncle Reuben's were good things to eat; soup that bore a resemblance to its own family; fish which had flavor without greasy sauces; ducks, brown and juicy, with strips of sweet, salt bacon served into their celery-prod baskets.

"Madery" to Uncle Reuben. What he really served to his best customers was red claret, but "Madery" got into one of his brain cracks at some time, and his "Madery, sub," was always accepted without question and drank with gusto.

It was in the later years of his life's success that I got to know Reuben. A sometime habit of dodging the "p" in speech, or perhaps it was a liking for some of his homelier dishes of Southern flavor, brought me near to Uncle Reuben, and I heard something of the Reuben of that day when he was a "house arfist" in a restaurant. One in awhile he would hang around the table when the coffee had come, and talk about "down thair," meaning by "down thair" a stretch of land somewhere south of New York known to him and vaguely described as "Wee' Ten-see."

In the midst of a "down thair" talk one rainy night an old man came softly and hesitatingly through the door. He looked around, gave me the only guest, a glass, and sat down across from the stranger. Reuben hardly looked up at the entrance and paid no heed as the water drizzled out the brief but tempting bill of delicacies. The old fellow placed the napkin carefully over one knee and listened. Then with that high-pitched but trembling tone which comes sometimes with age, always with want, he asked:

"Mightn't I have some coffee and rolls without the usual arfist? It was not intended to dine. I didn't prepair ma purse fah yo' bill ah fah."

It came slowly, hesitatingly and painfully from him, and I knew instantly. Reuben mistaken the place for a coffee house and Uncle Reuben's dinner was legues outside his financial limit. I looked across the table at Reuben and he was staring with wide, wondering eyes at the stranger. He heard the quivering confession, and he knew. Still with the wide eyes he rose and shuffled over, waving the waiter away.

"Wees coffee an' rolls ont in a while, sub. Ef yo' kin wait a while I'll sarve 'em, sub."

That was a good lie. Old Reuben shuffled off through the kitchen door while the stranger nervously ran his fingers through his thin white hair and waited. Back came Reuben with a steaming dish of soup, and as he put it down he watched the guest with the same wide, wondering eyes.

"I didn't ask fah soup; just the coffee an' rolls."

"Allus gives it viv coffee and rolls hyah, sub. Hep yo' self!"

In the words were almost a caress. There was one in the leaning over the chair and the arranging of the cloth and service. Uncle Reuben had served a green turtle dream, and as the old gentleman ate the darky stood behind him in a pose of reverence. The peculiar look, half question, half wonder, never left Uncle's face. Not slowly the succulent lid went down in the soup dish, and again Uncle Reuben in the fish steaming and odorous, the perfected idea of twenty years' experiment. The green turtle might have gone with the coffee and rolls, but never that fish. Reuben's second lid to head off an evident protest was:

"Celebratin' ma birthday, yo' see, sub; havin' a kind ny festive round hyar 'n'ight (putting down the fish). All ma ol' time gemman friends dr