

W. R. HEARST.

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DANGEROUS POWER OF CORPORATE COMBINATION.

The Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey has reached the somewhat startling conclusion that the power of a corporation to deal with its manufactured goods differs in no essential respect from the power of an individual manufacturer to deal with similar goods, and that a Court of Equity has no more power to control the corporation's method of conducting its business than it has to superintend the business of an individual.

The decision of Vice-Chancellor Reed in the case of the Attorney-General as informant against the American Tobacco Company seems to proceed on the principle that it is no part of the function of a Court of Equity to go behind the returns, so to speak, and take cognizance of whether a corporation is conducting its business in a way not warranted by the restraints of its charter and the limitations of its franchises.

MR. CARLISLE'S POSITION.

John G. Carlisle is either a most thrifty practitioner of Iago's maxim, "Put money in thy purse," or else one of the most unfortunate victims of circumstances known to American politics. His curious reversal of his views on the currency question while Secretary of the Treasury and his connection with the notorious bond deal would perhaps have destroyed his reputation as a statesman devoted only to the public good even had not his first retainer on his retirement to private life come from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

THE POWER OF THE SPEAKER.

The protest in the caucus of Republican Representatives against the growing encroachment of the Speaker of the House upon the rights of the individual members which Representative Mahany led Saturday night was justifiable though impotent. The double power of the Speaker to appoint committees and to grant recognition has made of him a parliamentary despot, and has reduced the really deliberative and legislative functions of the House to the minimum.

PUSHING THE TARIFF BILL.

It is President McKinley's avowed purpose to use every effort and to exert all the influence of the Administration to the end that the tariff bill already formulated may be hastened to enactment. Of the measure itself the Journal does not approve. Manifesting in most of its schedules the extravagance which characterized the original McKinley bill and which drove the Republican party

into retirement for four years, it has every appearance of having been constructed with the double purpose of distributing rewards among the heavy contributors to the Republican campaign fund and of producing a feverish activity in certain lines of protected manufactures which may be pointed to as full acquittal of the Republican promise of renewed prosperity.

However bad the measure, it is nevertheless a party bill, put forward by a party which has never been so well disciplined, and which, in the House of Representatives at least, has so great a majority as to make any thought of its defeat or even material amendment vain. As it is to pass, it should be passed quickly. The longer it is under discussion the more unsettled will be the business of the country become, the more scandal and intrigue will attend the final formulation of its schedules.

The President cannot do better than to expedite the course of the bill, and to this end he will employ exactly the means which President Cleveland so successfully used to force the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman act—namely, the barter of offices for support. Mr. Cleveland so successfully indicated the way to nullify the spirit of the constitutional declaration of the legislative department's complete independence of the executive power that later presidents would be more than human if they failed to follow it.

A LIE OF THE OLD JOURNALISM.

The Brooklyn Citizen reported Saturday last that Bishop McDonnell had taken occasion at the quarterly conference of the Brooklyn Diocese to denounce the "new journalism" and condemn the Journal. The New York paper which excels in the art of decorating a clumsy lie with artistic trimmings and speeding it on its way added to this statement the further interesting information that the impression made by the Bishop's words was so pronounced that after the conference a number of the clergy present declared they would use all their influence to prevent parishioners from reading the Journal.

In the absence from the city of Bishop McDonnell, his representative, Vicar-General McNamara, of St. Joseph's Church, gave to a representative of the Journal this signed statement:

St. Joseph's Rectory, Brooklyn, March 14. The subject of newspapers was not broached by Bishop McDonnell or anybody else at the quarterly conference of the clergy of Brooklyn on Thursday last. Therefore no instructions could have been given to the people by the pastors regarding which newspapers they should read and which they should avoid.

We do not see that other comment is necessary than perhaps a suggestion to the decadents of the old journalism that they cannot regain their lost standing by printing lies.

NANSEN'S THRILLING STORY.

Among the striking exploits of Polar adventure and exploration that of Fredtjof Nansen, outlined in yesterday's Journal, will rank as one of the more notable. The originality of his method, which ran counter to all the preconceived and well established theories, the exactness of his forecast for the most part justified by his experience in the Polar sea wastes, the heroic confidence of the man in himself and his work, bear witness of a very remarkable man. He fell short, indeed, of the achievement which he anticipated, but he practically established the value of his hypothesis. This led him to the assurance that, owing to the peculiar configuration of the Polar earth curve, there was a steadily setting current which reached ultimately to the Pole. The certain corollary was that a ship borne in the ice which was floated by that current would, if adequately provisioned and protected from the ice-jam, arrive at the goal.

Nansen was baffled by the uncertainties of Arctic Winters, which have been the bane of every explorer. But the record of his discoveries and adventure will be most fascinating. His style as a writer is singularly lucid and picturesque, and the energy of this modern Saga is what might have been expected of the heroic Norseman. It is indicated that he will make a second attempt, still more confident of success.

After an exciting campaign on the currency question, Congress meets in extra session to-day to take up the tariff question. Four years ago Grover Cleveland, who was elected to the Presidency on the tariff issue, called Congress in extra session to bring about additional contraction in the currency. Some of these days the voters will succeed in electing a President who will give some consideration to their desires.

President McKinley can confer a great favor on Mayor Strong by appointing the members of his Board of Police Commissioners to Federal offices. This might be the least bit hard on the Federal service, but it would be a big thing for the police force.

The Tennessee Legislature is engaged in passing laws which will take from the railroads some of their special and extraordinary privileges. The railroads will very naturally turn to the courts for relief from all such annihilation.

Mr. Platt may have his Legislature legislate Commissioner Roosevelt out of his present office, but it doesn't follow that he would refuse to endorse Mr. Roosevelt for some good and distant foreign appointment.

Mr. T. V. Powderly has made formal application for office at the hands of the McKinley Administration. Mr. Powderly's arrangement with Mark Hanna doubtless carries an office-holding clause.

Hetty Green's son is in Washington for the purpose of securing the share of Federal patronage due to Texas Republicans. The Green family has but recently turned its attention to philanthropy.

It appears that the wily Turk has been taking advantage of the powers' efforts for peace by massing all his available troops. The Turk possesses all the cunning of the heathen Chinese.

Mr. Wolcott returns home with a firm conviction that his trip abroad in the interest of bimetallicism entitles him to have the sole distribution of the patronage for the State of Colorado.

"Old Journalism" is compelled to call on the Legislature to enact laws to suppress the enterprise of its contemporaries. Comment on this species of Journalism would be superfluous.

The retiring members of the Cleveland Administration are involved in a scandal over the Chicago lake front cases. Too many lawyers frequently cause trouble of this kind.

Mrs. Donahis appears to be quite eager to test the prosperity-retaining virtues of the new Administration. She lost no time in sending her card to the White House.

In their efforts to rob each other of lake-front land the Chicago people seem to have the assistance of a number of members of the late national Administration.

The nation cannot find much consolation in the fact that the principal matter under consideration at Washington is the offices.

Maggie Maloney's Wedding Day.

In the parlance of her neighbors, there were "grand gobs" on" in Mrs. Maloney's tenement that early Spring morning. Things which had not come to pass before in the memory of man were happening. At sunrise the little old woman washing windows with all the vigor of a girl. Various useful but scarcely attractive household articles were removed from the fire escape landing and a somewhat enlaced looking plant was put out to drink in the warm air.

"Shure," remarked Mrs. Murphy to a neighbor in commenting on the strange activity in the Maloney tenement, "be the sound uv the slobbin' uv wather an' the rubbin' uv brushes an' brooms ye'd think she was expectin' to intertain Quane Victory. But maybe she's just doin' a bit uv Spring house-cleantin'." Here she comes herself to tell us all about it. "We were just talking about ye, Mrs. Maloney, an' the grand gobs on in yer place this fine mornin'."

Mrs. Maloney's withered face was aglow. Her sunken gray eyes gleamed and satisfaction radiated from every wrinkle. She smiled proudly and drew her shawl more closely over her bosom to hide the lamp she carried. No one should know that she was visiting the pawnbroker on that red letter day. Yet she delayed to tell the cause of her joy, dallying awhile with immaterial affairs.

"Shure it's the lovely mornin' after all that food uv rain yistiddy," she remarked casually. "The sky looks fair washed-out an' clear, don't it, now? An' warrum weather is come as unexpected as ye place. Well, well, O! must be gobs' on. It's the busy woman O! buy this blisid mornin'." Shure, me Maggie's comin' home to-day—Maggie an' her husband, if ye plize?"

The secret came out with unconcealed maternal triumph. She looked proudly from one to the other of the women. "You don't tell me so!" ejaculated Mrs. Murphy, not by way of contradiction, but of simple interest.

"Tis! Shure it's little enough O! ve seen uv her since she wint off to the country to live wid thim Graysons that used to be on the Square. It's all uv six months since O! ve laid eyes on her, an' O! ve missed her sore. But she's done well for herself. He's on the railroad that passes through Graysonville—a stoker. O! think Maggie says, though O! in not rightly knowin' what a stoker is. But he's a foine, manly broth uv a boy, be all that she tells me, an' eatin' good wages. An' sure, she's to meet him at the Grand Central Station to-day, an' they'll be married at St. Bidde's. An' thim down to a sup uv tay wid me, Mither an' Missis Riordan, if ye plize!"

Mrs. Murphy was voluble in congratulation and prompt in offers of assistance. "Is there nothin' ye'd like, Mrs. Maloney, dear, that O! could be lendin' ye?" she asked. "A drawin' uv tay wid all the good will in the wurld or the han'some hand-painted butther dish that came wid the dollar's worth uv groceries Christmas?"

"Shure, it's the kind neighbor ye are, an' O! tek the loan uv the butther dish, thank ye kindly. O! ve tay enough to do. An' now O! must be on wid me errands."

A hand-organ man, inspired by the warm sun shining cloudlessly from a sky lately washed clear of every cloud, played a rollicking air in maddly merry time. Young Howard Murphy led the children in a sort of choral dance over the sidewalk and in the gutters. Women poked their heads out of the tenement windows to sniff the air blowing sweetly through the bright, crowded street from the river. The news of Maggie Maloney's marriage passed rapidly about, and by the time old Mrs. Maloney returned from pawning her lamp that she might add chipped beef to the wedding feast, half the neighborhood had congregated to offer her various household treasures.

The German lady, whose heart was in her titles and in the Fatherland, sent those with her congratulations and Mrs. Devlin's blooming cranium and Mrs. Dowd's three goblets came with the best wish of the owners, and the sick girl on the first floor contributed the glass of jelly which the district visitor had given her. Such a gala day had not been known in Riordan's Court for a long time.

In the afternoon the hand organ man came back. He had been bribed to reappear and play appropriate selections. But though he ground away valiantly and the children danced merrily again, no approving smiles came to him from Mrs. Maloney's window.

The little woman was nervous. "All day I waitid"—"Shure ye are, ye mustn't be expectin' thim gub'ns," said the consolatory Mrs. Murphy at 4 o'clock.

"Hade, no; it's hours too soon," agreed Mrs. Maloney looking at the unaccounted splendor of her apartment in a half dazed way.

But at 5 they had not come, and the dropping in of the neighbors with expectant looks and congratulatory smiles grew hard to bear. And when at 6 the hand organ spitefully proclaimed "Arrah go on, ye're only foolin'," and went off down the street Mrs. Maloney was almost tearful.

"Shure O! in the selfish ole woman," she said, smiling Spartan-wise, despite the gnawing pain and fear at her heart, "to be expectin' a brod an' a broderoom to be hurryin' to see ye. They'll just drap in the train back. Shure O! mustn't be kappin' ye, Mrs. Murphy. Himself—'ll be wantin' his supper."

When she had banished them all she sat at the window straining her eyes through the twilight for a glimpse of her daughter's figure. And when finally she saw it take form from the vague gloom in the distance and come nearer and nearer, her heart for a second stopped its beating. For Maggie was alone.

The girl looked up apprehensively. Then she slid into the hall, and by and by she stood at the door of her mother's room—white-faced, pinched and drawn. "Oh, mother!" she whispered. "He never came."

Her mother drew her in quickly and shut the door. And again and again the sobbing little sentence quivered through the room: "He never came. All day I waitid—an' he never came."

"Speaking about beans reminds me that all the chumps isn't moored in Boston, I take it," Bill Barnacle observed with a knowing air. "Leastwise, I've sighted some proper ones on the high seas."

"Beans or chumps?" queried the lubber in mild repudiation, after waiting for Bill to resume.

"Both, I reckon. In Boston beans is a proper tidbit, a regular out-and-out wot is it you call it in Latin?"

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Table listing various theaters and their current performances, including the Academy of Music, Knickerbocker Theatre, and Metropolitan Opera House.

THE WEATHER—Indications for to-day indicate fair and colder weather. Brisk northerly winds.

With the Chappies.

Gaiety rules the hour in the New York colony at Alken, S. C. A chappie that went down there the other day writes to me as follows: "On my arrival here I found many familiar faces to greet me. Among the first to shake hands were 'Dunc' Elliott, 'Freddie' Beach, 'Ed' Smith and 'Ollie' Iselin. They hardly gave me time to register, but rushed me off for a B. & S., which was most acceptable, as it was 8:30 a. m. The chappies all had on their red golf coats, which made me think there was to be a meeting of the hounds, as I was not familiar with the red coat idea in golf. The ride to hounds had been the day before and, you'll never believe it, the brush was awarded to 'Frankie' Moorehead!"

Mr. Barnacle on Beans.

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"Delicacy?"

"To be sure," said Bill apologetically. "I allers sheers off at them foreign words. But, as I was saying, beans on the high seas is a solemn duty, next to standing lookout or taking a trick at the wheel."

"Why?" the lubber asked.

"'W'y?' Because there aint much else to eat but these here blooming beans. That's w'y. Blow me, if I aint seen trading schooners out of New England wot carried no other vittles but beans, with no pork to speak of neither. Once when I was a young squire 'I makes a cruise to Brazil, had been condemned and ordered sold, along with her cargo. Our skipper stands by the sale and bids in two tons of white beans. We didn't need no beans, but they was cheap, so the old man puts the lot aboard and says let these here mariners revel in beans."

"On the passage home beans flowed like water on this here hooker. It was beans morning, noon and night, and for prayers, too, till the sailors cursed frightful and tells the cook to pipe down on the mess, as they didn't figger to ruin their constitutions with no bargain counter beans. If beans isn't beloved they don't work the vessel no more, these haughty mariners says. When the skipper hears of this here mutinous language he posts the cook to set among the crew one night after supper. Then the old man happens forward accidental, and says:

"Cook, wot have you been feeding the men on this passage?"

"Beans, sir."

"Wot? Them beans I buys in Brazil?"

"Them's the identical beans, sir," says the cook, beginning for to shiver.

"What a mean, brutal captain!" ejaculated the lubber.

"The skipper goes aft, bubbling with rage in his mind," continued Bill, "and in ten minutes a committee from the forecastle overhauls him. Blow me, if this blooming committee didn't demand beans, likewise the very same beans they kicked about, and says the crew will mutiny if they don't get no beans. The skipper yields reluctant to this demand, and tells the cook to serve out beans again. When the schooner reaches home, boll me! if you could find a bean in her with a man-of-war searchlight. The crew actually sets up nights-eating of them beans, such being the contrary nature of mariners."

Fitz's Piano.

Fitzsimmons has bought a piano, and now in the rant and the roar That's made by the baby and bow-wow, he rattles off Schumann and Spohr, Which limbers his wrists and his knuckles and puts him in superlative trim To try for the scalp and the ducats of valorous Pampadour Jim.

Perchance soon the gay concertina will lengthen his wonderful reach, Perchance soon the trulent trumpet will lengthen his wind and his trumpet; And then he might tackle the bass drum to practise the crack on the jaw That stretches his man for ten seconds and places the stakes in his jaw.

The wind goes to sleep on the snow-drift or sighs in the willow trees When Fitz zayly twinkles his fingers and flits over the ivory keys, Which soothes both the dog and the baby and knocks all forebodings askew And sets all his bewares-a-dancing and stirs the Hibernian stew.

And Jim cocks his optic akimbo and, lost in a study that's brown, Is filled with a terrible preelence that spreads from his feet to his crown; He knows the ineffable secret, and flies like a stork on the shore, Where the shifty Fitzsimmons is knocking out Schumann and Spohr.

America Seen Through Alleged Gallic Eyes.

Concerning "America and the Americans" the claim is made that it is the work of a Frenchman who has lived in this country long enough to thoroughly familiarize himself with our manners and customs. But if I am not mistaken, the book has lived from the pen of an American, who has lived abroad long enough to comprehend the difference between Europe and America, and who knows his own country well enough to realize that our national vanity flows very near the surface and that the book that scratches it will find beneath it an eager buyer.

In the language of the day, I would say that inasmuch as "America and the Americans" claims to be an expression of French opinion, it is a fake, because its author has got much nearer the truth in a great many instances than a Frenchman could by living here forty years. I honestly doubt if there is a Frenchman living, or an Englishman either, for that matter, who really comprehends the social structure of our country, and the author of this book seems to know a little more about it than any foreigner to be found in this city.

It must be very easy to write a book like this, especially when the author takes no trouble to express himself after the French form. What he has to say is a simple recital of what we all of us know that reminds me, at times, of the literary chef d'oeuvre of the late Ward McAllister, "New York Society as I Found It." But a great many people will find it interesting because it goes over a ground with which they are familiar, and is fragrant with platitudes of the sort that so many of us love. I saw a play once which contained as a sensational feature a steam drill in noisy motion, and I remember that the house was packed with the Harlemites, who had been listening to steam drills for twenty years, and now came down to Fourteenth street and paid their money to see one on the stage.

As an example of the sort of commonplace that the author complacently prints, let us take the following from the chapter which describes a visit to Boston: "On Friday afternoon, however, I attended a concert, or a 'rehearsal,' I believe it was called, where again the audience was almost wholly composed of women. This, I was told, was a Boston institution—a sort of musical afternoon tea, where every Friday during the Winter months Boston inspects Boston through its eyeglasses, and, at the same time, makes attestation to itself of its love of culture manifesting itself in musical guise. Let us, before all things, be fair and add, that though such a matter may lend itself to the exaggerations of humor on the part of the New York barbarians outside of the Modern Athens, it is undoubtedly the most carefully planned and best musical treat to be had in America. Boston rather prides itself on some of its peculiarities, while others laugh, and with some show of reason.

"From the days of the Illuminati, of one hundred years ago, to the Hellenism and neo-Buddhism of to-day, Boston has been the prey of all sorts of mental frenzies. This is the home of the Transcendentalists in philosophy, of the Delists on theology, of the 'Mugwumps' in politics, of Fourierism in sociology."

It takes a marvellous insight into American customs to write such a paragraph as this, does it not? Here also is another quotation, indicative of a clearness of observation and profundity of thought of the kind that we might look for in the Rolfe's books. Indeed, I think that Rolfe himself could have written this sentence which I take from the same chapter: "Through this part of the world has some serious defects of its qualities. It is fair to say that its qualities, some of them, are of a very distinguished kind. The little knot of men who brought American literature into prominence were New England men. Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whitier, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Holmes, Poe and others of less note, were all native New Englanders, and all practically contemporaries. It would be difficult to match such a literary crop in one season as that anywhere else in the world."

Again, in the chapter of our methods of travelling, we find this picturesque and vivid description of life on a sleeping car: "When I returned to my own car after my sojourn in the other, I found a scene of great activity. A negro servant was performing a miracle. He lifted up the floor of the car, he pulled down the ceiling, and from obscure places he produced curtains, pillows and sheets, blankets and mattresses, and with great rapidity and dexterity he transformed the whole car into a series of curtained compartments.

"He pulled aside my curtain with a grin, and lo! there was a bed, and above that another bed, and in the upper one an occupant, and, if you please, a woman! I apologized for this by saying that the car was very crowded, and in a conversation with him later I learned that, as a rule, it is intended that only men, or only women, should be put in layers behind the same pair of curtains."

Concerning the American fondness for titles, which, I believe, has already elicited sarcastic comment from travellers who even antedate Mrs. Trollope and Fredrika Bremer, the author observes, in the tone of one who is thoroughly himself to the world in a general way, and hence a secret: "And there are titles, too, yes, titles galore, among these boastful Republicans. At the little luncheon party one young man was invariably addressed as 'General,' and another, who lives on his wife's money and other people's mien was called 'Colonel.' They had been on somebody's staff, I was told in explanation.

"Even the newspapers are punctilious in their bestowal of titles. 'The Hon. Patrick Dwyer' did this, 'ex-Attorney-General So' did that, 'President Jones' said this, 'ex-Secretary of the Interior' said that, 'Colonel J.' and 'General H.' and 'Governor X.' and 'His Excellency the Governor of M.' and 'ex-Boss C.' and 'Dr. Y.'—all allegiances are given the degree of doctor of divinity, I notice—and 'Professor N.' have arrived at such and such an office."

I understand that the book is enjoying a good sale and has occasioned widespread and discursive comment. That is my only excuse for devoting a column to it. It is certainly nothing that has not already been said a thousand times, and better said, than it is here. I have already expressed my opinion that it is a fake, and I believe that any intelligent person who understands the French language and knows a little of the French people will arrive at the same conclusions after reading the passages that I have quoted.

Nevertheless it does not surprise me to learn that the book is exciting a great deal of discussion in New York. There is nothing too trivial for New Yorkers to discuss with the tenacity of a dog, and hence you will stop for a few moments in front of the monkey cage in Central Park you will observe that those chaffing animals grin at one another and chuckle and seem to have plenty of subjects for animated discussion.

JAMES L. FORD.