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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair weather.

GOLD AT A PREMIUM.

One of the terrors which the near future holds for the gentlemen who [c]arry their entire stock of patriotism [i]n their individual pockets is that in the event of Bryan's election and the inauguration of free coinage gold may go to a premium over silver.

Why this should affright the single standard advocates is not clear to anybody who has eyes to see the condition of the United States at this time. As gold has gone up in purchasing power, [e]verything else, necessarily, has gone [d]own in price. The value of property, in fact, has been cut in two within the [p]ast few years. Since, then, gold is al[re]ady at a premium over other com[mo]dities, why should it be intolerable [to] think of it being at a premium [ov]er coined silver also?

[S]ilver bullion, measured in gold, has sunk more rapidly than most of [the] great staples, measured in the same metal. Indeed, it is a very suggestive fact that silver has kept close company with the necessaries of life in the downward race. Wheat and silver touched their lowest point together. Wheat is as useful to mankind as ever it was, and its fall in the world's marketsis not due to over-production. Since much more of it can now be bought for a gold dollar than formerly, it is obvious that the gold dollar has gone to a thieving premium over wheat.

The remonetization of silver will have the double effect of sending the price of silver up and bringing the pr[ic]e of gold down, until the old relation in value between the two metals is restored. It is the honest hundred-cent dollar of bimetallism that the money cornerers are afraid of, not the "fifty-three cent dollar" of the bogus prophets. Open the mints to both metals alike and they will meet on a level of value at the mint ratio.

The premium which gold now enjoys over the exchangeable property of the United States will be removed by Bryan's election and the establishment of a financial system that, being based on both the precious metals instead of one, will furnish us with sound money —money as secure against appreciation as against depreciation.

In the unstable dollar of the gold standard is the harvest of the money manipulators.

THE PULPIT AND POLITICS.

It is not apparent that the clergy, so many of whom have taken a hand in this campaign, have added much thereby to the sum total of sweetness and light. Though it is their mission to promote peace on earth and good will among men, the brethren usually have only to utter themselves on political subjects in order to stir up strife where no strife was before, and to double the ardor of strife where strife already is. The reasons for this are obvious enough.

The Journal would not for an instant uphold the narrow doctrine that a clergyman has no right to speak his mind as a citizen on the issues of the day, but it does contend that the shepherd who chooses the pulpit as the place wherein to air his private opinions as to things pertaining strictly to this world is guilty of presumption that deserves rebuke. In matters of the spirit the clergy possess a practical monopoly of authority, and being specially commissioned to disclose the designs and desires of Deity, they are commonly listened to with a respect which sometimes causes the vain among them to confuse their personal with their official character. Thus are these brethren moved to think that there is due them as great reverence when they hold forth on politics as when they expound the Gospel of Christ. And when this happens, not devotion, but anger waxes hot in the pews.

There are few classes of men so little qualified as the clergy to pronounce profitable judgment on issues that have to do with purely earthly affairs like politics. Habituated to immunity from contradiction while they discourse on religion, and generally spared from criticism because of their sacred character, there is a proneness among them [to] dogmatism of tone that is some-[illegible] sometimes ain-ing. Ordinarily men of the world are willing to take from the pulpit their theology, and even their theoretical system of personal morality, but they do not with patience receive instruction from the preacher as to how they shall do business, how they shall vote on the tariff, the finances, or on anything else; for in the domain of the world's concerns the man of the world flatters himself not unjustly that he ought to know a good deal more than his unworldly parson.

But the brethren who insist on being universal schoolmasters to their parishioners plead that when moral questions are brought into politics it is their duty to cry aloud and spare not. This is seductive reasoning, for it brings within the purview of the pulpit the whole circle of human interests. What question can appear in politics that has not a moral side to it? The tariff has; our foreign policy, too; the maintenance of the gold standard, which, silver advocates believe, robs the poor for the benefit of the rich; the double standard, which, gold advocates believe, would rob the rich for the benefit of the poor. The preacher who wishes to magnify his office can see morals in anything that affects the race—even in billiards, baseball, the size of policemen's clubs, or the uniforms of street sweepers.

There is no sound objection to the pulpit having its say about political issues; it is the manner of its saying that, as a rule, is offensive. If the brethren would but bear in mind that when they step outside the field of theology they speak with no more authority than citizens who do not wear the cloth, and that their words are entitled only to the weight which the brains and character of the speaker earn them, there would be an end of that arrogance, that assumption of supernatural superiority in wisdom which causes men of sense, in and out of the churches, to raise their eyebrows in wonder at such egotism, and to shake their heads in regret at impertinence so audacious—and so injurious to the cause of religion, which should be dearer to the pulpit than the success of any political party.

THE POSITION OF GENERAL COLLIS.

It is not at all surprising that the Commissioner of Public Works has been accused of favoritism in the award of contracts. On the contrary, it would be strange if accusations of this kind were not made from time to time. The Navy Department has not escaped similar charges, and it is a somewhat larger concern than the Department of Public Works in the city of New York. In fact, the charge of unfairness is likely to make its appearance in most cases hinging on such awards.

If an investigation of the award of the contract for the laying of asphalt in Fifth avenue is demanded, it ought to be made, because then the guilt or innocence of the Commissioner of Public Works will be established. It is not at all likely that General C. H. T. Collis, the present incumbent of the office, will hesitate about facing such an inquiry. He has, on the whole, proved himself a capable and efficient public servant, and the community will be slow to condemn him on the mere publication of charges.

General Collis has been especially active in securing the extension of asphalt paving in the streets of New York. In doing so he has unquestionably complied with a public demand. The old Belgian block pavements were neither the most substantial nor the most agreeable that could be laid, but there was for some years a question whether asphalt could be so put down as to withstand for a reasonable time the combined effects of heavy traffic and our climatic conditions. This question seems to have been answered successfully by improved methods, and there is probably no reason now why asphalt cannot be used here as widely as it is in Paris and London.

With the growing popularity of bicycle riding the use of asphalt in paving city streets becomes not only a convenience, but a necessity. The public has a right to demand consideration for its pastimes as well as its business, and asphalt pavements help both. General Collis has done a public service in pushing the construction of such pavements, and it would be a remarkable thing if he had accomplished his work without displeasing some who would like to have reaped the profits.

THE NEW GOSPEL.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst has come back from Europe fully informed as to many important things. He has, for example, discovered and stated, "with reverence," even the Almighty's inability to restore silver to its old-time parity with gold. He has discovered, too, that Mr. Bryan's candidacy has brought about, and is bound to bring in still greater degree, the most appalling calamity which it is possible for the mind of the pastor of a rich New York congregation to conceive. On Sunday he said from the sacred desk:

The principles advanced by some of the men s[eeking to] gain control of this Government in this campaign have had the effect of making stocks go down. Of course stocks have gone down. And they will continue to go down, and they will stay down, until there is restored the confidence of the people.

Had Dr. Parkhurst's Master been as enlightened as his servant on the really vital things of this brief span of human existence, he might have spared Jerusalem's Wall Street the Black Friday which no doubt followed His Anarchistic assault upon the financiers who were doing business in the Temple.

AMERICAN SCHOONER YACHTS.

Americans are always happy when they can beat the English in any sport. For years we have rejoiced in that we have defeated every attempt to take from us the championship of yachting, emblemized by that homely old mug, the America's Cup. But this trophy, it will be remembered, is almost always sought by a single-sticker, while it was originally taken from John Bull by a very gallant old schooner, and in its early days, in the lifetime of the choleric James Ashbury, of Cambria and Livonia fame, was sailed for by schooners. In those days the challenger succeeded in winning a single race in one series, a victory which has never been repeated since the cup became a bone of contention between sloops and cutters.

The comparative merits of English and American schooner yachts as racing craft have had no occasion for discussion in recent years, yet our designers have made quite as great strides in the development of schooners as in that of sloops. That the English long ago fell behind us was demonstrated some ten years back by the advent of the Miranda. She was the fleetest schooner in British waters, and her uninterrupted series of victories had practically killed schooner racing on the other side of the Atlantic. Yet when she came here she found herself completely outclassed by such skimmers of the sea as the Grayling.

Now the Grayling and her quondam competitor the Sachem were several years ago eclipsed by newer products of American designers. Lasca, Emerald and Amorita proved to be flyers whose speed in light winds or brisk proved to be remarkable. But the yachting season which is now at its close brought forward two new schooners of still swifter speed. The brilliant victories of Colonia over Emerald will make an interesting page in the annals of American yachting, and right at the finish of the year's sport the little Quissetta proves her indisputable superiority to the once invincible Amorita.

It is not going too far to say that this new third class schooner could beat, boat for boat, any English schooner of any size. She is a little vessel, but she has exceedingly light heels, and as she entered upon her career late in the season, and is by no means yet in her best form, she will undoubtedly do better next Summer. Her speed is another thing of which Americans may well be proud. John Bull has not her match.

LAX BUILDING INSPECTION.

The result of the investigation made by the Assistant Superintendent of the Building Department in the collapse of the building No. 1078 Madison avenue, whereby Robert J. Crane, a bricklayer, was killed and ten other workmen were hurt, is suggestive of the need of the most inexorable severity in enforcing the building laws. Mr. Rutherford declared to a reporter that the work was to be classed with the worst he had ever seen. He thought New York had had its full share of such construction, but he said tersely, "This discounts Buddensiek."

The catalogue of elements of unsafety in the building made by Mr. Rutherford is simply amazing, because it seems at first glance to be an impossibility that a building so miserably misconstructed could reach such an advanced stage of erection without an official detection of its faults. Foundations only six feet deep in a place where they should have been thirty; beams inserted with untrimmed ends into walls; mortar that would not adhere to bricks, and wood in places where brick should have been used, are the chief causes of the collapse.

No doubt the contractor will be punished. If the evidence shows that the blame rests upon him, he should be treated to a dose of justice quite as substantial as that given to Buddensiek.

But the Building Department is under a grave obligation. It is incumbent on that branch of the municipal administration to inform the community how it came to permit such a building to be constructed. Mr. Rutherford has said that the department is crippled; it has not a sufficient number of inspectors to keep such a constant watch on new buildings that death traps cannot get a start.

It looks very much as if no one had ever inspected No. 1078 Madison avenue. If the premises were properly inspected, why was the building not stopped when the foundations were found to be only six feet deep? Why were walls permitted to go up at all? The Building Department cannot escape the burden of such inquiry, and the community which pays the department for its services has a right to a full and satisfactory answer.

On the other hand, if the Building Department is crippled by the want of a sufficient number of inspectors, it will be necessary for the public to find out the reason of this. It may be that the city of New York does not provide with sufficient liberality for the support of a department whose resources need to be extended in keeping with the rapid occupation of the uptown districts. If the city has not done its duty in this matter, the investigation ought to be made sufficiently searching to bring out that fact. If incomplete work in any administrative department is due to a paucity of men in that department, the community has only itself to blame for the results.

In just five weeks the campaign button will be driven into its hole.

Hon. David Bennett Hill appears to have become badly tangled in a skein of irregular regularity.

The Czar must feel every bit as comfortable as the man who is trying to hold down a job in a powder mill.

It would seem that the Wolfert Rooster has about exhausted its supply of crowing material.

The Republicans of Utah have decided that they are for McKinley and silver. In other words, they prefer to stick to the McKinley of 1891.

A pair of tandem riders tried to cross the tracks in front of a cable car and were knocked down. They should have known that no cable car is to be stopped by so small an obstacle as men.

Mark Hanna is not wasting any money on a campaign of education, but at the same time he believes the wage earners should be treated to a little special training in the direction of Canton.

It is strange that Mr. Cleveland's friends did not discover Mr. John C. Sheehan's alleged shortcomings when he was engaged in working to secure the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1884, 1888 and 1892.

It has frequently been said that football is more brutal than fighting, but on Sunday a game wound up in a fight in which most of the players were so injured that they could not resume playing. In this case, at any rate, the fight was worse than the game.

The idea of trying to make a thing worth one dollar which is only worth 53 cents is absurd. It is trying to do a thing which the Almighty cannot do. I say this with reverence.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that, notwithstanding Dr. Parkhurst, the Almighty should, by utilizing the mints of the United States, create a demand for silver that would make what is now worth 53 cents worth one dollar. Would Dr. Parkhurst bolt? We ask this with reverence.

The Mexican dollar is worth in this country only fifty-five cents, though it contains more metal than our own silver dollar. But then the Mexican dollar is not receivable for customs dues and taxes in the United States, and it is not a legal tender here. That is why the Mexican silver dollar is not worth as much as the American silver dollar. Put Uncle Sam's dollar stamp upon the bullion contained in a Mexican dollar and it would be worth one hundred cents in this great Republic of seventy million people, the richest and most powerful nation in the world. The consent of England would not be necessary to the accomplishment of this change in value, either, Mr. Hanna's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

A Washington dispatch in the Evening Post attempts to throw ridicule on the reasons why Mr. Bryan's supporters expect to win in the present campaign. It is alleged that one of those reasons is the condition of the betting. As a matter of fact, the betting does not signify anything at all, except that the men who are backing Mr. McKinley have more money to risk than those who are backing Mr. Bryan. The backers of Mr. McKinley stand in much the same relation to this struggle as do the bookmakers to a horse race. They are betting on records, past performances and probabilities derived therefrom, and they have the money with which to do it. But Mr. Bryan will give the "talent" the same sort of surprise as the horse "played" for "the place" does when he wins in a canter.

Slight Apprehension.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

There is little reason to fear that Mr. Hanna will worry himself sick over the interests of labor after the election.

Tip to Armenians.

[Detroit Tribune.]

The Armenians ought to charter a special train to Canton if they want to prove that they are not Anarchists.

Its Numerous Bottoms.

[Detroit Tribune.]

If the gold press is to be believed, the Bryan campaign is fairly strewing its route with the bottoms that have fallen out of itself.

The Location.

[Detroit News.]

T. V. Powderly has come out for McKinley. The place he came out of was obscure retirement.

Owing to Cockran's Illness.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Owing to the sudden illness of Bourke Cockran, or something else, considerable silver tide is going around in a badly unstemmed condition.

THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

Small Daily Contributions Have Swelled the Total to a Most Satisfactory Figure.

Following is a full list of the contributions sent in yesterday to aid the work of educating the voters:

Patrick Corbett, Waterohet, N. Y.	$1.00
Lorentz Cantor, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
D. Makof, N. Y. City	.50
From Augusta, Ga.	5.00
V. S. Benson and Others, Menard, Ill.	50.00
Fred Schoenfeld, Menard, Ill.	1.00
Henry Bender, Menard, Ill.	1.00
Justice, Washington, D. C.	1.00
Eighth Ward Independent, Albany, N. Y.	1.00
T. I. Hood, West Monroe, La.	1.00
J. P. Parker, West Monroe, La.	1.00
W. B. Ruly, West Monroe, La.	1.00
J. M. Keller, West Monroe, La.	1.00
J. D. Herron, West Monroe, La.	1.00
F. W. Schneider, Omaha, Neb.	1.00
Former Republican, Troy, N. Y.	1.00
W. H. Watt and L. Worthheimer, Harley, Idaho	10.00
M. C., Yonkers, N. Y.	1.00
J. P. Walters, Deadwood, S. D.	1.00
John Smith, Deadwood, S. D.	.50
M. J. Donovan, " "	.50
Cash, " "	.50
M. D. Rossiter, " "	.50
John Ryan, " "	.50
F. Zipp, " "	.50
D. Vance, " "	.50
M. R. Russell, " "	.50
Chas. Karcher, " "	.50
J. H. Skeeley, " "	.50
L. Jacobs, " "	.50
Matt Plunkett, " "	.50
J. A. Harding, " "	.50
L. R. Caulfield, " "	.50
T. H. Russell, " "	.50
John Lohn, " "	.50
D. C. Robinson, " "	.50
Eugene Driscoll, " "	.50
John Glickauf, " "	.50
J. P. Plunkett, " "	.50
A. H. Olesan, " "	.50
Zoellner Bros., " "	.50
John Tierney, " "	.50
J. E. Gondolfo, " "	.50
W. L. McLaughlin, " "	1.00
Wm. Tierney, " "	.50
B. E. Rossiter, " "	.50
J. C. Gregan, " "	.50
A. E. Sweet, " "	.50
W. E. Cowen, " "	.50
Pat Casey, " "	.50
John Manning, " "	.50
Cash, " "	.50
Cash, " "	.50
Peter Blackburn, " "	.50
A. Mochon, " "	.50
J. A. Greenough, " "	.50
David Short, " "	.50
Robert Odgen, " "	.50
Frank De Month, " "	.50
W. J. Morgan, " "	.50
A. M. Ghost, Denver, Colo.	.50
F. E. J., Birmingham, Ala.	1.00
B. M. J., Birmingham, Ala.	1.00
B. L. F., Birmingham, Ala.	1.00
Mrs. M. M. Bollen, Redington, Ariz.	1.00
C. S. Chrisman, Redington, Ariz.	1.00
G. W. Dudley, Inka, Miss.	1.00
E. Merrill, Inka, Miss.	1.00
W. E. Merrill, Inka, Miss.	1.00
C. L. Watson, Inka, Miss.	.50
R. J. Rutledge, Inka, Miss.	.25
T. L. Brown, Inka, Miss.	1.00
E. D. Glenn, Inka, Miss.	.50
J. H. Moore, Inka, Miss.	1.00
S. M. Dean, Inka, Miss.	.50
W. W. Harris, Inka, Miss.	.50
G. P. Hammerly, Inka, Miss.	1.00
J. A. Pyle, Inka, Miss.	.50
E. S. Canden, Iuka, Miss.	2.00
J. T. Barnett, Iuka, Miss.	.50
J. W. Williams, Iuka, Miss.	.25
S. J. Bernett, Iuka, Miss.	.25
V. C. Remsey, Iuka, Miss.	.10
S. W. Shockley, Iuka, Miss.	.25
C. W. McKnight, Iuka, Miss.	.50
A. J. Cotten, Iuka, Miss.	.15
William Gish, Iuka, Miss.	.25
Cash, Iuka, Miss.	.25
T. L. E., Cleveland, O.	4.00
J. W. Champlin, Cleveland, O.	4.00
Volney M. Brown, Buena Vista Ranch	.25
Bryan and Sewall Club of Leflore, Miss.	151.25
T. E. H., Birmingham, Ala.	1.00
Tribune Chapel, Salt Lake City	10.00
Bryan, Sewall and Fox Democratic Club, West Point, Miss.	40.00
A. G. Williamson, Antes Fort, Pa.	1.00
W. H. Shadle, Antes Fort, Pa.	1.00
Geo. A. Brosius, Ranchtown, Pa.	1.00
For the Masses, Antes Fort, Pa.	1.00
Popocrat, Antes Fort, Pa.	1.00
Daily Graphic, Pine Bluff, Ark.	84.00
D. P. Lee, Charlotte, N. C.	1.00
J. O. Alexander, Charlotte, S. C.	1.00
W. J. Moore, Charlotte, S. C.	1.00
Chas. H. Ware, Baltimore, Md.	1.00
Silver Bug Republican, Fort Wayne, Ind.	25.00
C. H. Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
E. F. Lehman, M. D., Minneapolis, Minn.	1.00
A Henry George Man, Southampton	1.00
Three Crescent City Anarchists, New Orleans	5.00
Danger Signal, Tampa, Fla.	10.00
E. R. Henderson, Macon, Ga.	5.00
Drummer, Syracuse, N. Y.	2.00
A. G. Talcott, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
An Engineer, New York City	1.00
Original Populist, Portsmouth, N. H.	1.00
Jefferson Democrat, Portsmouth, N. H.	1.00
Bryan Silver Republican, Portsmouth, N. H.	.50
Chas. Sheehan, Brooklyn	1.00
Randal Longwell, Brooklyn	1.00
John Longwell, Brooklyn	1.00
Chas. Turner, Brooklyn	1.00
David Murphy, Brooklyn	1.00
One day's contribution to the fund	$486.75
The Journal's contribution to the fund	486.75
Previously acknowledged and subscribed	17,427.62
Total	$18,401.12

Now that the Journal's fund has in the space of three weeks been the means of getting together nearly $20,000 to be used in the cause of political education, it would be difficult to put a limit to its possibilities for the future. This work is as yet only begun. But the success of its beginning must be no excuse for a relaxation of effort. More money is needed for the purpose, and the sooner it is collected the better.

The people whose contributions are received in the near future will have the advantage of getting them doubled, as is being done to encourage givers at the start. After that the Journal will so far as it is concerned, act as collector for the rest of the moneys sent in.

The education of the American voters means an assured victory for Bryan and the cause of the people this Fall. To withhold any assistance possible under such conditions would be the deepest folly.

"Merry Tramps."

Those jolly little frisky, elf-like comedians, known as the Liliputians, who have endeared themselves alike to the English and German theatregoers of New York, returned to this city last night, and began a sojourn at the good old Star Theatre. Absence had evidently made the metropolitan heart grow fonder, for the Liliputians received a "right down regular royal" welcome. They have been abroad for a year. They left this country just as a note of weariness was making itself heard. They withdrew at the critical, necessary time, and have come back to find that their popularity is still unimpaired and verdant. The Liliputians, who can teach over full-grown comedians so much in the matter of humor, might also suggest to them the wisdom of this temporary withdrawal. There is nothing like giving the public a rest occasionally. The Liliputians did it, and—the public is with them again.

Merry, tiny Ebert! Jocund, happy Goerner! Vivacious, tireless little Zink, and Merkel, and Ring, and Jaeger! They brought the same good-natured industry to their work that delighted us in former seasons. They sang just as musical-box-ily, talked the same babblingly bewildering German, strutted, posed, frolicked and gamboled in the identical manner made known years ago in "The Pupil in Magic." Their charm was just as potent. Their veritable artistic merit had lost none of its keen-ness. "Freaks!" cry some of the disgruntled ones, because there is physically less of Ebert and Goerner and Zink and Merkel than there is of Wilson and De Angelis and other funny men whom I could mention. But if art and genuine merriment could be expressed in height, the Liliputians would tower far above their full-grown brethren. In the case of these Gulliverian Teutons, it is a real case of "man wants but little here below."

The enterprising managers whose task it is to stage these actorettes have supplied them with the usual sort of crazy-patchwork arrangement. This time it is called "Merry Tramps," and it is announced as a "grand, spectacular play in four acts and eleven tableaus," by Robert Breitenbach, with music by Carl Pleininger. It answers all purposes, for it puts forth the fragile little folks in all their well-known specialties. It gives them opportunities to perpetually change their clothes, to do sprite-like things, behave mischievously, and show their vast superiority to the six-footers in the supporting cast. Little Ebert, the main attraction of the entertainment, contributes that famous jag of his, which amuses us because it is done so unvulgarly and so quaintly. He appears in various eccentric garbs, chatters with the insouciant volubility of a schoolboy, undresses himself as he did in other "grand spectacular plays," and at the end of the second act appears in the natural garb of a living picture, taking a shower bath! His associates disport themselves in similarly appropriate ways, and, while they do little that is new, they revive their old exploits most acceptably.

"Merry Tramps" is an excellent tonic for the habitual theatre-goer. I insist that the habitual theatre-goer needs a tonic. Theatre-going is an exercise that, like any other, develops a certain set of emotions abnormally. These emotions clamor for a respite, for a something that will remove the grit from the mental machinery. The entertainment given by the Liliputians is capitally suited to do this. Besides, it is a child's show. It is a jovial arrangement that gives unlimited satisfaction to schoolboys and to schoolgirls. That is also a point not to be forgotten by the habitual theatre-goer. A performance that has snap, vim and verve enough to asorb the attention of the juvenile element deserves to be patronized by those who are responsible for that juvenile element.

The best part of the whole thing is that you needn't bother in the least about the story. I have tried half a dozen times to see if it were possible to make a coherent narrative of the quipperies indulged in by the Liliputians. I made another effort last night, and read sixteen pages of a drab book that was handed to me. Take my advice, and don't do likewise. It is quite useless. The opening lines of the synopsis are all that it is needful to know: "The Professor tries to find a suitable husband for his daughter Mary, by aid of his magic directory, which contains the names of all men on earth, and by appearing in a white or red light, will reveal the degree of virtue the owners of the names possess. By application of the X-cathode rays, three pictures shine forth in a white light, the color indicating the good deeds. They are the merry tramps, Joe, Jim and Bob." When you have read that, sit still and wait for surprises. There are lots of 'em, and that is precisely what we want.

The ballets introduced into "Merry Tramps" would not discredit far more pretentious productions. The "Harvest Festival," in the first act, is particularly commendable. There are tasteful, artistic costumes; a felicitous blending of color with distinct emphasis on two primary tints, and some of the Kiralfian evolutions that we still love to see and that never grow old. Then there is a ballet of "Lights and Lamps," and there is also a "Ballet of Silver Laces." Everything suggests the utilization of old German fairy tales, deliciously magical and refreshingly far fetched. It is wonderful how cleverly and attractively these elfs are trained, and what resources are drawn upon to halo them.

The musical features are perhaps less brilliant than of yore. The Liliputians do a Hebrew topical song that is fairly enjoyable, and a dude song that is better. There are trios and duets and solos galore, but they are none of them very distinctive. The little folks, however, are so much in earnest. They are so insistently alert, and they put so much "ginger" into their smallest contributions that it is quite impossible to cavil at anything offered. Most of the "comic opera" shows now in town might get hints from the doings at the Star Theatre; each comedian might obtain a wrinkle from Ebert on the almost lost art of how to be funny without being vulgar. Francis Wilson and Jefferson de Angelis should take a peep at Zink and Ebert, and learn the value of facial expression. These tiny countenances depict all the mirthful emotions, and do it with the utmost facility and grace.

However, comparisons are odious, and perhaps it is best to put away all unhappy thoughts when a sheerly jolly entertainment is in question. It is not worth while studying the Liliputians, for they can be enjoyed—which is so much better! "Merry Tramps" brings theatre-goers back to the primitive object of their quest—that of simple and unadulterated amusement.

ALAN DALE.

Health Note.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Bourke Cockran will jump in and die for his country just the minute his physician will permit him.

THE HEROISM OF BIG DENNY SHEA.

THIS tells how big Denny Shea, Mulberry Bend, went out of his [way] the other night to save the Ric[ardo] twins from a fiery death, and of the reward of his heroism.

To begin at the beginning, it all happened on the night the twenty-seven members of the Paradise Social Club indulged in the luxury of a special meeting. This meeting was held in the little back room of "Johnson's place," on the corner. Big Denny is the undisputed president of the club, and as a natural sequence presided. Furthermore, when the tenth round of liquid refreshment had been absorbed, he made a speech.

After Denny had talked an hour a new and untutored member moved to adjourn. Before the eloquent president could declare the motion to adjourn out of order every member present had retired into the barroom. So for want of anything better to do the unappreciated orator d——d their bad taste four successive times, and made his escape through a side door. When he reached the street he found himself face to face with little Mame Madigan.

"Oh, Denny Shea," murmured Mame breathlessly, "youse cheap guys ought to be 'shamed of yerselves to be loafin' in Johnson's when a mother and her kids are a burnin' up right round de corner an' not a copper in sight. If yer got de heart of a chicken come an' save dose twins."

"Quit yer kiddin'," muttered Mr. Shea sulkily; "youse is all right yerself, Mame, but de aint no use of gettin' gay wid me, even if I am yer steady."

He did not finish the sentence, for the white-faced girl turned and ran into Mulberry street. As a matter of course he followed. When they reached the famous "bend" in the street Mame was panting and Denny was swearing. Suddenly the girl halted in front of the biggest flat house in the ward, and, clutching at Denny's coat, exclaimed:

"See, Denny dear, see de fire a-blazin' on de odder side of de cellar door, and all der smoke pourin' up dose stairs. An' look up dere—see dat dago chip wid de twins a-dyin' before our very eyes. Denny, if yer love me get a move on! Hustle!"

And Big Denny hustled. In less time than it takes to tell about it he was out of his coat and down in the cellarway. Att the foot of the flight of stone steps he stumbled over an empty milk can. With the aid of this can he shattered the glass panels and jumped back. For out of the opening poured a veritable Niagara of flame and smoke. He ran up the steps, and as he reached the pavement he saw that the awning over his head was blazing.

"For God's sake," cried Mame, as Denny staggered toward her, "stop smashin' in doors an' makin' tings so hot. Go upstairs an' save der twins."

For a lonely instant he gazed at her in silence, then, with a muffled oath, he dashed through the open vestibule and up the smoking stairway. When Denny reached the first landing he struck a match and kicked at the flimsy door until it yielded. Then he entered the room, groped his way through the blinding smoke until he reached the side of a woman. She stood in the centre of the room, gazing at an age-stained picture that hung over the mantel. On the floor lay a pile of crockery and the portrait of a saint done in faded oils. The woman and her belongings were enframed in smoke. Through the open windows tongues of flame were darting, but the woman stood dazed and motionless as a statue, gazing at her own face in the mirror.

"Wot in h—ll be yer rubber-neckin' at dat lookin'-glass when de joint is all goin' up in smoke," shouted Denny. "If yer don't get down stairs we'll both croak."

Her only answer was a groan of protest. But when he laid his hand on her shoulder she bent down and picked up the portrait of the saint. Clasping this picture to her breast, she allowed him to lead her out into the passage. As they started down the stairs Denny suddenly remembered what Mame Madigan had told him would happen if he failed to save the twins. With an eloquence all his own he swore at the frightened woman, but she did not understand a blessed word of it. Finally she lost her footing, and, accompanied by the saint's portrait, tumbled headlong down the stairs.

Denny had rushed back to the Ricardo flat and inaugurated a hurried search for the twins. He found them lying on a bed in one of the rear rooms. The infants were gasping for breath, but when they saw Denny bending over the bed they put out their tiny hands and smiled at him.

"Here, you'se kids aint got no time tur lose, or we'll all chip in!" shouted Denny. "I'm goin' tur carry yer out in dis shawl, an' I wants yer tur keep yer traps shut while we are makin' de riffle. If yer hollers I'll drop yer, sure."

He wrapped the bewildered twins in the folds of a faded red shawl and swung the animated bundle over his shoulder. Then, with another burst of profanity, he started on his journey to the stairway. Bursts of flame and curtains of heavy smoke barred his way. The twins squirmed and fought. Twice Denny stumbled and once he fell to his knees. The ends of the shawl caught fire and the hot breath of the flames scorched his hands and singed his eyebrows.

"D—n me if I'll weaken at this stage of the game," he muttered as he struggled to his feet. "Mame can't trow dat up ter me, anyway."

Then he fought his way through that awful gauntlet of fire, staggered out into the passageway and yelled a yell of victory.

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Mame Madigan and the mother of the twins met the rescuer and rescued at the foot of the stairs. So did old Ricardo, the father. Denny delivered the twins to their mother. Mame Madigan coiled her slim white arms about her "steady's" neck and kissed him full on the mouth amid the cheers of the assembled populace and the smiles of the blase firemen.

Then it was that old Ricardo took a hand in the proceedings. He stood close to Denny and greeted him with a choice unexpected and incomprehensible assortment of imported oaths. Another Italian came up and told Denny that Ricardo was giving him a "call down" for not saving the crockery.

What Denny said in reply is altogether too strong for publication. He broke away from Mame, and had not the police interfered there's no predicting what would have happened to the dissatisfied Mr. Ricardo.

Ten minutes later the fire was under control and Denny was over at "Johnson's," calling for the conventional "four fingers." Between drinks he talked to the reporter. Among other things he said:

"I aint lookin' for notoriety, but yer kin gamble dat dis guy aint goin' ter scorch himself ter save any twins as own such a cheap dago as dat Ri[car]do fur a papa. Say, I'm goin' ter se[illegible] in de mornin', an' when I'm done [illegible] der will be dents in his face."