THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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EDDY AND SHIP SUBSIDY

Congressman Eddy tells The Journal that he has had so many letters of inquiry with regard to the ship subsidy bill, and his position with respect to it, that he wants to state his views concerning ship subsidies in general and the Hanna bill in particular, and then he proceeds to give The Journal a thousand words of that good, common-sense which we are accustomed to get from Mr. Eddy.

F. M. Eddy is not a noisy man in congress, but he makes about as few mistakes on public questions as any of them, and, in the main, on this proposition, he is sound. He doesn't hesitate to characterize the Hanna bill as a "job," and to say that he will fight it as hard as he can in its present form. He intimates, however, that he regards this matter of a ship subsidy a good deal as if it were the application of the principle of protection to an American industry, and calls attention to the fact that not many ventures in a manufacturing line, calling for the investment of large capital, would be obliged to start so thoroughly unprotected from foreign competition as a venture in the shipbuilding line. And on this basis he justifies a subsidy of moderate amount for the benefit of shipbuilding. He is specific as to this, and would cut off the benefit of subsidies from all foreign-built or foreign-owned ships, and employ whatever subsidy is paid solely for the encouragement of American shipbuilding. The reader is referred to Mr. Eddy's interview in another column for a fuller statement of his position.

If any ship subsidy can be justified at all it must be justified solely on the basis on which Mr. Eddy approves; that is, that it be conferred upon shipbuilding, and, we would add, tonnage capacity or tonnage carried. But it seems to The Journal that the justification of ship subsidies, even on the grounds suggested, is not yet beyond question. Admitting that it would be greatly to the advantage of this country to have our foreign commerce carried in American ships, the justice of spending public money to encourage shipbuilding, when the condition of that industry is such as it is to-day, is a proposition which does not seem to have been clearly established. The American shipbuilding industry is not a struggling industry. It is not infantile. It is not handicapped by conditions of supply and cost of material, supply and cost of skill. The fact is the capacity of our shipbuilding industry for successful competition with the shipbuilders of the world is not thoroughly appreciated.

Marine Engineering, a New York paper devoted largely to the shipbuilding industry, called attention some six months ago in a very striking way to the condition of shipbuilding in America by issuing a little pamphlet under the title "Fifteen Miles of New Vessels." It referred to the year 1900 as the beginning of the revival of the American merchant marine. The shipbuilding capacity of the country had been doubled in the previous eighteen months, and yet all the yards had a large amount of work in hand and in sight. This is in striking contrast to the condition of things three years previous when there was scarcely a new merchant ship on the stocks on the Atlantic coast, and nothing but repair jobs to keep the ship yards from closing up. The same is true as to the Pacific coast, showing that general prosperity, the growth of the foreign trade, the demand for ships for the purpose of carrying that trade, have filled all the ship yards with orders and made the shipbuilding industry as prosperous as any other in this country.

And this without waiting for any subsidies and without needing the protection to which Mr. Eddy refers to call it into activity.

During the years of business depression our shipbuilding fell off along with other lines of business. Few steam vessels and fewer sailing vessels were built. But during the year 1900, ten steamships, aggregating 81,600 tons, were under construction for the foreign trade; 45 steamers, of 76,000 tons, for the coastwise service, and 30 steamers, varying from 1,200 to 8,000 tons each, for lake traffic. This, with many smaller vessels being built, aggregated over 500,000 tons under construction by the middle of 1900. The Newport yards alone, a year ago, had under construction, to say nothing of the large amount in preparation in the drafting-rooms, 102,680 tons, of which 52,600 was merchant marine, while the Cramps' yard, not including the prospective work in the drafting-room, had 89,865 tons, 66,000 of which was for the merchant service.

Now these figures may mean little or nothing except by comparison. Let us see how they compare. The world's record for tonnage built in one year in any ship yard is held by Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, Ireland, who, in 1897, built 84,204 tons. The Clyde record was made by Russell & Co., with 52,462 tons, and the English record by Wm. Gray & Co., with 77,501 tons. That means that the yards at Newport News and Cramps' yard are the biggest shipbuilding institutions in the world, and have beaten the records on the Clyde, at Belfast and everywhere for a single year's work, counted on the basis of total tonnage.

The Marine Engineering says of this wonderful development:

> The growth of any industry could scarcely present a more striking contrast than that of shipbuilding in this country three years ago, when near the zero mark, and to-day. If all the new vessels which are now (July, 1900) under construction in the seacoast yards, were afloat, stem touching stern, they would make a solid line about twelve miles in length, and if the ships built on the great lakes and inland waters were added, they would stretch the line to fifteen miles.

This, we remark again, is not an infant industry. Furthermore, it has not been standing idle waiting for congress to appropriate money for its benefit. And while, if congress is to go on a search for places to spend public money, a subsidy would doubtless stimulate shipbuilding considerably, there is in this statement of facts incontrovertible proof, to our mind, that the shipbuilding industry, if left alone, will go forward as rapidly as it may be safely increased, consistently with a healthy and solid growth.

Certainly, if any one should be disposed to favor governmental aid it might be expected that such a position would be assumed by a newspaper representative in a larger sense of the shipbuilding industry. But Marine Engineering evidently sees no necessity for the distribution of public money among American shipbuilders, for it says that in view

> Of such marvelous development, and in a country with such brains, mechanical skill, financial capacity, cheap raw material, and such a positive necessity for a merchant marine, who dares question that the United States will at once take first rank as a shipbuilding nation, and in each year from now on the 500,000 new tonnage of 1900 will be the annual increase over the previous year?

And all this without waiting for any artificial aids of any kind, whether of subsidy, or protection, but solely on the basis of legitimate demand and unsubsidized ability to supply it.

Mr. Willard is pretty smooth himself. A seven thousand dollar place and not a single politician even suspected him.

MR. BABCOCK AND PROTECTION

We sincerely hope that Congressman Babcock is not a "young-man-afraid-of-his-horses." He has no doubt received a good deal of pounding from members of his own party since he introduced his bill to remove the duties on iron and steel and put the products of the great steel combine on the free list.

There are republicans who regard our system of protection a good deal as the African regards a fetish. It isn't the principle alone that becomes sacred, even the schedules are held to be inviolable and dire disaster is expected to follow any attempt to change them in any particular. But, happily, that sentiment is now not often met with. Even among high protectionists the idea is gaining ground that the system of protection exists for the benefit of the country and not the country and the system for the benefit of the protected. Mr. Babcock is certainly in line with the intelligent sentiment of the country when he proposes to put on the free list the products of this giant industry, which competes successfully in all the markets of the world, even against discriminating duties. By doing so Mr. Babcock may continue to be a protectionist, upholding and supporting the principle although exercising intelligent and patriotic discrimination as to its application. He is now, however, protecting the people rather than the industry, which has outgrown any necessity for such protection, and which has shown itself quite capable of abusing the privileges and advantages which the protective system have afforded it.

Having had the courage to present a bill intended to remove a duty which, because there are no imports, produces no revenue, and the only effect of which is to aid a great manufacturing industry to charge more for its products at home than it does abroad, it is to be hoped that he will have the sand to stand by his proposition, for certainly that is the proposition which is going to win in the long run, and Mr. Babcock might as well have the credit, and deserve it, of leading his party into a position which it is bound to take some day, whether willingly or by force of circumstances.

THE KANSAS WAY

The abandonment of legal methods by the prohibitionists of Kansas and the employment of the hatchet and the battering ram, instead of legally constituted means, to suppress the liquor traffic in Kansas is producing its legitimate results. The resort to violence and mob methods by so-called temperance people, following the example of Mrs. Nation, is producing a state of things in some towns in that state little short of anarchy. The saloon men have retaliated and it is now a test of strength between violence on one side and violence on the other, to the shame and embarrassment of all good citizens. The cause of temperance has nothing to gain by the Nation policy, but everything to lose, and it is losing it fast. The longer this reign of violence continues in Kansas the more it emphasizes the failure of state prohibition as a means of regulating men's appetites. And it is the appetite which puts the saloon into Kansas and nothing else. As long as the appetite exists it will be there.

Ex-Senator Gilbert A. Pierce died this morning at the age of 65 years. Mr. Pierce has been prominent in politics and in newspaper work for a good many years. The story of his life is told in the news columns to-day, and The Journal wishes to say a word of tribute of respect to the memory of a man who through long years of life made conspicuous by his public and professional engagements, maintained an honorable record and leaves to his children the heritage of a good name. Gil Pierce, as he was familiarly known, was a man of excellent ability, and, as a newspaper man, efficient both in executive and editorial work. He began his public service as a soldier and rose to the rank of colonel. He was taken from active newspaper work by President Harrison to fill the office of territorial governor of Dakota, and on the organization of North Dakota was honored by the people of that state by being chosen one of the first senators. On the expiration of his senatorial term he returned to newspaper work, becoming editor of the Tribune in this city. But failing health made it necessary for him to surrender a task which was too heavy for him. He never fully recovered his strength and though a man naturally of vigorous and active mind was of late compelled by reason of ill health to limit his efforts to a much narrower sphere than he would otherwise have chosen. His home at the time of his death was in Chicago but he is mourned by a large circle of friends in this city and the northwest.

Bird's-eye View of J. P. Morgan

Indefatigable industry and the knowledge that enables him to sieze the golden opportunity just when it is ripening and while the other party is waiting for it to drop, are among the characteristics of J. Pierpont Morgan. Externally Mr. Morgan is a tallish man, with growing abdominal development, brown eyes and carbuncled nose, yellow skin and "an address of grim incisiveness." He belongs to the intense type of American living the strenuous life, exulting in it and prepared to smile out of existence anyone who cherishes other ideals. So many-sided is Mr. Morgan that we have as many diverse sketches of the man as there are people who have attempted what is rather unpleasantly called "writing him up."

Mr. Morgan is a good type of what might be called the financial Roosevelt. "Seizing the mighty grizzly bear in his tremendous grasp," writes the correspondent-on-the-spot, "Mr. Roosevelt held the struggling animal aloft in the air until he starved to death." So Mr. Morgan seizes the transcontinental railroad and holds it away from its terminal point until it ceases to struggle. All this is done without effort. There is no vulgar display of knotted muscles and perspiration.

In reality the soul already possesses all there is, but it does not clearly see it, and it desires to make the assurance doubly sure by obtaining the symbols thereof. This mighty thought is pictured out clearly in every incident of Mr Morgan's life. Loving dogs, but not satisfied with an American dog simply, Mr. Morgan must possess the best dog in the world. To satisfy this longing Mr. Morgan's kennels are crowded with imported $100,000 pups with brass medals and pedigrees running back to the dog that Noah took into the ark. Yet if Mr. Rockefeller buys a $150,000 dog, to Mr. Morgan his own dogs become merely sausage meat and the world is ransacked for a $200,000 dog. Of course it is found. Nearly everybody knows of a dog owned by his neighbor that he would freely give $200,000 to have carried as far away as New York.

The same is true of books. The ordinary book is no book to Mr. Morgan. It must be "a folio of 1623" or something absolutely unique, something that will make the British museum lie awake nights. As to bindings Mr. Morgan is particular. No goat ever cultivated too fine a skin to furnish his morocco; no gold decoration is too elaborate; but let Mr. J. J. Hill obtain a finer or more unique copy and away goes Mr. Morgan's library to the second-hand store. Among the unique manuscripts secured by Mr. Morgan is the list kept by Noah, in his own handwriting, of the animals that went into the ark, this list containing the check marks made by the patriarch. He also has an autograph copy of the almanac in which Caesar looked up the ides of March to see on what days they would fall.

It is unnecessary to go into all the lines of business or pleasure carried out by this colossus of modern achievement. But he stands as a living example to all young Americans of a man who has become so neatly caught in the web of affairs that he cannot let go even if he wants to.

The same is true of Mr. Rockefeller. Having secured what is called on the plains a "tailholt" on existence, it is unsafe to cling on, but it is a thousand times unsafer to let go. One of the old poets told of a man of a contented mind who "having nothing, yet had all." There is another type of mind which "having everything, yet has nothing."

Possibly Mr. Morgan has not secured this "tailholt" without having some "letting-go" places—some nice soft spots—carefully picked out. If so, so much the better.

In any event Mr. Morgan's life is full of lessons, useful and otherwise, but you will have to pick them out for yourself. We charge extra for morals.

Alexander Graham Bell, special agent of the census bureau, reports that there are 111,000 deaf mutes in the United States. There are a great many more than that who "can't hear" when they are touched for a five.

The new king unbosomed a three-fourths-of-a-column speech. He has several laps to spare compared with a presidential message, but perhaps Edward desires to have his stuff read.

The state of Michigan is preparing to plant 317,000,000 fish in Lake Michigan. Among all these, that one "that got away" will continue to be the largest.

Everybody seems to agree, despite his death, that ex-King Milan was one of the meanest old scoundrels that ever got into the king row.

Some lady doctor is giving it out that the man who stays at home evenings never catches the grip. It might pay to try it once.

It seems pretty clear that the city ought to get some fines out of some of the Day-Hamilton witnesses as drunks and disorderlies.

Chicago is disinfecting some of the books in the public library. The contents of a good many of them need the cleansing fires.

If you will get it thoroughly into your mind that the grip leaves town after Feb. 15 you will get well on the 16th. Try it.

In about one minute after Mrs. Nation gets back she will quiet down papa, who is now threatening to secede.

The national convention of tailors at Philadelphia declared Raglan overcoats in bad form. Don't be bluffed.

Another gentleman in khaki found Do Wet and has neglected to come back.

Don't forget to order a Bartoon book before they are gone.—Adv.

The old-fashioned winter man has thrown up his job.

A Beauty Spot.

To the Editor of The Journal.

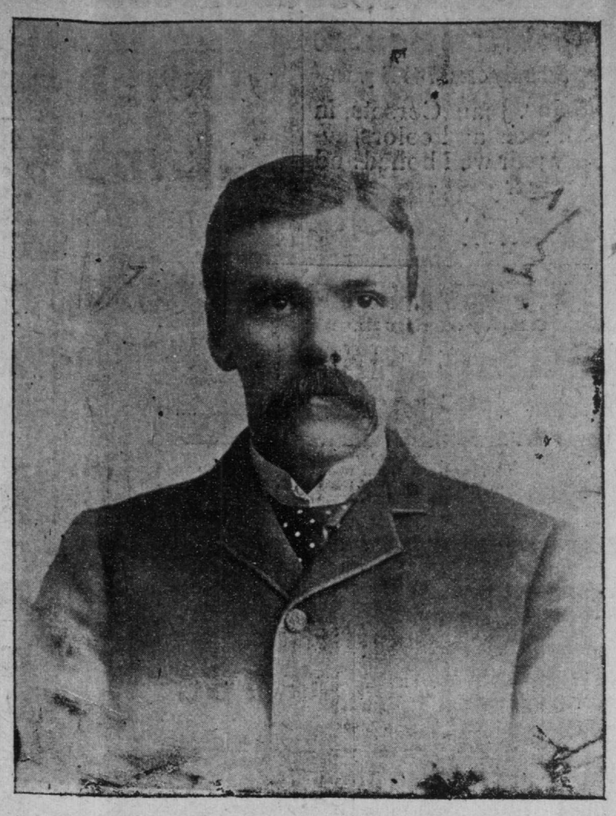
Minneapolis has much to be proud of in the superior architecture of her public and private buildings, and in the system of parks and boulevards, with the chain of lakes included, and the whole finished off by romantic Minnehaha. The old settlers who have seen the natural beauties of the city augumented by artificial aids, are justly proud of the result; but not all the opportunities for beautifying the city have been improved. In the northeastern party of the city, on the brow of the elevation near the reservoir, reached by the stret railway and the Soo railroad, are several hundred acres of unoccupied land, from the summit of which the eye may wander over the city below and over the most fertile parts of Hennepin and Anoka counties—a most beautiful parorama.

The pine and other forests of Minnesota at the present rate of destruction will soon be only a memory. Would it not, therefore, be a fortunate thing if a green crown of conifers could be placed on the brow of this hill. In summer or winter this cluster of dark green could be seen from twenty to thirty miles in different directions, and heightening the beauty of the landscape. The plantation should be fully illustrative of all the evergreens that grow and thrive in Minnesota, together with all the trees of our Minnesota forests. I make this suggestion in the hope that our authorities, who are charged with maintaining and extending our splendid park system, may be moved to consider it.

—J. S. Hawkins.

If She Only Knew.

The Empress of China would probably like civilization better if she knew more about automobile coats and pink teas



REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, THE BRILLIANT BROOKLYN DIVINE WHO WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE ARTICLES IN "THE CURRENT TOPICS CUB," TO COMMENCE IN THIS PAPER NEXT MONDAY.

AMUSEMENTS

"The Singing Girl," at the Metropolitan.

Alice Nielsen, the young comic opera star who sang her way straight into the hearts of Minneapolitans two years ago, returned last night to repeat her triumph. With everything in her favor, youth, beauty, talent and health, the artist had the further inspiration to noble effort of a magnificent audience that more than filled the spacious Metropolitan. But of Miss Nielsen anon.

The opera of "The Singing Girl" must be examined from two different points of view. The librettist has done well, "but how has he done well?" Not by constructing a story that commends itself to the judgment. It is light enough, as comic opera stories should be, but it is unconvincing. From the first to the last curtain there is an unreality about it which is not particularly noticeable while the delicious notes of Herbert are sounding, but which steals upon the judgment between acts. One is conscious of splendid opportunities for effective "business" and comical situations which are unimproved in Mr. Smith's book. But while Mr. Smith's story is nothing, the entertainment he has provided is excellent. Missing the essential ingredient of interest in his book, he proceeded to make some entertaining and diverting opportunities for clever comedians. This is a great achievement in a comic opera. Mr. Smith employs three star funmakers, Joseph Cawthorn, Joseph Herbert and John C. Slavin, and, as if fearful of falling short in good measure, he has put funnyisms by the dozen into the pretty mouth of the prima donna herself, saucy, girlish, playful little woman that she is. And how she enjoys these bits of comedy suggestive of burlesque houses of the "ten, twenty, thirty" sort, and how the fashionable Metropolitan audience sat convulsed at the innovation. These were "bits," in a full, well-rounded, highly meritorious entertainment, replete with music of a high order.

Victor Herbert has scored a decided success in the score of "The Singing Girl," a fact which was plain to the delighted audience that heard the music last evening. "This is music," "Nothing trashy about this," "Isn't it grand?" "I wish I could hear it over a half dozen times, so I could fully appreciate it," are sample expressions such as were heard on every hand. The music is first of all "musicianly," and the stamp of a thorough workman is on it all. No trashy jingles, that pall upon the ear almost before the orchestra has indicated their theme, but real music that swells and grows, blossoms and blooms in glorious harmonies, such is the music of Herbert. Of the whistleable numbers, "Love is Tyrant" perhaps realizes the greatest possibilities, although there are many numbers of surpassing beauty, just difficult enough to be tormentingly elusive.

The story of the opera hinges upon an odd old law in a certain Austrian town which has it that if a man is caught kissing a girl he must straightway marry her. If he refuses, he must go to jail. If she will have none on't, she must to a nunnery. The opportunities, as was said before, growing out of this state of things are not taken advantage of by the librettist. However, by a sort of Twelfth Night trick, he induces some funny complications. The singing girl who is about to be married to the chief of police, a German sputterer beautifully hit off by Joseph Cawthorn, changes clothes with her highly impossible little brother, and then of a sudden she is compelled to marry a haughty lady by the duke's command. This Duke Rodolph, impersonated by Eugene Cowles of Bostonian fame, is a dignified and potent officer, whose character is poorly limned by the bookmaker, but luckily Mr. Smith had nothing to do with the other and more important part of Mr. Cowles' duties. His two songs are superb, and his clear basso was never heard in more stirring numbers.

Richie Ling, as Count Otto, the love-lorn individual seeking "his beloved," sang in excellent voice and made a most favorable impression. He has a pure tenor, not particularly powerful, but sweet and clear and well adapted for light opera.

Joseph Herbert as an eccentric old prince, who wants to marry the lady of quality in the opera, is a very laughable character, and his songs and jink-jinks were well received. Cawthorn and Slavin ably assisted him, the latter's acrobatic maneuvers keeping the audience in a continual uproar. The "chair" song of this trio in the last act was one of the richest things ever seen on the local stage.

The great charm of "The Singing Girl" is the charm that attaches to the personality of a sweet, talented girl. The audience felt allured by the song of Miss Nielsen in the second act. It was one of those pure soprano efforts, bird-like and melodious, that held the audience breathless during that portion of it where the young artist capered before the footlights, her forceful, magnetic personality imposed on her audience. "The Singing Girl" ruled like a wizard the world of the heart in this one effort.

The distinguishing thing about the opera is the magnificent work of the company and orchestra. Not a false note, not an imperfect attack was noticeable. The company carries its own fine orchestra and does not depend on hasty, inadequate rehearsals by local musicians. The result is a well-nigh perfect rendition of the music as the composer designed it. The ensemble effects produced were poured forth full and clear as from a golden-throated cornet in the hands of a master. In nearly all of the songs, the well-trained chorus swelled the volume of harmony.

Another feature of the opera which deserves special mention was the superb costuming. The chorus, big, good-looking and talented, showed like a costly painting in the handsome second act, where the wedding festivities are celebrated. No prettier effects would seem to be possible with light and color adorning the female form divine. The male chorus is composed of tall men, who, dressed in the rich caparisons of the German soldiery, made bright pictures.

Frank L. Perley, manager of the company, will shortly take the present company to Europe, and it will be billed as "the first light opera company of the world." Judging from the magnificent work of "The Singing Girl" people last evening, Mr. Perley's proud boast is not vain. —W. A. D.

Foyer Chat.

Next week something out of the ordinary is promised at the Metropolitan. It is the magnificent production of Sardou's "Theodora." The title role calls for the portrayal of pretty nearly every human emotion, and is played by Mrs. Minnie Tittle Brune, one of the most charming women and finished actresses of the decade. The costuming is especially picturesque and costly. There is among the special features a four-horse Roman standing race, in which Mrs. Brune perilously participates, standing over two horses, with a foot on each. The horses run on machines and with the aid of a panorama appear to progress at a terrific speed.

But three more performances remain of the engagement at the Bijou of Frederick Warde. To-night "Richelieu" will be the bill. For the Saturday afternoon matinee, Mr. Warde will repeat "Hamlet." His impersonation is much commented upon as a consistent and artistic characterization. The curtain will rise promptly at 2:15. For the final performance on Saturday evening, the bill will be "Othello," and instead of appearing in the title role, as on Tuesday evening, Mr. Warde will present the role of Iago and Walter Bentley will be cast as Othello.

Fulgora's Star Specialty company, a combination embracing the best of European and American novelty and talent, a rare array of good things, will be at the Bijou next week. Kara, a famous European juggler, who performs the most bewildering and graceful feats, will create a sensation. Another important feature is Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, artistic delineators of refined rural comedy, who will present "A Bit of Real Life." Tom Lewis and Sam J. Ryan, whose delineations of legitimate and negro comedy are gems, are sure of a rousing welcome. Brothers Herne, in "Substitution," have a most mystifying act. Polk and Kollins are accomplished banjo players. Zeb and Zarrow appear in a sensational bicycle act. Edna Collins, the phenomenal whistler, and Hayman and Hayman, character comedians and originators of illustrated parody songs, conclude the program.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row.

Mr. Carnegie's Future.

Feb. 15.—Andrew Carnegie is counting on being able to spend a million a month in public benefactions, as soon as the big steel deal, involving his interests, is settled. Then he will have nothing to do but enjoy life in his not too elaborate style, and to contribute to the construction of innumerable libraries and similar institutions. Mr. Carnegie's annual income from the present Carnegie bonds foots up a full $5,000,000 a year, his income from investments entirely removed from the steel trade amount to half that sum, while the income in prospect from bonds to be given him for his present controlling interest in the stock of the Carnegie company is expected to reach $7,500,000 more, giving him the enormous income of $15,000,000 annually. Out of this sum, intimates of the great ironmaster declare he is counting on using $3,000,000 annually for his personal expenses and the expenses of his family and associates, reserving $12,000,000, or a million a month for benefactions. If that rate of expenditures is maintained, there will be from fifty to one hundred new libraries constructed each year in the United States from Carnegie foundations, to say nothing of the number of church organs that will be installed. And at the same time there will be no questions arising as to funds to properly conduct the Carnegie home at 5 West Fifty-first street. The list of libraries and institutions to which Carnegie money has been contributed within the last three years is a formidable one, and yet during that entire period not more than half as much money has been donated by the Scotchman as the annual expenditure he now has in mind. For many months Mr. Carnegie has been desirous of throwing off all responsibilities in connection with the workings of his great interests and to give his remaining years entirely to erecting monuments in all parts of the country, so that the name of Carnegie will long linger after he has passed away. It is true that Mr. Carnegie has not been obliged to give more than general attention to the affairs of business, especially since the election of Charles M. Schwab to be president of the Carnegie company. Nevertheless it has for months been his ambition to drop everything, and apparently he is now in a position to carry out his desires. Incidentally, Fifty-first street will be the Mecca for persons interested in library projects.

Wu and the Race Question.

Minister Wu insists upon it that he never gave any newspaper man a statement to the effect that intermarriage of blacks and whites would effectually do away with the race question in this country. While at a dinner of the Silk Association of America at Delmonico's a couple of nights ago, Wu took the trouble to leave the banquet table and devote himself to the newspaper men present for the sole purpose of destroying the impression that he stood for any such sentiments as had been attributed to him. Our unfortunate Chinese minister has been placed in many difficult positions of late because of statements being either misquoted or misunderstood by the the American people. So wary has he become from this, that at the Silk Association dinner Wu refrained from making anything of a speech, fearing he might he misquoted. As to the black-and-white interview, he says he recently gave a reporter for a Cleveland paper an interview, during which the newspaper man brought up the race question. During the interview Wu says he told the reporter that in China the half-castes had the brighter children, and that there the marriage of white people to Chinese was regarded favorably. The distinguished Chinaman says he made no remarks about the race question beyond that, and with his knowledge of American customs, would not presume for an instant to advise us on such a matter. Now our celestial after-dinner speaker is wondering what next he will have to deny.

The Dewey Arch.

After many delays, changes and hitches in the proceedings, it now looks as though New York would get a permanent edition of the Dewey arch after all, only it will be called the Naval arch instead of after the gentleman who poked holes in the pride of Spain at Manila bay. The project of constructing a permanent arch in Battery park, to be used as a sort of gateway to America, is now in the hands of the Naval Alumni Association's committee, which sonsists of Rear Admiral Erben, Park Benjamin, Lewis Nixon and Thomas C. Wood. This committee has suggested to the ctiy that an appropriation of $500,000 should be made towards the arch and Mayor Van Wyck has frankly given it as his opinion that the city should give twice that sum for the purpose, with a like appropriation from the federal government. In addition, the mayor has pledged his support for the Battery park site. Already Admiral Dewey and the municipal art commission have decided on the site as the best suited for the arch, and the members of the commission now consider the rest of their work to be plain sailing. By placing the magnificent arch at the place named, it would be at the junction of two great waterways—the East and the North rivers—and could be seen from all parts of the harbor and bay. Then, too, it will not be dwarfed by the high buildings adjacent to Battery park, no matter how high they may be constructed. The site, with the arch completed, would make an ideal place for the reception by the authorities of distinguished visitors from abroad. A road could be laid out directly from the landing at the waterside to the arch, thus making the site an ideal one in every respect.

The Beggars' Union.

Alas, the Beggars' union in this city will be speedily obliged to pass inronclad ordinances concerning the government of its members, or else the profession will not long remain in its present profitable state. Revelations of the last few days have done much to discredit the "panhandlers" in the eyes of the public. No longer does the public gladly throw its small change at the modest "requesters," but, instead, looks askance at every insinuation that the production of coin would be acceptable. And all because of the unwisdom of a few criminally careless members of the brotherhood. One of these individuals was foolish enough to be arrested a few nights ago, and when searched at the stationhouse, was found to have in his possession $56 in cash, together with bankbooks and stock certificates worth about $250,000. At the time of his arrest the man was begging in front of the Imperial hotel, wheezing out a long story of his being sick and having a family dependent on him. Hardly had the police of the tenderloin station recovered from this shock when they were informed of the death of an old white-haired and bearded man who for years sat at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second stree, in the same precinct, grinding out so-called tunes from an antiquated organ, while beside him sat a dog, holding a basket in his mouth to catch the coins of passers-by. The old man had starved the dog and himself to death but left $25,000, the earnings of the combination during the years he had appealed to the charity of the Broadway night crowds. His money was in a tenement and in savings banks. Not only this, but on top of it all came the arrest of a man for maintaining a school for juvenile mendicants. There wayward boys were taught to beg until the police learned of the place and put its owner behind the bars.

—N. N. A.

THE VALUE OF THE DUKE

BY F. K. SCRIBNER.
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Considerable excitement was aroused in social circles of Washington and New York by the announcement that His Grace Feodor, duke of Moghilev, was about to visit the United States. The duke was as impecunious as he was blue-blooded, and as extravagant and dissolute as either. He was closely connected by blood with the imperial family, and held a high court appointment, the salary of which possibly covered one-fifth the expenses of his establishment. In sixteen years of unparalleled extravagance he had managed to run through the incomes of his vast entailed estates and to mortgage everything mortgageable. Thus his project of an American tour won the approval of all the friends to whom he confided it, for a rich marriage would rehabilitate him.

He sailed from Bremen on the 7th of September, accompanied by half a dozen personal attendants. On arriving at New York the party proceeded at once to the hotel, where apartments had been engaged by cable, and his grace shut himself up in his rooms. At 8 o'clock he dined, and at 10 he again retired, dismissing his valet. At 10 o'clock the next morning the servant entered with the customary matutinal chocolate, but the duke was not there. Nor was he anywhere to be found.

The dismay of the hotel proprietor was extreme. The whole hotel was turned upside down. All the servants were questioned, but none had seen the duke since last evening. Two detectives came up at once, and an hour later the consul himself appeared on the scene. The Russian consul-general cabled an account of the strange disappearance to St. Petersburg, and the minister of foreign affairs in that city sent a reply to Washington, diplomatically regretting the carelessness of the United States in losing sight of their distinguished guest. To this Secretary Foster replied in terms of equal regret for the untoward event, disclaimed all knowledge of the duke's whereabouts, and declared that everything possible was being done to unravel the mystery. In fact, fifty Pinkerton and government secret service men were put on the work, and for three weeks toiled assiduously on this most puzzling case of the decade—without result. Meanwhile a new sensation filled the newspapers, and the public forgot to speculate on the duke's fate.

It was just twenty-four days after the arrival of the duke in New York that a letter, addressed to the minister of the imperial household, was received at the government offices in St. Petersburg. His private secretary opened it, and passed it on to his master. It was typewritten, even to the signature:

"New Orleans, U. S. A., Sept. 31.

"General Count Vorontzoff-Dashkoff, Minister of the Imperial Household and Imperial Domains:

"I have the honor to inform your lordship that we hold the person of his grace the Duke of Moghilev in our possession, and will surrender him on payment of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, as follows:

"(1) The money to be paid by draft on the Bank of England made payable to bearer.

"(2) The draft to be given to our agent at 10 a. m., Nov. 15, 1894, in room No. 35, Hotel de Luz, Havana, Cuba, together with a safe conduct signed by the minister of justice, guaranteeing the bearer for twenty-four hours from arrest.

"(3) If these conditions are strictly complied with the duke will be presented unharmed five minutes after payment of the ransom. In case of treachery or delay he will be shot by his guards and full details of the affair communicated to the American and European press.

—"James Adam Elliot."

It was the last sentence that produced the chief effect. Unquestionably, Duke Feodor was not worth half a million dollars to any one, but he was the czar's kinsman, and it would never do to have the newspapers all over the world publishing stories of the emperor's carelessness of the lives of his family.

Six of the cleverest government secret service detectives, with Chief Inspector Sergius Vortefsky, were sent to Havana. At the same time a picked force of American and Spanish detectives was placed at Russia's disposal in America and Cuba.

On the twenty-third day of October a second letter was received in St. Petersburg from "James Adam Elliot," bearing a Jamaica postage stamp, but no date. It was typewritten like the first, and simply reiterated the former demands. There was a note inclosed, however, from the lost duke himself. This brief epistle corroborated the statements of the typewritten letter, appealed for rescue at any cost, and was signed in so characteristic a hand that experts pronounced it genuine beyond the shadow of a doubt.

This seemed to place the actual kidnapping of the duke beyond question, and Count Vorontzoff-Dashkoff caused a hundred thousand pounds to be deposited in the Bank of England, and a draft for the amount to be sent to Sergius Vortefsky, in Havana. A safe conduct was also made out and mailed to the same person, both documents arriving on the 13th of November.

As the appointed day grew near the excitement of those engaged in the affair grew more intense. The best detectives of three nations had been unable to find the slightest trace of either the duke or his captors. The Hotel de Luz at Havana was half filled with police officers in one disguise or another, the Plaza del Vapor outside was patrolled, and the railroad stations were closely watched.

On the 14th of November the detectives took possession of rooms 34 and 36 on either side of 35, and bored small observation holes through the dividing partitions. The window, which was thirty feet above the ground, was commanded by four or five officers, apparently smoking and lounging on the flat roof of a house across the way. In the street below were other men keenly alert for any suspicious movement. But up to 8 o'clock in the evening No. 35 remained empty, though the landlord declared that it had been engaged by letter some days before.

At half past 8, a tall, sunburnt, black-bearded and roughly dressed man entered the hotel, and was shown up the spiral stair to No. 35. He had all the appearance of a planter from the country, and carried a clumsy leather satchel. He was closely scrutinized by the detectives as he passed, but it was judged inadvisable to risk any premature action. The stranger at once locked himself into No. 35, lit the gas and sat down to read a Spanish newspaper, while the officers watched him cat-like through the gimlet-holes.

At 10 o'clock he went to bed. At 8 a. m. he arose, dressed himself, and proceeded to eat a couple of bananas taken from his valise. Then he again took up his paper and read for an hour and a half.

At 10, precisely, Sergius and his companions went out into the hall, and knocked gently at the door of No. 35. It was at once opened slightly, and the stranger peered out.

"Give me the paper," he said, without hesitation. Sergius handed him the safe conduct, and the man, after carefully perusing it, came out into the hall, as if satisfied.

"You are punctual," he said in French. "Have you the draft? If so, please give it to me."

"Wait a moment!" cautiously replied Sergius. "Where is the duke? When will he be here, if I pay you the money? How do we know, in fact, that you have him at all?"

"You don't know it," answered the other. "But give me the draft, and in five minutes he will be where I stand now."

"And if not——?" said the detective.

"If not, well, you have me well surrounded here, I have no doubt. I swear that your friend will be given up unharmed on payment of the money—not otherwise."

He held out his hand for the draft, and, after a moment's cogitation on the justice of the man's remarks, the Russian gave it to him. He immediately retired to the room again and locked the door, while the detectives hurried back to their post of observation, and Sergius put his eye to the peep-hole. Accustomed as he was to duplicity and fraud, what he thus saw almost made him doubt his senses.

The man was standing facing him, in the center of the room. His shaggy, black hair already lay on the table, in the form of a wig, and he was in the act of taking off the bushy beard that concealed the greater part of his face. Its removal at once revealed the unmistakable features of—Duke Feodor!

For a moment that Russian was paralyzed beyond the power of action. Then the thought flashed through his brain that the foreigners with him must not know of this national disgrace. If they waited for the appearance of the duke some suspicions might arise. There were only Russians in No. 36, but with him were two Americans and a Spaniard. He beckoned to these, and spoke in a whisper.

"Now! Now's our time! Quick!"

"What for?" queried the detectives, naturally surprised.

"To arrest him. Come along!"

"But the safe conduct?"

"Never mind that! I'll be responsible."

He led the men hastily from the room and the dangerous neighborhood of the peep-holes.

The duke was chuckling at the success of his scheme, and was just about to wash the artificial sunburn from his face and neck when a sudden and insistent knocking sounded again at the portal. Hurriedly replacing beard and wig, he opened the door an inch, but it was instantly forced wide, the detectives poured in and the Russian inspector collared the astonished man. The duke was hustled down the stairs, followed by the amazed detectives, out to the plaza, and into a cab, with Sergius and another Russian.

"To the Russian consulate!" cried Sergius, and the vehicle disappeared at a gallop around the corner of the hotel.

Late in November the people of two continents were surprised to hear that his grace the Duke of Moghilev had reappeared in Havana, and had already sailed for Europe. In explanation of his disappearance it was officially announced that he had been engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring the most absolute secrecy, and even necessitating a disguise. This explanation, however, was almost universally discredited by the American press, which rioted once more in murderous Nihilist plots against the whole Russian imperial family.

Too Much Rejoicing.

A Kansas druggist publicly poured all his liquors into the street amid the rejoicing of a multitude of people. How many of the spectators had tin cups along the dispatches do not say, but the fact that so many rejoiced is at least sufficient to create a suspicion.

Something Wrong.

There is something wrong with the first jurors in the Hamilton murder case. They don't look like anarchists or ignoramuses.