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FUTURE DEMOCRATIC POLICIES.

The number of persons who are bending their brains to the task of outlining policies for the Democratic party is enormous, but aside from the wearing anxiety wherewith they afflict themselves, no result from their labors is apparent.

The party is doing very well indeed, and needs nobody's nursing and guidance. Its policies are being cut out for it by events, which are always infinitely more potent in framing issues than politicians and doctrinaires can possibly be. And as time elapses events will multiply. That is an obvious fact which seems to have escaped the thought of the self-appointed controllers of the Democratic party's destinies.

Wise Democrats are willing to wait on events; Democrats whose minds are narrow and whose sense of responsibility is too solemn are not. These latter are storing up disappointment for themselves. The party will manage itself and make its own platforms to meet the requirements of occasions as they arise. Platforms constructed in 1897 for use in 1900 are not likely to be of much practical service.

The most efficient friend of the Democratic party is the Republican party. The work being done at Washington will call for the judgment of the people of the whole nation; the work being done at Albany will call for the judgment of the people of New York.

The people will dictate the platforms of the Democratic party.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE CONTROVERSY.

In the very nature of things the Board of Health must act in many ways with almost autocratic powers. Public sanitary questions are in its charge, and if its decisions on matters within its scope are not mandatory it might just as well cease to exist. More than a year ago this bureau made an investigation into the sanitary conditions of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island. The latter institution is a reform school for the training of youthful offenders. The importance of healthfulness and good bodily training in such an institution cannot be overemphasized. The Board of Health found in its first examination that the provisions of the school in regard to plumbing, means of cleanliness and treatment of epidemic diseases were so antiquated as to lag far in the rear of the needs of modern sanitation. Its recommendations, it seems, were neglected, and now it has seen fit to dispossess the official authority of the institution and to enforce its own ideas of management. Among the charges made in the most recent report of the Board of Health inspector (last November) were these: More than 10 per cent of the inmates, ninety in number, were afflicted with contagious eye diseases; an epidemic of measles was raging in the girls' wards; the attempt to isolate the diseased children was almost farcical in its inefficiency, and the same nurses cared for the sick and the well.

Mr. Alexander E. Orr, president of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, denies these allegations as to the existence of epidemic diseases, but confesses to the inadequate sanitation of the buildings as regards plumbing, expressing the belief, however, that the [illegible] needed for reconstruction will be allowed by the present Legislature. Without entering into the details of conflicting statements, it suffices to say two things. First, it is hardly conceivable that the Board of Health would have taken its radical stand in the affair without assurance of good ground, even if its allegations prove somewhat exaggerated. Secondly, Mr. Orr confesses that the condition of the House of Refuge falls far short of what it should be. This is enough to warrant a thorough examination of all the facts to set the truth beyond the reach of denial.

To accomplish the ends of the House of Refuge and to cure its defects of housing and administration, it is admitted on both sides that more money is necessary. The managers are all men of wealth and self-perpetuating in the constitution of the board. They intimate that they are not disposed to dip into their private purses. President Stewart, of the State Board of Charities, communicating his views to the Finance Committee of the Assembly at Albany, feels debarred from recommending a full appropriation on the ground that the property does not belong to the State, and only in a quasi sense comes within its immediate jurisdiction. Before the problem of adequate money can be settled the question of title and authority must be determined, so there shall be no clashing between the rights of the State, of the city and of the institution itself. The fact that $547,000 of State appropriation has in the past gone to the establishment of the House of Refuge is a significant one. Mr. Stewart's report seems to suggest a doubt as to whether there is the slightest obligation on the part of the Legislature to buttress an institution, however valuable, which belongs to and is controlled by private persons.

THE BIMETALLIC COMMISSION.

Because President McKinley has appointed commissioners to go abroad and sound the European governments on the subject of international bimetallism, not a few newspapers which helped to elect him are breaking into ironical smiles. It is true that the successful party pledged itself to promote international bimetallism, but it is understood now, as it was during the campaign, that this promise was meant to be of service only in keeping free silver Republicans from going over to the Democratic candidate. The smiles of the organs of the single gold standard may not speak well for their moral state, but while a sense of humor is part of the ordinary human make-up, it needs a man deficient in that respect to condemn them seriously. The commission is a joke—not a very good one, to be sure, but still a joke. Yet President McKinley has done the right thing in carrying out formally the pledge of his platform. He was in honor bound to do that, though nobody knows better than he what a bit of humbug the promise was. He, in common with everybody else, is aware that he was chosen to the Presidency because his election would mean the maintenance of the gold standard for another four years.

The London Times, which is a good Republican on the money question, comprehends the motive for the commissioners' appointment as well as we do on this side of the water, and it has no fear that the bimetallic commissioners will interfere with the good thing of which the money lenders of England are in the enjoyment. "Separate agreements with the United States," says the Times, "are out of the question when the nations of Europe do not wish to agree among themselves in favor of bimetallism." It sees no prospect of a conference of the powers through the efforts of Messrs. Wolcott, Stevenson and Paine, who, it hopes, "will not unduly protract their interesting but futile experiments upon the stability of the financial convictions now governing European policy." There is the familiar Republican smile in that gentle drive, but here is no smile in the Times's conclusion that "President McKinley will be able to point to the commissioners' labors as redeeming his election promises, and to their failure as showing that if America wants free silver she must procure it at her own risk."

Notwithstanding the strength of the bimetallic sentiment in England, her capitalists and her government can be relied on to prevent it from having practical expression. The London Times is good authority on the situation. The McKinley commission, like the Republican platform's bimetallic pledge, is for campaign use solely.

But the old question to which that pledge gave rise puts itself again: If free silver would be a bad thing, why should the Republican party ask other nations to help us to get it?

THE RAILROADS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

The satisfaction which the magnates of the Joint Traffic Association profess to feel in the prospects of their case before the Supreme Court must be somewhat qualified by the reflection that the brief which Mr. James C. Carter submitted to the Trans-Missouri Association case was substantially identical with that which he has prepared for the courts below in the Joint Traffic Association case. Mr. Carter was sustained by the United States Circuit and District Courts in the Joint Traffic Association case, just as similar arguments had been accepted as conclusive by similar courts in the West in the case of the Trans-Missouri Association. But the Supreme Court set aside the decisions of the lower courts in the latter case, and it has not yet been shown that there is any sufficiently radical difference between it and the case of the Joint Traffic Association to warrant the expectation of a reversal of the conclusions reached on behalf of a majority of the Court by Justice Peckham.

At the basis of both cases are these two general propositions, presented by counsel for the Government: 1. That any agreement imposing any restraint whatever upon competition in the business of railroad transportation is void under all circumstances. 2. That, if this be not true, yet that an agreement restraining competition to the extent effected by this instrument (the association agreement) is void, notwithstanding the circumstances set up in the answer as a justification for it. It was Mr. Carter's contention that, as the law now stands, a restraint on competition is not necessarily unlawful without regard to its character or extent. Some restraints are unlawful, while others are not, and whether any particular restraint in a given case is unlawful or not depends upon the facts and circumstances of the case. Mr. Carter further argued that it is impossible to suppose that Congress intended to subvert the established law by making all agreements illegal and criminal which might in any degree restrain trade. On all these points the Supreme Court ruled adversely, just as the courts below had ruled favorably.

Justice Peckham pointed out with great force and clearness that, while the results naturally flowing from a contract or combination in restraint of trade, when entered into by a manufacturing or trading company, might differ somewhat from those which may follow a contract to keep up transportation rates by railroads, the two are nevertheless of the same nature and kind, and the contracts themselves do not so far differ in their nature that they may not all be treated alike and be condemned in common. The Court, in short, was unable to find anything in the circumstances surrounding the enactment of the Anti-Trust law to lead it to conclude that it could not be supposed that the Legislature in prohibiting the making of contracts in restraint of trade intended to include railroads within the purview of that act. As to what was the intention of Congress, as indicated in the debates in both houses and the discussions in conference, all that the Court was able to find was that various members had various views, and it was left to determine the meaning of the act from the language therein. The trusts were not the only associations controlling a great combination of capital which had caused complaint as to the manner in which their business was conducted. The Supreme Court had previously decided in the Philadelphia refineries case that the statute did not apply to monopolies in manufacture, and it seems to follow, as Justice Peckham held, that if the act does not apply to the transportation of commodities by railroads from one State to another, its application is so greatly limited that the whole act might be held inoperative. Briefly, if there be any well-founded expectation of showing that the decision in the Trans-Missouri Association case does not equally apply to that of the Joint Traffic Association, it must be on other grounds than those which have already been presented by counsel in both cases.

CHANDLER'S UNPARDONABLE SIN.

There is ground for fear that Senator Chandler has committed the unpardonable sin. His bill for the seizure of the works of the Carnegie and Bethlehem steel combine and the operation of the same until sufficient armor for our unfinished war ships has been produced gives a terrific shock to Republican sensibilities. Amazement is expressed that a Senator of the party of Hanna and Morgan and Rockefeller should have ventured to be disrespectful to the trusts, and the logical conclusion is drawn that he dwells on the wrong side of the political fence. Traitor, Socialist, Anarchist, demagogue, and all the pretty names which the defenders of the trusts—manufacturing and financial—keep in stock for application to such as question the right of capital to do as it pleases, are being hurled at the heretical Chandler. His expulsion from the party is demanded by the more ardent organs of wealth, while the temperate among them beseech him to reform. But he never will be forgiven, no matter what he may do by way of penance. He has taken the name of the trusts in vain.

Senator Chandler's bill is a bad one, unquestionably. The objection to it is not, however, that it would work hardship to a rapacious and impudent trust, but that its principle is erroneous, and if carried out in one instance would set a precedent destructive of freedom in industry. The American people do not want socialism. The Chandler measure attacks an evil at the wrong end.

If the Senator is in dead earnest in his desire to open war upon the trusts, he should take the advice of the organs and join the party which is committed to policies that eventually will make it impossible for trusts to come into existence. Equal rights for all, privileges to none—that is the true American doctrine, true Democracy, and when we have a government conducted on those lines there will be no protective tariff, no juggling with the currency in the interests of a class, and no trusts.

The ladies are not to be given the ballot in New York; that has been determined by those who control the action of the Legislature. It is hard, but after all our wives and sweethearts and daughters will have the compensation of knowing that they wont have to shoulder muskets like their freer sisters in Colorado.

Up to the present time Hon. Jerry Simpson appears to constitute all the organized opposition to the Republican majority in the House of Representatives.

Emma Calve in Carmen.

By Arthur Schoenstadt.

Three years ago it could be said of the Metropolitan Opera Company that their repertoire included a "Carmen" performance excelled by none in the whole world. Then Emma Calve sang Carmen, Jean de Reszke personified Don Jose, Micaela was presented by Nellie Melba, and Edouard de Reszke had the part of Escamillo. It appears, however, that commercially this star performance did not meet the sanguine anticipations of the managers, for the stars were withdrawn one after the other, and at last Mme. Calve was alone intrusted with the task to fill the house by her personal magnetism.

In this she has succeeded to a certain degree. Nevertheless, there was plenty of room for several other twinklers in the operatic galaxy to have distinguished themselves in last night's presentation at the Metropolitan Opera House. A better selected cast would certainly have improved the performance. Not that the least derogatory of adjectives could be applied to it, but it was not what we have a right to expect in the Metropolitan.

The still frisky Mme. Calve has again inserted a few interesting nuances in her presentation. She has a surprise or two in store every time she repeats Carmen. None of the essential parts of the character was changed. Such a proceeding would undoubtedly deteriorate from its merit, for nothing could be added to improve it, even by an artiste of the worth of Calve. Calve's conception of the character is a perfect masterpiece, just as at one time Niemann's Tannhauser was the foremost in opera and Eleonore Duse's Santuzza the greatest in tragedy.

Nothing could more typically express Calve's Carmen than the depiction of Merimee in his novel, from which the libretto of Bizet's opera was composed. Describing Carmen, he speaks of "a wild, rare beauty, odd and surprising at first, but one which it is impossible to forget." Such is Calve's Carmen. An untamed passion is reverberated by her song in the first act, "L'amour est enfant de Boheme." Her singing and dancing are bizzare and full of charming simplicity, as with her winning ways in the Seguidilla she turns the head of Don Jose.

Her entire presentation has the Spanish colorings which are conjured up by the tambourines and castagnettes of the orchestra. It will be remembered that in 1884, in Paris, Marie van Zandt lost herself in extravagances, which caused great theatrical scandal. Mme. Calve leans also toward the extravagant, but she understands how to impart charms to her boldness. Thus, for instance, the gypsy song in the tavern, refrained by the chorus in the second act, is finally developed into a general terpsichorean whirl, which has an intoxicating effect on the audience.

It was easily noticeable during the second act that Mme. Calve had not entirely overcome her recent indisposition. She sang several times out of tune, but on the whole, little fault can be found even in this respect.

M. Lassalle, as Escamillo, proved that he was a great artist, whose voice has entered on the first stages of decadence. He had transposed the Toreador's song in the second act from F to E minor, which did not serve the whole to advantage. Mme. de Vere proved a fair Micaela, and Monsieur Salignac's Don Jose deserves some eulogy, but it must be conceded that both lacked the brilliancy of former Carmen performances.

The Jesters' Chorus.

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, my lud; this is the sixtieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little diamond jubilee.—Pearson's Weekly.

Manager—Why do you quit me without notice and just when your quitting will embarrass me most?

Indignant Actor—Because, sir, I'm cast in the part of a servant.

Manager (resignedly)—Well, I suppose that's realism.—Detroit Journal.

"The high kicker positively refuses to raise a toe unless she gets some of her back salary," said the call boy.

"That settles it," said the manager, digging into his inside pocket. "When a woman sets her foot down there is nothing to do but give up."—Indianapolis Journal.

"If there is one thing that I rightfully pride myself on," said the young man, "it is my even temper."

"What do you know about it?" said the elder man with the skinned knuckles. "You never had a wife, and you never had to help her clean house."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tiffington—Boffington, your wife's Easter gown is very picturesque.

Boffington—Picturesque? That gown cost more money than any picture you ever saw.—Detroit Free Press.

"Strange story that of the Georgia girl who carried a splinter in her foot forty-four years, and then had it work out in a petrified state."

"Petrified, did you say?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet anything the girl was originally from Boston."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I suppose you've got rid of the girl in the next room who played the piano?"

"Yes, but there's a woman in there now who keeps her husband awake half the night coaxing him for a new bicycle."

"Do you know the woman?"

"Yes, she's my wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Blakely—So you want to sell your tandem, eh? I thought you claimed, last Summer, that there was nothing like it.

Foxhall—Oh, yes, it was all right then; but we're married now.—Cleveland Leader.

The Bolters.

[Washington Post.]

The gentlemen who left the Democratic party last year are considering the advisability of holding a conference to devise ways and means to save that political organization from a destruction they profess to fear. If we are to judge by the returns from the municipal elections, the Democratic party is engaged in its old business of saving itself, and that is more than some of its bolters will be able to do.

Mark Will Sympathize.

[Washington Post.]

The election of a Foraker lieutenant for Mayor of Cleveland will enable Mark Hanna to sympathize with the near-sighted man who rushed into a burning building and saved his mother-in-law.

Patient Gotham.

[Washington Post.]

Anthony Comstock has inaugurated a war on De Maupassant's works. Yet there are New York people who would have us believe that town is the only one worth living in.

An Alibi.

[Washington Post.]

In his various defences of his tariff bill it has never occurred to Hon. William L. Wilson to try an alibi.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....Brian Boru	Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville
American Theatre.....Two Little Vagrants	Keith's.....Continuous Performance
Bijou.....Courted Into Court	Knickerbocker.....The Serenade
Broadway Theatre.....[illegible]	Koster & Bial's.....Gayest Manhattan
Casino.....The Wedding Day	Madison Square Garden.....Barnum & Bailey
Columbus Theatre.....A Boy Wanted	Murray Hill.....McCarthy's Mishaps
Daly's.....Shakespeare's Ideal	Olympia Music Hall.....In Great New York
Empire.....Under the Red Robe	People's Theatre.....In Hogan's Alley
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Fifth Ave. Theatre...Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.
Germania Theatre.....Therese Krones	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous Noon to 11 P. M.
Grand Opera House.....Sowing the Wind	Star Theatre.....A Lion's Heart
Garrick Theatre.....Never Again	Wallack's.....Miss Manhattan
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	Weber & Fields's.....Under the Red Globe
Harlem Opera House.....Pudd'nhead Wilson	
Hoyt's.....The Man from Mexico	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Generally fair; warmer, southerly winds.

SHERMAN AGAINST EXPANSION.

Canada, Cuba and Hawaii Would "Cost Too Much," Says the Secretary of State---Excitement Among Office Seekers.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Washington, April 15.—"Spain must keep her hands off Americans," said Secretary Sherman. "I would employ every gun, man, ship and dollar in the reach of this Government in defence of the meanest of our citizens. That is my Cuban policy, and that is all of it. I do not believe in interfering between Spain and Cuba; they must settle their own affairs, solve their own differences. I do not believe in becoming Cuba's protector. Should she become free by her own effort I should not favor annexation. We don't want her. We have undeveloped country of our own enough for centuries to come. To go in for any policy of annexation that would annex Cuba, or even arrange a protectorate in the nature of a guardianship, should she hereafter become free, would mean vast expense and a great tax to us. We would have to keep up four times the navy and army we do now."

This was at a dinner—after dinner, if you will. It was during a private powwow between Sherman and a high official of Government, as high an official as was Sherman until Sherman had a portfolio. You see, I've been swimming in the headwaters of present Administration control, and this is the thrilling sort of thing I strike. And yet Bailey says it does not pay to wear a dress suit. But to proceed with the history of a conversation which, while it is true as gospel, every word, it is still apples to ashes our absent-minded Premier will at once deny.

"Do you mean to tell me you would oppose Cuban annexation if she were free?" asked the high officer.

"I would," retorted Sherman. "It would cost us too much money and bring no adequate return. Cuba, which we don't need, could be only an expensive toy to us. And likewise a dangerous one."

"But your argument would exclude all idea of annexing Hawaii," remonstrated the high official, who, by the bye, is a hot adherent of both Hawaii and Cuba. "Back in Harrison's time, when you were chief of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, you and your people were arranging for the annexation of Hawaii. It was Grover Cleveland who put an end to it. Did not you favor Hawaiian annexation then?"

"I did not," said Sherman; "I was against it."

"These are most remarkable statements," exclaimed the high official in a perplexed way. "I don't understand. Do you mean to tell me that you would oppose the annexation of any country? Would you oppose the coming in of Canada?"

"Emphatically," replied Secretary Sherman. "I would shut the door on Canada as quickly as on Cuba. We don't want any more territory. Let us develop what we have. These annexations of Cuba and Canada and Hawaii would cost us no end of expense. It would roll on and up—this expense—day after day, and never cease. On the other hand, they would not pay. Therefore it would be wise to let them alone; refuse to open to their knock."

And that's the Sherman scheme. He would defend American life and right in Cuba with fire and sword. He would not aid Cuba to her liberation. Should she escape Spain's fangs and come to us for countenance or annexation, Sherman would be "not at home." And Sherman's whole attitude, as he says, pivots on the mighty dollar. There is no thought of sentiment; no love or lust of liberty in it. Sherman determines his action by Troy measure and weighs it with gold. This age is sordid.

Dingley Explains Wool to Ellis.

While at the headwaters of public control, as aforesaid, I struck a snag for Warner Miller and his panting Nicaragua canallers. It seems that this is written fully, 3,000 French, with the best machinery, are at work on the old Panama Canal. They are pushing it night and day. The whole French Government is behind the deal. The Panama Canal is to be built.

"And it will forever kill the Nicaragua Canal project," asserted my Senatorial informant. "You will hear no more of the Nicaragua ditch. While we talk the French will build the Panama Canal and that will settle it."

This is interesting. Evarts once said when he was Secretary of State, and Frelinghuysen echoed the statement later:

"Whether the French or somebody else build an Isthmus canal will make slight difference with the attitude of this country. In any event, no matter who its author, the Panama Canal—both banks—will be part of the coast line of the United States."

That's what Evarts said; that's what Frelinghuysen repeated. I wonder what Sherman would say. But with 3,000 French at work digging the Panama we may one day find out. Pending which my Senator tells me the Nicaragua ditch receives a setback, if not a death blow, by this pernicious canal activity of the French.

Allan Arthur, the son of President Arthur, was at the White House asking if he might repair to the Netherlands as the Minister of this country. McKinley hasn't answered Allan Arthur's question as yet. It is a strong and strudy chance that Allan Arthur will not amaze the Hollanders with his statecraft.

Senators Hoar and Teller.

This has not been a good year for pedigrees. "The family tree" has proven a upas tree. The Grants, the Lincolns, the Logans, the Arthurs, and the Garfields are sadly taking political pot-luck with other and lowly members of the black party.

Ellis, of Oregon, he of the overloaded brow, was in to see McKinley. Ellis was as the roaring lion going about the White House seeking for what office he might devour in favor of his Oregon friends. Ellis is one of the pillars of Republicanism. Such as Dingley look up to Ellis, and tie to him as one of the snubbing posts of tariff in the House.

McKinley sends his regrets to Nashville; he will not be at her exhibition. McKinley declines to perform in the role, as it were, of an "attraction," and thereby draw money to the exposition management. McKinley refuses to be worked in the interest of rustic box offices. The country fairs, he says, must totter on without the stay-lath of his name.

Your Uncle Hanna looked in on "The Major." He wanted to oversee "The Major's" prospectus for the day's work. This is thoughtful of Hanna. Proctor, of the Senate, was at the Hanna coat tail. Of late Proctor has fastened himself like a burr in the tossing mane of your Uncle Hanna, and where that great leader goes, there the burrish Proctor goes also. I wonder what Proctor wants. However, the Vermonter's power is but a small, short cat, indeed; and with no great tail attached. If he wants much, he won't get it.

Over in the Senate they locked the doors on us—"Executive session," don't you know. When the Senate is ashamed of what it is about to do it goes into executive session. To-day it buried the door and hid itself, and took up the "arbitration treaty." This wretched document is tied so full of knots and has been so mauled and battered by amendments, its mother wouldn't know it. Davis will settle the day of its vote next Monday. Davis, who as Senator, is the result of arbitration with the corporate monopolies that roost in his Minnesota woods, thinks he knows the value of arbitration. Therefore Davis favors arbitration.

Marie Geistinger at the Germania.

By Alan Dale.

You can book your seasons for 1930, oh, Lillian Russell, and Camille d'Arville, and Della Fox, and Jessie Bartlett Davis. You may give up all thoughts of retiring to a honeysuckle cottage, with children and grandchildren and pigs and cows and other joys of the sere and yellow. You may be popular thirty years from now, and it will be quite worth your while to drop into the Germania Theatre and see the amazingly perennial artist known to the Germans as Marie Geistinger.

Mme. Geistinger had retired to the honeysuckle cottage with the joys of the sere and yellow years ago. Suddenly it was announced that she intended to return to the stage via New York, and though everybody was incredulous, the event has really taken place. New Yorkers were fond of Geistinger a dozen years ago, when youth was no longer hers, and there was considerable curiosity in the atmosphere last night in the neighborhood of Adolf Philipp's playhouse. On this occasion it will not be ungallant to allude to the usually rude question of age. Mme. Geistinger is establishing a record, and consequently she will not be anxious to pose as sweet sixteen. Paragraphists during the past week have set her down as sixty-two, sixty-five and sixty-nine. As I never saw her before, I was therefore prepared for the task of describing an old lady of the Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Drew order, and I swore to be reverent, admiring, sweetly kind and graceful.

So much for what preceded my visit to the Germania Theatre. The play was a "genreblid mit gesang und tanz" in three acts, called "Therese Krones," and the house was packed to the very roof. Evergreens (at least I hope they were evergreens) festooned the boxes, and clustered, vine-like, around the balconies. Young and old jostled each other for admittance. The people in the passing crosstown cars gazed in awe at the eager crowds. It was an important German event. A thousand faithful people were clamoring to welcome back an artist who had delighted them in their youthful days. Avaunt all reverence! Begone all graceful consideration! There was no need for it—not the least in the world. Shortly before half past eight there tripped upon the stage a jolly-faced, laughing-eyed woman, with a smooth, unwrinkled, beaming face that caused half the audience to rub their eyes in awe. It was Geistinger. Her hair was neatly braided and bound around her head. A jaunty hat, with a spiteful little saucy feather, was poised gracefully upon her head. She wore a juvenile pink gown, reaching to her ankles, and outlined around the bosom with green ribbons. She was as hale and as hearty and as sprightly and as jovial as any sixteen year older.

Geistinger bowed in a perfectly familiar manner as every brace of hands in the Germania gave forth solid applause. I stared at her most analytically. For the life of me I couldn't detect antiquity in any form. She may have owned a more sylphlike waist a quarter of a century ago, but there are plenty of very young women who are more indiscreetly formed than Geistinger. As for the tell-tale boiled look that creeps around the chin and the neck muscles when the forties have been passed, Geistinger was quite innocent of these little time-cruelties.

And then—mirabile dictu!—she began to sing. She sang half a dozen times during the progress of "Therese Krones," and she sang astoundingly well. There was no effort; there was no painful rasp in the high notes; there was no attempt to speak a few lines when the music grew trying. Marie Geistinger sang Carl Milloecker's "So a Bissel Lieb, so a Bissel Treu," as very few comic opera artists could sing it to-day. I don't say that her voice was bisl-like, that it was limpid of sympathetic, but she sang the ditty with vivacity, intelligence, chic and magnetism, and gave it all the vocal prominence that it needed. This piece of work was furiously applauded, and it deserved all the plaudits that it evoked. I began to wish that I had heard her in her girlhood, for the indications pointed to the fact that she must have been one of the wonders of her time. I thought of Delia Fox, young and comparatively lissome, as she sang at the Casino the other night, and then I gazed at this tireless, ageless Geistinger again and marvelled.

Her performance throughout was enjoyable. Her humor never flagged, her energy was unlimited. She laughed and she spoke merry asides, and she kept you in perpetual good temper. In the lobby of the Germania the old-timers blinked. They had been growing old and Geistinger had been standing still. They had been turning their attention to sober thoughts of the narrowing future; she had been frolicking in present and defying the old fellow with the scythe.

And perhaps you think that Geistinger has forgotten the conquetries of her early days? Let me tell you that there was a line on the programme setting forth the fact that her dresses came from the atelier of Mme. So-and-So in Vienna. How is that for up-to-dateness? And these dresses might have been donned by young New York-ines in Sunday's Easter parade without making them look one year older than they really are.

Marvellous Marie Geistinger! I suppose that there is such a thing as art overcoming everything, even time. The methods of this woman are as instructive and as noteworthy to-day as they have ever been. Every movement was that of the perfect artist, every gesture used in the singing of those songs was the non-exaggerated, admirable impulse of the consummate mistress of stage trick.

Why bother yourselves about getting old, ye fair ones of to-day? Why root out your gray hair and massage away your wrinkles? Act, if you can, and the rest will take care of itself. Sell the honeysuckle cottage awaiting your days of retirement. Away with the pigs and the cows and the children and the grandchildren. Go and see Marie Geistinger and see how difficult, how impossible it is for an artist to grow old. Her advent is consoling. It will do us all inestimable good. It is the deathblow to irreverence on the subject of the sere and yellow.

Are Alert.

[Washington Post.]

The strides made by the silver people in the municipal elections have caused the revival of that story of Mr. Bryan as an actor. The gentlemen who have enlisted in the work of preserving the good name of the nation are as alert as usual.

Never Realized It.

[Washington Star.]

Much as he may have studied economic conditions, it is possible that President McKinley never fully realized, until the last few weeks, how many people are looking for employment without prospect of success.