NO NEW TRUST LAW IS NEEDED YET.

—GROSVENOR.

Administration's Spokesman Repeats His Journal Interview.

THIS TIME TO THE HOUSE

He Declares That the Effectiveness of the Sherman Act Cannot Be Improved On.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Representative C. H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, in a speech this afternoon in the House reiterated the policy of no anti-trust legislation and corroborated the statement made by him in a recent interview in the Journal.

After quoting sections of the Sherman law of 1890, he continued:

"There is one theory you will not overlook in the consideration of the matter, that every time a Democratic Administration was in force opportunity was given for the creation of these organizations, but on the incoming of a Republican Administration the tendency was to break up and curtail the strength of the trusts in this country.

"I wish some gentleman on the other side of the House would be kind enough after reading the sections of the law to which I have just referred, and alluding to the criminal character of the trusts and combines of the country, would discuss them in the light of the decision of the Supreme Court, **and would state what in his judgment could be added to the legislation adopted by the Republican party in this connection. If there are objections to the law, let us know what they are.**

"Come right out, and that is a sensible way to deal with the matter, and say where you would, in the line of words, add to, make it more far-reaching, more sweeping or effective than it is to-day. If you can add to the effectiveness of that law or strengthen it in any way, I should be very glad to have a suggestion to that extent.

"I should not undertake to carry out the suggestion of Mr. Bryan and his supporters, that Congress shall be authorized to legalize or destroy absolutely the corporations of this country in the different States of the Union. I believe in leaving to the States themselves the power to create and limit the operations of corporations.

"I have said heretofore that I was a better Democrat than many of those who occupy seats upon the other side and who talk of Democratic principles in that regard. I do not believe in a recognition of power which would authorize the General Government to go into the States and undertake to interfere with domestic affairs or with domestic traffic and to say such and such commodities shall not cross the line of the States, or which should undertake to limit or destroy the powers of State corporations."

PLOTTING TO SQUEEZE OUT ADMIRAL BRADFORD.

Statement Made That the Effort to Consolidate His Office Is a Disappointed Senator's Design.

Washington, Dec. 12.—It is expected that when Secretary Long's suggestion that the Bureaus of Construction, Steam Engineering and Equipment be consolidated goes to the Senate a strong effort will be made to exclude the Bureau of Equipment from the consolidation. This effort, it is understood, will be made by the friends of Rear-Admiral Bradford, chief of that bureau.

It is alleged that the inclusion of Bradford in the consolidation was suggested to punish him for refusing to accept a certain kind of coal during the Spanish war.

It is said that a Senator offered this coal and, on the Admiral refusing, the Senator rejoined: "Well, if you can't use this kind of coal I will see to it that you are sent to sea on the first occasion."

Admiral Bradford replied: "You couldn't suit me better."

The Senator took this as a bluff, and the scheme for the destruction of the Admiral's bureau, it will be contended, was next concocted.

COSTLY BOX TO HOLD A SILVER DOLLAR.

It Is Prepared by the Treasury, and the Coin Is to Pay for a Utah Land Grant.

Washington, Dec. 12.—An interesting article now in process of completion in the cabinet shops of the United States Treasury Department is a beautifully inlaid box, designed to enclose a silver dollar in payment of a grant of land by the State of Utah for the purpose of erecting a Government building.

The box, which will be finished by Thursday next and forwarded to Utah, has at the four corners stars of ebony and cedar set in a checker work of small squares, with a larger star in the centre on a field of mosaic. In a separate square, with a larger star in the centre, will be imbedded a new silver dollar.

The payment of the dollar is in conformity with legal precedents in every transfer of land, whether for personal or public use.

The Hand of Esau Called Dishonest.

W. Hamilton Esau, of the Consolidated Gas Company's branch office, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, is reported as a defaulter to the amount of $635, and the police are looking for him. He had been with the company for sixteen years.

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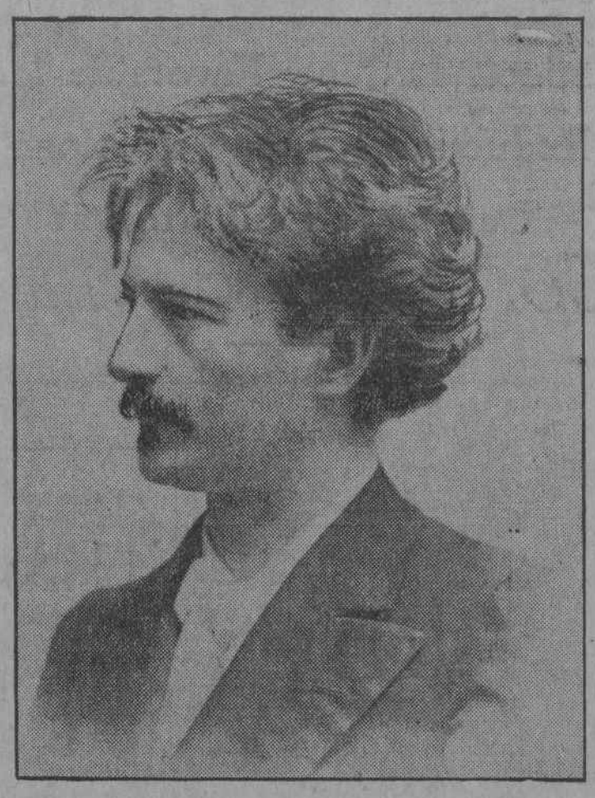
GIRLDOM IN THRONGS HEARD PADEREWSKI.



Paderewski, from His Latest Photograph.

Thousands of girls were in Carnegie Hall yesterday to admire and applaud the matchless playing of the lion-maned pianist.

Alan Dale Was Crushed by Femininity in Carnegie When He Went to See the Great Pianist "Embroider" His Matchless Music.

By Alan Dale.

A MAN at a Paderewski matinee is just about as ornamental as the poor, limp and bedraggled "super" who poses among the mullerose groups at the Casino or Weber & Fields's. I sneaked into Carnegie Hall yesterday, feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself and completely out of place. There I was simply girled in. A huge and dominant gynarchy seethed around me. There were girls in shirt waists of silk, and of flannel; there were girls in loose corsets, and in tight corsets. There were large and bouncing girls, and short and stubby ones. There were girls in hats, and girls in bonnets—the plumes of which waved, like stern Nemeses, from the topmost galleries. There were girls who wore wedding rings, and girls who didn't. There were girls who looked as though they had tasted life's disenchantments, and girls apparently anxious to imbibe long draughts of its enchantments. Enfin, girls wherever you looked—girls everywhere. How good it must be for Paderewski to think that Dr. Schenck was invented late in his life! How Paderewski must loathe Dr. Schenck!

I should like to be able to say that silence settled over Carnegie early, but it didn't. Carnegie was swayed by the brou-haha of a thousand pair of more or less ruby lips. Girls stood up and chatted. Girls sat down and chatted. It was the chat of "anticipation." It was the chat of the first Paderewski concert—a function for which mere man has no use whatsoever. Either girl monopolizes all the music in New York, or Paderewski is not precisely a musical attraction. Let us wait and see.

A pale and pensive married girl sat beside me. She looked as though she intended to cry later on. I hoped that she didn't, but I was prepared for the worst. I longed to ask her for her opinion of man, but, alas! I knew it. Man meant to her boiled mutton, riotous children, "What's there for dinner to-night?" and so much per week for pocket money. She was at Carnegie to see the man idyllic, man as he ought to be, man with long, untrammelled hair, man who, for all she knew, ate rose leaves and dewdrops. Poor, pale, married girl!

Carnegie was dark and "religious" looking. It got on my nerves. Being trousered, I couldn't appreciate it. Why couldn't Paderewski appear in a cheerful, brilliant place, that inspired jollity and good humor? Why, indeed? The mystically gloomy Carnegie was part of the "show," part of the bold attempt to play upon the sensitive nerves of the gynarchy. It was "counterfeit religious devotion"—absolutely unhealthy, utterly non-sanitary, but very correct. The successful musician today must agitate rather than delight. This jaded century end has passed the stage of mere idle relaxation.

And then the great-little man with the Everton-taffy colored hair appeared. He was another's, but you would never have guessed it. The girls, regardless of kid gloves that will tear, applauded fiercely. Being trousered, I could "take in" the scene with my own favorite levity. I thought of the picture in the nursery rhymes called "Shock-headed Peter:"

And the sloven, I declare,
Never once has combed his hair.
Anything to me is sweeter
Than to see shock-headed Peter.

Mrs. Paderewski—oh! how hateful it sounds! Think of missis-ing this idol!—has not taken the scissors of polite society to her Ignace's locks. They are paler than Zaza's, but they are just as much of a trade-mark. Paderewski, to me, looked like an inspired savage. And there is reason for this view. Says a very analytic person: "While in civilized society woman exercises her ingenuity to increase her attractiveness; among savages it is the men who are anxious to increase their physical charms." The great girl-crowd, raving over Paderewski's hair, will be interested to know that once upon a time King Radama tried to introduce European customs among the Hovas of Madagascar. He ordered all his soldiers and officers to cut their hair. The result was such a disturbance and riot among the women that the poor King had to order out the militia. Still, I don't want to compare Carnegie's girl-ocracy to the Hovas of Madagascar. At least, not precisely.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when he sat down to the piano. Through the gloom he looked pallid and worn. That also must be part of the "show." If he were fat and well oiled, and rosy-cheeked—bah!—how tame he would be! Carnegie settled itself. Not a girl removed her hat. Fancy unsticking pins on such an occasion! Perish the ignoble thought!

With a look that said, "This is torture to me. It racks my nerves. But I will—yes, I will," Paderewski began to embroider the Bach-Liszt "Fantaisie and Fugue in A Minor." It was painstaking, conscientious embroidery. Stitch—stitch—stitch. It reminded me of the tale of the shirt. On it went. Stitch—stitch—stitch. I pledge you my word that you might have heard a pin drop. I happened to rustle my programme, and the pensive married girl at my side looked as though she would like to tweak my nose. I watched her. Yes, she was miles away already from boiled mutton and riotous children and "What's there for dinner to-night?" She sat there with head drooped, positively ladling up the soup of sound that dripped—dripped—dripped from the Everton-toffy haired little old cherub at the piano.

From the "Fantaisie and Fugue," he went without rest to Beethoven's "Sonata," No. 57, and thence to an interminable fantaisie by Schumann. It was all splendid mechanism, but what was more to the point, it had soul in it. On he went, pausing for effect at the end of each movement. They might have applauded him when he paused, but they didn't. He was trying—on his piano—to get to some distant shore, and the movements were cloudy, and all that sort of thing. The girls helped him along. If they were interested in him, he was very much of a fool (and I don't believe he is) if he wasn't interested in them. Of course he is another's, but if there were ten others—if he were indulging in multi-colored polygamy—he must have realized the help he got from those girls.

The pale, married girl beside me shivered when he ran chromatically up the piano. She might have been having her spine massaged. For five minutes Paderewski paused, and left the stage, and his gynarchy. The girls sat still in their seats. They looked as I can imagine Tantalus must have looked when he was punished in hell with an insatiable thirst. They had been wallowing in music, but they could hardly wait until he came out again.

The next part of his programme was more varied—a sort of patchwork quilt of Chopin—a nocturne, a mazurka, a polonaise and some etudes. Matchlessly he played some of these, but I don't think the girls judged him technically. They looked at him too much for that. Music is, after all, a question of sound, and the piano is mechanical. Why is it necessary to keep an opera glass levelled upon Paderewski while he makes his fingers tell the musical thoughts of others? The waltz "Man lebt nur einmal" was played with ferocity and much gusto, and the end of the programme came with a "Rhapsodie Hongroise." The little Everton-taffy-haired pianist looked like a martyr. No six-day bicycle racer at the close of a race ever seemed tiredier.

"Poor fellow!" said one; "he has played himself out."

"But, thank goodness!" bleated a second, "he hasn't closed the piano yet."

And a third chirruped, "Isn't he heavenly?"

And a fourth chirped: "I shall go through his whole programme to-morrow."

To the remark of that fourth I cackled a mental "Thank heaven! I shan't be there." They called him back and he came, simulating nervous exhaustion. I say "simulating" because a three-hours' concert can't be much work for a man who must practice eight or ten hours per day just to keep up the mechanical end of his calling. The women stood there, reluctant to go. Three times the ushers opened the doors and let in whiffs of Fifty-seventh street. Three times they closed them tenderly as he "responded" to those fervent calls and poured more sugar plums into the avid lips of those insatiable ladies. The ushers worked like Trojans. I heard one frantically enthusiastic woman rush up to an usher, buttonhole him and say, "Please come down to No. 8 B and tell us when it is ten minutes to five." She had no idea of time, poor thing! And perhaps she had to sit at dinner with a mere, short-haired, fat, rosy, prosaic man!

And as they all filed out they looked as vexed as you or I would do if we had been exchanging caresses for three hours with the girl of our heart through an iron-barred and unyielding window. ALAN DALE.

DID DEWEY SALUTE THE FILIPINO FLAG?

This Is the Burning Question Pettigrew Asks of the Senate.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, is endeavoring to block the pathway of the expansionists in Congress. He visited the Philippines last Summer and returned an ardent friend of Aguinaldo.

In the Senate to-day Mr. Pettigrew offered a resolution calling upon Secretary Long for information as to whether the flag of the Filipinos was carried by certain insurgent vessels in the bay of Manila, and whether the flag of the Filipino republic was saluted by Admiral Dewey or any vessel of his fleet since May 1, 1898.

He also asks whether Spanish prisoners were delivered to the Filipino forces at the time of the surrender of Subig Bay, and whether or not vessels under Aguinaldo, flying the Filipino flag, accompanied the Concord and the Raleigh to Subig Bay in June, 1898, in order to compel the surrender of the Spanish forces.

All of the statements alleged in this resolution have been officially answered by the Navy Department.

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