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WHY THERE IS A STRIKE.

President Truendale, of the Lackawanna Road, is probably sincere in saying that he did not expect a strike of the coal miners, and also in asserting his opinion that the miners had really nothing to complain of.

But, if it is true that the miners had really nothing to complain of, why have the operators refused to have the justice of their cause established by the decision of an impartial board of arbitration?

In rejecting the principle of arbitration, as they have done, the employers have given a sufficient explanation of the cause of the strike.

A Distinction with a Difference.—The difference between Carnegie's offer of \$20,000,000 and our own payment to Spain is that the Government—to use the picturesque language of ex-Speaker Reed—"paid two dollars apiece for ten million yellow-bellies" for the purpose of enslaving them; Carnegie proposed to purchase their freedom.

IT WILL NOT DO.

It is impossible not to feel a touch of patriotic sympathy for the east side housewives who registered their protest against Beef Trust extortion by raiding the shops of the kosher butchers yesterday.

The tax levied on American tea by the arbitrary oppression of King George was less onerous than the tax levied on the east side meat supply by the exactions of the Beef Trust, yet our school histories hold up to public approval the "Boston tea party," which raided the tea ships and dumped their cargo into the harbor.

There are obvious reasons, however, why this precedent cannot be adapted to the present situation. Moreover a boycott or a raid on the east side meat shops does not reach the really guilty criminals of the Beef Trust.

The Limits of Science.—It is to be hoped that the scientific experts who are predicting another eruption of Mount Pelee are as untrustworthy as the experts who on May 7 assured the ill-fated citizens of St. Pierre that there was no danger of an eruption.

BREAKING THE RECORD.

Supt. Hoffman, of the Transport Bureau of the Quartermaster's Department, says that in his twenty odd years' service in all ports in the world he has seen some quick calls for supplies, but that "the record of the past three days is the record of the world."

Every stop connected with the relief of Martinique has been a record breaker. The President could not have been more prompt than he was in issuing the call; the appropriation by Congress was immediate, but before the vote was taken the Army and Navy Departments were hard at work meeting the emergency; the despatch of the Dixie was a feat of good management; the purchase of the cargo of the Madiana was an inspiration of genius; The World's specially chartered steamer, the Longfellow, from San Juan, Porto Rico, is due at Fort de France to-morrow, and with her arrival all danger of famine or even lack of food among the refugees will be over.

As far as this country is concerned the Martinique relief work has been well done.

Teaching Filipinos.—A woman school teacher in the Philippines writes home in discouragement about the progress of education among the little brown men. She finds it hard to teach them. Uncle Sam is having a similar experience. He is not sparing the rod and yet he seems to be spoiling the child just the same.

PITTSBURG'S SHINING LIGHT.

The admirable example of charity set by Pittsburgh should not pass unnoticed. Pittsburgh is a smoky city, but its light shines before men.

Carnegie, who is Pittsburgh's favorite son, is easily the most generous giver that the world has ever known. When the Martinique appeal went out Pittsburgh headed the list with a first-day contribution of over \$20,000. Now comes Mr. Charles Schwab, of the United States Steel Trust, who is a typical product of Pittsburgh, and who establishes his position as a benefactor of his race by his broadly conceived and generous charity for poor children.

The example furnished by the big-hearted men of Pittsburgh may well be commended to the imitation of other cities, especially of Greater New York.

His Sorrow.—When he cabled "Barry Nixon resigned, it is not unlikely that Mr. Croker "blinked the other eye."

HELL FOR SUNDAY GOLFER'S.

Every year the Sabbatharians diminish the number of the elect. Now comes the Rev. J. W. Stebbins, of Greenfield, Mass., and says: "If there is a hell provision has been made in it for the Sunday golfer player." Why the "if"? Has a man in whom the firm of Calvin glow so fervently any doubt of the existence of a place of future punishment? We must believe that Parson Stebbins feels no more uncertainty about the prevalence of brimstone conditions hereafter than he does about the eligibility of the golfer for residence therein; his "if" is purely rhetorical. He knows there is a hell and knows who should populate it.

Hell is presumably a capacious place, a treatment with an unlimited number of apartments, but there is no reason to doubt the ability of the reverend gentleman to fill it. But if Mr. Stebbins has his way and the golfer is given quarters there, room must be provided for the small boy who plays ball on Sunday, for owners of fast horses who indulge in little brushes with other equally decorated gentlemen on the Sabbath, for men who go fishing on the day of rest, or yachting; and we presume that the Sunday bicyclist also will have lodgment there. What a gathering place, what a "meat" it will be for the outdoor sportsmen!

It is recorded that Apollo "sent many valiant souls to hell," but Stebbins appears to have surpassed him.

An Unwashed Match.—From England comes the report that King Edward discovered of the boring of the tunnel through the Channel, but who were about when King Edward was in France? What a very distinctive figure King Edward would make up beside a real match like a Channel Tunnel!

The Funny Side of Life.

BACK TO THE SHIPYARDS.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

TWO ORACLES. Just a peep at either street Tells you on the spot. Bradstreet shows you what you're worth. Wall street what you're not.

SELF-RUNNING. "I see Carroll suggests that Tammany can run itself, without the guidance of a boss."

CONSOLING. "They say beauty is a fatal gift." "You ought to get your insurance at awfully low rates."

WELL NAMED. "They call me the human songbird." "As a precaution, I suppose. There's a law against shooting songbirds."

A PRECAUTION. "I'd like to give you a piece of my mind." "Then give me a microscope, too. My eyes are bad."

BORROWED JOKES.

THE ANSWER. "What is the difference," queried the exchange editor, "between a blissful benedict and an agitated geographer?" "One is happy though married, and the other is mad though married," responded the information editor, and there would have been further trouble "right away had not the office boy come in with the announcement that it was time to begin packing things for moving—Chicago Tribune.

UP TO DATE. An Oklahoma poet has improved on Poor Richard. He says: "Early to bed and early to rise Does very well for sick folk and guys; But it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies And joins the stiff that have gone to the skies. Go to bed when you please And lie at your ease— You'll die just the same with some Latin disease."—Omaha Bee.

A SURE SIGN. "Mrs. Livina Flattie has just bought a lot of new spring clothing." "So? Howdjanow?" "She has had it started to have her washing done at home, so that she can hang her purchases out on the line for our edification."—Baltimore News.

SOMEBOODIES.

COLONNA, MAYOR—of Rome, Italy, will, it is said, soon visit America. He may carry back to Italy several trunks full of pointers as to the way the Mayorship job is cinched and held down in this country.

CORTELYOU, SECRETARY—daily receives a host of requests for autographs of the late President McKinley.

CZAR, THEE—received during his recent visit to France a silver fish from the fishermen of Dunkirk. The knowledge that a silver tiger is larger than a silver fish might possibly tempt him to New York.

SOMERSET, LADY HENRY—will, it is said, be guest of honor at the National Temperance Convention in Portland, Me., next October.

VERNE, JULES—has received from the Boys' Empire League, of England, a gold-headed cane in recognition of the entertainment its members have derived from his stories.

THE UNRETURNING.

A long gray sea, and a long brown sand, And matted meadows and trailing rain, A whispered word and a waving hand, And a ship that sails from a lonely strand, Over the sea to Spain.

A flow of seasons—a tide of years— A rainbow of waiting paid in vain; A watching at last through a blur of tears For the vanished vessel that never appears Over the sea from Spain.

Oh, drifting seasons of bloom and snow! Oh, ships that never return again! The line swings late and the tide ebbes low As I watch the white-winged swans go Over the sea to Spain. —Albert Higson. Poem in Lippincott's Magazine.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

High Cost of Telephone.—I am sorry to hear that the cost of telephone calls is so high. I have been told that in some places it costs more to talk for five minutes than it does to buy a pair of shoes. I wonder if this is true. I have been told that in some places it costs more to talk for five minutes than it does to buy a pair of shoes. I wonder if this is true.



Back to the shipyards! Back! Back! Back! Back where he hears not the Squire's whip crack. Back to his boats, and back to his tools! Nixon no more with the buzz saw fools.

SQUARING IT.



Conjuror.—You have seen me put the marked silver quarter in this hat. I now ask our friend over there with the red nose to fish it out of his pocket.

Our Friend (rising)—Aw, say, I didn't know you wanted the whole quarter back. After you handed it to me this morning I had to use a nickel, but here's the 25 cents.

EXPLAINED.



William—Jones claims to be awfully wealthy. James—Is he a millionaire? William—No, a liar.

NOT TO BE DESPISED.



Blinker—I won't vote for him. He's a confirmed hoodoo. Sinker—That's true. But, my dear fellow, think of the hoodoo vote. There are lots of 'em and he'd catch 'em all.

FORGET IT!



"Madam, I desire to inform you that I have just received your letter of the 15th inst. and I am sorry to hear that you are not well. I hope you will soon be able to return to your home."

SHE DID.



Misses.—Why, Bridget, I told you an hour ago to turn on the gas in the hall. Bridget—Yes, but I did that, and now I'm here!

HE TRIED IT.



Kind Lady.—And you say you have never slept in a police station? Fred Tiddy.—No, lady. But always make such a noise there I can't get to sleep.

ODDITY CORNER.

MODERN FRUITS REMARKABLE MACHINE AND ITS INVENTOR.

Many of the fruits and vegetables now eaten in England were almost unknown to our forefathers. Not until Henry VIII's time were either raspberries or strawberries or cherries grown in England, and we do not read of tulip, cauliflower and quince being cultivated before the sixteenth century, or the carrot before the seventeenth century.



TRUE PAPER.

The nest of the tree wasp or hornet is made of a true paper; wood being ground to pulp by the jaws of the wasp and treated with an adhesive matter secreted in the creature's mouth.

By the aid of a photograph, which is here pictured, the functions of the photograph and the camera are combined, so that the portrait of the speaker is taken and his speech recorded at the same time.

SOME USEFUL DON'TS

For the Theatre.

DON'T ask the person next you to repeat a line you did not catch. By the time he has done so both of you will have missed more or less of the play.

DON'T glower or make unkind remarks when you are forced to stand up to allow late comers to pass into their seats. You gain nothing by it and it won't cure them of the habit of unpunctuality.

DON'T buy seats in the centre of a row if you intend to be late or if you are in the habit of going out between acts. It is a trifle selfish to disturb a dozen people for your own pleasure.

DON'T hum, beat time, or whistle under your breath while music is going on. Some man near you may carry a gun.

DON'T kick the chair of the man in front of you or press it with your knees. DON'T talk at all during the performance.

DON'T indulge your love for onions, garlic, liquor or strong tobacco just before going to the theatre.

DON'T grab your hat and coat and start to rise as soon as the play seems nearing an end. The place isn't going to be rained.

DON'T express uncomplimentary opinions of the play or its actors in a loud voice between the acts. If you aren't having a good time go home, but don't mar the satisfaction of others.

DON'T be affectionate with your sweetheart in a theatre. The audience can see just as good love-making on the stage and may laugh at yours.

DON'T use the nearest empty seat as a receptacle for your wraps, hats, &c. It may be taken, and then delay and ill-temper may accompany the sorting out of belongings.

DON'T waggle your head in an effort to see past both of the hat in front of you at once. If you do annoy the man behind you, obstruct his vision and probably force him to do just the same obnoxious thing.

DON'T level your opera-glasses on the people in the boxes. They aren't always there to be stared at.

DON'T, in short, say or do anything, in a theatre or any other public place, that you would not do or say were all the people present your personal guests, for whose entertainment and well-being you felt yourself responsible. A. P. T.

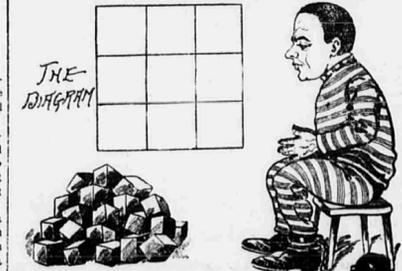
JUST AS GOOD.

Horace Porter once told in an after-dinner speech of a young American woman who returned to New York, her native city, after several years spent among some well-connected and high-toned relatives in England. She came back with a well-developed pose of dislike for everything and everybody American, and talked incessantly of the superior natural and social advantages of England as a place of residence. A phlegmatic old-timer American gentleman was introduced to her, and was greeted with: "Isn't everything dreadfully common here in America as compared with England?" "Well, I can't say that," he replied, respectfully.

COULD AFFORD TO SMOKE.

An elderly gentleman of good means approached a young man standing at a street corner, considerably smiling away at a cigar, and asked: "Young man, how much cigars do you smoke a day?" "Three," was the reply. "How much do you pay for them?" "Fifteen cents apiece." "Young man, continued the old-timer, 'do you ever smoke to relieve your mind, or when you are worried or when you are tired?' "No, sir," replied the young man, "I smoke to enjoy myself." "Well, you are a lucky fellow," said the old-timer, "and I wish you could afford to smoke."

HIS ONE CHANCE FOR LIBERTY.



A convict who was serving a long term was given a pile of forty-five stones and a square diagram divided into nine parts. He was told that if he could divide the stones up into nine piles of from one to nine stones each and arrange them as the diagram suggests so that any row of three piles added in a straight line would amount to fifteen he would be given his freedom. He gained his liberty in a year. How?

The Chicago River Must Be Jealous.

No more the festive auto that leaves a trail of oil, disseminating odors the landscape to despoil, can hustle, bustle, rustle and scoot and shoot and tear through highways or the byways of gay Chicago, fair.

The Windy City's fathers in solemn convales met. Their atmosphere was serious, their faces stern and set. They met, they heard, they argued, they theorized, explained, they prayed and orated, and then they thus ordained:

"Our boulevards are wondrous, and like so are our parks, and now they need protection from automobile sharks. No auto that is guilty of sharp, offensive smell, shall flit about the city with purpose vile and fell; nor yet shall horns or whistles on any blank machine be heard within this city, nor yet, indeed, be seen.

"And while we are about it we might as well decree: The privilege of the auto, in toto and per se, cannot shall be forever, as limit to its course, not to exceed the privilege enjoyed by any horse. When standing still, an auto, we order, must be tied, to hitching post or pillar, or house's stoop or side. Nor must it go a-chugging with all its might and main—it must be glum and silent. We hereby thus ordain."

And so the Windy City, by civic pride impelled, with death-blow unrelenting, the auto now has felled.

NEW COATS OF ARMS.

