

NO PRIVATE RIGHTS IN PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

Dollar gas will be a stirring popular issue in the coming campaign for control of the Greater New York, but it is outranked by the graver question of municipal ownership of public franchises.

MR. LOW'S BEST COURSE.

It is remarkable that a man of Mr. Seth Low's keen intelligence and declared high moral purpose in politics should continue to court alliance with the Republican machine.

QUITE READY FOR SPAIN.

The United States having taken the irrevocable step of intervening to end the Cuban war, it is fair to presume that everything possible will be done immediately to put us in the best attainable state of preparation against contingencies.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

Mr. Hyman Levy is seeking a divorce. This is not a thing so unusual for a husband to do as to render him especially conspicuous.

AN INTOLERABLE OUTRAGE.

The condition of the streets of New York which have been torn up by General Collis, and left torn up, regardless of every protest, is an outrage which a city government feeling itself responsible to the people would not dare permit.

A HELPING HAND TO HANNA.

The modesty of Mr. Low is at least equal to his ability. It is learned from him that all who desire good government will vote for him, and that only those depraved citizens who hunger for bad government will vote against him.

A TITLED BASE.

The brand new babe at Spencer House—a tiny little chap, will have some titles that the little sadly overtop.

THE MERRY JESTER.

Barber—You never get to know any woman thoroughly. Now, for instance, my wife and I have lived together for nearly fifteen years, yet she does something every little while to convince me that I don't really know her even now.

DOG DENTISTRY IN THE FOUR HUNDRED.

These dogs with her in Newport where they were universally admired. But they did not suit their exacting and particular mistress.

A "Bike" Girl's Father Would Like to Know.

EVERY now and then somebody writes to me for information as to what he shall do with his sons or his daughters. Hitherto I have thrown these communications into the waste-basket.

Dear Cholly Knickerbocker: While I am not a member of "The Four Hundred," I have an abiding interest in the forms and observances of polite society.

Now, this doesn't seem quite right to me, and I have entered a protest, but both my daughter and my wife say that I am not up-to-date, and that bicycling has laws of its own that are more lax than those that govern the conduct of men and women ordinarily.



Muscular Mr. Van Allen.

We are wondering a good deal nowadays what Jamie Van Allen is going to do this Winter. At the opening of the last winter season it was trumpeted that Jamie would bring his one "Bike" to New York, take a fine horse and startle us with the splendor of his entertainment.

I have often wondered why it was that Brooklyn, which lies at our very door, and is boundlessly the most intimate tie of blood and commerce, should produce a variety of chappie that is totally different from that which has its origin and growth in Gotham.

What sort of chappies can we look for in a town whose most exclusive cafe does not open till 5 in the afternoon? What does the jeunesse doree drink before that hour? Water?

Westbury is once more delighted with the presence of the Charles Russell House. For many years Westbury was not deprived of the presence of Charles Russell and Josephine, his charming spouse.

The thing that I had in mind is totally different. Indeed, it was the two tallest Belgian dogs that occupy much of Mrs. Hone's heart that turned me into this channel.



Dog Dentistry in the Four Hundred.

A New Yorker's Study of Boston Hospitality.

IF YOU are a New York man and you should make a business trip to Boston and be properly introduced to the right coteries that cultured city, you will meet with a novel experience which will surprise you.

It has been said of Boston that it is cold, reserved, inhospitable, and all those things; but if, as I say, you are properly introduced into the right bunch, you will meet with a surprise.

It has not been so long ago that a Southerner met Boston for the first time. Southerners are said to be hospitable and to appreciate hospitality.

But the Southerner was put up for the customary two weeks, introduced to half a dozen gentlemen, and in the course of a night was made very drunk.

There were invitations to the theatre, to 5 o'clock teas, to evenings at home, to drives, to other club dinners, and other club suppers.

The visitor's second day in the Hub was a dream. At 10 he sat down to one of those breakfasts where there are things to drink, and he drank them, although it was not his habit to begin so early.



"The Visitor Accepted in Every Case."

At 5 o'clock he managed to brace himself against the alcoholic advance sufficiently to attend a 5 o'clock, where a score of delightful ladies drank tea and an equal number of perfect gentlemen drank something else out of a mug.

When the twilight had fallen over tea and coffee, there was a prospect of rest, but it was broken into by the announcement that this was the annual dinner night of the "Paper Club," one of the jolliest organizations in town.

Now, if one is at the end of a day of labor and one is weary of limb and mind, a cup of the foaming is more than cheerful. It is heavenly. It invigorates, it lifts, it is grateful and warm.

But at an annual club supper one must be all that the other fellows are. So goes the night, and one wonders if at some distant time his interior department may not rise up and call him.

In the stilly hours the stranger was permitted to link arms with a bunch of fellows and find an uncertain way back to his own club.

Next day—oh, the pain of the next day—the stranger was called to an early breakfast by his legal friend. Without appetite he sat him down, ate bits of dainties, and sipped brandy and soda.

Under a constant fire of invitations and participations, this unfortunate lasted just a fraction short of a week, and then packed his bag.

"My friend," I have all my life heard that Boston was cold and inhospitable. Let me say to you in honesty, that in the course of many travels I have never met so much genuine hospitality.

"Hold on a minute, my dear fellow, Hospitality be blowed. You have had a good time, haven't you? Well, don't you know that Boston is just crying out for such as you.

And there you are, Hospitality? No. You are an excuse. CHARLES TREVATHAN.

"The Cat and the Cherub."

WHEN ONE LUNG brings home my "clean bill rag" from the laundry to be milled, I am going to discharge him.

Hitherto I have regarded him as a harmless sort of creature, earning a starbly livelihood by the soap of his laundry.

Mr. Hammerstein, in a commendable effort to give us something that we haven't had before (you all know that this particular unobtainable something is the secret of all industry and enterprise), has staged a fifty minutes' nightmare, arranged from a story of Chester Bailey Fernald.

"The Cat and the Cherub," as a play, strikes me as being singularly black and dismal. It began by being aromatic, thanks to two Mongolians who paraded the aisles, burning incense to nobody in particular and everybody in general.

In this hysterical age, that which you can't understand is generally set down as "great." A great many "poets" know this, and write gibberish in the fond knowledge that it will be accepted as something intellectually incomprehensible.

Perhaps in his story Mr. Fernald has analyzed and dissected the motives for this melodrama. In the fifty minutes' play there is no analysis of anything at all, although all the characters talk deliberately, prosily and interminably.

The types of this instructive story were like automata. They were so anxious to get Mr. Fernald's literary atmosphere into their work that they forgot to move and be human.

"The Cat and the Cherub" is nothing at all. Why should one be asked to wade through a lot of wearisome Chinese details such as can be found in any encyclopedia, under the heading "Customs of the Chinese," for the sake of seeing two common or garden murders, and of hearing an unpleasant looking old person in a pitiful crying out, "Me baby! Who has taken me baby?"

I think our eye-melodramatic idea—that of the black-clad hero with golden hair, standing in a snowstorm, with me-chill at the maternal bosom—distinctly preferable.

Oddly is delightful. Anything to get out of the hideous beaten track decently. But oddly must entertain, and nothing on earth would induce me to believe in the sincerity of the man or woman who professed to be entertained by "The Cat and the Cherub."

The "Annie" of the last act had a grewsome strength that was not without merit. Hoo King meets the villain who has killed his son. He stabs him to death and sits him up on a seat in front of his house. A policeman passes. Hoo King continues to talk to the corpse.

"The Cat and the Cherub" is meant for a music hall, or not. It would be a waste to see it anywhere. Mr. Daly couldn't tempt me to his theatre, even if Miss Rehan were cast for the Cherub. The Chinese play will never become a fad.

"The Cat and the Cherub" that he could, but if it runs he will have to fit up Olympia with sofas and lounges, for it is the sort of play you couldn't sit through at all.

Mr. Hammerstein missed one trick, however. To the realism of Chinese music and incense he forgot to add that of refreshment. He might have passed round bird's-nest ice cream soda and rat sandwiches cut thin. They would have made a hit.

A marvellous cat is used in this performance. It lives through it and seems none the worse for it. But cats have nine lives. Human beings are less fortunately equipped with one, and of that one they like to make the most. Hine Hine Ichrymae. ALLAN DALL.