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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that the weather will be fair, with slowly rising temperature. Variable winds. Warmer Wednesday.

Mrs. Lease has gone from Populism to pulpit. Her husband is said to regard this as a new Lease of life.

There are people in Maryland who suspect the Arthur P. Gorman political retirement of walking in its sleep.

Governor Morton finds his position a most unpleasant one. He is between the inps of boiling and the deep, cunning Thomas C.

It looks now as if Mr. Platt cannot only sing, but pray, and, like a good old orthodox hayseed, has been praying for Raines.

Unless the prevailing Chicago idea can be forced into the background by the promoters of the enterprise, the new Chicago Bible will be constructed on sky-scraping lines.

President Cleveland has consented to umpire that Italian-Brazilian game, but with the distinct understanding that perfect order is to be maintained on the bleaching boards.

From the various statements of the gentlemen most directly interested it is learned that Mr. Foraker's relations with the McKinley Presidential boom are purely of a platonic nature.

The colored brethren were not ignored at the Chicago McKinley banquet. They were permitted to wait on the white brethren, and thus were able to hear all of the protection platitudes.

The air of repose and the freedom from interruption which now attend the New York burglar's work show that confidence in the police has been established—at least, in the ranks of crime.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt is sensible in recommending Elm street instead of Broadway for the location of the rapid transit tunnel. No mortal man can compute the disturbance of business which would ensue upon any attempt to tunnel Broadway.

If the Fifty-fourth Congress continues at its present pace, and the Democrats can coax Mr. Whitney into the race, the campaign this year will not be such a one-sided affair as the Republican bosses have been anticipating.

THE WORK OF A WOMAN. Few persons suspected that the New Orleans Pleayune was conducted by a woman. It is an influential paper, a financial success, and a valuable property. It has been conducted with rare literary ability and excellent financial skill to a commanding position. And yet the editor and owner was Mrs. George S. Nicholson, well known throughout the South as "Pearl Rivers," the poet. The death of Mrs. Nicholson, at the age of forty-seven, in the height of her usefulness, occurred at New Orleans on Saturday. Her second husband died the week previous, and the shock no doubt hastened her death. Mrs. Nicholson was an admirable woman.

Her career, judged by literary or business standards, was extraordinary. As a young country girl, who had written some sweet pastoral verses, she was invited to a position on the Pleayune. Her work soon justified the experiment, so that at the death of the proprietor, Colonel Holbrook, whom she had married, she assumed entire charge of the paper, instituted thorough reforms, engaged brilliant writers, relieved the paper of debt, and made it powerful and prosperous. This is an extraordinary achievement for a woman in the conservative environment of the South, against the advice of her relatives and friends, and in spite of the disfavor which any departure from the prevailing social customs brought upon a woman.

It was accomplished at a time when the difficulties were greater than they are now. Success approved the decision of the owner to manage her own property, and her talents, character, refinement and nobility confirmed the standing of the woman. Men and women alike admired the wife and mother who was also a capable and successful worker.

Twenty thousand English troops in South Africa would not frighten the Boers much. They can easily defend their country against four times that number.

A QUESTION OF HOLIDAYS. It ought to be apparent, even to Senator Hill, that national holidays, like national hymns, are not matters of fiat altogether. It is all very well to make a red mark in the calendar, and say "Here celebrate," but there must be in the nation first of all a disposition to commemorate and celebrate on that day. You cannot legislate the disposi-

tion, and without it the day is a dead letter, and for the most part a business nuisance.

Perhaps Senator Hill was in some way conscious of this in pointing out General Andrew Jackson's birthday—that hero having gone into the Pantheon of American respect as a typical incorrigible and unfaltering American. But those inestimable qualities, luckily for us, have not been rare in our history, and if they are to suffice for commemoration, we ought to make a place for Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin, to say nothing of Davy Crockett and "Old Put."

It looks as if it were to be a hard Spring for bosses. Mr. Platt's scheme of government by commissions has aroused the opposition of the best elements in both parties.

RAINES AND HIS CAMPAIGN.

Senator Raines is good enough to admit that his excise bill is an experiment. We fancy that he has been brought to this acknowledgment by a realizing sense of the resentment which his anomalous and insolent proposition has awakened in all the cities of the State. Its fate will soon be decided, and if it is written that the cities must give up a part of their revenues to shield the hayseeds of the Legislature of 1896 from the popular wrath, the sinuous Senator is likely to hear himself very sharply criticised. Never was there a more cynical abuse of authority than that proposed by Mr. Raines and his colleagues of the majority. Instead of inaugurating that excise reform which is needed so bitterly, and which New York City had a right to expect from them, they transform the whole business of the taxation of saloons into a job.

Their feeling toward the matter is very well illustrated by a little colloquy, held recently, between ex-Senator Warner Miller, the fiery untamed opponent of local option and of the freedom of cities, with Mr. Raines concerning the latter's excise bill. "I wish you had made the liquor tax for cities \$1,000," quoth Mr. Warner Miller. "The higher you place it the better!" "Well, if \$800 does not prove sufficient, we can put the price up at the next session," responded Senator Raines. "That is to say, if an arbitrary tax of \$800 does not furnish them enough to keep the tax rate down, they will put their hands into the City Treasury again. Refreshingly cool, is it not? And characterized by that utter absence of conscience which marks our rural friends when examining the contents of our pockets!"

Mr. Raines does not deny that his bill is in danger, because of the unconstitutional and dangerous principle embodied in it. But he is using all his arts to secure its passage. In the first place, the party whip will be cracked vigorously to-day over the heads of those Senators who are still holding out on the question of "Sunday opening." If they cannot be brought into the traces, then some non-committal amendment on the Sunday question will be conceded. Next the voters of this city will be informed that they will really make a money gain by allowing the State to take fifty per cent of the receipts from a tax on liquor selling, inasmuch as the State tax will be reduced. No intelligent person in the metropolis who has watched with any care the assault of the hayseed hordes upon appropriations will lend credence to this piece of sophistry.

Nor if it were true, would we permit it to make an iota of difference in our attitude to this wholesale assault upon Home Rule for cities. People are now aroused to a full appreciation of what the passage of the Raines bill will mean, and if they do not protest with all their might, they will deserve the servitude into which they will fall. Let them remember that this bill is but the entering wedge.

Lord Dunraven may be somewhat shy on evidence, but he is an expert on dwelling on his injured pride.

THE RUMORS ABOUT NANSEN. Those who have heretofore been surprised at the remarkable celerity with which news travels among the savages of Northern Siberia, where there are neither telegraph lines nor other means of rapid communication, had reason to place some faith even in the vague dispatches that came here last week concerning Nansen's safe return after a successful trip to the North Pole. Few, if any, of the Arctic experts doubt the present safety and ultimate return of the adventurous Norsemen, who chose such a bold and novel approach to the North Pole as required them deliberately to put themselves in a position that other explorers have endeavored to avoid as long as possible, and were content to put their little vessel out of their control, and let the drifting ice carry them wherever it would, but always, as they hoped, toward the Pole. To be sure, their ship might be crushed, in spite of its strength and novel construction, but even if that fate should overtake their vessel, it is still feasible for the crew to make a successful retreat over the intervening ice to the Siberian coast to the south of them. Ice journeys are the most disagreeable and apparently the most dangerous that can be made, but the records of Arctic travel show that no life has yet been lost in that way.

It is difficult to believe that Nansen's party reached the Siberian coast near the mouth of the Kolyma River,

and without it the day is a dead letter, and for the most part a business nuisance. They would be more apt to drift to Franz Josef Land, where Frederick Jackson, that enthusiastic and intrepid young British explorer, is now working his way Poleward. But it does not follow that because the first news came from there the survivors of the Fram landed near the Kolyma.

One of the crew of the United States steamship Rodgers, in search of the Jeannette, while travelling along the northeast coast of Siberia in February, 1882, had his first news of the loss of the Jeannette and the arrival on shore of part of the shipwrecked crew from the savages along that same part of the Siberian coast where the rumor of Nansen's return seems to have originated. The Jeannette survivors came ashore at the mouth of the Lena River, nearly 2,000 miles away, and near where Nansen's vessel is supposed to have entered the ice two years and a half ago, and it is not unreasonable to expect that similar news might now be carried in the same way.

But, after all, the fact is that, no matter how much we would like to believe in Nansen's success, we shall have to wait for something more reliable than the vague news we now have before we can extend our congratulations to him.

Vocalist Platt may do very well on solos, but when it comes to duets and trios it will be rather difficult for him to preserve the harmony and prevent discords on the part of the Bilsaites.

HANDS OFF THE SCHOOLS!

The facts underlying the public school reform movement in this city are few, simple and unanswerable. Our schools, owing to political stupidity, are far behind the schools of other American cities in aims, methods and results. This has been shown by disinterested educators who have gone over the whole field. What is called reform is, at the present stage, little better than a protest of the fathers and mothers of New York, who ask in effect these questions: I. Are our teachers subject to uneducational influences in their appointment? II. Are they qualified for the responsible work of teaching? III. Are the text books now in use the latest and best, or are they retained by virtue of contracts made with trusts? IV. Are the methods of instruction at all modern in their adaptability to the varying temperaments and endurance of the pupils? Do the instructions aim to make better citizens or only smarter men and women? Are the children ever taught what is their duty to the State and the municipality?

These questions have been answered in one way by the politicians, and it is not a satisfactory way. So that the conviction is fast spreading that true educational reform must begin with some measure that will make the politicians take their hands off the schools.

The testimony given in the examination of Superintendent Pierce, of the Westchester Home, adds to one of the most astonishing problems of our age. Why is it that a man of cruel nature and singularly inhuman sensibilities always manages to get into a place where there are helpless children, whose nature and condition invite the kindest forbearance? Where are the hard-hearted men of to-day—are they in the ranks of the assassins, or in the asylums?

The State Senate took up the matter of the Anti-Coal Trust resolutions last evening, and debated them in the proper spirit. Senator Cantor supported his resolution requiring the Attorney-General to report whether the alleged Coal Trust is operating in violation of law. In that way, he said, we shall secure an opinion as to whether the Anti-Trust law of 1893 will cover the case. Senator Wray insisted upon an investigating committee of seven, with instructions to report in a fortnight. Certainly such a committee could do a great deal of effective work.

Between forty and fifty below zero at Saranac Lake is something in temperature that we shall like to remember in connection with the Adirondacks when we are starting for them in the frying heats of July or August; but just now it sounds uncommonly bleak and dreary. And this sudden Arctic wave which has come rioting among us, giving New York City more discomfort from cold than it has had for a quarter of a century, has amazed and startled everybody. No doubt the coal trust would be delighted to begin business just now, but the briskness of the weather should serve as a reminder to our legislators to carry through without delay whatever measure they propose for the protection of the poor against those who would rob them.

Senator Davis acted wisely yesterday, in making his speech, supporting his own resolution to reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine, dispassionate and argumentative, rather than lurid and declamatory. In presence of the apparent willingness of the British Cabinet to "climb down," it would have been ungracious to roar too loudly. The Senator has no specially new arguments to advance, nor are any necessary. His criticism of President Cleveland's seeming admission in his Message that England might take territory in Venezuela, if arbitrators declared her entitled to it, was perhaps a little far-fetched, but arose from the enthusiasm of one who wants the Doctrine rigidly adhered to. It is best not to be irreconcilable on the question; we have already been very fortunate in securing our main point; we shall get the rest by moderation and firmness. Senator Davis's resolution will probably be adopted, and the British lion will find it quite natural that it should be so.

Noble Victims to Women's Charms.

That the Barrison Sisters should have been expelled from Berlin by order of the Emperor is not surprising to those who are aware of the great position held at the Court of Prussia and of almost every other reigning house of Central and Northern Europe by the noble families of Wedel and Bernstorff, both of which have had disgrace and scandal brought upon their names by these New York maidens, who have been creating such a furor among the jeunesse doree of Berlin and Vienna by their fetching interpretation of the familiar song concerning the attractions of the Bowerly. For if young Count Wedel has been led by infatuation to embark on a frigate that has resulted in his arrest on a charge of having jewelry obtained for the purpose on credit, Count William Bernstorff, on the other hand, narrowly escaped indictment for bigamy, having only been prevented at the last minute from marrying in London the Miss Barrison with whom he had eloped from Berlin in spite of his being already married to the sister of Baron Gutschmidt, now German envoy to the Court of the Mikado.

The names of Wedel and of Bernstorff are well known in this country, one of the counts of Wedel having spent a number of years in the United States, after killing in a very sensational duel at Vienna young Prince Solms. Count Alfred Wedel had up to that time held the office of Grand Master of the household to the King of Hanover and was one of the few noblemen who had remained faithful and devoted to the blind monarch after the loss of his kingdom in 1863. Prince Solms was the favorite nephew of the King, and one evening in a drunken frolic so grossly insulted Count Wedel that the latter had to choose between alternative but to challenge him, since otherwise he would have incurred social ostracism of the most terrible character. His killing of Prince Solms was altogether unintentional, but it necessitated his expatriation for a number of years, which he spent in America. What rendered the case peculiarly pathetic was the fact that the widowed mother of the dead Prince, blind like her brother, the King of Hanover, was kept until her own death, two years later, in ignorance of her favorite son's recent death, her surviving son and daughter giving her to believe that he was travelling in the United States and in China, a pious fraud, which they kept up by means of fictitious letters, in which he was made to give a description of his imaginary wanderings.

It is improbable that the young Count Wedel, who had just been arrested for frauds attributed by the authorities to his infatuation for the Barrison sisters, will ever be placed on trial, since there is every reason to believe that he is not accountable for his actions. He has already spent some time under restraint as a lunatic, and only recovered his liberty about a year ago.

The circumstances under which he lost his reason were somewhat peculiar. While travelling in Persia he ventured to attend divine service in a mosque, which, in view of the fanaticism of the Mohammedans, is always a dangerous thing to do, seeing that they regard the sacred edifice as defiled and desecrated by the presence of a Christian. They showed their resentment against the Count for thus intruding upon their devotions by assailing him with reproaches and blows, and when in self-defence he drew a revolver they mistreated him in such a brutal fashion as to almost kill him, wounding up by tying his feet to the tail of a horse and whipping the latter into a gallop.

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Count William Bernstorff, a son of the celebrated German statesman who was Prime Minister of Prussia until the accession to office of Prince Bismarck, afterward holding the post of German Ambassador in London, came to this country in connection with the removal of his name from the active list of the army, in which he held the rank of Captain of Hessars, and the loss of his equestrism to Prince Henry of Prussia. He invested all his available capital in an orange plantation in Florida. But as both the Countess and himself were without the slightest knowledge of the necessities and ways of life in the South, it was not long before their plantation enterprise resolved itself into a dismal failure. Much disgusted, the Countess left her husband to fight the battle of life alone and returned to her relatives in Germany, whereupon Count William came to New York, where for a time he acted as riding master in one of the riding academies in the neighborhood of Central Park, after which he became a travelling salesman for a prominent champagne house. He quarrelled with his employers, and for a time drifted about the country, entirely abandoned by his wealthy brothers and relatives at home. One day he unexpectedly met a relative, who was able to secure him employment on a daily newspaper, but after a few months of journalistic life he returned home, where he has since been living as best he could at the expense of his mother, the Grand Mistress of the household of Princess Leopold of Prussia. One of Count Bernstorff's brothers, Percy by name, is married to an exceedingly pretty girl, wealthy New York heiress, Miss Luckmeyer, and is at the present moment Charge d'Affaires of Germany at the Court of Bucharest. His eldest brother, Count Andrew, took a prominent part in the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair at Chicago. He is a Chamberlain of the Empress of Germany, and one of her particular favorites, being associated with her in all sorts of religious and church enterprises, and is one of the chief officials of the Ecclesiastical Department of the German Government.

THE ENZY BOSS. (Detroit Tribune.) It appears that Tom Platt's slyness is particularly able-bodied as to his snicker. The political finger on the lip is marked by frequent rows with the corpse.

PLATT AND FASSETT. (Syracuse Journal.) Ex-Senator Hill and ex-Senator Fassett have not met, but each talks in a conciliatory manner. The anti-Platt men in New York City postpone their threatened bolt. Minor animosities may well be set aside on the threshold of the Presidential election.

BID FOR POPULARITY. (Baltimore Herald.) Governor Evans, of South Carolina, is making important in the quality of dispensary wicker, and that no liquor detrimental to "health and good morals" shall be brot into the State.

Some Extracts from the "New Bible."

Below will be found some extracts from the "New Bible" designed for the public schools of Chicago, with a view to making the Holy Scriptures unobjectionable to Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist and Agnostic, an account of the origin, development and scope of which was published in the Sunday Journal.

The extracts are published under the various headings in which they appear in the "New Bible."

NATIONAL CALAMITY. These are the things advanced as "Cause of National Calamity," taken from Jeremiah's portentous observations: "Hear now this, foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not: Fear ye not me: with the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, which hath placed the sand for the bounds of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail: though they roar, yet can they not pass over it? But this people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart; they are revolted and gone: For among my people are found wicked men: They lay in wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap; they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine; yet they surpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things? with the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; The prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end? The Duties of Patriotism are taught from the Epistle to the Romans, and the first verse quoted reads: Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that are are ordained of God.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY. The eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel is in part used to illustrate "Personal Responsibility." A portion of the quoted verses reads: When the son hath done that which is lawful and right, and hath kept all my statutes, and hath done them, he shall surely live. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son. The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him. And when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned, and in his sin that he has sinned, in them shall he die.

TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS. The first selection appears under the head of "The Two Great Commandments" and consists of the thirtieth and thirty-first verses of the twelfth chapter of Mark: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

"Young Children Blessed" is the title of an excerpt from the tenth chapter of Mark, in which occurs that much-used text: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

WORDS OF CHEER. Consolation of religion, as tersely set forth in the Bible, appear under the caption, "Words of Cheer." Here are some of them: "God is our refuge and strength, A very present help in trouble. Therefore will not be feared, though the earth be removed. And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.—Psalms xli, 1-3. "Open ye the gates that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: Trust ye in the Lord forever: For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isaiah xxvii, 2-4. But do not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yes, I will help thee; Yes, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—Isaiah xli, 10.

WORDS FROM ECCLESIASTES. "A Contrast" is the title given an excellent compilation of selections from Ecclesiastes, set against a part of the First Psalm. This will give an idea of its preparation: Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—Ecc. i, 7. He that regardeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not eat.—Ecc. i, 4. Wisdom is better than weapons of war; but one sinner destroyeth much good.—Ecc. i, 18. Conscience is displayed in the following from the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes, which appears under the head of a "Short Story": There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great King against it and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man and he by his wisdom delivered the city. This well-told little tale has the advantage of putting all the meat of a romance into a few lines, all expressed in the clearest language possible to be used. It is an education in English as well as in morals and wisdom.

FROM THE PSALMS. The Psalms and Proverbs are extensively drawn on throughout the book, especially in the first part. One of the most striking compilations from those sources is "Morning and Evening Meditations." I laid me down and slept; I awaked; For the Lord sustained me.—Psalm li, 5. How precious are they thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them they are more in number than the sand. When I awake I am still with Thee.—Psalm cxxxix, 17-18. I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: For thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—Psalm lvi, 8. Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice: because Thou hast heard their cry.—Psalm cxviii, 1. Let them ever shout for joy, because Thou hast favored them: Let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee.—Psalm vi, 11.

GEMS FROM PROVERBS. The proverbs which the compilers thought best to submit to the youthful minds under the head of "Gems from Proverbs" are these: Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.—Prov. i, 8. "Marriage" was preceded by a dreadful little piece, "Virginia romance," called "Mars Van." It was something like the young Person, and it suggested baby ribbons, and Mrs. Whatsername's soothing syrup. "Marriage" was pure ozone compared with "Mars Van." It gave May Robson an opportunity to play a ducky servant rather amusingly, but Miss Robson seemed too eager for the opportunity, and she was not her usual delicate repressed self. A pallid and unattractive woman, she was named Ida Conquest, posed rather prettily, and Mr. E. Y. Backus succeeded in forgetting his lines, for which he was severely rebuked. The Southern accents in this play were heavy enough to carve, but "Mars Van" needs ballast of another sort, and the "authors" didn't know how to furnish it. ALAN DALE.

Two Views of the Sultan. (Memphis Tribune.) The editor of the Mexican Herald and F. Hopkinson Smith wouldn't agree at all upon the question of the merits of the Turkish Sultan. Mr. Smith was treated politely by the Sultan and do not feel honored by the recognition, and he comes home with the message that the Sultan is a mild, humane and unambitious gentleman. The Mexican Herald, on the contrary, describes the Sultan as "the wickedest devil that ever lived." It was something like the son of an Armenian slave by an Armenian gardener, and that he exhibits such devilish traits. He imagines that the Sultan of Asia Minor from a desire to conceal his Armenian origin, has assumed the name of Abdul Hamid, and that the Christians the world about his birth would spread and injure his standing in the Moslem world. This is a fanciful theory, but there may be something in it. The old saying is that one renegade Christian is worse than ten Turks, and Abdul Hamid may be a living exemplification of its truth. (Hobbes's Double. [Robbets's Union]. E. F. Tibbets, of San Francisco's private secretary, has a double. He is a theatrical man, and while staying at the same hotel in this city with the President, was so often mistaken for Mr. Tibbets, that he was finally annoyed, as all declaimers that he did not know anything about General Harrison's movements was received with incredulity.

"Marriage."

Brandon Thomas, who made his fortune by means of the humorous "old lady from Brazil, where the nuts come from," is responsible for the "new comedy" called "Marriage," which was produced at the Empire Theatre last night. If Mr. Thomas had played a farce, and had been satisfied with extravagant farcicality, which can be improbable and absurd, and anything you like, his new play would have fared better. As it is, however, Mr. Thomas has tried to dip into "human interest," and all that sort of thing, by means of a series of characters who are impossible for anything but the most reckless and better-actress farce.

"Marriage" is a scolding sort of a play. It is breezy, diaphanous, and at times quite clever; it is even restful, after the souvenir of "A Woman's Reason," and it is never dull. But it is as shallow as an afternoon tuncup, and stodgey people who go to the playhouse to gorge a substantial meal will feel, when they see Mr. Thomas's effort, that they have not had their money's worth. It is quite surprising what a number of stodgey theatregoers there are in New York, and how many of them go to the Empire, and to Daly's, and to other houses of refined persuasion.

These best-beak advocates will fail to see the farcicality of a play that tries to be a comedy. They will reason about it, and as soon as you start reasoning all is lost. For instance, they will say, "I thought Lady Bolton secured a divorce from her husband, Sir John Bolton, without knowing how she got it, or what her lawyers did, is an impossible fool in these enlightened days; whereas if 'Marriage' had been a mere farce, they would have roared with laughter at the pleasing inanity of the thing. Then they will declare that the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Chumbleigh, who is unable to recognize her husband after he has been a year in Africa, and has grown a beard, is quite too much of a dose to the with equalizing, whereas if 'Marriage' had been put forth as a diverting and fantastic incongruity, their complaints would have died on their lips. People will stand anything in farce, but beware of them when you ask them to put on their thinking caps at a funny comedy.

Mr. Thomas has tried to frivil with domestic infidelity, and there are many incidents in "Marriage" that are really funny. The story is thin as a wafer. The wife, who really loves her husband (the affectionate wives on the stage generally manage to love their husbands, and conceal the fact until the last act), gets a divorce for reasons that are not clear. She has imagined that he was too fond of Mrs. Chumbleigh—a "sweet" woman, who is drawn with entertaining success, but who hears that the lady is married she will seek the divorce. The husband and wife meet later, and he endeavors to effect a reconciliation, going so far as a re-proposal of marriage. Her tantrums, however, alienate his vacillating affections once more, and he proposes to Mrs. Chumbleigh, who believes that she is a widow. The act ends with a hilarious situation, setting forth Lady Bolton's intention to sue her ex-husband for breach of promise.

This is certainly novel, and yet it fell rather flat. The reason, I suppose, was that the episode was given up so suddenly. Mr. Thomas should have dashed at it. He should have torn it to shreds, and then, in speaking of the matter, and have held it up for bithering absurdity. But he didn't. "Marriage" is meant to be a comedy, and he willfully sets its farcicality from it. "Charles's Aunt" would have met with a very sedate reception if it had posed as anything but an extremely roared farce.

There is no need, however, to subject the new piece to any very stolid criticism. Theatregoers who are blasé may like it. It is a sort of hors-d'oeuvre, even though there is nothing to follow. And it is interesting if for no other reason than that it gives the admirable Dodson an opportunity to be overweeningly excellent. As the dry old lawyer, programmed as "the person," "Dodson covered himself with the laurels he craves of glory. In the first act—the best act of the play, by the bye—his character work was really marvellous. It was as good as anything that John Hare has ever done, and somehow or other Dodson always reminds me of Hare.

Henry Miller was originally cast for the part, and, thank goodness, he refused it. It was like a holiday to visit the Empire and not find Miller bursting with fat heroics. Miss Allen, as the imaginary injured wife, was woefully ineffective. Miss Allen must look to it now, the day will come when she will know "where she stands." She was perpetually theatrical, lacking in repose and well, insincere, if I must use that odious adjective.

Miss De Wolfe as the sweet and catty woman—the person all men love, and all women hate—was quite sure what the picture was, whether it was a cow or a landscape. Joseph Humphreys, an embryo Dodson, contributed an amusing sketch of a confidential clerk; William Faversham was the divorced husband, and Robert Edison the gentleman who grew a beard in Africa.

"Marriage" was preceded by a dreadful little piece, "Virginia romance," called "Mars Van." It was something like the young Person, and it suggested baby ribbons, and Mrs. Whatsername's soothing syrup. "Marriage" was pure ozone compared with "Mars Van." It gave May Robson an opportunity to play a ducky servant rather amusingly, but Miss Robson seemed too eager for the opportunity, and she was not her usual delicate repressed self. A pallid and unattractive woman, she was named Ida Conquest, posed rather prettily, and Mr. E. Y. Backus succeeded in forgetting his lines, for which he was severely rebuked. The Southern accents in this play were heavy enough to carve, but "Mars Van" needs ballast of another sort, and the "authors" didn't know how to furnish it. ALAN DALE.

Two Views of the Sultan. (Memphis Tribune.) The editor of the Mexican Herald and F. Hopkinson Smith wouldn't agree at all upon the question of the merits of the Turkish Sultan. Mr. Smith was treated politely by the Sultan and do not feel honored by the recognition, and he comes home with the message that the Sultan is a mild, humane and unambitious gentleman. The Mexican Herald, on the contrary, describes the Sultan as "the wickedest devil that ever lived." It was something like the son of an Armenian slave by an Armenian gardener, and that he exhibits such devilish traits. He imagines that the Sultan of Asia Minor from a desire to conceal his Armenian origin, has assumed the name of Abdul Hamid, and that the Christians the world about his birth would spread and injure his standing in the Moslem world. This is a fanciful theory, but there may be something in it. The old saying is that one renegade Christian is worse than ten Turks, and Abdul Hamid may be a living exemplification of its truth. (Hobbes's Double. [Robbets's Union]. E. F. Tibbets, of San Francisco's private secretary, has a double. He is a theatrical man, and while staying at the same hotel in this city with the President, was so often mistaken for Mr. Tibbets, that he was finally annoyed, as all declaimers that he did not know anything about General Harrison's movements was received with incredulity.

Who would not die for England? England's new poet laureate, who entered upon his office at a period when the incident of the Boer war were anything but heroic, has published his second official poem, which deals with Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died of fever while on a military expedition in which he hoped to win fame and glory. Prince Henry, who married the Princess Beatrice of England in 1885, though a great favorite of the Queen, was always a laughing-stock among Englishmen by reason of the circumstance that he was a poverty-stricken German princeling before he was brought into the royal family, and was popularly supposed to be attached to the apron-strings of his wife and mother-in-law, besides being dependent upon the English taxpayer for his livelihood. Battenberg's last words are said to have been: "Who would not die for England!" which Austin makes the title of his poem. The laureate's panegyric upon Prince Henry, while being ridiculous, is not any more so than have been the paid tributes of other poets to royalty, while the reference to Albert is just a little too fulsome, even for those who remember the unpleasant position held by the Prince Consort, in spite of his worth and integrity, in the estimation of the English people.

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Altogether Austin has not increased his literary reputation nor his personal popularity—both of which suffered immeasurably after the publication of his first official effort, "Jameson's Ride"—by "Who Would Not Die for England?" The poem follows: Who would not die for England? Through centuries of glory handed down, By stonied vault in monumental fame, And hallowed ground, and hallowed ground, Homeless but not forgotten, so can thrill With its imperious call the hearts of men, That sudden from the dead, the dead arise, They rise to heights of nobleness, and spin The languid coils of safety, to embrace Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

Who would not die for England? Who at the holiest of all English battles, The holiest and the bravest, Given a seat, an English Princess for his bride— Now by that death-wounding her widowed tears, Bitter and barren as the winter sea, "It is not meet that I, whom this famed Isle, This generous night, and majestic land, Embellish as the wife of a King, Her splendid gift of kinship, Let me go, Go where they go, where the world's race, That stumble on whips of the half-drawn sword, And walk, as if whips of her will, to greet Duty and Death that evermore were twin.

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