The Sun.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

LOCAL NEWS.—The City and Suburban News Bureau of the UNITED PRESS and NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS is at 21 to 29 Ann street. All information and documents for public use instantly disseminated to the press of the whole country.

At Close Quarters.

For the first time since the Cuban war began, the belligerents are at close quarters in the westernmost province of the island. The forces of WEYLER and those of MACEO are but a few miles apart from each other. Twelve days have passed since WEYLER left Havana, took personal command of his army, and set out for his campaign. It seems as if he ought to have closed in upon the enemy before this time.

WEYLER has not for a fortnight supplied Spain or us with any of those bulletins of victory which he sent abroad almost daily while he lived under guard at the capital, far from the field. The only news of any consequence yet obtained from the Rubi hills has been that he has called for reënforcements. His expeditionary army of 85,000 men is to be raised to 60,000 or more men as soon as possible. This circumstance is not calculated to promote the belief that WEYLER has knocked out MACEO by his first blow, or even that he has had the chance to deliver a blow. He needs more troops, because his army is only four or five times the size of MACEO'S, and because it would be dangerous for him to attack such a man with anything less than all Spain.

As the hostile forces are at close quarters for the first time since WEYLER got to Cuba, we have a right to look for incidents the like of which have not yet occurred there. At the end of the campaign WEYLER may enter Havana carrying the dead body of the never yet conquered MACEO, or MACEO may have WEYLER caged up in the revolutionary camp on the top of the hill.

It seems that within the past few days WEYLER has been harassed by MACEO, who has a habit of harassing the enemy; and that the roads have somehow been rendered impassable, which leads us to hold MACEO under suspicion; and that this MACEO won't come out in battle array, which is just like him; and that WEYLER, who has a first-rate Spanish plan of campaign in his pocket, cannot get a chance to execute it, or to attack the wily rebel in front, or in the rear, or on any one of his two flanks. It is rough all around for Spain, so much so that we could not be surprised if WEYLER were any day to jump into one of the cars of the railroad train which is held in readiness for him, and hurry back to Havana, from which it would be safe to issue a proclamation against MACEO, the outlaw, for transmission to Spain and the United States.

The Struggle Before England.

The most striking contribution to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* is an article by Mr. H. W. WILSON, in which all that Americans have said regarding the political isolation of England is repeated with emphasis, and in a tone of profound alarm. The writer recognizes that his countrymen have been living in a fool's paradise, and he warns them that for their isolation they must prepare to pay the price of an enormous military and naval outlay.

What is the political situation of to-day, according to the *Fortnightly Review*? Secretly hostile to the British Empire are Russia and France, which have at their call China, Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. Apparently, Japan has been won over by Russia, and has an understanding with that power. The Government of the United States is on the eve of passing under an Anglophobe President and party. Germany, Austria, and Italy are coldly watching Great Britain's oscillations. Denmark and Holland are probably inclined to favor the Dual Alliance. It follows that England is without a visible ally. Plainly, then, the standard of strength which sufficed ten years ago is no longer adequate. Great as are the naval armaments of England, they are not great enough to assure to her the mastery of the sea against a large combination, or even against the alliance of France, Russia, and Turkey, if England stands alone. During our Revolutionary war, Great Britain had to face a combination, and Mr. WILSON reminds his countrymen that the result was catastrophe. In the course of that contest a Franco-Spanish fleet cruised triumphant in the British Channel, and, could the allies have agreed, or could they have been commanded by a man of even moderate capacity, they might have anticipated NAPOLEON'S dream, and ended forever the dominion of England. Englishmen had lost their command of the sea. They could only with the utmost difficulty keep the impregnable rock of Gibraltar: disaster followed disaster; and it seemed to many impossible that England could ever recover. RODNEY'S victory of 1782 alone saved her; but that priceless possession, Minorca, was surrendered, never to be regained. The peace of 1783 was a calamitous one for England, and yet it was only with difficulty obtained. Now, in that contest, England was not confronted by a combination at the outset; her enemies, who could easily have crushed her by coöperating at the start, entered the war one by one, thus enabling her to make head against their assaults. It will be otherwise with the great combination against England which was organized by Prince LOBANOF; all the parties to it will strike at once, when the time is ripe.

When the struggle comes, England can win only by blockading the enemies' ports, for repeated naval manœuvres have demonstrated the great difficulty of finding a hostile fleet when it has once got to sea. Mr. WILSON reviews the French and Russian ports which would have to be blockaded, and enumerates the armored ships which would be available for their defence. He shows that these would number sixty, whereas Great Britain has only forty-nine armored vessels that could be spared for blockading purposes. The excess ought to be on the other side, according to the report made in 1888 by three British Admirals, who held that, where a good anchorage was near at hand, a British blockading force should have four battle ships to the hostile three; where there is no such anchorage, five to three. The plain truth is that, if England had to fight France and Russia, she would forthwith discover that she has not enough ships, not enough men, and not enough officers.

What is England to do in her extremity? In Mr. WILSON'S opinion, the worst possible move would be to try to conciliate Russia, because the interests of that power in Asia are essentially irreconcilable with those of England. No alliance between England and Russia could last long, and could only tend, while it lasted, to strengthen the hands of Russia to a dangerous extent, through the concessions which would have to be made. It is with Germany, or in other words, with the Triple Alliance, that Mr. WILSON would have his countrymen enter into a firm combination. The alternative is a vast naval outlay and conscription. There is no third course possible. One of those two things must be done, and done promptly, if the British Empire is to survive.

Facts and Figures.

If any one questions the fact that the supreme importance which the silver issue assumed during the recent campaign alone saved the Democratic party from a far more crushing defeat, and the CLEVELAND Administration from a condemnation unparalleled in the history of Democracy, a few figures should dispel the delusion.

Commencing with New York, his own State, where he should be strongest, it will be observed that Mr. CLEVELAND was once elected Governor by 190,000 majority. These figures were reduced to 45,500 when he was elected President in 1892; and, after two years of his Administration, a Republican Governor was elected by 156,100.

Wisconsin gave a Democratic majority of 6,500 in '92 and a Republican majority of 53,900 in '94; Indiana gave a Democratic majority of 7,100 in '92 and a Republican majority of 44,600 in '94; Ohio reduced the Republican majority to 1,000 in '92, but three years of Clevelandism increased it to 92,600 in '95. The Republicans of Pennsylvania increased their majority from 63,700 in '92 to 244,800 in '94. Nor did the solid South escape this disastrous influence. Kentucky gave 40,000 Democratic majority in '92 and nearly 10,000 Republican majority in '95; while Maryland reversed her Democratic majority of 21,000 in '92 to 18,700 Republican majority in '95. Even Tennessee changed her Democratic majority of 38,500 in '92 to a Republican majority of 748 in '94.

The vote in other States is hardly less significant, notably in Illinois, which gave Mr. CLEVELAND a majority of 26,900 in '92 and elected a State Treasurer by a Republican majority of 123,400 in '94. The change in the lower House of Congress is hardly less decisive. In the Fifty-third Congress the Democrats had a majority of 92, while the Republicans had a majority of 139 in the Fifty-fourth.

No one who had observed the current of public sentiment could doubt that the election of 1896 would indicate a still more extreme change until the silver issue was sprung and superseded that of the tariff. It is indeed doubtful if any Democrat, nominated on Mr. CLEVELAND'S platform and endorsing his Administration, could have carried half the States or received half the popular vote recorded in favor of BRYAN.

Were it possible for Mr. CLEVELAND to appreciate the popular estimate of his peculiar policy and public acts, the last election would bring home to his consciousness the unpopularity, not to say odium, which he has acquired.

The Political Segregation of the South.

The returns of the election as now made up give MCKINLEY 272 electoral votes and BRYAN 175.

Of BRYAN'S votes, 112 come from the eleven States composing the old secessionist Confederacy. They all went for Repudiation. With them went also the border State of Missouri. The other border States, Maryland, Kentucky, and West Virginia, voted for MCKINLEY, though in Kentucky a single electoral vote was lost to him and added to the BRYAN column by one of the frequent accidents of elections.

Adding this vote and the seventeen electoral votes of Missouri, 130 of the total of 175 obtained by BRYAN come from the South exclusively, or about three-quarters. The five silver-producing States specifically, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and Utah, contribute, all told, 16 electoral votes only. The remaining 29 BRYAN votes come from Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming; and they are to be credited almost wholly to the Populistic contingent in the BRYAN combination, aided by silver Republicans.

The discreditable distinction of contributing about three-quarters of the BRYAN electoral votes, and thus making impressive the Repudiation demonstration, otherwise insignificant, belongs alone to the eleven Southern States included in the secession Confederacy, with Missouri added. From the States of the North, outside of the five mining-camp States, which went for silver as a matter of seeming self-interest, BRYAN carried Kansas, the head centre of Populism, Nebraska, BRYAN'S own State, and the new and little States of South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming, the three having only eleven votes, all told.

Except for the eleven old Confederate States, therefore, BRYAN would have made a pitiful show in the electoral colleges. He would have got only about one-tenth of the whole number of Presidential electors without their help and that of Missouri. Kentucky, Maryland, and West Virginia broke away from the solid South of the past and ranged themselves with the forces of order and civilization. The rest put upon themselves the lasting stigma of supporting Repudiation and social disorder.

Moreover, these twelve BRYAN States of the South are all old communities. The few Northern votes won by that vile cause, in the trans-Mississippi States exclusively, came from new and frontier communities where the enlightening influences of civilization have not yet produced a reasonable conservatism. As time goes on and they learn the harsh lessons of experience, they will do better. But what hope is there for the old Confederate South thus practically segregated from the riper and more genuine civilization of the Union?

It is a serious question, and the Southern people, in the interests of the larger material development so much desired by them, should set themselves to its consideration.

The Vice-President as an Adviser.

A business man of exceptional intelligence and an earnest student of public questions sends this opinion to THE SUN:

"The Vice-President should be not only the President of the Senate, but he should be a Cabinet officer. I take it that the Administration has primarily to do with the business interests of the country. The Vice-President-elect is a business man as well as a lawyer. I have a greater respect for him for that very reason. His cool, level-headed views cannot but aid Mr. MCKINLEY and his future Cabinet in whatever questions may arise."

The Vice-Presidency is an office created by the Constitution, and its duties are clearly, and, as it seems to us, satisfactorily defined. The Cabinet, or rather the various offices of which it consists, is created by law, and is inferior in historical dignity to the Vice-Presidency. The importance of the various officers who constitute the Cabinet has varied greatly, and will probably continue to vary. A commanding mind will make itself felt in any department. The office of Secretary of State, for instance, has been held by many statesmen of the first rank. On the whole, however, it seems clear that the Cabinet has come to be a rather heterogeneous collection, chosen for geographical or personal reasons, a body of administrators rather than of statesmen. We expect great improvements in this regard under Major MCKINLEY over Mr. CLEVELAND; but, after all, it will be Major MCKINLEY'S will which will prevail.

Now, nobody can think higher than we do of the capabilities of Mr. HOBART and of the value of his counsels. But he doesn't need to be an actual or an honorary member of the Cabinet to give advice to Major MCKINLEY if the latter wants it. The two men have a regard for each other, a regard which is likely to increase rather than diminish. There is a certain tradition that the President and Vice-President must be at odds, but there is no reason why the tradition should hold in the case of Major MCKINLEY and Mr. HOBART. The latter has no private ambition to nourish. He is a patriot, wise, experienced, broad-judging. It will be only natural that his counsels should have weight with Major MCKINLEY. With the members of the MCKINLEY Cabinet, too, Mr. HOBART'S relations will personally be friendly and his influence should be great. Supposing, on the other hand, that he should fall out with Major MCKINLEY, his direct influence upon the Administration would indeed be gone, but the same thing would be the case, under the same circumstances, if he were in the Cabinet.

In short, even if there were not insuperable difficulties in the scheme which our correspondent proposes, it would still be superfluous. Mr. HOBART will, we hope and believe, be an honored and a frequently consulted adviser of Major MCKINLEY. But no change of law or Constitution can make any President take anybody's advice unless he wants to. The willingness is all.

Congress and the Forts.

In its annual report the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications urges liberal appropriations for the seaboard works on the ground that our coasts are now "defenceless;" that when the next war comes it "will come with no warning and no time for preparation;" finally, that "the wars of nations occur in cycles of varying length, but seldom does a generation pass without a great conflict," and inasmuch as thirty years and more have elapsed since the end of our civil conflict, another war may be soon due for us.

As these statements are signed by Gen. MILES, Col. FRANK of the artillery, Col. HAINS of the engineers, Major PHIPPS and Capt. AYRES of the ordnance, and Mr. OUTHWAITE, we are entitled to assume that they represent mature thought. As, also, under the headless system which Secretary LAMONT spoke of in his last report, this Board of Ordnance, although it experiments, yet neither builds forts nor makes guns for them, will not be accused, in asking for liberal appropriations, of seeking to magnify its own office.

We think, however, that Congress will require no urging to do its duty in this respect at the coming session. It provided, last spring, most liberal sums, based on what the Watervliet gun factory could do in a full year, and on the amounts likely to be expended within the same period for carriages and emplacements. It assumed that the engineers, after many years of consideration, had their plans all ready for promptly using whatever money should be given to them, and the ordnance officers for arranging to construct carriages. The new bill will probably be acted on next February. By that time it will be possible to know how much the labor performed and material furnished between July 1, 1896, and July 1, 1897, will cost, as a basis for the next twelve months to follow.

But Congress ought to go further. It should find out how many guns and mortars will be ready by the end of the fiscal year which it is providing for, and try to arrange that they shall be mounted and ready for use at or about that time, with a supply of projectiles. Only this can really be said to satisfy the needs of the country.

To the Honor of American Jewesses.

In speaking of that novel thing in Judaism, the National Convention of the Council of Jewish Women, which has devoted the past six days of the week to the business which brought it here, we may refer to those visible features of it which at once strike the eye of an onlooker. As it is the first time that a national Convention of Jewesses has ever been held, and as the Council is the only body of its kind in the world, everything relating to it may properly be regarded with interest.

We suppose that the first thought of every outsider who looked in at the Convention was this: the Jewesses closely resemble other women in appearance. In the case of many members of the Convention, one could not tell from their features to which of the races of our species they belong. There is, most certainly, a distinctive Jewish, or rather Semitic, type of mankind; but the variations in it are often of such a character as to make it hard of discernment. You could not be sure that, if a person unaccustomed to close observation and uninformed as to the lineage of the women in Convention, or as to the nature of the Convention, had been taken into Tuxedo Hall, he would immediately have said that the assemblage was one of Jewesses. The Semitic type of face was frequently to be seen, in strong relief; but in the case of many of the members it was barely, if at all, distinguishable. The physical characteristics of the Jewesses in this Convention bore a close resemblance to those of any other body of American women. There were not a few handsome delegates at the meeting in Tuxedo Hall this week.

We cannot say that the Jewesses of this day are any fonder of fine dress and personal adornment than were the Jewesses of JEREMIAH'S time, or than the women of other civilized races; but we can say that many of the toilets seen at the Tuxedo Hall Convention were a delight to the eyes. Lovely especially were some of the laces; rich and rare were some of the jewels, though jewelry was not overmuch in evidence. Those of the members who wore less costly attire were not the less thought of. They were Jewesses; that was enough. They were of the seed of ABRAHAM, and this was the bond of union. The nature of Judaism is democratic; the letter of the Torah is binding upon all Israel forever.

In the ordering of the Convention, and in the direction of its affairs, the Jewish women made it manifest that they possess a full measure of practical ability. They carried on business as though they were accustomed to its methods. They dealt with human nature as though they had a thorough understanding of it. They overcame difficulties with patience; they handled troublesome questions with ingenuity; they put aside a number of follies which had been pressed upon them; and in minor matters, such as the choice of a motto and a badge, they fitly served the Council. It was a well-ordered Convention. The President of it was a parliamentarian, who must have had experience; the other officers were competent for their duties; the members nearly always manifested a sound judgment.

We think that the large body of Jewesses organized in many States, who were represented by their delegates at Tuxedo Hall, have a right to be satisfied with the work of the first national Convention of Jewish women. "The idea which once existed," said Mrs. KOHUT at the opening of the Convention, "that women suffer from an inherent incapacity for combination and coöperation, cannot longer prevail; Jewish women, at least, can work together, and, so working, can gain definite results."

The Convention was primarily of a religious character, designed for the promotion of Judaism. The nature of it and the object of its existence were marked in the motto which was adopted: "Religion and Philanthropy." The members are to labor for the advancement of the Jewish faith through the study of the Bible, the upholding of the Sabbath, the spiritualizing of the synagogue, the daily offerings of prayer, and the maintenance of the laws and ceremonies prescribed by MOSES, in coöperation always, or as far as may be practicable, with the rabbinate. They are also to labor for the betterment of the condition of the less fortunate portion of the Jewish people through the establishment of manual training and industrial schools, libraries, friendly unions, employment offices, free baths, kindergartens, and other useful institutions. "Not a single alms-giving society," said Miss SADIE AMERICAN, the faithful Secretary of the Council, "dulls the bright hue of our record." Both in the religious and in the philanthropic work, a beginning has already been made by a good number of the local branches; but, from this time forward, it will be organized, systematized, and carried on under the rules adopted at the Convention. The Jewesses who have undertaken to render these services to their people are women who, it is safe to say, are very sure of success, and know how to gain it.

We do not know of any Convention of women, or any Convention of men, at which the discourses were of a more elevated character than those delivered at Tuxedo Hall. For learning, for dignity, for philosophic quality, for the religious spirit, for a deep sincerity, and for earnestness they were far beyond the ordinary. We would like to particularize some of these discourses, but we could hardly do so without seeming to be unjust to others. When gathered into a volume, they will stand as an honor to the Jewish women of the United States.

Jewesses of the strictest orthodoxy mingled with others of the more liberal school at the Convention, and all of them sought to promote the same objects by the same means. The liberality of the delegates went even further in that they welcomed the words of women not belonging to their race. It went further yet, as it made itself manifest in the applause which followed the reading of a telegraphic despatch from the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in convention at St. Louis: "Cordial greeting; we are working together for GOD and humanity." The cordial reply which was sent to this greeting of the Christian Convention was worthy of Judaism in America.

It can be said that a very great advance in disinterested, meritorious, and pious zeal has been marked by this week's Convention of the Council of Jewish Women.

Preaching and Practice.

Gen. JOHN B. GORDON of Georgia is lecturing on "The Last Days of the Confederacy," and concludes his lecture with a patriotic peroration, in the course of which he waves the American flag over his head. In this peroration at Rochester the other night he said that "we [the living Confederates] are ready to join with you in waving aloft this proud banner [here he caught up the American flag from the table and held it over his head], and we join with you all who love that flag, in saying that by GOD'S help there shall never come to it one blot or stain; that as long as the ages remain, that flag shall be the most proud and potent emblem of human freedom in all the world."

Fine words, but a few days ago the Hon. JOHN B. GORDON was entirely willing to help put a blot and stain on that flag. He supported Mr. BRYAN, whose election to the Presidency would have made the American flag a flag of dishonor and repudiation.

Talk is cheap.

In arguing for the retirement of the Treasury notes of 1890 our esteemed contemporary the *Times* makes a remarkable blunder in figures. It gives the amount of the outstanding notes thus:

In Treasury	$39,269,516
Outstanding	123,229,280
Total	$162,498,796

The fact is, that the notes in the Treasury are part of the $123,229,280 "outstanding"—this being the total issue permitted by law, as the *Times* itself quotes it.

It is a merry thing for New Yorkers this unprecedented competition between the big department stores. Then there is the competition of the enterprising lesser stores with the big ones. Still further, there is the competition of the small stores with each other and with all stores of every size.

All this competition ought to be advantageous to the men engaged in it. It should also be good for their customers, the purchasers or consumers. It should be helpful to the producers.

For all that, it is consumption, not competition, that is the life of trade. In the consuming line the Americans can't be beat.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee has reëlected as its President Gen. G. W. DODGE of Iowa, the head of the committee which, being charged by the Government with the erection of a statue to Gen. SHERMAN, repudiated the advice of the ablest experts in the country as to its design, and adopted a design of their own. This was a great outrage on the public, which furnishes nine-tenths of the money needed for the statue; but it may be of use in another direction. It should serve as a model of the first principle to be conscientiously avoided by every official in the country charged with any public work, especially with works which involve particularly the quality of art, like public parks, for instance. No such official, in executing the task intrusted to him, should overbear with his own untrained or presumptuous ignorance the judgment of experts entitled to speak upon the subject, until he can obtain counter authority equally high. Gen. DODGE and his associates on the Sherman Statue Committee might as well try to cut the statue themselves as to choose a design for it not approved by the particularly competent committee of artists who were invited to decide the competition.

If Gen. DODGE should sit down to study the elements of art and familiarize himself with them, the chances are that within a few years he would also arrive at the conclusion that the design which has been chosen is a piece of unworthy commonplace. Unfortunately, before he could become qualified for the function he has already performed, his chosen statue will be up and the public money wasted.

It must become daily better understood why the Rapid Transit Commission has prevented New York from receiving, almost immediately, a vast improvement in its transit facilities. The Commission's steady refusal to permit the development of the elevated lines has been in the nature of a stock-jobbing operation for the benefit of a foolish and prodigal scheme for a road under ground. If the elevated roads should be improved, as they can be, even the faint hope cherished by the Rapid Transit Commission of getting a bidder for the underground scheme would vanish.

Once more the enemy of hand organs is abroad in the columns of the *Herald*. "Most people agree that hand organs are a nuisance," he declares; "not everybody is aware that they are legally a nuisance, but they become a legal nuisance just so soon as they are requested to move on and do not." Marvellous indeed would be the persuasive powers that could make a hand organ walk off on its ear. And if it becomes a "legal nuisance just so soon as it is requested to move on," the best plan would be to take good care not to request it so to do. The citizens of New York know well by sad experience that a legal nuisance is the hardest of all to abate. Therefore, if any organophobe wants to get rid of the organs, let him never turn them into a legal nuisance. But it is a perfectly shocking suggestion that "some Alderman who cares to earn the gratitude of his fellow citizens will take up this hand organ business!" Has this writer no respect for the dignity of an Alderman? Just fancy any Alderman going into the organ-grinding business!

Governor-elect PINGREE asserts that he will assuredly hold both the office of Mayor of Detroit and Governor of Michigan.—*Albany Times-Union.*

It is the melancholy truth that this rich and rare philanthropist and burning foe of trusts is preparing to be an office trust himself. The Hon. POTATO PINGREE will hold everything he can get, but never his peace. And his sole platform will continue to be the Hon. POTATO PINGREE.

Discoursing in San Francisco on wars and rumors of war, the Hon. MARTIN JULIAN, first Minister of State to the Hon. ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, was pleased to express the opinion that the Hon. JACOBUS CORBETT "is willing to go anywhere to settle this business with FITZSIMMONS." It may be so, and it should be so if a veteran diplomatist like Mr. JULIAN takes the trouble to think or say that it is so. Yet a disquieting rumor is buzzing around the ears of men. It is reported that both Mr. CORBETT and Mr. FITZSIMMONS have joined the American Peace Society, and will fight no more save by telephone.

It can scarcely have escaped attention that the Hon. ABRAHAM GRUBER, always active and reverberant in the Republican politics of this town, has been of late more reverberant and active than ever. This has not been due to any itching for conspicuity on his part. Long ago Fame wreathed his giant form with garlands. There is scarcely a better known Republican in New York. No: the Hon. ABRAHAM GRUBER was born to lead, and even his gift of eloquence is but an incident and a means of his leadership. His friends do feel, however, that now is preëminently the time for him to come forward with all his feet. There are few, very few, offices which he would accept, even if the Republicans of New York should implore him with streaming eyes and bending of the knees. There is one office for which he has a peculiar fitness, and which he wishes to occupy, not on account of its emolument, which is scanty, but for the good which he could do in it, and for the opportunity which it would give him to carry out some of his long-cherished ideas. The Hon. ABRAHAM GRUBER would be willing to become a member of the United States Civil Service Commission for the good of the civil service and the expression of his own theories; and where is there a more suitable chap for the job?

Mr RIVES and Mr. LANGDON, who have been appointed by the Mayor to fill two vacancies in the Rapid Transit Commission, are both gentlemen of refinement well fitted by reason of dignity of character and elevation of spirit to grace any public Commission. But neither they nor anybody else can save the essentially vicious project of building an underground railway at the cost of issuing city bonds to an incalculable amount, after the scheme had been rejected by private capital as an undertaking offering no chance of returning any interest on the vast investment. The next Legislature should conclude the farce by repealing the law under which the Commission is appointed.

This is one of the most momentous days since the discovery of time and almost dropsical with fate. Yale and Princeton in this town, Harvard and Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, will struggle in the greatest of man-ennobling games. Thousands will cheer them on, and millions will wait anxiously for the announcement of the result. By dusk the country will know where it is at. All that can be done this morning is to hope that there may be no accidents on either field, and that the finest skill and stiffest sand may win on both.

A Famous Liar Corrected.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The *Evening Post* comments on the fact that the London *Spectator* only a week before McKinley's election was discussing the probabilities of Bryan's success with "preternaturally wise observations about the 'arrogant assurance of the foreign view,'" &c. The *Post* says that the "comments of the London *Spectator* upon McKinley's election are delightful reading."

While the *Post* denounces the London *Spectator* for having been a false prophet, let us refer to what the *Post* said before and after election. On the 11th of May, 1896, the *Post* said that McKinley's election "would cause one of the greatest panics in modern history. Of course," it added, "we only prophesy about this matter, and no one can prophesy with absolute confidence; but any prudent business man who does not act on the assumption that our prophecy will come true will live to regret it."

The day following McKinley's election the *Post's* leading editorial was headed "Our Escape," and it congratulated the American people that by reason of McKinley's election they had escaped a great danger. The week following, Nov. 11, instead of reporting "one of the greatest panics in modern history," it said: "Everybody can see that we are getting on our feet once more." In another issue, about the same date, it said: "One week of the breath of life in national industry has been enough to destroy forever a mass of lies and sophistry which has been afflicting us for many years." Included in this "mass of lies and sophistry" was there not something that the *Evening Post* said on the 11th of May, 1896?

NOV. 20. JASPER.

Chicago Society Puzzled.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Whether Dr. John Watson—"Ian Maclaren"—thinks well of the erudition of Chicago society or not may never be known. That the members of the Twentieth Century Club treated him well and that he was charmed by their generous hospitality goes without saying. But it is perfectly safe to assert that never before has the good Doctor heard his nom de guerre pronounced in more different ways than he did that night at the reception which followed his lecture to the Twentieth Century Club.

"'Jaron' Maclaren's fame long preceded your visit here, Doctor," said a Prairie avenue matron.

"Let me introduce you to 'Yan' Maclaren," said William Morton Payne.

"'I-n' Maclaren is not a stranger to Chicago," is the way Franklin H. Head put it.

"What's his writing name?" asked a society bud of a friend.

"'Eon' Maclaren," he said.

"I've heard it pronounced 'Jan,'" corrected a matured acquaintance.

"Yes, that's 'John' Maclaren," said a Michigan avenue beau ideal.

"Permit me," said young Mr. Higinbotham, "he pronounces that name 'Yan,' I believe."

And thus it went. You, Yaron, Jan, John, Eron, Ion, &c. And as the Doctor never once spoke the word, polite society is wondering what in the Sam Hill is the right way of pronouncing the name.

Dangerous Dalliance.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Kissing dangerous?" exclaimed Miss Wellalong, looking up from the paper in which she had begun to read a scientific article. "I should say it is dangerous. It has often led to marriage."

NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

In "Midnight in a Great City" (Merrill & Baker), the Rev. Cortland Myers, pastor of the Brooklyn Temple, says preliminarily that the story contained in his book was first told to thousands of listeners who crowded his church in order to hear it. Other thousands, he says, crowded about the church doors, unable to enter, and he adds that their cry and its accompanying sound from many parts of the country were heard and are answered in this publication. A certain sort of modesty has well been stigmatized as false, and we should not be at all surprised if what Mr. Myers so frankly declares in his preface represented the exact facts in the case and if "Midnight in a Great City" were to reach an enormous circulation.

In his opening pages the author shows himself to be possessed of a poetic fancy that is by no means uninteresting or inconsiderable. "The King of Day," he says, "mounts to his golden throne in the world's sky and swings his sceptre of light and warmth above the dwellings of all men." The idea here, to be sure, is founded upon an obsolete understanding—obsolete, at least, with the exception of the case of the Rev. John Jasper. In the light of our present information the King of Day does not really mount his golden throne. He mounted it once, long ago, and has been obliged to stay on it ever since. He must do service perpetually, as the dwellings of men roll by him in a panorama that is never ending. He is a monarch that cannot, in the nature of things, as long as he lasts, ever hope to have a vacation. Before he is done with New York he must begin service for Philadelphia, and after Philadelphia there is Cincinnati, and after Cincinnati Chicago, and after Chicago Omaha. The Golden Gate must justify its name by his favor and supply itself everlastingly from his gold reserve; the Sandwich Islands have unavoidable claims upon him, likewise Yokohama, Hong Kong, and Muscat. He must gild the Pyramids and illuminate Gibraltar, and communicate the yellow-ochre effect to the fogs of London; and then is Halifax waiting for him, and Eastport, Me., and so New York again. Anybody can see that he is tremendously busy, and that the mounting of his throne can be no part of his business, since nobody can mount a throne who is on that same all the time, with no likelihood, it is sincerely to be hoped, of ever getting off of it.

Still, though it appears to be incontrovertible that the King of Day is enthroned perpetually, there can be no doubt that he is invested with many privileges and powers, and nobody, we dare say, will have anything to oppose to what Mr. Myers goes on to declare of him. "His scepter," says Mr. Myers, "can touch the lily of the field and command the garments from his own royal wardrobe to be placed upon its form of beauty, and robe it with more glory than that of Solomon in all the splendor of his royalty. With one of his thousand hands he paints the bloom upon the cheek of the luscious fruit that pours the wine into the heart of the purple cluster; the emerald Axminster is spread out upon the floor of earth's palace by his servant."

We do not know why Mr. Myers should suppose that the King of Day should have so definite a preference in carpets, and should supply the floor of earth's palace with the Axminster variety rather than with ingrain, moquette, Brussels, Wilton, rugs of the Orient, or Kensington art squares. Perhaps it is no matter as long as the imagination is pleased. "It was his hand," Mr. Myers goes on, "that dashed the mixture of color against the western sky and made the indescribable glory of a summer evening. It was the artist from his studio who sped down the skies with pallet in hand and arched the eastern heavens with the splendor of the rainbow, reflecting the beauty of the upper world. The silver robes of the Queen of Night are bright with his gold, and the starry worlds borrow at his treasury."

This is all very beautiful. We are not quite sure that it is strictly proper for the King of Day to pay for the Queen of Night's robes; we should think that the King of Night would have a natural impulse to look into this business; at the same time we have no wish to be alarmists, and we are willing to believe that there is nothing in the matter which the most scrupulous innocence might not approve.

Presently the King of Day comes to engage himself with the dwellings of the men of China, and Mr. Myers enters a New York tenement house at midnight. "Oh, what a pitiful mockery to call such places home!" he says. "The devil planned them and his agents built them, and God's sunlight never shines in them." Mr. Myers might have entered them at noonday and obtained a considerable effect of darkness, but that would not have been literally midnight in a great city. "Many of these rookeries are ratholes and homes for vermin," Mr. Myers goes on to say. "Cockroaches may delight in them, but no one in God's image can long endure them. I have climbed five stories like a steam craft in a fog, feeling my way through the dark hall of a back-yard tenement, and entered a space eight feet by twelve, with a dark closet in the front, and a little light and no sun in the front, and found a father and mother with six children." It is perhaps not surprising that at midnight in a great city there should be no sun in a tenement house front room, but, of course, one is not called upon to be forever surprising. The interest sharpens, perhaps, when Mr. Myers comes to certain reflections based upon these gloomy scenes.

"A certain duke," he says, "who recently married an American heiress, has made the announcement that the immense cost of the extensive improvements that have been made on his castle has been paid out of his own pocket. I make the announcement that, unless the hands of the rich go down into their pockets for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, the castles of the rich must crumble. In a New York paper recently I read the account of one of the richest American girls spending her millions; some of it for dogs, some of it for horses, some of it for carriages, some of it for four or five different palaces, and nearly all of it was thrown upon the altar of the heathen god Self. In that same paper I read the account of 175 cases of eviction on the coldest winter day, with the thermometer at zero—and this in one single court of the city. Mothers with starving and crying children were pleading for mercy, not knowing where to lay their heads, while one of their sisters did not know how to lay her head in so many palaces at once."

But is there not a contingent problem here? Is this rich girl really reprehensible? Suppose that not she, and not anybody, were to spend money for dogs, horses, carriages, and palaces; what then would become of the dog fanciers, the horse dealers, the carriage makers, and the people whose business is palace building? Poor souls, they would need to find tenements that could be inhabited without the payment of rent, and, failing to find such, they, too, would be driven forth from shelter, regardless of the condition of the weather. Economists have not supposed, though sentimentalists have occasionally, that to set money free was an evil in the world. Besides, it is well known that the rich suffer. As Mr. Myers says, "above the courts of earth, and above the tenements, and above the palace, stands the judgment throne of God." It is true that the poor also suffer. The reason is probably inscrutable, but the fact is not to be denied. "In a rear tenement," says Mr. Myers, "I talked with an old lady, intelligent and Christian. Her husband was crippled and able to work only part the time. They paid their rent and lived on tea with crackers or bread. For many years that had been their food, and sometimes they could not get even that. She had just been given a piece of cake, but was unable to eat it, because she was unaccustomed to it, and her digestion would not bear it."

We wish that Mr. Myers had not said that the old lady had "been given a piece of cake." There is no reason why the sorrows of the world should be permitted to demolish the properties of language. The pity of the reader would have been yielded in a measure no smaller if Mr. Myers had been at the pains to say that a piece of cake had been given to the old lady. It occurs to us that the stomach of the old lady might have been better, and that the circumstance of her poverty might have been lightened if she had drunk less tea. But, as we say, the rich are no better off. "I thought," says Mr. Myers, "of Vanderbilt, who is highly pleased when he can take a bit of Graham cracker and a sip of malted milk without suffering the agonies of dyspepsia." We must say that Mr. Myers seems merely to have perceived the problem, and that he has not solved it. As we have seen, the rich American girl is able at one time to lay her head in only one palace, and Vanderbilt is a dyspeptic in the extreme stages. The old lady, intelligent and Christian though she is, is unable to eat cake, and therefore does not need any. It appears that there is one particularly valuable thing in the world, and that its name is common sense. The rich may possess it or not, and the poor may possess it or not, as happens. It is true, moreover, that sentimentality may exist without it. We are moved to say this after a conscientious examination of "Midnight in a Great City." There are more things than great cities in which midnight may exist. If each human understanding, including the understanding that ventures to preach and reason from the Christian pulpit, shall manage to get the midnight out of it, we may very well hope that the great cities will be able to take care of themselves.

The reader who wishes to do so, may, in "Gascoigne's Ghost," by G. B. Burgin (Harpers), make acquaintance with a number of characters that will afford him a good deal of amusement. They are mostly of the conventional pattern, but their conventionality is so conventional, if we may speak tautologically, that we welcome them as something delightfully and refreshingly novel. There is the wicked money lender, who wears second-hand clothes, and regales his aristocratic guests with cheap wines, whose acidity is only tempered by the smiling sweetness of his lovely and accomplished daughter; and there is the drunken and disreputable journalist, who can, at a moment's notice, dash off articles of such extraordinary brilliancy that one is sufficient to retrieve the fortunes of a moribund newspaper. There is also a blue-eyed, black-haired young gentleman from Smyrna who "wore clothes as if armor would have been more fitting and appropriate." Even in the drawing room "this sunny young animal" is interesting. "He was seldom still; * * * he got over the ground like a panther." When not smoking cigarettes, or singing serenades, he is consumed with an insatiable thirst for gore, and, whenever he saw the prospect of a fight, "he made the muscle of his sword arm to run up and down in a solid ball, a process which appeared to give him the most unmitigated satisfaction." Here let the author introduce a minor poet, who is perhaps the gem of his collection of curiosities: "At this juncture the servant announced 'Mr. Charles Bloggs,' who entered languidly (he did most things languidly), carrying a small volume of buckram-covered poems. 'My friends call me Carlo Blogghetti,' he said, as he sank on the sofa in a renaissance attitude. 'It—eh—is so much softer.' 'Very soft,' said Miss Azaveda. 'Have you quite recovered from the effects of your speech at the wedding, Mr. Bloggs?' The poet shuddered as the crude sound of his own name smote upon his ears. 'Please don't,' he implored. 'It rhymes with "hogs," and is so, so suggestive.'" Blogg, who is a master with the foils, has, before many minutes, become involved in a quarrel with "the sunny young animal." With the permission of the ladies, they stand up in the drawing room and try a bout with their walking sticks. "For a moment there was a confused whirring of sticks: then Oscar's went under the table, broken in two. 'You are the best fencer I have ever met,' said Bloggs, carelessly. 'It would have taken me just six seconds to kill you. Your strength is Titanic.'" There are other amusing people to be met with in this book, but we have probably shown the reader enough to convince him that it is a treasure—in its way.

Luigi Arditi is one of the most popular orchestral conductors of Italian opera living to-day, and he has been brought into close personal relationship with most of the great singers and musicians of the last fifty or sixty years. Hence the appearance of the handsome volume entitled "My Reminiscences" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is an event of some importance in the musical world. The old Sunday-school maxim that "birds in their little nests agree" has not always proved conspicuously true in its application to our operatic singing birds, and, more than once, the publication of some musician's reminiscences has been followed by bitter heart-burnings and the revival of almost forgotten feuds. But no such consequences will result from the appearance of the present volume, wherein a kindly natured old gentleman chats easily and pleasantly of his life's work, his fellow workers and the many friends he has made, pointing his observations here and there with a cheery anecdote or a touch of quiet humor. To his credit be it said that he drags no curtain from the privacy of his friends' lives, and traffics in no scandal, and even when he has to tell of the less pleasant side of the artistic life, as, for example, his experience with some speculative and impecunious impresario, who leaves his people in the lurch, his rap across the knuckles with the baton is dealt so gently than even the recipient can but take it smilingly. This is not, in any sense of the word, a great book, but it is a very pleasant one. It tells us much of the lives of a class of people in whom the world is always interested, and it leaves us with a kindly feeling toward the writer and the people of whom he writes. Wherein it is a pleasant relief from the "chronique scandaleuse" and the problem novel.

"The Sealskin Cloak," by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillans), is a novel of the good old-fashioned sort; one of those described by Kipling in "The Three-Decker:"

Full thirty foot she towered from water line to rail.
It cost a watch to steer her and a week to shorten sail;
But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and best—
The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Hugh Gordon puts his young wife on board the train at London, whence she is bound for Marseilles. In the coupé from Paris she meets a woman of about her own size and age, and, seeing that the stranger is thinly clad, she wraps her in a rich sealskin cloak. There is a terrible collision, the mutilated and unrecognizable body of the stranger is identified through the sealskin cloak and is buried as that of Mrs. Gordon, while the real Mrs. Gordon lies for months in a semi-conscious state in a French hospital and is afterward confined in an asylum for the insane. Eventually reaching home only to find her husband married again, she resolves to efface herself, rather than bring unhappiness to him and disgrace to the young wife. She meets with a family of wealthy Australians, who are as kind of heart and as vulgar of speech as all good Australians are expected to be, in contemporary fiction, and with them she goes to live at the antipodes. In course of time the second wife dies, the husband and the real wife are reunited, everybody marries everybody else, and all live happily forever afterward.

In "Tom Sawyer Abroad—Tom Sawyer, Detective—and Other Stories," by Mark Twain (Harpers), we meet once again Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer, and the faithful Jim, and their adventures are just as interesting as ever and have all that freshness and quaint humor that gave the volume in which they first appeared a charm such as few boys' books possess. In the first of the series the three friends get very much abroad, and the story of their wild ride through space on a flying machine, under the guidance of a crazy professor, and of their many adventures, has only one fault—it is far too short. In the next story the boys get back to earth, and their hunt after stolen diamonds and final exposure of a murderer are again so good as to make us want more. There are a number of shorter stories and sketches, some of which have not before been published, and the illustrations are capital.

In "The Carissima—a Modern Grotesque" (H. S. Stone & Co.) Lucas Malet has written a powerful and interesting novel which has all the grace of style she showed in "The Wages of Sin." The story of a man haunted by a spectral dog and his eventual fate is as weirdly fascinating as one of Poe's tales of mystery, and, in "The Carissima" herself, the author has drawn a picture of a certain type of ultra-modern young woman that, as a study in psychology, is