

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

It is sufficiently obvious that it is THE WORTHLESS not the fault of the majority at Albany... ANTI-TRUST BILLS.

The first of the proposed laws, that amending the act in relation to stock corporations, originally provided that "no foreign corporation formed by the consolidation of two or more corporations..."

There has been some maudlin sentiment expended on the hard case of corporations organized in New Jersey and elsewhere being compelled to bear their full share of taxation in the State of New York...

Affairs have been at sharp tension in South Africa since the Jameson raid. That rash adventure certainly has never been reasonably explained except as an exploit of high-handed buccaneering...

The English authorities have shown no disposition to scate the Boers, but on the other hand appear to be making ready for a much more serious contingency than that involved in a mere piratical excursion...

Our cousins over sea may now set a beautiful and persuasive practical object lesson by proposing to submit their differences with the Dutch republicans to arbitration. They will thus show their own sincerity and prove how it ought to be done.

The summary action of Supreme Justice Keogh apropos of the Westchester County personal tax sneaks aroused wide attention two months ago as the stride of an honest official in the right direction.

the municipal policy of Brooklyn. The result was that the chairman of the Board of Assessors and the law office in charge of such matters promised to follow his directions in the matter pending the beginning of severer measures.

Judge Keogh has indicated by his course how this species of rascality should be dealt with. The average man will evade taxation if he can, but if criminal prosecution awaits the assessor who aids him there will be much less collusion.

New York does not like the Raines law amendments, or the Raines law itself, but what is New York going to do about it? So long as a Republican Legislature sits at Albany the metropolis will be ruled by the interior of the State.

The tyranny under which this town lives would be intolerable had not usage done its inuring work. Protests, appeals, argument everything, fails to influence the Legislature in the smallest degree.

The Raines legislation has fired New York with profound anger. The party responsible for it will be punished. A Democratic Legislature and a Democratic municipal administration will bring practical relief from despotism.

The action of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in condemning the use of the bicycle for pleasure on Sunday has set going again the old discussion of what may and may not rightfully be done on the first day of the week.

According to the Conference, which, of course, holds to traditional denominational ground, Sunday is the equivalent of the old Jewish Sabbath. If that be admitted, the position of the Conference as to the sinfulness of the bicycle, the street car, or any amusement, or the doing of work not absolutely necessary on the Sabbath, is unassailable.

Those who hold, on the other hand, that with the advent of Christianity the Sabbath disappeared, together with the rest of the ceremonial laws of the Hebrews, point out that the early church regarded Sunday as the "Lord's day," and kept it as a season of joyful commemoration.

Writing in the Forum of the Cuban war for independence, Henri Rochefort says: The great American republic holds in its hands the destiny of an oppressed people whose heroism and patriotic sacrifices have rendered it a hundred times worthy of liberty.

How very French that is. M. Rochefort not being either a commercial character or a Mugwump, but merely a man of brains and sentiment, is incapable of sympathizing with or comprehending the motives which controlled the Cuban policy of the Cleveland Administration, and that are influential with the McKinley Administration also.

The circumstance that the only newspapers which favor the Anti-Corruption bill are those that never go to the expense of employing artists, to draw cartoons would not be lost on a legislator free from the control of a boss who has had his sensibilities wounded by the cartoonists.

The Democratic victories have given a great impetus to one industry at least. They have furnished remunerative employment to the thousands of able editors who furnish Republican newspapers with explanations.

A Moment with the Chappies.

DUNCAN ELLIOTT'S conversion to Catholic faith, which was whispered around the clubs yesterday, is not a surprise to those who know him well.

At that time three explanations were given of Mr. Elliott's absence from his home. One was that he was taking a constitutional tramp over the Westchester hills.

Another explanation, vouchsafed by the extremely world-minded of Chappelton, was that "Dunc" had been engaged in a little game of poker that had been prolonged till daylight.

In the light of subsequent events it would seem that the least popular of the three explanations given of "Dunc's" absence from his house when it was burned was the true one.

In following the example of Colonel DeJancey Astor Kane by adopting the Catholic faith Duncan Elliott gives but another evidence of the hold that the Church of Rome has upon the heavy swells of Westchester County.

Whether or not it was due to the influence of Holy Week, the attendance at the opera this week has been disappointing to the management of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The attendance was excellent on Monday night, but as we neared Good Friday it gradually diminished until the vast majority of the ultra fashionable folk remained away altogether on Holy Thursday night, although it was the farewell performance of Celve as Carmen.

New York society knows what it owes to religion, and it observes the forms, at least. The people who went to the opera on Holy Thursday belonged to churches that did not require them to stay away.

It is an excellent thing to be good at least one week in the year—an excellent thing for everybody but the management of the opera.

It is probable, however, that there will be a big audience tonight to hear "Romeo and Juliet," as the performance will be given at popular prices and Leo de Beszke will make his last regular appearance.

There are always enough people in New York who are not religious to crowd the Metropolitan when the adorable Jean may be seen at reduced rates.

Indeed, I am inclined to think that even some of the most zealous in piety will persuade themselves that Saturday night is near enough to Easter Sunday morning to warrant them in taking advantage of the opportunity offered.

All the gay world is vastly interested in the opera problem, for a season without opera would not be a season without the greatest opportunity for wealth to display itself, and that is usually the chief joy of wealth.

Mr. Gray will doubtless solve the problem satisfactorily, for the demand is for opera.

When an organization like the Coaching Club has to abandon its annual parade because only three members would consent to turn out this year, it must indeed be in a bad way.

The internal dissensions that resulted from the rejection of T. Suffering Teller and John Jacob Astor as members seem to have been far-reaching and pernicious.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. Academy of Music, American Theatre, Broadway Theatre, etc.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Showers, clearing in afternoon; cooler.

LAMENTATIONS OF OLD-TIMERS.

The Boarding House Keeper, the Night Hawk and the Knockabout Comedian Voice Their Several Plaints.

MRS. CATNIP (seated in the front parlor of her East Ninth street boarding house, surrounded by the Sunday newspapers and in conversation with her principal boarder):



"No use talkin', Major, this city ain't what it used to be, and sometimes I don't keer whether I take the house another year or not. That's what I says to the landlord when he come around the last time, and he says to me: 'Mrs. Catnip, maybe you ain't feelin' very well to-day, or you wouldn't talk that way,' but I guess he'll find out pretty soon I wain't foolin' when I said it."

"Why, Major, when I first took this house the highest-toned people ever you see boarded with me. Nowadays everybody wants to live in one of them pesky flats and do their own cookin', or else live out in the country and get their own pneumonic crossin' in the river when it's full of ice."

"You didn't hear folks complain about their vittles then, neither the way they do now, and I think it's them pesky comic papers that's put 'em up to it. My how many necks there was to a fricasseed chicken I'd have up and started 'em with a plate. Nowadays, Major, they want fresh towels every day, and I discent give 'em fricared any more because they make such remarks, and one piece of pie ain't enough any more, which is when I first began takin' boarders. No, Major, the family boarding house, with the select, gilt-edged boarders, that et their vittles without bein' funny and paid up when Saturday night come 'round is extinct, like this 'ere bird, whatever his name is, the dodum."

JACK DOUBLEFARE (standing in corner saloon with a glass of hot Scotch in his hand and in conversation with a sociable and liberal "fere"):

"The hull town is on de blink, and that's right. That horse outside used to get three meals a day, and now sand-dust's a treat to him. Wot is Six' avener today ennyway? When I first bein' drivin' cab it was the garden spot of the corner. Right up the street was Jim Irving's Empire, and 'round the corner was where Tom Gould kept the Sans Souci. Then there was the Haymarket an' the Cremorne and the Buckingham all together in a lump, and right across the street was where Porter and Walsh got shot. My! but this was a great town then! Why, young feller, in them days the hotels was full of well-to-do parties that jest come to New York fer to see a little sportin' life. They never asked how much it was to a place. They jest put a cab for a hull night and didn't klick about payin' fer it in the mornin', neither. All they wanted was to have Jack Doublefare take 'em to where there was fun, and Jack could generally do it. But, s'elp me, God, young feller, you was to lay a hundred-dollar note on that bar and ask me to take you to any fun round here I couldn't do it. [Mysteriously.] There's one or two quiet joints further uptown where I sometimes take parties I can rely on, but that ain't round here, you know. This old Tenderloin is dead to the world."

"Was there much fun goin' on round here in them days? Well, I ruther think! You couldn't pass through this block after 12 or 1 o'clock at night without seein' two or three lights and mebbe some ainkies finkin' across the sidewalk by the bounceer, or come out with his eye gouged or his ear clawed off and his wateh stole and his wad spent—yes, this was the part of town to see life in when I first took to drivin' cab, but now wot is it? Nothin' but stores and business houses, and the first thing you know there'll be churches and Sunday-schools along with the rest."

"Just put a little nummeg on mine, Reddy. Well, young feller, here's happy days and old times come again."

Mr. PETER BACON, of the variety team of Liver and Bacon, knockabout comedians (standing on the corner of Union square and Fourteenth street, in conversation with the reporter who had come to interview him about the deterioration of dramatic art):

"The palmy days has gone, young man, and they'll never come back. The acts that we done ten years ago don't go now north a cent, and why? Because the public taste is corrupted. It's these furnishes that's done the business. Here's this Irving and Doozey and Burphard and a whole lot more of 'em come over here and think they can reach us American how to act. Did you ever see that funny fall we used to do, me and Liver, at Miner's Eighth Avenue and the London? We played a couple of bricklayers and the fall was from the third story of a new house to the ground, both of us carryin' our hods full of bricks. Patsy Doody says it was the greatest fall he ever seen on any stage. Well, can you do that fall now? We'll let the public wot it? No, young man, we tried it only a year ago in Terre Haute and it didn't get a hand, and the manager of the house cut it out of the bill the next night. I can remember when knockabout acts the same as ours was the most popular things done on the American stage, and they would be still if it hadn't been for these furnin' artists comin' in and cuttin' under us."

"What's that you ask me about, deterioration of the drama? Well, that's what it is, and there's nothin' that's deteriorated worse than the knockabout acts same as me and Liver done twenty years ago—acts that used to make 'em tear up the benches, but don't go to-day in Terre Haute."

"How does Mrs. Jaggs get such beautiful gowns?" "You know that the cord is a measure of quantity for woad, do you not?" "Of course."

"Then you will see by analogy that vocal chords have something to do with a singer's timbre." "Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram."

"Don't you think you work very hard, dear-ast?" she asked, tenderly. "You know best," he answered. And the wife wondered, while the twilight deepened, if the mask had thus early been torn from her Spring-milinery solitaires.—Detroit Journal.

"What is that giant roaring about?" asked a friend of David, as the young man started to meet the champion of the Philistines. "He's kicking about the kinetoscope privilege," replied David. He thinks he ought to have 75 per cent of the profits on account of the difference in our size. The big star! I'm going to give it to him right in the neck!"

Mr. Torrington, of Connecticut.

Seeing a small, frail old gentleman with tremulous, transparent hands sitting alone and silent hour after hour on the veranda of one of Mr. Flagler's semi-tropical and wholly carboard Florida hotels, compassion drew me into a chair by his side. You seldom meet these Winter tourists in real life.

The attention pleased him. "Yes, sir," he chirruped, taking the proffered cigar, looking it over, and absently putting it into his vest pocket. "Yes, sir; it certainly is a beautiful-day, and I am enjoying it greatly. Do you like rice?" He whiskered this odd inquiry, and after a hasty look about him, continued in a reassured way:

"I had rice for breakfast." "The venerable Mr. Torrington chuckled. "Yesterday I got up early and tried a chop. But it was foolish, very foolish; I disagreed with me. But I had rice this mornin', and it suits my digestion to a T—to a T. I have been conscious that everything is going on well inside of me while I sit here, and I assure you that the knowledge is as blissful. And I tried a little coffee, too—not much, you understand. Coffee must be used with discretion, and I had my fears; but it is all right, I'm happy to say. What part of the country do you come from? New York, eh? Liver? No? Lunge? No? Kidneys? No? Dear me, how odd! Do you sleep well? I woke up only twice last night. The first time was about 1 o'clock, and I was extremely restless. Then I had an Inspiration. Said I to myself, 'I shall have rice for breakfast if I die for it! Then I went to sleep again like a lamb. Now, the chemical constituents of rice—for God's sake not a word about the rice!'"

"Torrington," said a tall and spare old woman, with a malodorous complexion, laying her elbows on the old man's shoulder from behind his chair, "how do you find yourself? How's your digestion? Good. You may have a rusk and a little milk in an hour."

The aged doctress winked at me and asked concerning herself. "I have been 'visiting the poor as usual,' she answered. "There is much destitution, much suffering, among these poor colored people. I trust you are charitable, sir; I am glad of that. Those who are not do not know what a blessed privilege they miss. There is not a man here that I do not take away with me from the table some article and bestow it on some family. It may be only an apple or a lump of sugar, but it carries sunshine into a humble home. And, oh, how grateful they are!"

"I'm obliged to you for not alluding to rice," said Mr. Torrington, when she had moved away. "Mrs. T. has her notions, you know, and one of them is that breakfast is a mistake. When we are at home she never eats any, but down here she breaks through the breakfast and eats, I notice. She won't have me to do it, though, seeing I'm—well! not in poor health exactly, for I'm as strong as a bull, but just a little off in my digestion, so to say."

He confided to me with grins the manoeuvres and stratagems to which he resorted in order, unknown to her, to go on his rice debauches and coffee rias.

Others told me of the Torringtons. Immensely rich from the manufacture of buttons, and the lady given to rage when presented with the weekly hotel bill, once she lost a five dollar note on the beach while searching her purse for a penny where-with to reward a small dandy who had carried her reading chair about for some hours. She kept her bed for two days.

"Hiccups, by George!" the venerable Torrington remarked, smiling and winking. "It's simply splendid, and I feel as well inside an I look outside, I assure you. Tomorrow I mean to get up very early and have a roast apple, too, hang me if I don't. What, after all," he added, philosophically, "is the use of living if you don't have a good time? I've always had that idea. That's why I'm down here in Florida occupying my pockets into Flagler's. But so long as I'm happy I'm satisfied, though I must say Flagler's a fellow to charge. Being here for a long period we've made terms, of course—about half rates, I should say—but still it's preposterously expensive. There's nothing but climate here, anyway, and—ah! bicycle riding. Do you ride? No? Well, I'm sorry. If you did, I have a wheel with me I'd like you to try. The Wing and Wing Company, of my town, have sent it down as a present. They're friends of mine, and I think it would be good for my digestion to learn. Don't know but I will. The wheel is a perfect marvel of nickel and steel, and must be worth \$200."

Torrington was in great force one morning. "By George!" he laughed, "Flagler isn't going to be so much ahead of me as I thought. What'd you suppose? I've said that fancy wheel! Yes, sir; disposed of it to a young fellow who's made of money. He got it from my dirt cheap, but, anyway, it cost me nothing, and I'm \$50 ahead. Ah, my dear!"

She sat down and recounted the story of a starving family, for whom she was taking up a collection. "It is a most distressing and urgent case, and must appeal to every truly charitable heart. They have had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, as I learned two hours ago from their own lips. Now—Why, Torrington! As heaven sees us, I believe—yes!"

She had laid hold of him by the beard—the treacherous beard in which several grains of betraying boiled rice were visible. Deaf was impossible. The rice was removed and presented on the talons in his guilty gaze. Torrington made a miserable sound in his dissolute old throat, and obeying orders, lifted himself feebly to his feet and was marched off to his room.

The next day the poor dwelling in the neighborhood of Mr. Flagler's Divine Consolation Hotel were bereft of their benefactress; for I saw Torrington huddled up in the omnibus, being driven to the station to take the train for Connecticut.

ARTHUR MEWEN.

Changed Tunes. [Detroit News.] The men who are now most vociferous in asserting that the Spring elections do not indicate an increased silver sentiment are the men who were striking a few weeks ago that Democratic triumph wouldn't mean anything else.

Human Nature. [Boston Tribune.] A man who was yesterday a minute to foreclose a mortgage on a widow's home will work himself into a frenzy over the woes of unfortunate Crete.

Personal Comment. [Washington Star.] There is a remarkable number of men in the country who show a disposition to regard every action of Thomas Jefferson as a personal insult.

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