THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecast for to-day indicates that it will be fair and colder; northwesterly winds.

Congress proposes to stop talking and adjourn.

McKinley found a Reed (not shaken by the wind) in Texas.

Platt may stop "grab bills" which do not promote his particular "grabs."

General Weyler is moving just about as fast as the United States Senate.

Hon. Mark Hanna appears to have negotiated with the wrong crowd in Texas.

The Anglo-Italian alliance means practically that Italy is allied to Great Britain.

The Davis boom went down just as if Little Sure Shot, the trap shooter, had fired at it.

Are the symptoms of hydrophobia and love sickness really similar, as the doctors allege?

Suppose General Harrison should obtain Cupid's permission "to accept" the St. Louis nomination!

Great Britain has probably advanced money to Italy on a mortgage that will render Italy dependent.

Colonial Secretary Chamberlain wants a practical expression of loyalty from the British dependencies.

It is sincerely hoped that the Giants will do better in Florida than Mr. Morton's delegate hunters did.

If McKinley runs off with the prize, there will be no cake walk for the colored delegates at St. Louis.

Detectives have invented another theory of the Paterson murder, but they have not found the murderer.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION.

At about this time of the year a few fortunate Indians prepare for the annual carouse that a paternal Government permits them to indulge in under the guise of "a visit to the Great Father in Washington," and which is undertaken for the ostensible purpose of obtaining certain concessions for their respective tribes and arranging for the sale of their reservations.

This annual visit to Washington, involving as it does a pleasant stop-over in New York, is something that the red man looks forward to with earnest longing during about eleven months of the year, and recalls with grunts of satisfaction during the eleven months that succeed it. He has been shorn of his land and other possessions, his power has been taken from him, and in more than one instance he has been compelled to go to work, but the yearly visit to the Great Father keeps him in a spirit of comparative contentment, and therefore has its value as a means of maintaining peace on the Western plains. Nevertheless the occasion has its grotesque features.

When the details of the visit have been determined on, Corn Starch, Sleeping Goat, Wet Blanket and two or three attendant braves leave the reservation in charge of half a dozen trusty long-haired guides and board an eastern bound overland train at the nearest available point. As they draw near to Eastern civilization, they take off their commonplace ready-made clothes which they wear at home and put on the blankets, feathers and moccasins furnished by the Government agents for their special use. The arrival of the party at a New York hotel occasions a certain degree of excitement, which is materially heightened when the new guests, having partaken freely of fire water, roam through the corridors at the midnight hour to the terror of belated guests, and descend to the barroom for the purpose of performing the treaty dance in the presence of the bartenders for a round of drinks.

After a few days of happy inebriety, the braves are carried on to Washington and received in solemn state by the President, to whom the principal chief addresses a few solemn words which are then rendered into English by the interpreter:

"The beaver no longer haunts the red man's forest, the antelope have departed and the flowers have ceased to bloom. Hear, O Great Father, the words of Corn Starch, chief of the once powerful tribe of Stick-in-the-Muds, who has followed a long and weary trail that he may speak to him of the sufferings and hardships of his people. This is probably the last time that the Great Father will listen to the voice of Corn Starch, for he is fast growing old and feeble, and ere many moons have passed his spirit will wing its flight toward the setting sun. What we want, O Father, is more whiskey and blankets."

At the conclusion of this oration the Executive promises a full consideration of the red men's demands, and the visitors, in token of their gratitude, perform the succotash dance in his presence. This is followed several hours later by the engaging terpsichorean effort known as the Dance of Canned Tomatoes, which is rendered in the barroom of Willard's Hotel to the delight of the guests and the profit of the landlord.

And the Indian question is considered settled until the year rolls round once more and brings with it its visiting delegation of chiefs eager to confer once more with the Great Father in Washington, and take part in the delirious joys of the metropolis.

Possibly Mr. Platt has utilized the X-rays system of ascertaining the second choice views of his drove of delegates.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.

The bans for the marriage of Father Knickerbocker to Miss Brooklyn were read and approved in the Assembly at Albany yesterday. They had some time before been favorably passed upon by the Senate. Nothing now is needed for the completion of the happy ceremony except the approval of the Mayors (who may be regarded as witnesses) and the signature of Governor Morton to the certificate. It has been unpleasant to have certain children of the contracting parties protest against the union, but boys will be boys. We will not go so far as to say that the Brooklyn anti-consolidationists are bad boys—they are merely mistaken.

Indeed, there seems to be little reason for anything but rejoicing in the event which is now so near to consummation. The Greater New York bill as it passed is without any features which are on the face of them especially objectionable. The bill was the direct outcome of and answer to the demand of the people made long ago at the polls. Each of the communities affected had an opportunity to express its opinion deliberately and definitely on the general subject of consolidation. Each of them did express its opinion, and all the opinions were favorable. The plea of certain Brooklyn objectors that the whole matter should be resubmitted to a vote of the people before action was taken by the Legislature seemed childish. Indeed it has by no means been proven that Brooklyn as a whole has changed its mind about consolidation. It is fair to suppose that Brooklyn folk are as steadfast in their opinions as the general run of humanity. It is possible that the "antis" were without a majority of anything except lung power.

Brooklyn, most men believe, will be the greatest gainer by the union. When she becomes a part of Greater New York, her real estate values will immediately increase and her taxes decrease. This will not occur on Manhattan Island, or t oany great extent in the Annexed District.

The tremendous advantage which will come to New York will lie in the defeat of cross-roads rule for the metropolitan district. The gentlemen from the rural regions who have heretofore managed this city recognized this yesterday at Albany, and wept over it as they made their last doleful speeches. Greater New York will be big enough to control her own affairs, and she will control them. It will no longer be necessary for a public spirited New Yorker to change his residence to Cattaraugus or Schoharie County in order to secure influence in the government of Gotham.

Of scarcely secondary importance is the sentimental advantage which will arise from consolidation. The union of the cities and towns affected by the act will make New York forever secure in her position as the great American metropolis. Chicago, city of black snow and loud lungs, will not be able to even claim a place in New York's class. If she annexed all the remaining prairies of Illinois she would still be hopelessly secondary. Nor is the supremacy of numbers entirely without commercial importance.

When the Journal says that it is glad the Greater New York bill has passed, it does not fail to recognize that certain dangers lurk in the possible action of politicians. Rumors were rife at Albany yesterday that three undesirable bills were even now in preparation by Mr. Platt's little gentlemen. The Journal hesitates to believe, however, that Mr. Platt or any one else will mar the making of the greatest city of the new world by doing unpleasant things.

The Journal thoroughly believes that the union of Father Knickerbocker and Miss Brooklyn will again prove that marriage is not a failure.

Mark A. Hanna is rapidly approaching the vituperative state of mind into which a politician lapses when too many facts become current.

HELP, DON'T SEIZE CUBA.

It is as antagonistic to the genius of our Government to seize Cuba as to refuse aid to the Cuban people in struggling for liberty. The spirit of conquest is absent because the spirit of freedom is present. It is competent for our statesmen to consider the request of the people of any independent State to become a member of the Union, either as a Territory or a State; but the Constitution does not contemplate, nor will the genius of our Government permit, any other mode. With the consent of the people we can purchase Cuba, or we can interfere to stop the ravages of war without their consent; but we do not wish to do either for self-aggrandizement.

In the nature of the case, all efforts of this country are, first, for self-protection; second, for the amelioration of the condition of the people of Cuba. In neither case is it necessary to seize Cuba. That proposition is the result of a misapprehension of the true attitude of the United States, or it is an attempt of the enemies of Cuba to prevent recognition of belligerency. By proposing a measure too radical to be adopted, they hope to prevent legislation which can and ought to be accomplished.

The right thing to do is not only obvious, but easy. That is, to recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and thus put them on a stable footing to gain their independence. That is all they ask; it is all that this people should do. But that should be done promptly, as befits our principles, our love of liberty, our determination to stand for freedom; and effectively, as we wish it to assist the people when they need assistance to throw off the yoke of a tyrant monarchy.

Mr. McKinley's candidacy is not the only boss-pursued nag in the race. Boss Chris Magee is sailing into the Quay boom at a very savage rate.

NO WAR IN EUROPE.

The alliance consummated between Russia and France two years ago appears actively in European affairs for the first time in their use of Turkey to embarrass Great Britain's military operations in Dongola. As the alliance is not open, being practically disavowed by both parties, and as their instigation of Turkey is secret, really a matter of suspicion only, the state of Europe remains tranquil. Great Britain cannot call either France or Russia to account till one of them commits an overt act. She cannot be too exacting with Turkey, because of her anxiety to retain command of the Mediterranean commerce, and to prevent Russia from acquiring port privileges from the Sultan.

So many conflicting interests, and so many opportunities for addition and division of territory exist, that Europe is again on the proverbial "brink of a war" which will be settled by mutual concessions and general acquisitions of colonial territory. It is not probable that Europe will be plunged into a war which will no doubt involve all the powers, till all disputed territory that they can divide among themselves on other continents is exhausted.

At present Africa offers a tempting and easy victim for the arrangement of European quarrels. Those powers which have possession will barter for a peaceable warrant by exchanging warrants among themselves. They will accede to one another's claims by mutual guarantees of one another's doubtful conquests. Meantime this policy of jealous and threatening rivalry for aggrandizement maintains the Unspeakable Turk as a foil for national ambitions, although a disgrace to civilization. Mutual interests in the division of spoils elsewhere keep the Turk in Europe till antagonistic interests can be reconciled there.

The participants in the Republican Presidential game are beginning to dispute with the umpire and question the correctness of the score.

The protected industries have capitalized the McKinley boom at a high figure, and are expecting big dividends from the investment.

Judge Pryor urges that co-respondents should have a day in court in divorce trials. Sometimes that might allow an innocent an opportunity for defence, but generally it would increase the hilarity of the proceedings.

Strategic dispositions of troops which permit Spanish detachments to attack one another do not recommend General Weyler's tactics to students of warfare any more than his atrocities recommend him to a Christian people.

Mayor Strong offers a queer objection to the reservoir site for the consolidated library, namely, that the libraries are wealthy and should buy a site. As one is the people's property and the other is the people's library, it is difficult to comprehend how the city will be richer or poorer by using the land to supplement splendid endowments rather than keep it as a relic.

Speaking in Toronto, Colonel Denison, of the Canadian army, said that the people of the United States were watching the development of Canada with jealousy, and that "they want Canada, and we must be ready." Great Britain's interests in Canada assist in keeping her on good behavior toward the United States. Despite her forts, her troops, her military railways and all other preparations for offence or defence in Canada, if any dispute should occur between the countries which cannot be settled by arbitration, we shall step across the border and seize Canada. There is no doubt about that, no matter how bravely, or how foolishly, Canadian military men may talk. The 70,000,000 of this country, capable of putting more troops in the field than Canada has inhabitants, are not to be balked in promoting the manifest destiny of this Republic by Canada's show or British ships. Canada needs us worse than we want Canada.

Real Value for Money In Sunday's Journal.

Far away in that mysterious, poetical region of which Herman Melville wrote so charmingly, there is an island, an exquisite bit of verdure, peopled by a race of gentle savages. The ruler of these savages is a Queen, young, beautiful, and dark-skinned, like the rest of her race. But she is a savage only in name. She is intelligent and refined, as well as beautiful, and she wishes to be annexed to the United States. Perhaps she could be induced to annex herself in the matrimonial sense to some stalwart, ambitious American, and so, if you would like to marry a South Sea Queen, or if you have a brother or a cousin who would like to marry her, buy next Sunday's Journal and read all about her and her kingdom.

At the same time you may read about another Princess, equal in beauty, and perhaps superior in education and intelligence to one who rules in the far off Pacific. This Princess lived 4,000 years ago in Egypt. When she died there were buried with her the costly gems with which she had decked herself on occasions of ceremony and parade. She was found not long ago in the tomb where she had laid for more than forty centuries, and the gems which were found with her have been preserved, and will be described in full in next Sunday's Journal.

A great many books have been written on the subject of domestic economy, and many a young housewife has tried her best to live up to the precepts laid down in "How to Live Well on Thirty-two Cents a Day," and has almost broken her own heart and starved her husband in the process. The Journal, which is always ahead of the times, and all contemporary literature, has discovered a means of living well without eating any food. "Nutrition by Absorption" is the title of the article which explains how this may be done, and is something that no one of our thousands of readers can afford to miss. John Leech once drew a pathetically funny picture of two London street waifs, with their noses pressed through the area railings of a grand house, sniffing the odors that ascended from the kitchen. The Journal shows us how these little waifs might have at least dulled the edge of hunger by their sense of smell if they had only lived to read what will be found in its columns next Sunday.

If you are not interested in beautiful women of exalted social station, do not glance at that page of next Sunday's Journal which describes certain well-known New York ladies. Last week we told you about the debutantes. This week our space has been devoted to certain young ladies who are still young, beautiful and attractive, although they have been three or four years in society. A great many will find them more attractive than the debutantes.

There is nothing that a brave and self-reliant American woman will not do at the call of duty, and the other day a brave and beautiful young woman, attached to the Journal staff, went down to Cuba for the purpose of visiting the dungeon in which prisoners are confined. What she saw there will be fully described in our next Sunday's issue.

In previous issues the Sunday Journal has told its readers many things that seemed almost incomprehensible, but has never published anything so extraordinary as the story that it will place before you next Sunday of a new machine which has been invented and which may well be termed a veritable miracle worker. This machine will allow you to read the innermost thoughts of your neighbors. Just think of what that means. There is absolutely no limit to its possibilities. Suppose, for example, that you were to go into a dry goods store, and ask the clerk if a piece of calico would wash; he would reply that it would, for no clerk was ever known to admit that a piece of calico would not wash; then with the aid of your machine you could search out his heart and read in it the fact that if the calico were put into a tub of water on Monday morning the colors would all run together, and it would not be fit to wear. Suppose, for example, that you were playing a game of poker and your opponent were to say in the calm tones of one who already sees victory perched upon his banners: "I see your raise and raise you the limit. Give me a match, old man." With the aid of this machine you would look through his placid exterior, through his quaking heart and see a "busted flush" that would make your small pair look larger than the Coliseum at Rome. This machine is destined to put an end to the age of bluffing in which we live, and to throw a great many prosperous people out of employment.

If you are interested in bicycles, and we take it for granted that you are, you will be interested in reading those columns in next Sunday's Journal which describe a bicycle so large and so wonderfully constructed that we hesitate to tell you about it in this article. It is enough to say that never before since the rubber tire came into use has such a bicycle been conceived of, and nowhere except in next Sunday's Journal will you be able to find a complete description of it.

We have mentioned only a few of the features that will make next Sunday's issue a memorable one. There are more things in the pages to which we have not alluded than our philosophy has dreamed of Horatio.

You can satisfy yourself by ordering your copy well in advance. Order it this morning; do not wait for the rush of Saturday. And it will not cost you more than three cents.

Levi and His Lament.

"Will you walk into my parlor,
Friend Levi?" said Tom Platt.
"There seems to be a little hitch
In what the boys are at.
But you lay low and watch me;
I'll fix the boom out West,
And when they touch the button,
You'll see me do the rest."

Then he smiled on Levi sweetly,
As they passed into the room,
Where Levi opened barrels
To lubricate the boom.
At every window 'round the house
Sharp eyes peeped through the panes,
And wondered if the boomlet
Would be drowned by heavy Raines.

"Oh, Tommy!" cried he in dismay,
"What are the boys about?
Three months ago it gave me joy
To hear the fellers shout.
But now it seems to bring a chill,
And fills my heart with pains—
Oh, Tommy! don't desert me, when
It's growing cold, and Raines."

WILLIAM E. SHEFFIELD.

A Torpid Liver.
[Washington Post.]

A torpid liver has frequently succeeded in convincing man that he is fairly reeking in statesmanship and independence.

"Cesarine."

A very rude, but a singularly interesting play is "La Femme de Claude," Englished by Miss Alice Kauser under the name of "Cesarine," and produced at the Garden Theatre by Minnie Maddern-Fiske. So exceedingly naughty, in fact, is this Dumas tragedy, that everybody would be furious with it if it were the work of a living Tom, Dick or Harry. It would be violently shunned, and the only chance that the Young Person would get to see it would be at a surreptitious matinee while mommer was indulging in an afternoon snooze. As it is, however, "La Femme de Claude" is pompously alluded to as a Dumas chef-d'ouvre and a classic. The "classics" are the literature privileged to be immoral. If you aren't a classic, you must either be silent or write up Mrs. Whatsername's soothing syrup and that sort of thing.

"Cesarini" being Dumas, however, I shan't hesitate for a moment to say that I enjoyed it immensely. I could sit through it again with the greatest pleasure—so there, now! If Tom, Dick or Harry had evolved it, you would expect me to preach meatily about the evil of unbridled sensuality. It is so comfortable to feel that Mrs. Grundy will sanction your approval of an occasional wad of vice when it is set forth by the old masters. Cesarine is an exceedingly spicy lady, but somehow or other Dumas cunningly managed to enlist just a side of your sympathies in her behalf. That appeal to the gun-inventing husband, Claude Ruper, meant a great deal. Cesarine might not have been redeemed had he listened to it, but there was a chance—one in a hundred—of her redemption. The infamy of the woman was as magnificently pictured by Mrs. Fiske as by Dumas himself.

After watching her work as Cesarine my criticisms fail, disarmed. Although several of my colleagues declare that she lacked the necessary external show of sensuality, that she was too cold, too precise and too non-spontaneous to adequately present this siren of sirens, I can't help thinking that her chill, metallic, intellectual interpretation of the role lent it an additional interest. It is far easier to be voluptuously persuasive than to express the brain-devilitry that Mrs. Fiske acted so convincingly. It was such an extremely unconventional piece of work that it was alluring. If this actress had come to us heralded by an European reputation, how we should rave about this Cesarine! With what keen analysis we should seek for reasons in every bit of stage "business," and with what care we should advance explanations of methods in which the actress herself probably never knew that she indulged!

At first Mrs. Fiske's Cesarine disappointed me. She mumbled and she was indistinct. It was hard to catch the significance of her sentences. Very soon, however, these obstacles disappeared, and the little actress dominated the stage without seeming to do so. I still positively decline to liken her to either Duse or Bernhardt. While I can't help believing that she is anxious to imitate the former actress, this inclination was far less in evidence than it was in "Marie Deloche." Mrs. Fiske, properly cared for and encouraged, might become just as precious to us as either the French or Italian star. It is, of course, a pity that she doesn't act in Hindostanee or Syriac, because New Yorkers dote on languages that they don't understand. But in time—in time, I repeat—there is no reason why we shouldn't grow to like Mrs. Fiske in English. The English language isn't half bad when you thoroughly understand it. It grows upon you, so to speak.

It is the peculiar attitudes and the unusual gestures of this actress that win me. They are so simple, so different from anything taught by the Wheatcrofts and the Sargents. Even the disgracefully improper scene with Antoine, when she holds back his head on the sofa, and examines the stoppings of his teeth, was something quite unexpected. Sarah would have made you hold your dismayed breath, and Duse would have been so realistic that you would have found yourself hiding beneath your seat, a picture of innocence surprised. Mrs. Fiske played this episode intellectually. She shocked nobody, but she was intelligible to all. It was art, and art of no mean kind.

She dressed the part of Cesarine atrociously. That gown in the second act was simply offensive to the eye. While it is undoubtedly true that American actresses need a lesson on the subject of over-dressing, the lesson might be taught more effectively by simple gowns than by inartistic ones. Mrs. Fiske's dress was an eye-sore. She triumphed over its terrific tints, and perhaps attained her object, but it was a dangerous experiment. Such a dowdy was aesthetically immoral, and Cesarine most decidedly understood the mysteries of the milliner's cabinet. However, it is gratifying to know that Mrs. Fiske does not intend to make a dry goods store advertisement of herself. A line in the programme setting forth the name of the maker of that second act dress would ruin that maker for life. Let him or her bask in the security of silence.

The company was again hopelessly incompetent. Mr. Neill was once or twice interesting, but as a general thing he conveyed but a feeble impression of Claude Ruper. Mr. Mills indulged in a dialect that was screamingly farcical. What it meant, I can't possibly tell. If it was intended for a French dialect, why was Mr. Mills the only French character in the cast that used it? Albert Gran tried hard to play the part of Antoine, but it was too much for him. The villainous pronunciation of French words was again painfully noticeable. In fact, Mrs. Fiske's associates would scarcely be tolerated in the backwoods.

A little curtain-raiser by Brander Matthews called "This Picture and That" was not badly acted, however. Mr. Neill was better in this, and Miss Ida Waterman distinctly acceptable. This curtain-raiser is an agreeable bit of literary work, and passes away a pleasant half hour. People seem to expect the cream of a four-act play in a curtain-raiser nowadays. They are thankless affairs, but "This Picture and That" is the best I have seen for a long time. As a rule, I like my evening's entertainment undiluted. In the case of "Cesarine," however, perhaps a whiff of purity, for purposes of contrast, is not amiss.

ALAN DALE.

The Marine Scheme.
[Milwaukee Journal.]

The scheme of having prize fights on the sea will not work unless the float is connected with the shore by a cable. How else would the public know what the fighters were talking about?

A Bill for Subtraction.
[Albany Argus.]

The title of the Raines bill ought to have been amended so as to read "a bill to subtract from the Republican vote the respectable liberty-loving Germans."

Kentucky Short on Horse Sense.
[Philadelphia Ledger.]

It is passing strange that in a State so famous for horses as Kentucky, horse sense should be so scarce.

"Kathleen Mavourneen" and James Whitcomb Riley.

In one of the southern counties of Indiana lives a homespun poet. He writes homespun poems for homespun people. Everything he does bristles with simple Americanism, and because of this Americans love him. James Whitcomb Riley is just the man to whom a song like "Kathleen Mavourneen" would appeal. Its sweet simplicity, its pure musical diction, its swing, its pathos, its poetry would find a response in the heart of Riley in common with the rest of the world who love the simple and appealing in preference to the grand and mysterious. Riley is not a Byron; Crouch is not a Wagner, but the American people understand and appreciate both, and they understand each other. So the man who wrote "Knee Deep in June" gave tuneful voice to his love for "Mavourneen" and its composer, and the following is what Riley has to say to the dying professor in his dark days:

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird,
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest words.

O, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
And have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it:
O, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning—the stars pale and few.
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew.

The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs means the yearning refrain,
The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again.

So comes the tribute from the big heart of the "Hoosier Poet," who in the days when he was a barefoot lad down in Indiana, learning from nature all the sweet songs which nature sings to those who love her, had time to pause in his learning to listen to the thing of Crouch's creation, which lingered with him into his manhood days and made sometimes glad and sometimes sad his maturer hours after he was himself a creator of song. The old Professor never had anything better come to him than these two verses from Riley's pen. They are published now for the first time.

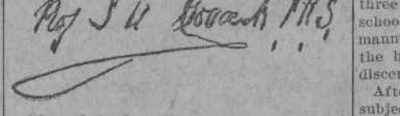
Professor Crouch is stirred with the deepest gratitude toward those who have spoken kindly of him and who have contributed for his relief. In response to a request from the Journal he tells in his own feeble way this story of the conception and execution of the melody which has crept into the hearts of all people of all lands tated the following letter to a Journal reporter:

To the Editor of the Journal:

I believe it was in the Summer of 1837—yes, near Endesley Castle, Devonshire, that I wrote the song. I had ridden to the castle for a day's outing. It was very hot, and I sat down beside a rivulet under the shade trees to rest. I had in my pocket a copy of the Metropolitan Magazine, for which I used to write occasionally. Among the poems in the volume I found "Kathleen Mavourneen," written by Mrs. Marion Crawford. I was well acquainted with the lady, and had admired many of her previous poems, but this was the first one that struck me as out of the ordinary, and I resolved to set "Kathleen Mavourneen" to music. In a few minutes I had the air for the song committed to memory. I went to my home and wrote the music in about half an hour.

A few days after I went to the music publishing store of Mrs. Rowe, in Plymouth, and sang the song to her. She was apparently delighted with it, and, as I knew her to be an excellent critic, I began to realize that the simple melody had in store for it great popularity. A week later I sang the song myself at a concert given at the Royal Concert Rooms, in Plymouth. Among the prominent persons present were Admiral Beauclerc and Lord and Lady Wilmar. I received two encores, and after the concert I presented the manuscript to Mrs. Rowe in the presence of the audience. While it was in the course of being published Mrs. Rowe failed in business, and the manuscript fell into the hands of D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square, London. They made fully £50,000 out of it, and after the firm went out of business the plates and copyright were sold for $10,000.

Susan Hobbs was the first notable singer to render "Kathleen Mavourneen" in public. She sang it in London in September, 1837. From this great soprano it passed to Maria Hawkes, and later on to Mme. Caradori. The song was so successful that Mrs. Crawford and myself decided to write "Dermot Asthore" as an answer, and this took very well everywhere. Mrs. Crawford had just returned from Ireland, where she had been writing sketches for the Metropolitan Magazine. She was thoroughly acquainted with the Irish character, and what she wrote in Irish song has never been equalled since.



After their first triumph Mrs. Crawford and Professor Crouch wrote several songs jointly, among the most popular of these being "Her I Love," "Sing to Me, Norah," "The Soldier's Grave," "The Widow to Her Child," "Would I Were With Thee," "My Heart Is Like a Silent Lute," "Twenty Years Ago" and "Friendship." They published six volumes through D'Almaine & Co., each containing twenty-four songs.

From all over the country sympathetic people have sent letters and telegrams inquiring as to the condition of the old Professor, and punctuating all this written expression is the more stable one of the dollar or two that floats in to the Journal office. When every lover of the melody has been heard from there will be quite a tidy amount to go to the stricken ones in Baltimore.

CHAS. E. TREVATHAN.

A Contrast in Journalistic Methods.
(From La Lucha, Havana.)

In regard to the telegram of Senor Canovas to the World—it never got there.

Senor Canovas has denied that he had sent such a dispatch in an interview with the Herald correspondent.

The Journal works these matters better, and doesn't deal in metaphors in its interviews.

A Financial Item.
[Chicago Dispatch.]

A Washington dispatch says that "the Morton campaign buttons are out. They are attractive and comparatively cheap." They will probably be cheaper next June.

No Terminal Facilities.
[Chicago Dispatch.]

There is some reason to suspect that the Quay boom has no terminal facilities at either end of the line.

The Kilkenny Cats.
[Philadelphia Ledger.]

If we may judge by the cable reports, the Kilkenny cats were a dime-museum happy family compared with the great nations of Europe.

"There Lives More Faith in Honest Doubt."

I linger yet awhile by the new-made dust of Mr. William Q. Judge, for I cannot take farewell of the dead theosophist without another word about the picturesque frauds which surround his personality like a nimbus. Our lives are all compounded of mingled good and evil, and the president of the Aryan Theosophical Society was not an exception to the rule. And so, if it pleased the mind of this quiet, second-rate lawyer to vary the monotony of an existence in Brooklyn by presiding over an imaginary ghosthood and thrilling his followers with occult messages from Mahatmas and adepts in the mountains of Thibet, he was no worse than the Cockney clerk who mailed passionate love letters to himself twice a week, and seduced his commonplace little nature to tears. It does not matter much to a theosophist that there are no Mahatmas in Thibet, and that the scholars and sages of Asia have never heard of the occult performances of the Thibetan friends of Judge, Blavatsky and Olcott. Mr. Judge had his fun out of it, and now that he is dead a few frank words can do no harm.

Yesterday I announced that Colonel Olcott, the hierophant of theosophy, had virtually confessed to Professor Max Muller at Oxford, that the mysterious and miraculous side of the Theosophical Society was "manure"—in his own choice tongue—intended to prepare the soil for a new religion. I had the story from the great Orientalist's own lips. In other words, the only new or distinctive feature in Colonel Olcott's faith is a common swindle. Yet the theosophists were shrewd enough to entrap Mrs. Besant, whom I cannot believe to be other than a sincere but deluded woman. Olcott himself has managed to enrol hundreds of thousands of followers among the ignorant and credulous masses in India, for the East loves mystics.

The simple truth about the matter is that the only scrap of writing from a responsible source acknowledging the probability or even the possibility of thought-communication between separated persons is contained in a report made to the Society for Psychical Research by a committee headed by Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Newnham College, Cambridge; and the late Dr. Frederick W. H. Myers. This committee undertook to make a census of certain hallucinations. The report ends with this extraordinary statement:

Between deaths and apparitions of the dying a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact. The discussion of its full implications cannot be attempted in this paper; nor, perhaps, exhausted in this age.

Note the cautious character of the language and remember that two out of the committee of five were enthusiastic, sympathetic women, Alice Johnson and Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick. "Not due to chance alone." Of course not. That sentence is a godsend to theosophy. There will be railways in Thibet before long, and the Mahatma story will not do then. But the Society for Psychical Research will by that time have developed into a ghost-factory. Inch by inch the society has drifted out of scientific work into the realm of phantasy and humbug.

Count Tolstoi told me at Yasnia Poliana that a man's personality would probably survive the death of his body, but not his individuality. Mr. Aldrich has expressed it concisely:

In some vast desolate wind-swept space,
In twilight land, in no-man's land,
Two hurrying shapes met face to face
And bade each other stand.
"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," cried the other shape,
"I only died last night."

And so, farewell, Mr. Judge. I salute your successor.

JAMES CREELMAN.

Dangers in Public Schools.

A Journal man had occasion the other afternoon to visit an East Side public school. There was but little traffic upon the street and hardly a sound broke the sunshiny quiet. Hardly had the reporter crossed the threshold of the building when there fell upon his ears a low yet powerful hum, something like that which issues from a beehive. It was the murmur of hundreds of childish voices, busy with monotonous recitations.

This murmuring sound, penetrating the whole building, seemed to issue from the walls and the floor of the corridors; like an odor, it pervaded every inch of space. Yet so strongly was it in harmony with the spirit of the place that the slightest foreign sound, such as the opening of the door or the echo of footfalls fell harshly upon the air and was startling in its loudness.

The reporter had hardly set foot upon the stairs when he heard a door at the top of the building open, and after he had climbed three flights he beheld the principal of the school—a quiet, dignified man, of charming manner and high attainments—leaning over the balustrade and looking down as if to discern the cause of the sounds.

After an hour's conversation upon the subjects that had brought him there, the reporter said:

"You seemed to be anxiously expecting some one when I came. Am I detaining you?"

"Oh, no. Not at all. Not in the least. I"—he seemed embarrassed for a moment. "The fact is, I'm just a trifle nervous today and sounds have a stronger effect than they usually have."

And, after a pause, he said:

"Did you ever stop to think what the principal of a school feels like when he hears a sudden noise in the building? It's awful! I have fifteen hundred young lives in this building under my care. If there should be a fire, or if a ceiling should fall or a floor give way, or any of a thousand other possibilities should arise, there would be a panic the results of which are too horrible to think of. It is not the actual danger of anything happening that I fear half as much as the spread of sudden fear among the children that something has happened.

"We have drilled them and spoken to them and taught them as well as we could, but if a moment of great danger should arrive, I have very little faith in the efficacy of it all. The children would simply stampede. One day I was in a class room when a huge iron girder fell to the ground somewhere down the street. Every child in the room gave a start. An instant later a fire engine turned the corner of the street and dashed by the door. Had you seen the way some of those children turned pale and half rose in their seats, you would understand how I have felt ever since. When I hear a noise on the stairs I can do nothing until I know what it is. As a rule, I simply sit at my desk and wait, but when I am as nervous as I am to-day, it actually frightens me to hear strange sounds. That is why I was looking over the balustrade."

The reporter descended the stairs very softly. On the second landing a door opened and a woman's head was quickly thrust out.