NEW YORK JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month.....40
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year.....$4.50
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month.....20
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year.....$2.00
SUNDAY, Alone, Per Year.....$1.50

Three times the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.

In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

Persons desirous of organizing clubs of subscribers for the New York Journal will receive full information concerning special rates, etc., by addressing "Circulation Department, the New York Journal, New York."

THE WEATHER.

Partly cloudy; northeast winds.

Hon. Tom Watson seems to have started out with a firm determination to talk Mr. Sewall off the ticket.

Oom Paul now has an opportunity to do the graceful thing by circulating a petition for Dr. Jim's pardon.

A judicial body that can be "electioneered" into changing its decision ought to be able to stand a little criticism.

Dr. Jim Jameson will go into retirement for fifteen months, but he will emerge from prison with a valuable martyr franchise.

he indications are that the German will be able to deliver itself this r without the assistance of any of professional custodians.

Those newspapers that screech about "Bryan and riots" ignore the fact that there was more rioting and more ordering out the troops while McKinley was Governor of Ohio than at any other period in the history of that State.

Mr. Quay has been at Harrisburg trying to secure the pardon of John Bardsley, Philadelphia's defaulting city treasurer. Bardsley used to be a valuable collector of campaign funds, and his services are doubtless needed in the work of "preserving the nation's credit."

AN ADMIRER OF THE COURT.

When the Sun denounces the Democratic pledge to put upon the Supreme bench a more liberal class of Judges as vacancies occur, and says that this court "constitutes the last bulwark of our common rights and privileges," it forgotten its own record. its memory a little.

When the five Supreme Court Judges that served on the Electoral Commission which seated President Hayes in 1877 divided on every question, according to their political affiliations, three always voting with the Republicans, the Sun italicized the following editorial, published on February 12:

The fury of an honest and indignant popular opinion, however, rising, as it assuredly will, like a whirlwind and a storm, may safely be trusted to drive the present nominal judges from their places upon the bench, substituting a judiciary for that political body.

So the Sun believes in a more vigorous packing of the court, when its own ox is gored, than did the Chicago Convention.

Nor is this all. On February 13, 1877, the Sun published a letter from another of the present critics of the Chicago platform, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, ending with this thrilling apostrophe: "Oh, justice, how much lower can you sink under the polluted partisan touch of * * * Miller, Bradley and Strong?" —the three Republican Justices.

On February 23, of the same year, the Sun quite outdid the Chicago platform by declaring: "It is a great misfortune, but it is a fact, that the Supreme Court of the United States no longer has the respect or the confidence of the people. When it was packed to render a particular decision in the legal tender case the popular faith in this court, once so illustrious and almost religiously esteemed, received a great shock; but now that it is a plainly and avowedly partisan body the regard for it is gone altogether."

So even before this, we are assured, the Republican party had packed the court—the party which now denounces the very thought of such a thing as revolutionary. It would hardly seem that so partisan a tribunal as the Sun here describes could be made worse by any changes the Democrats may make in the next four years.

The Sun proceeded to speak of the Supreme Court Justices as "perjurers" who had "violated not only every principle of judicature and every requirement of equity and honesty, but also 'heir oaths." This is growing interest- . On March 1 the Sun declared that facts regarding the "conspiracy " were "like the sin against the Ghost in religion, which no re- e can expiate." Two more quotas must suffice. Speaking on March 7, of the Electoral Commission, of , as has been noted, the Supreme t Judges were an important part, Sun remarked: "Their action merits and will receive the plaudits of all State prison and penitentiary inmates, with the unenumerated constituency of villains without granite walls r grated wind And on the sam day it spoke of the "infamous eight," adding: "Three of them (the three being the Supreme Court Justices) from the first act to the last in this disgraceful business, were more partisan than the politicians * * * It is not surprising that these Judges, who treated their solemn obligations as dicers' oaths, should have taken the precaution, at the outset, to exclude reporters from their secret sessions, and thus to deny a betrayed people the poor privilege of seeing the record of their treachery and perjury."

The Chicago plank relative to the Supreme Court sounds tame after reading this. If the Democratic party had been a closer reader of the Sun in the past it might have done better.

TAMMANY IN LINE.

By a practically unanimous vote the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall has decided to give a hearty support to the Chicago ticket. From the objurgations elicited from the bolting press by this action one might suppose that the Tammany leaders had heedlessly plunged into a disastrous feud with the masses of their supporters; that their course was the outcome of blind stupidity, and that its result would be to leave the organization a body of officers without privates.

The truth is that the Wigwam had no choice. Tammany is supposed to be, and is, a boss-ridden body, but there are limits to the powers of bosses. A boss may rule in details, but he rules through votes, and he cannot set himself in opposition to the profoundest feelings of the voters. He must stoop to conquer. He must be popular, or he cannot be powerful. In the present case, instead of precipitately committing themselves to the support of Bryan against the wishes of the rank and file of the organization, the Tammany leaders delayed the indorsement as long as they dared. They had succeeded in taking a nearly solid gold delegation to Chicago, but in that they had strained their power over their followers to its utmost limit. To attempt to carry Tammany Hall over to McKinley or to a bolting "sound money" ticket would have been certain political suicide for themselves and perhaps destruction for the organization.

The members of the Executive Committee took time to test thoroughly the sentiments of their constituents. They did not act until they had become positively assured, not only that they would be sustained if they did, but that they would be destroyed if they did not. Their action foreshadows the certain result of the Democratic State Convention. Bryan and Sewall are stronger in the interior than in the metropolis, and they are so strong in the metropolis that the opposition to them could not carry open Democratic primaries in a single assembly district in Greater New York. The dream of an imposing secession of the regular organizations of all the Eastern States has dissolved. The bolters in the East will stand on the same footing with the bolters in the West. Not a single regular Democratic State organization in the Union will be found arrayed against the Chicago ticket. There may be reservations in the Eastern mind about some parts of the platform, but the ticket will be loyally supported everywhere. The Democracy remains a national party. The attempt to sectionalize it has failed.

BONDS AND CONSOLS.

The scheme of the charter makers to saddle the city with a perpetual debt is one that ought not to be adopted without very careful consideration. There are two ways of avoiding the inconvenience of bonds maturing at fixed dates. One is to make the debt permanent, so that redemptions can be effected only by purchases in the open market, and the other is to make the obligations redeemable at the pleasure of the issuing authority. The former plan is the one favored by the Greater New York Commissioners; the latter was adopted by Secretary Windom in refunding Government bonds in 1881, and was found to be extremely convenient.

The chief demerit of the permanent "consol" plan is that it makes high credit a disadvantage when a government wants to pay its debts. The better the financial position of the government, and the greater its surplus revenue, the higher goes the price of its securities in the market, and the more it has to pay for the privilege of redeeming them. When it is in need it sells its obligations cheap; when it is prosperous it buys them back dear. British consols, issued at less than par, were quoted yesterday at 113½ and upward. If American bonds were issued, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, they would never vary far from par. They could not go far above, for the fear of redemption would prevent the development of an excessive premium. They would not go far below, if the rate of interest were normal, because they might be paid at their face value at any moment. This would be a desirable situation. It would give the Government complete control of its debt, and enable it to use its surplus revenues at any time in paying off its obligations at the same rate, dollar for dollar, at which it borrowed. The same principle, of course, would apply to the city debt of New York.

RAILROAD MASSACRES.

The dreadful railroad disaster near Atlantic City should quicken the agitation for legislation that shall not only prohibit the crossing of streets at grade, but shall prohibit the crossing of one road by another at grade. Many more accidents result from the former cause than from the latter, but the occasion for both should be taken away. The travelling public, however, can take renewed courage from the thought that only one passenger is injured for a mileage of travel equal to seven hundred round trips from New York to San Francisco, and only one killed for every five to ten thousand such trips, varying in different years. Over ten times as many are killed each year when track walking or stealing rides as when riding as ordinary passengers.

What should especially concern us is the army of about 27,000 yearly killed or injured among railroad employes. This amounts to an accident equal to that at Atlantic City every two weeks. These are the returns of the railroads themselves to the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the reports of the accident associations of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and of other roads having such associations indicate casualties much in excess of the above figures. Somewhere between one-tenth and one-fifth of those employed in train service are injured every year. The chief cause of this carnage lies in the absence of train brakes and automatic couplers. Yet despite national legislation looking to the correction of this, only one-third of the 1,200,000 freight cars in this country are equipped with either one of these two most important safety appliances.

THE FATAL REVOLVER.

Two didn't-know-it-was-loaded homicides were reported in Thursday's papers. Later a policeman killed a boy, explaining that he had meant to scare him by shooting over his head. Such incidents, which happen too often to attract any particular attention, may serve to remind us that laws which confine their terrors to criminal intentions are incomplete. The most dangerous criminal is often the man who means well. In handling firearms, particularly, the intention may be all essential from the point of view of the plan of salvation, but to the person who is shot it is less important than the location of the bullet.

Experience has made it clear that newspapers, schools and colleges are powerless to reduce the numbers of people who blow out the gas, buy gold bricks, drink carbolic acid for whiskey, and shoot their neighbors with unloaded pistols. The gas-blowers, brick-buyers and acid-drinkers may be left to themselves. The punishment in their case is accurately adjusted to the crime. But when a person playfully blows off the top of a companion's head, and then explains regretfully that he didn't know the gun was loaded, the consequences are not satisfactorily distributed. The aid of the law is needed to redress the balance.

What we need is a law making it a criminal offence to point a firearm of any description, loaded or unloaded, at anybody in any circumstances in which it would not be justifiable to shoot. Every such weapon should be presumed to be always loaded, as in fact it always is when there is a chance of doing any harm. Then there would be no occasion to worry over intentions, and the rollicking humorists who joke with death might eventually be discouraged.

It is highly desirable, too, to teach policemen how to use their revolvers, and when not to use them. The officer who killed Frank Wollweber on Thursday evidently lacked instruction in both of these branches of police education. He did not shoot straight, and he ought not to have shot at all. Policemen carry pistols for protection against desperate criminals, not for catching fugitive sneak thieves. Petty larceny is not punishable by death, even when aggravated by the crime of running away, and innocent residents of a crowded city have a right to a reasonable immunity from stray bullets. If a Texas cowboy should fire ball cartridges into the atmosphere of New York to celebrate the Fourth of July, the shocked police would run him in. Their own bullets are no more innocuous than his.

For a man who is without a following in his own county, Warner Miller managed to hang on Mark Hanna's ear for a remarkable length of time.

According to the Republican and assistant Republican newspapers, the late Charles Sumner was the most offensive "Anarchist" of them all.

Hon. Charles Foster has been denouncing the Democratic ticket. Mr. Foster will be recalled as the Republican Secretary of the Treasury who ordered the bond plates which were afterward used by Mr. Carlisle.

The "object lesson" mode of bulldozing voters who are in the employ of corporations is under way in all parts of the country. Mr. Hanna's experience in handling labor is useful in the present contest.

PRATTLE.

A Transient Record of Individual Opinion.

By AMBROSE BIERCE.

[Copyright, 1896, by the New York Journal.]

Mr. Watson, of Georgia, seems to be sincerely persuaded that the best interests of the country demand the withdrawal of Mr. Sewall, of Maine, from the Democratic national ticket. In support of this demand Mr. Watson is able to adduce one hundred cogent and convincing reasons. The first is that Mr. Sewall is rich; the ninety-nine others are that Mr. Watson himself has been named for the place sought by Mr. Sewall. Mr. Watson's patriotism and devotion are admirable, but he seems to have been incompletely apprised of the value of political decency. A candidate dowered with the gift of good taste would never have made that demand; he would have incited somebody else to make it.

O Senator Hill, that you've had your fill
Of experience, I'm not doubting,
But you never, I think, were known before
To hold your tongue for a month or more
And give your ears an outing.

Are its sins so black, the poor little jack,
That you treat it with such austerity?
At command did it ever refuse to budge
Did it ever tumble you into the sludge
As you rode it into prosperity?

When patiently spurred was it ever stirred
To a selfish, mean resistance?
Did it ever murmur when given stick,
When groomed was it ever known to kick
You to any particular distance?

This is to-day what it has to say,
Through me, its appointed commissioner:
"Restore me, please, to the light and air—
Grant only this simple, single brayer,
And ever will bray your petitioner."

I've somewhere heard it lightly averred
That a donkey's song may be ended,
And its spirit broken and made to moan
By the useful device of a heavy stone
To the tip of its tail appended.

O, Senator, dear, we are dying to hear
If you're going to vote for Bryan.
No longer permit yourself to depend
From the tail of your tongue. You must
roar, my friend,
If you'd have us believe you a lion.

I confess that these lines are not of mine own inspiration; they were suggested by the better ones following, written by the distinguished statesman and poet, Professor Jamrach Holobom, of the University of Oshkosh. That illustrious whalebacker, whose fame fills the whole world, from Chicago to Duluth, and extends out into space as far as Sioux City, and whom it is my proudest distinction to call friend, was pleased to put it this way:

See him standing, mute and pallid,
In the place where he has rallied
To reform—
David B., the whilom giant,
Once the valiant, self-reliant,
Modern Ajax, so defiant:
Of the storm!
Since the lightning at Chicago,
Howsoe'er he make his jaw go,
Naught is heard;
Not a thought he gives expression,
But remains in silent session,
Like the bird
That proclaimed the blessed going
Of the Winter with a flowing
Liquid note
Very admirably chosen,
But unfortunately frozen
In its throat.
Speak up, David, speak up, Bennett!
Don't let disappointment's rennet
Mingle with your soul, for then it
Makes a curd.
If you will not speak it, pen it—
Just a word.
You're a Democrat; but, bless you!
Do not let the thought possess you:
"That's enough."
That will not enlighten any;
Democrats there be of many
Kinds of stuff.
Some we value not a penny!
Pray you, tell us ere September
Whom you'll vote for in November
(Second week).
Men are saying: "Oh, how odd he
Hasn't sung
Since Chicago!" 'Twill upset your
Reputation. Do not let your
Able tongue
Be an honorary member
Of your honorable body;
David, speak!

So the ladies of "the upper classes" are wearing precious stones on their aristocratic insteps—emeralds, rubies and diamonds set into the stockings, and shown off with a charitable view to entertainment of the masses! Here, at least, is a truly useful and forethoughtful fashion. When the thin crust upon which these bejewelled little feet dance airy measures of infantile delight—having no better place for the performance—shall have been riven and shattered by the pent passions now weltering beneath; when the blind, brutal energies of "industrial discontent" shall have broken like straws, the fetters of law now restraining their giant animosities, and all the land lies dim and crimson in visible exhalations from tarns of blood, then—why, then these jewelled stockings may spare many a lovely dame the unhappiness of parting with her head. There will be profit enough in cutting off her legs.

The visit to New York of Markhanna, the Unveiled Prophet, is explained to his own satisfaction: he wants to ascertain the strength of the silver sentiment in the East, so that Mr. McKinley may know what financial views to hold. Mr. McKinley's views are of no earthly importance to any human being, but they are a source of unfailing interest to himself, and he wants the best. In his judgment, however, those are best which nobody wishes him to express.

The frank rascality with which candidates for high office and politicians who aspire to leadership refuse to disclose their minds until they can learn what way the political cat is going to jump, is one of the marked features of the present situation. I venture to suggest that this Presidential canvass be known in political history as "The Clam Campaign."

The California Constitution, I believe, forbids any railway or other transportation company that has lowered its rates in competition with another to raise them again. Similarly the politician who has closed his mouth for fear his opinions would run out and besmear his political linen should be forbidden by law to reopen it. That would make him sick, but the country would try to endure his indisposition with fortitude begotten of the hope of death. If the American people have any inalienable right" in addition to those of life, liberty and the pursuit of property, it is the right to hear their grand old statesmen chinning on their chins. When one of these Lords of Sound is "heard to cea ," as Joaquin Miller says, the audience that has paid for the performance, and right roundly, too, is justified in putting him out of the hall. His right to thrust his vibrant tongue into that ever-open flower, the public ear, should lapse with his first refusal to exercise it. By way of tempering justice with mercy, we might afterward concede him a license to keep his lungs in health by calling the sunset hog of the husbandman to its vespertine refection. That would somewhat resemble his present occupation of inviting himself to the trough.

The horrible accident near Atlantic City has supplied occasion for the usual statistician to show how insignificant a fraction of the travelling public is killed, or maimed on railways—a circumstance that cheers the dead and consoles the living. This dear old figure-fiend is doubtless correct; what one finds objectionable is his irritating conviction that every slaughter of this kind helps to prove it. The bloodier the mischance the more valuable evidence he seems to think it, and the more promptly he presents it. The railways do not kill as many persons as they might; but in his steadfast belief that railway travel is more wholesome than a judicious diet and more preservative than a diligent digestion our statistical friend errs. About the best that can be justly said of it is that it somewhat minifies the ravages of disease. He that has the advantage of being in a smash-up, a part of the thing smashed up—who is roasted, boiled, skewered or minced (and the methods are so various that all may be suited) seldom dies of consumption, or even of senility.

The two most notable and important of Private Cleveland's recent utterances are his filibuster proclamation in the interest of Spain and his letter of gratitude for a horse-hair fishing line. Both are documents of weight and grace, but in point of advantage the fishing line man appears to have the better of it. The letter that he got makes him feel good, whereas nothing can make Spain feel good, do good or be good. That assurance of Executive gratitude for a horse-hair fishing line is indubitably the most precious possession of the fool that made it. Moreover, it amuses the fish.

Let no rude hands disturb the deep, dark, dreamless and sonorous sleep of Tom Reed's sense of humor. We owe that death-in-life too much to risk a resurrecting touch on Mr. Speaker's "tumor"—they call it so, the wicked men who wield the unrespecting pen. We owe to it the fine and rich, though delicate, amusement which we gather from his speeches; for if his sense of humor stood on guard he never would convulse us when he preaches. O, Thomas Reed, good Thomas Reed, rare entertainment 'tis, indeed, to hear your words and heed them—to hear you gravely bear the news that "parties very seldom choose their noblest men to lead them." Because you don't recall the town and time when Hanna cut you down and withered all your flowers, those words you don't enjoy at all, but, O, upon our souls they fall like blessed Summer showers!

If China continues her too eager demand for American missionaries of the more mortal sorts it may be found expedient to find a good field for them where the consumption less closely approaches the supply. Missionaries we must send out—that is a law of nature—and in the order of business we naturally expect to lose a good many of them to attest the faith partibus infidelium; but China seems to have something of the greed of the domestic hog. She takes too many, and too few of them return to blow the cooling coals of enthusiasm. Wherefore it would seem wise to withdraw from China such missionaries as are still in the flesh, leaving the indiscreet Mongolian to perish in his pride, without a stain upon his conscience. As to where we should export them next, the experience of the single taxers points directly to Delaware. The natives are sufficiently enterprising to supply a fairly good quality of martyrdom, but they are not greedy; the martyrs return alive to civilization, bearing their blushing honors thick upon them, with here and there a contusion and a gout of addled egg. Delaware has the advantage of adjacence to the borders of Christendom, and the merit (from a missionary point of view), of a moral darkness that is "thick and slab." Let the single taxers remain there, or, just as they please, return and enjoy their wounds to a gangrene old age; but clearly the most promising field for the Christian missionary desirous of having at the same time the crown of martyrdom and a head upon which to wear it is Dover.

The good pastor at Whitesboro, who recently, while returning from a call on a sick parishioner, was shot by an accidental discharge of his revolver, would have been almost as safe in making his pastoral visits unarmed. The clerical practice of carrying deadly weapons seems to have survived its utility, anyhow. To "fight the devil with fire" may be well enough, but with firearms, no; we do not want him on the pension-roll, nor want to call him colonel. We like him better as a civilian, and, for that matter, the clergy themselves are imperfectly pleasing when mounted with guns.

It is pleasing to note that Colonel Ingersoll is "down upon" the "physiognomy" fakirs, who pretend to "read the mind's construction in the face," to do which, saith Shakespeare, "there is no art." Every physiognomist, from Lavater down, takes his own face as the highest type and judges the mental and moral excellence of other persons by that convenient standard. I once knew a bullet-headed chap who, in the same spirit, described a well-known author as having "a weak overgrowth of the head." Colonel Ingersoll, an acute and analytic observer, could hardly fail to discern the folly and imposture of a science founded upon that almost universal vanity which serves to distinguish man from the beasts that perish to supply his table. Equally gratifying is the wise agnostic's austerity toward the "palmistry" impostors. The lines of the palm, whereby these conscious rogues profess to judge character, and even read the past and the future, are simply wrinkles made by closing the hand. As all hands have the same general shape, so all have, in a general way, the same system of wrinkles; but as no two hands are exactly similar in detail, no two are wrinkled precisely alike. If a leather or India rubber hand were made and closed often enough, it would have all the lines. But whose would be the denoted character? Colonel Ingersoll may be unable to discern the infallibility of Moses, but before his considering eyes the stupid fads that engage the mindlets of the credulous disclose their nature like an opening flower. But what is this? The fellow says that hypnotism is a fraud! Well, I never heard of such ignorance and presumption!

Chevalier's Rival at Costermongery.

London, July 20.—Don't imagine that London is without a coster singer just because Albert Chevalier has been switched New Yorkwards. London has another cockney pet, and his name is Gus Elen. It is, moreover, a name to conjure with, for wherever Gus Elen is announced you will find a crowd of enthusiasts. There are people who swear by Gus Elen, who laugh at the claims of Chevalier to costermongery, and who do not hesitate to assert that the real coster is the character shown by Gus, while the stage coster has his admirable exponent in Chevalier.

So I went to the Royal, Holborn, the other night, to grapple with the knotty problem. Gus Elen was programmed as "the celebrated coster singer," and outside of the hall were elaborate lithographs showing him with all the other coster singers held in subjection in the palm of his hand. Elen was No. 10 on the bill, and as soon as the number was placed in the little guichets at the sides of the proscenium arch, a loud outburst of applause was heard. The stalls clapped lustily, from the fauteuils proceeded a glad noise of welcome, while the sixpenny people in the "area," laden with babies and sweetmeats and other delicacies, went wild with delight.

Gus Elen made his appearance very unostentatiously. No calcium illumined his coster clothes, which were far less picturesque, less be-pearl-buttoned and less artistically grimy than those worn by Albert Chevalier. Mr. Elen was the coster without any adornment, any frills, any frame, or any apology, and his songs coincided with his appearance. They were neither as pretty, as catchy, nor as fanciful as those sung by Chevalier. There was very little pathos about them, nor was there very much conspicuous humor. The singer smoked his coster pipe, of course, and indulged in the quick, jerky movements popularized in America by Chevalier, but I don't think that New Yorkers would have waxed wildly joyous over Mr. Elen, unless, of course, he had been "press-agented" into illicit prominence—a thing I have known done in one or two instances.

Albert Chevalier is the Irving, and Gus Elen the Edwin Booth of costerdom. The former would "go" anywhere on account of his delightfully convincing accessories and the magnetism of his presence; the other could hope to appeal only to his own townsmen, as the real, genuine article, served up without any high-falutin sauce, or costly framework. You needn't know London in order to appreciate Albert Chevalier. You would like him just as well if you had been born and educated in Redbank, N. J. You couldn't possibly enjoy the work of Gus Elen unless you were fairly well acquainted with the English metropolis, and had studied its slums pretty closely.

The ordinary music hall folks of London adore this coster-person. He sang three songs, and they were uproariously received. The first rejoiced in the refrain, "Till things improve he's coming to stay with us," and told of the fortunes of a shiftless coster who was fond of sponging upon his friends; the second was a waltz ditty, entitled "The Faifless Donah," in which 'Arry deplored the fickle treatment of a Whitechapel 'Arriet, who jilted him, but whom he would love for ever and ever, and the third was the exceedingly popular "It a great big shame." The first strains of the prelude to this song were instantly recognized by the audience, and Elen was applauded as much before he began to sing it, as he was after he had sung it.

He sang remarkably well, and, like Chevalier, every syllable he pronounced intelligibly. There was no mumbling, there was no semi-pronunciation. Gus Elen poured forth his jagon clearly and distinctly. The audience had the benefit of it all. Moreover, this knack of distinct enunciation is very general in London, and I wish that the comic song interpreters of New York could appreciate its value. Nobody ever expects to understand the meaning of the ditties that are hooted on New-York's roof gardens. The variety artists would be quite surprised if you suggested to them the advisability of making their words understandable. Yet what a boon intelligibility is! How much of their success do Albert Chevalier and Gus Elen owe to it. Try it, ye roof garden shriekers! Make an effort, just for once, to utter every syllable as though a life depended upon it, and—mark my words—you will find your salaries doubled next season. Then you will thank me, just as much as you are now condemning me, while you read these lines.

While Gus Elen can successfully rival Chevalier in the attentions of the Londoners, I don't imagine that New Yorkers would accept this coster interpreter, unless—as I suggested above—he were forced down their throats. Elen is absolutely lacking in glamour. He has nothing but his photographic art to back him up, and of what use is the absolutely accurate and unadorned coster to New York? In London Gus Elen's songs are more popular than those of Chevalier, which you no longer hear either hummed or whistled. Even the barrel organs in the streets and squares emit "It's a Great Big Shame," "Down the Dials" and "The Coster's Muver," although they are not extremely melodious or worth pushing along.

The rest of the programme at the Royal, Holborn, was not very entertaining. I saw our old friend, Florrie West, who shouted last season at Koster & Bial's, and who posed as the London favorite, billed as an "American comedienne." I wanted to hear her, thinking, perhaps, that she was going to do a darky song or some distinctly American ditty. Miss West, however, was quite unchanged, and gave vent to her "Ooley-ooley-oo" song and some exceedingly naughty arrangement such as the Londoners are willing to indorse. The three Delevantis, Donaldson Brothers and Ardel, in that miserable specialty called "Scenes at the Zoo;" J. H. Milburn, Marie Faudetti and Tom and Lily English were the other "attractions." The entertainment was nearly all song and dance. There were no acrobatics and no cinematographics. It was all quiet, old-fashioned and non-startling—the sort of show you could lounge around for twenty minutes and feel none the worse for. ALAN DALE.

Proof of Woman's Superiority.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Women lead in many advances. No dude has yet been bold enough to wear his necktie on the back of his neck while sober.

Poor Old Chicago.

[Boston Globe.]

Chicago is talking about running all her street cars with air motors. She already has the air.

An Early Campaign Personality.

[Chicago Record.]

More proof that this is going to be a particularly venomous campaign comes in the widely circulated report that Mr. Hobart is a confirmed golf player.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

A sporty-looking man in a smart trap drove aboard a Wall street ferryboat the other evening at a rather rapid pace. The high-stepping horse pranced on the deck and almost ran over a rather tall man, who wore a high hat. The latter grabbed the horse by the bridle, almost standing him on his haunches.

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the sporty man.

"And what do you mean, sir, by driving over people in this reckless way?" retorted the man with the high hat.

"Let go of my horse, I tell you!"

"I'll see you hanged first!"

The sporty man sprang down from his seat, whip in hand, and strode over to the man with the high hat. Other passengers began to crowd around them in anticipation of a lively mix-up.

"Let go of that horse, I say!" yelled the man with the whip.

"And I say I shant, till I get ready," was the answer.

"Well, then," howled the sporty man, throwing his whip into the trap, "just hold him for me, will you?" And he quietly walked into the cabin and sat down.

Every one aboard that ferryboat exploded with laughter—except the man with the high hat, who dropped the horse's bridle rein as though it burned him, and disappeared in the crowd of passengers.

He was a chubby little three-year-old in knickerbockers, and sailor jacket, and he stood in front of the pelican enclosure in the Central Park menagerie, his hand clasped in his mother's. The white and pink object of his admiration had just taken a dip in the miniature pond, and was standing on the brink, waving its wings gently up and down.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, "I wonder."

"Wonder what, darling?"

"I wonder what make de pelican do like dat?" and he let go her hand to wave his fat, little arms up and down in imitation of the bird.

"He does that to dry himself, Freddie," explained the mother.

"Don't de pelican have a towel, mamma?"

But mamma forbore further explanation

Domestic Dialogues.—I

"Dear?"

"H'm! Well?"

"Put down your paper a moment, p want to tell you something."

"H'm! I see; you're going to touch more money."

"Pshaw, dear. Do wait till I explain."

"Very well. Explain; but don't raise the limit. You explained last week, and it cost me $10 extra on your housekeeping account."

"Yes, dear; but this is different. You remember what you were telling me about Bryan and Sewall and their cheap money scheme?"

"H'm, h'm!"

"How their silver dollar would buy only half as much as our present honest gold-silver dollar?"

"H'm—er—well?"

"Well, I mentioned the matter to the grocer, and he said you were exactly right."

"The deuce he did!"

"Certainly he did. How can anybody deny it? You double the value of the currency and you double the price of"——

"Oh, never mind about that! Get at the dismal bottom of the plot. What did the grocer do to you—sell you his entire stock?"

"You remember how fond you are of canned gooseberries, dear?

"H'm, h'm!"

"Well, they were only 8 cents. As Bryan and Sewall will be probably elected, which will make gooseberries worth 16 cents next year, I took a hundred quarts extra. They'll keep perfectly, you know—and I need only $10 dear."

Silence, silence deep and absolute, except for the exultant ticking of a clock on the mantel.

"What is the matter, dear. Is there anything wrong with my argument?"

"H'm—er—well, here's your $10."

"But how funny you look, dear!"

"H'm—er—well, I feel funny, you know."

"But, dear, I don't understand"——

"H'm! But you would if you had read the morning paper."

"Why, dear, you don't mean"——

"Yes, I do. There are two sides to this question, and last night I was elected president of the Young Men's Bryan and Sewall Free Silver Club." C. D.

When the Bloom Is on the Swelter.

Oh, the hot wave is a melter,
And it makes us swoon and swelter
While we hustle helter-skelter
Through the city's rat-tat-tat!
And the cambric handkerchiefiet
Wont assuage our greasy griefiet,
Though assisted by the leaflet
Of the cabbage in the hat.

Oh, the hot wave now is booming,
And the atmosphere's simooming,
While old Sirius is looming,
And the ice man is on top.
While the perspiration's dropping
From the brows we're madly mopping—
On the ear the corn is popping
With a Populistic pop.

Oh, the poodle's melancholic,
And he cannot frisk and frolic,
For upon the parabolic
Now the lasso wildly tears.
And the vender's shirt front sunders
While he eloquently thunders
Of the marvels and the wonders
Of his meretricious wares.

Now the vitreous mosquito,
With the bill no man can veto—
Yea, from Dan to Sausalito,
On our nasal's rapture pent—
Oh, this diabolic hummer,
Of a rumpty-tumpty tummer,
Simply means this is the Summer
Of our disconcircustent.

Oh, we're yearning for the beaches,
Where the seagull wildly screeches,
And no bloated curbstone peaches
Full of typhoid wake our wrath.
Where the beaker, ripe and rosy,
Makes each fancy like a posy,
And we make the waiter "mosey"
For a blooming aftermath.

Oh, it's while we thus are dreaming
Of the siren on us beaming,
And her golden ringlets gleaming
On the billow rolling high,
That beneath the "incandescent,"
We perform the grind incessant
For the shekels evanescent,
To assure our daily pie.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK