

NEW YORK JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate rain in the morning, followed by clear weather.

Charlotte Smith's crusade against the bicycle gives no promise of a century run.

Hon. Hoke Smith has returned to Atlanta and resumed the practice of law and Democracy.

Mr. Sharkey is not a pioneer pugilist, but he takes to the stage like a duck takes to water.

"Breckinridge on reputation" ought to make a most inspiring battle cry for the assistant Hannaites.

A Chicago lawyer was robbed in his own office one day last week, but it required three robbers to execute the job.

It must be conceded that Uncle Sage's elevated railroad offers excellent facilities for those persons who desire to commit suicide.

General Weyer threatens to take the Cuban banks in hand. He would no doubt be regarded as a great military genius in banking circles.

It is believed that the time has arrived for Abdul Hamid to take some vigorous treatment for that Vanderbiltian "The Public Be D—d" habit.

Mr. Edwin Gould has at last convinced his Chicago contemporaries that as a match maker he will have to be taken into consideration in all future deals.

Mr. Palmer, the candidate of the Hannocracy, ought to resign that official position he holds by the grace of the Populist members of the Illinois Legislature.

Secretary of the Interior Francis announces that he will support the Indianapolis ticket. This much was expected when he took Hoke Smith's place.

The Indianapolis Convention has caused Comptroller Eckels to relapse into the prediction habit. As a prognosticator of political events, Mr. Eckels is the peer of Warner Miller.

When it is recalled that the Indianapolis Convention was called for the sole purpose of nominating a ticket to be defeated, it is not so strange that Mr. Cleveland should decline to become its nominee.

Li Hung Chang's visit has developed a good sized feud between the army and the navy. It was the admirable diplomacy of the army attendants that kept him in the cabin of the St. Louis when that vessel passed Admiral Bunces's fleet.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CAMPAIGN.

It is very significant that few, if any, of the contributors to the Journal's campaign fund for the Democratic party sign their names to the letters which accompany the contributions.

This adds some corroborative evidence to the already convincing proof that the anti-Bryan forces, including most of the employers of labor and most of the bankers, have used their power over men's livelihoods and over men's finances to suppress free expression of conviction.

Probably there was never before a campaign in which terrorism was so generally employed. The banker and the employer join in giving "object lessons," and the man who dares speak his mind discovers suddenly that he has alienated two classes of men whose good opinion is necessary to his well being.

Perhaps, however, this intolerance shown by the capitalistic classes may defeat its end. The man or woman who sends a dollar or two to the Journal's campaign fund and dare not sign the letter lest harm result becomes doubly a partisan of the ticket which stands for individual liberty and against plutocratic domination.

The earnestness of opposition to a master or to a creditor who attempts to limit the political liberties of the men in his power is not to be underestimated. It will be one of the greatest factors in bringing out a heavy, though perhaps a silent, vote for Bryan.

To the Journal this intolerance for free speech, free discussion and free political action seems the most deplorable, if not the most dangerous, feature of the present campaign. If the fundamental principles of our government are to survive the people must have the right to discuss freely public questions, to vote as their convictions direct, and the majority must rule. Social or industrial tyranny which defeats the freedom of discussion and of

the ballot makes democracy illogical and ridiculous.

The contributions which have so freely poured into the Journal office in response to its first request for funds for the Democratic campaign show how great and widespread is the popular interest in this struggle. The care of the donors to conceal their identity shows how relentless is the proscription enforced by plutocracy against the men and women who this year dare to speak out for the cause of the people.

THURSTON TO-DAY AND IN '93.

Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, spoke last night in this city in opposition to Bryan and Sewall. The substance and method of his speech we may consider later. To-day we ask the people to consider somewhat the earlier utterances on the issues of this campaign which Thurston delivered with all the eloquence and all the seeming unchangeable conviction which characterized his address of last night.

In 1893, for example, when he was seeking election to the post he now fills in the United States Senate, he wrote to the chairman of the Nebraska Republican convention a letter in which, among other things favorable to silver, he said:

I advocated the restoration of free coinage before any of those who are now the self-selected champions of silver in Nebraska had ever opened their lips on the subject. We of the West must have cheap money. Not money intrinsically cheap, but cheap in interest charges for its use. I assert that the American people, and especially those of the West, demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

About the same time Mr. Thurston took to writing letters to that remarkable economist, Mr. George Gunton, of this city. In one of these communications, written in July, 1893, he said—and perhaps it might be well to compare this utterance with some paragraphs in last night's speech:

I have no doubt the monetization of silver in the United States would speedily and certainly appreciate the price of silver, not only in this country, but throughout the whole world. No matter what other Governments do, this country ought not to eliminate silver from use as a coin metal. Any legislation in that direction will be looked upon by the common people as in the interest of the money power for the express purpose of increasing the purchasing power of money and decreasing the selling price of everything produced by human toil.

It is a fact which should not be overlooked by statesmen that the price of American silver and the price of American wheat reached low water mark on the same day.

The Journal submits these extracts from the published writings of Mr. John M. Thurston with entire confidence that Senator John M. Thurston can refute them. A gentleman who can be at the same time Senator of the United States and attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad Company is not likely to be disconcerted by little inconsistencies in his record.

INSTRUCT THE DELEGATES.

This week will see the selection of practically all the delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held at Buffalo September 16. Five counties have already held their conventions, but the rest are still to be held. Of the five all but one have made definite and positive instructions to their delegates to insist upon ratification of the Chicago platform and approval of the Chicago candidates.

It ought not to be necessary to insist that the county conventions yet to be held shall adopt the same course, but it is. The singular silence of Democratic leaders in this campaign makes it appear the part of wisdom for the voters, who are as a whole for Bryan and Sewall, to leave nothing undone that will assure the loyalty and good faith of the State organization to the national ticket.

The best way to get this assurance is to have every county convention which selects delegates to Buffalo instruct those delegates to vote for an indorsement of the Chicago platform in toto, and for a ringing indorsement of the regular Democratic nominees. There will be assertion that delegates should not be hampered with instructions, but should be left free to express their own convictions. In sound this plea is admirable, but in substance it needs qualification. The delegates may be instructed in order that they may faithfully express the convictions of the men who dispatched them on their mission, and not be swayed, at the last moment, by the arguments of machine managers who think to divert delegates from the path which their constituents wished them to tread.

Instructions for Bryan, Sewall and the Chicago platform ought to be part of the business of every county convention in New York this week.

ANTI-BICYCLE MANIA.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith is a bold and original reformer, but she is suffering from a case of cyclophobia so severe as to impair, if not to destroy, the usefulness of her work in other directions. In this morning's Journal Mrs. Smith is accorded space for the exploitation of her startling ideas. From dwelling on one unwholesome subject so long she sees vice everywhere. Her remarks convey the impression that practically the whole of society in New York is rotten, and indeed, if her opinions about the demoralizing effect of the bicycle were well founded, this

would be literally true. For the bicycle is fast becoming the universal companion. Rich and poor, young and old, man and woman, boy and girl find health and pleasure on the wheel. If the silent steed be a corrupting influence, then there will soon be no moral health left in the community.

But the notion is absurd—the emanation of a mind diseased by brooding upon foulness. Our bright, winning bicycle girls respect themselves as much as they did before they had wings on their feet. Their nature has not been changed by the possession of a servant of steel and rubber. To class the great majority of upright, pure-minded wheelwomen with the small minority that put the bicycle to evil uses, as they would take advantage of yachts and carriages if they could get them, is an insult that ought to be fittingly resented.

THE INEVITABLE "OBJECT LESSON."

With all the money and talent at the command of the Republican managers, we should think that it might be possible to carry on a more effective method of campaigning than this, which we find reported with artless admiration in one of our McKinley contemporaries:

Lake Linden, Mich., Sept. 5.—The Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, with three thousand employes and a wage list of more than \$400,000 a month, will give its men an object lesson in the undesirable results of free silver. Every man will receive his wages in silver on the monthly pay day, September 8. This means that about eighteen tons of the white metal will be distributed, and each man will carry home from four to sixteen pounds of silver dollars.

The idea is to show the inconvenience which would result to business in carrying on the business of the country with silver. It is said the Quincy Mining Company, with a pay roll of more than \$100,000 a month, will follow the example of the Calumet and Hecla.

The managers of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company must be men of ability, or they could not have carried on their great business so successfully, but evidently they do not credit their employes with equal intelligence. Their "object lesson" is one that might possibly stagger twelve-year-old boys, but would certainly be transparent to youths of sixteen. The workmen in the mines, as a rule, are over twenty-one.

Of course, what the mining company's action shows is not the inconvenience of "carrying on the business of the country with silver," but the inconvenience of carrying on business with coin in the pocket. Instead of leaving it in the vaults of the Treasury, with paper representatives in circulation, undoubtedly the Calumet and Hecla has paid its employes chiefly in silver certificates for the past two or three years. It would do the same thing under free coinage. A million dollars in silver certificates take up no more room than a million dollars in gold certificates, greenbacks, Sherman notes or national bank notes. The coin upon which the certificates are based can be stored in a vault six feet each way. Intelligent workmen understand these facts perfectly, and they naturally resent the attempt to upset their reasoned convictions with childish "object lessons."

It seems to have been Li Hung Chang's deliberate intention to avoid seeing anything of the American navy. He did not look at the war ships assembled in New York harbor to do him honor, even when he was passing them, and when he went to Philadelphia he followed the programme arranged for his entertainment until the time came for the proposed visit to Cramp's shipyard, when he suddenly became tired and declared all further proceedings off. Fortunately he could not escape acquaintance with one sample of American marine architecture when he crossed the Atlantic on the St. Louis, and if the Oregon and Monterey would pay a friendly visit to Vancouver in the course of the next week he might become aware of some others. A battle ship would have a better chance of attracting attention in the simple environment of British Columbia than in the midst of the distractions of New York, or in the giddy whirl of life in Philadelphia.

The Eastern tragedy is hurrying to its crisis. Queen Victoria has sent a personal letter to the Sultan, urging him to stop the atrocities in his empire, and the new British Ambassador is said to have been instructed to present a menacing communication from Lord Salisbury on the same subject. The war ships of all the powers are hurrying toward Constantinople. Despite the criticisms of the "criminal insanity" of the Armenians which attacked the Ottoman Bank, their policy of "thrusting a finger into the eye of Europe" has accomplished what all the agonized prayers of two years failed to do. Europe has been made uncomfortable, and the Sultan, whose misgovernment is responsible for the trouble, will have to pay for it.

The Pennsylvania Board of Pardon has formally ratified the reconciliation between Senator Quay and "Dave" Martin by recommending the unconditional pardon of John Bardaley. It looks as if Pennsylvania were on the eve of a resumption of old-fashioned Republicanism.

Mr. Breckinridge's strong dislike of "repudiation" doesn't extend to verdicts rendered in courts of justice.

PRATTLE.

A Transient Record of Individual Opinion.

By Ambrose Bierce.

A certain satisfaction is yielded by the fact that Colonel Richard Henry Savage, the author, is suing his publisher for "royalties" on a book or books, and compelling that person to show his accounts in court. Naturally, I know nothing of the merits of the case, but of Colonel Savage's hope, as of Malcolin's grief, it may be said: "No heart that's honest but in it has some share." Even if the publisher should suffer a pecuniary wrong—the only kind of a wrong that can make a publisher suffer—he will have ample opportunity to recoup himself—if not from Colonel Savage, from some other author. As the business of publishing books is now, and for centuries has been, conducted, an author is absolutely powerless against the rapacity of the pirate of the Spanish Main who "introduces him to the public," and leaves him standing in his bones, fitly astonished by his privation. If Colonel Savage can cleave the continuity of the publishing practice and teach any one of those anthropologists that raw author is not good eating, he will point himself out as the likeliest person to discover the North Pole, convert Robert Ingersoll and prevent Collis P. Huntington from putting both forefeet in the trough. In the meantime, the conditions under which books are published remaining what they are, the fact that some persons go in for burglary and highway robbery must be accepted as proof that not all members of the criminal class are vivacious to the stunton of avarice and inaccessible to the charm of adventure.

I write of this matter with an authority derived from the mandate of an experience rich in attesting "instance and example"—whereof, God willing, I shall one day make record in this veritable history. For many years I regarded the lamentable plights of authors and their testimony to the utter darkness of publishers as having origin in the conceit, the testy dispositions and the commercial infancy of authors themselves. That, I believe, is the view of the matter most easily "disseminated"; it encounters the fewest obstacles to publicity, and, these overcome, elicits the least smug, bland and condescending depreciation. I no longer entertain it. Without affirming of the average author a modesty exceeding that of the warble violet, or a general compatibility superior to that of the wet cat, I am now, in the light of an educating experience, able to discern in the gentlemen engaged in putting his head into their bellies certain lapses of character not before observed, certain lapses from that habitual godliness by which a vigilant attention distinguishes them from the pigs of the field. The points of difference between the book publisher and the domestic hog, whether specific or generic, are real, and I do not doubt the accuracy of the inspired scribbler who relates that the undertaker of the Gadarene Sea was a steep place into the Gadarene Sea were swine. In corroboration, it may be added that if they had been publishers the devils could not have been got out of them.

In General Palmer's elevation to the headship of the Golden Democracy we have a signal instance of the fulfillment of human endeavor. Repeatedly—and especially just before his success in some new political ambition—I have pointed out the inexpediency of elevating him to anything. The ground of my opposition is always the same—his unique military incompetence during the civil war. And this is the story of it. During the first day's battle on the dreadful field of Chickamauga General Palmer sent one of his brigades to the relief of another General. In his official report the incident is related thus: "I then committed the error of directing Grose to move to the right, to engage in a severe fight going on in that direction." The result was not calamitous, but that is nothing to the purpose of this paragraph; the movement was an "error," and Palmer himself so describes it. My countrymen, I put it to you plainly: Is it expedient to shower political honors upon the only officer of the civil war that ever made a mistake?

General Palmer's dark distinction is matched by the brilliant one of Representative Allen, of Mississippi. This gentleman exults in the title of "Private Allen," and boasts himself the only man that served in the Confederate army without a commission. I knew of several privates in the Federal army, but what has become of them I am unable to say. A natural inference would be that they fell in battle, or, having been taken without that precious possession, longevity, which is so distinctive a peculiarity of commissioned officers, have passed over the river since that beginning of sectional animosity known as the close of the war; but these dismal hypotheses derive no support from the pension rolls, and must be verified other way. As one never meets them, one is almost driven to the conclusion that they are Persons Whom One Does Not Meet.

It is safe to say that one result will not follow from the visit of Li Hung Chang.—The Sun, in a column headed "The Sun's Gossip," "follow from" another thing? Perhaps you wrote "flow from." Take the benefit of the doubt and explain how it is that what does not flow from (or follow) an event can be a "result." Really, good friend, you greatly fatigue.

I observe with a curious and sympathetic interest that the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association of San Francisco is active in the endeavor to secure the concession indicated in its title. I entertain for this venerable brotherhood a singular affection: in contemplation of its activity I renew my youth, move again among the scenes of a golden past, experience once more the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears of that happy, happy time. In 1893 I was editing a weekly newspaper in San Francisco, and a recurring theme of the movement then making by the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association to accomplish the purpose of its being. From then to now has been "a weary space," but during a considerable part of it, to charm away "the languid hours," I "heard, like ocean on a western beach, the surge and thunder" of the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association exhorting the impudent employer. O, well while there's strife there's hope. In the Turin Museum is a papyrus, narrating in hieroglyphics of the period the movement for better wages (in corn and oil) among the workmen in the necropolis of an Egyptian city—Thebes, I think. The movement, I am sorry to say, took the form of strikes and riots, and was expected to "annihilate labor." That was four thousand years ago; I was not there,

but from what I hear I judge that emancipation is not rife along the Nile, and that in the modern Egyptian laborer's lot there is yet something to be desired—corn and oil, for example. As to the San Francisco dry goods clerks, let them not despair; their movement is in its infancy, but already they are still alive.

Certain queer mammals cherishing a simple faith in the curative properties of wet grass have obtained a limited right to hoof it unshod upon the lawn of the Park when the dew settles. They are immune from dissent and persecution; nobody denies the sanitary advantages of clean feet; to themselves only the treatment is experimental. These hydrophobes ought to be happy, grass being abundant and dew one of the most widely distributed nuisances in nature; but if for any reason there should be a famine in either it may cheer them to learn that fairly good results may be got out of water and the human hand. It will do no harm to add a little soap to the water.

I am asked to explain my unmanifested disesteem of certain popular authors mentioned last week by name. Regarding the most of them; Messrs. James Whitcomb Riley and Joel Chandler Harris, and Madam Mary Murfree and Mary Wilkins and their entire "school," the ground of my antipathy—amounts to that—is easily named. It is "dialect." Now the "dialect" of which these persons are so enamored as to fill whole volumes with it is not true dialect; it is simply English as spoken by none but ignorant people, and written, not by themselves, for they do not write, but by those to whom ignorance is attractive and seems picturesque. To a sane intelligence it is neither. Such intelligence regards it with tolerance or aversion—that depends on whether in life it is modest or presumptuous, in letters subordinate and incidental, or dominant and essential. The writers named—and they and their literary co-pollsters, an innumerable throng—lose ignorance for its own sake. They seem to think, and indubitably do think, that the lives and adventures, the virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, the feelings of persons, interesting than those of persons prone to abutment and acquaintance with grammar. To those lawless assemblages of persons, instincts and ideas, can intuitions which these writers call their understandings a sentiment is deemed but an adverbial value when expressed in course and louty speech. So they give us whole books of it, coddle the result, and in any quantity in excess of abundance by the crime. But God sees them.

There are dialects in which literary work is legitimate and acceptable—to those who understand. That of Burns, for example, is spoken by thousands of cultivated persons, and was his own mother-tongue. He erred in writing in it, as do all having command of the better and more spacious speech that assures a wider attention, but he did not in his own case err in sense as doing. The matter is simple enough. A true dialect is legitimate, and may even have a philological value, apart from the matter, though purveyance for the philologist is not a literary office. The faulty speech of an educated person in an unfamiliar tongue is legitimate—little at a time, but the more the better. But the imbecile locution of the merely ignorant—the language of the letterless—that is not "dialect," but a quantity in excess of abundance, or in verse for humor, is reasonable and offensive. As to poetry, no literature contains no line of poetry in any such lingo. The muse is not so feasible as that; she does not cast herself even to a vulgar. The poet who wears the smock of a Northern farmer, nor will she look upon the lily when he is ragged. Doubtless the poet knows that the lily has criminal knowledge of the emoluments attached to the office of Lackwit Laureate at the court of his Headness King Gow.

In fiction the limits of dialect that is not dialect are plainly defined, not by usage of the masters—for none but masters go more often wrong as none but masters can afford to do—but by right reason and the sense of things. If in evolution of his plot the story teller find it expedient to seek assistance from the "man of the people" as a subordinate character, that worthy person must needs use the speech of his tribe; as actors, having to wear something—a regrettable necessity—must garb themselves in the costume of the time of the play, and however hideous it may be; and Heaven knoweth it is commonly hideous enough and enougner. But beyond this the story teller has no right to force or heroine a person unable to speak the language of the time, and whose own true feelings are turfed swirls in the clear stream of the narrative, is an affront justly due to every moment that "Marty Malone" was being played.

Some of the old favorites, however, claim attention. There are Dan Collyer and George Merritt and William West and James Braham, Jr., and Charles Coffey. New Yorkers know them all and have branded them with the mark of their esteem. One newcomer, cast by some strange freak for an important role, rather spoiled the affair for me. I allude to Miss Pauline Train, whose portraits are in the lobby and who, we are asked to believe, is somebody of consequence. Miss Train tries to sing, and Miss Train tries to dance. She falls most distastefully. We are not accustomed to experiments in any of Harrigan's productions. We have never had them, and it is too late for him to start them at this stage in his career. The actor-manager who gave us Ada Lewis must surely be aware that we shall never take kindly to Miss Train.

Miss Jessie Hart is quite as funny as anybody in "Marty Malone." She is a clever young person. Miss Maggie Fielding is also quite acceptable. I couldn't help deploring the introduction of "Sweet Mary Mullane," with a little boy as interpreter. That is a non-Harrigan feature that might very conveniently be dropped.

Still, I shouldn't advise anybody to keep away from the Bijou on account of malignant insinuations to the effect that Harrigan is Harrigan no more. You can see your old favorite just as he used to be—as agile, as mirthful and as indefatigable as ever. You can say to yourselves that "Marty Malone" is bad, but you can add that you have seen worse. You really have. If you cannot remember when, it is because your memory is playing pranks with you.

ALAN DALE.

Wont Worry About Rent. [Washington Star.] Cornelius Vanderbilt's dower of five millions of dollars will be gratefully received by young Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, as it will enable them to go to housekeeping at once and own a home instead of paying rent.

Addition and Subtraction. [St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] Every 10 per cent that is added to the purchasing power of gold is 10 per cent subtracted from the earning power of labor and from the property labor has already earned.

Muley—Abdel—Azwan. [Washington Post.] There seems to be a conspiracy against the young Sultan of Morocco, Muley-Abdel-Aziz. Should that conspiracy succeed, the youth will hereafter be referred to as Muley-Abdel-Azwan.

Perennial Love and Biennial Bunch. [Chicago Dispatch.] If the laboring man was peacefully loved instead of being tyrannically loved by the politicians, he might be happy yet.

"Marty Malone."

This is a fickle community. There is no gaudy thing that fact. The actor who has for years labored assiduously to satisfy the public may find himself at any moment knocked from his pedestal and supplanted by upstarts, fly-by-nights and sensation-lists. Gratitude, says the cynic, is a lively sense of favors to come. What actor has ever found it otherwise? The season ends. The struggle begins all over again. The past is forgotten, the future looms up large and threatening as ever.

And now at the Bijou Theatre we have our old friend Harrigan again, in a brand new play from his own prolific pen, called "Marty Malone." Harrigan has written scores of plays in his day. Some of them have succeeded; others have failed. Harrigan has never felt discouragement in the face of failure. He has pegged away for his grateful public, fully aware of that lively sense of favors to come that I have just mentioned. Yet for some discredit reason the people at the Bijou are inclined to think that the days of Harrigan have gone forever, because, forsooth, "Marty Malone" happens to be a somewhat unsatisfactory specimen of his handiwork. They talk in Pecksniffian pity of the actor's heyday, and sigh dolefully. Harrigan is no more. His hand has lost its cunning. They do not dare to admit that the change is in themselves; that they lack the patience to give this amiable actor another chance; that savants and polar stars are just now occupying all their attention. The fault is all with Harrigan, of course. Yes, this is a fickle community. Squeeze the orange and then throw it aside, trample on it, beat it with your heel.

"Marty Malone" is not a good play. It lacks distinction; its types are not true; its humor is nothing but exaggeration; it is injured by the grimy cheapness of its political allusions, but just as one swallow never makes a Summer, so one failure cannot work a downfall. Harrigan is just as potent, just as plausible as he ever was. It is only those who are anxious to think otherwise who will think otherwise. I have never been a very ardent Harrigan admirer, because I don't believe in horse-play, but I was carried along on the stream of enthusiasm that bore his "Relly" and the 400" and "The Last of the Rogans" to success. I was bathed in the ruddy glow of metropolitan appreciation that haloed this actor. And that is why it seems to me so utterly indecent to hear his adherents calmly describing his deterioration, simply because "Marty Malone" falls below the usual Harrigan standard. Harrigan's next effort may be another "Relly." Can you not wait for it before pronouncing judgment? Are you all so overweeningly anxious to kick your favorite from his pedestal?

And, mind you, "Marty Malone" is not irretrievably bad. It has gay moments. Some of the dark episodes are as funny as any that convulsed New York years ago. Asa Munday, Mandy Lucus and Ester Munday, are just as droll as any of the "Relly" types. Harrigan's sense of humor has not deserted him. It is there in all its quaint fervor. Those who laughed at it once can laugh at it again. Possibly they may have grown wiser—people have been known to grow wiser—but let them say so; let them confess that the alteration is in themselves, and not in Harrigan.

Two of Dave Braham's songs—"The Hole in the Wall" and "Savannah Sue"—are full of the same pointed and caustic wit that New Yorkers whistled and tore rattle years ago. It is absurd to say that they have lost their originality. Other musical compositions have, perhaps, arisen for the lips of the street urchin, but Dave Braham, in "Marty Malone," has furnished the brand that the public has always voted incomparable. Why should he attempt other things, when he has established a valuable trade mark of his own?

I missed Mrs. Annie Yeamans from the Harrigan cast. There is the real trouble with "Marty Malone." Mrs. Yeamans was always infinitely funnier to me than Harrigan. I used to writhe in laughter at her facial contortions and her limitlessly artistic Hibernianism. There was an artist for you, if you like. In Mrs. Yeamans's place we get Miss Catherine Lewis as Sally Jordan, and Miss Lewis, clever actress as she is, is unable to make us forget Mrs. Yeamans. I miss her every moment that "Marty Malone" was being played.

Some of the old favorites, however, claim attention. There are Dan Collyer and George Merritt and William West and James Braham, Jr., and Charles Coffey. New Yorkers know them all and have branded them with the mark of their esteem. One newcomer, cast by some strange freak for an important role, rather spoiled the affair for me. I allude to Miss Pauline Train, whose portraits are in the lobby and who, we are asked to believe, is somebody of consequence. Miss Train tries to sing, and Miss Train tries to dance. She falls most distastefully. We are not accustomed to experiments in any of Harrigan's productions. We have never had them, and it is too late for him to start them at this stage in his career. The actor-manager who gave us Ada Lewis must surely be aware that we shall never take kindly to Miss Train.

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The Journal's Fund for Bryan's Campaign.

The Journal's offer to receive subscriptions to the Bryan-Sewall campaign fund, and to duplicate every contribution sent in, has met with a notable response from people, whose willingness to give has only waited upon the information as to how their mites might be most properly sent to the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

Most of the contributors are, as their letters will show, people of less than moderate means—people who can but ill afford, particularly at this season of the year, to spare even a single dollar from their slender incomes. But of their little they have given freely, generously, willingly, and with many of the donations have come promises of weekly contributions from now to election time.

The Republican National Committee is being deluged with the checks of the millionaire bankers, monopolists and protected manufacturers. The McKinley-Hobart-goldbug journals exult over the plethoric condition of the Republican campaign chest, and gibe and sneer at the poverty of the Democrats. In one column of the World Vanderbilt's princely contribution to the Republican campaign fund is thus acknowledged in glaring headlines:

VANDERBILT'S BIG GIFT. Said to Have Made the Largest Contribution So Far to the Republican Campaign Fund.

AMOUNT PLACED AT \$100,000.

In another column of the same Journal a special correspondent from Indianapolis is permitted to say:

The free silver Democracy in the State is bankrupt. Its Central Committee has appealed for money in vain, and its financial agents, who have gone forth into the most friendly counties, have, as a rule, returned to the headquarters in Indianapolis empty-handed.

The Commercial Advertiser, another of the Hannite organs, editorially sneers at the emptiness of the Democratic campaign treasury, as below:

MORE FUNDS WANTED. Again the cry is heard from Bryan headquarters, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." Another appeal for funds to help along the cause of repudiation has been sent out. It is surprising how much money is needed to support an issue that has back of it the "tolling masses."

It was the very true condition of the treasury of the Democratic National Committee which these McKinley organs reflect with so much glee that induced the Journal to make the offer printed in yesterday's issue—to receive subscriptions to the campaign fund from its readers of any amount, no matter how large or how small, and, for the present, to duplicate, dollar for dollar, cent for cent, every subscription thus sent in.

The campaign of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Sewall—the campaign for the pure Democratic principles enunciated in the Chicago platform which they represent—must be a campaign of education. The fallacies and sophistries of the gold standard advocates must be combated by argument and the necessary arguments and facts to combat them must be placed in the hands of the voters before election day. The printing and dissemination of campaign literature, or literature of any kind, requires money—no much money, to be sure; no such money as the Republican campaign managers have asked and are receiving from the monopolies and protected interests they represent and are pledged to; no such sums as Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Morgan et al. will find it in their interest to contribute, but still money in sums sufficient to pay for the printing and postage of documents, the rental of halls and meeting places and the cost of such clerks as must be hired to address the papers and pamphlets sent out by the committee to every voter in the United States.

It costs money to educate men as well as children. The Journal desires to assist in the education of voters in the cause of right, justice and humanity, and the Journal's readers are asked to lend their assistance as well. Their response in a single day is indicative of their spirit in the matter, and the expressions accompanying the contributions show the heart-interest which the cause of the Democracy has awakened among the people of all professions and classes.

Table listing names and amounts of contributions to the Journal's fund for Bryan's campaign, including names like Salemen, Brooklyn Subscriber, Miss R., etc.

Received from one day's contributions... \$148.00. The Journal's subscription for the day... \$148.00.

Total contributions to the campaign fund... \$286.00. Two hundred and eighty-six dollars will pay the postage on 28,000 pamphlets or circulars sent out in envelopes. But there are nearly 12,000,000 voters in the United States and each one must be addressed not once, but repeatedly between now and election time. The text books in this campaign of education cost money, so does postage. Every penny helps—buys one pamphlet or pays the postage on it. The Journal will receipt in this column every day for every dollar received the day before. Furthermore, the Journal will, until further notice, turn over to the Democratic National Committee, along with every dollar contributed by its readers, another dollar to help along the cause of the Democracy. Biographical, Bryan, Sewall and Hunt.