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WAR DECLARED AT LAST.

The policy of the great powers has ended precisely as was foreseen from the beginning. The cowardly modus vivendi, that kind of time-serving convention, which considered solely their own fears and self interests and belittled diplomacy to such a paltry game, deserved no other issue, could have had no other. Two hostile armies facing each other like bulldozers on the Thessalian border, could not long refrain from flying at each other's throats. The declaration of war by Turkey excites no surprise; it only ends a suspense.

The Porte claims that the Greeks some days ago began hostilities by the action of their irregulars in penetrating Macedonia and attacking various minor Turkish posts, responsibility for which the Greek Government disavows. The latter, on the other hand, lays the onus on the Turks, who on Friday night advanced into Thessaly, which advance resulted in a sharp conflict between bodies of the regular troops at Nezeros, a town lying immediately under the shadow of Mount Olympus, the fabled home of the greater gods of the ancient Greeks. The advance of the Turks on Larissa, where the main body of the Greek army is posted, is expected at the time of this writing, and a pitched battle of considerable magnitude seems to be imminent. Edhem Pasha, the Turkish commander, saw service in the Turco-Russian war as colonel and brigade commander, but has had no experience in the leadership of a large army, though he is credited with considerable military talent. Prince Constantine, who is at the head of the Greek army, has a military training which is purely that of the academy and drill ground, and there seems to be no general under him who has had a different experience. In numbers the Turkish army of advance outnumbered the Greek forces considerably, and there is reason to expect that at the outset at least the Hellenes may get the worst of it. He latter, however, have just reason to look for very help from their large bodies of irregulars, which are pouring into Macedonia and Epirus. It is stated patches that revolts have been already incited by rogamandists in many places, and that the tide of war against Turkish rule promises to swell into a volume.

The actual condition of affairs cannot at this juncture intelligently estimated. The facts that the fighting will in Hellenic territory; that the whole of the nation is on fire with passionate enthusiasm; that the Greeks know the country thoroughly, and that they can effect the most dangerous and effective diversions in the Turkish rear—these things will go far to neutralize the advantage of numerical superiority on the part of the enemy, even if the whole Turkish army is mobilized and sent to the front. The same strategic advantages which were on the side of the Confederates in our late war will favor the Hellenes.

All that the great powers, which have stupidly allowed affairs to drift into the present status of war, can do now is to look on, striving to localize the conflict as far as may be. Whether they will be able to do that is a matter of interesting speculation. No one will be surprised to hear any day that the conflagration has fired the Balkan provinces, and if this occurs it is probable that the beginning of a far more extended conflict will have been made.

The course of an Indianapolis street car corporation last week in violently resisting the operation of a State law reducing fares to three cents is full of suggestion. Not content with applying for an injunction, it ordered its conductors to eject passengers who refused to pay the old fare, and this lawless edict resulted in a series of personal assaults, and in most cases the citizens stood on their rights under the law.

A corporation exists solely by creation of the law, and it should be the last to violate the law, by virtue of its own theory of existence, as well as by consideration of the ultimate results which the argument of force is certain to entail. Were it not for respect for the law on the part of the people, the action of corporations, which intrinsecly interests behind legal enactments so easily invoked for their support, would be terribly embarrassed. Where there is now one attempt of the people, the working classes in especial, to reclaim some of their rights, there would then be a score. When there is a movement of those oppressed by the corporate action to make resistance which has the color of violence, the assistance of the police and frequently of the military, State or Federal, or sometimes both, is sharply invoked, and as promptly granted. When the law is on its side, the corporation is horrified at lawlessness.

When the case is reversed and corporate greed discovers itself opposed by law, we find it proceeding in the case at issue to the same mode of natural redress, which, if pursued by its opponents, it would stigmatize as mob violence and anarchy. It makes the essential difference which is gored. Precisely the same right of the people exists to call on Government to suppress the anarchy of a corporation as in the case of the corporation to subdue the violence of a mob. In setting the example of lawlessness corporations pave the way to their own destruction, for they dispense with the only buttress which gives them strength.

Those Americans who profess to feel, or really do feel, that they never can look Christian England in the face again because the United States Senate has shown a cynical want of faith in Great Britain's desire to abandon war for arbitration, may cheer up. The Senators are not the only people in the world who are of the opinion that England has not yet risen to a moral plane where violence and craft are abhorrent to her. Notwithstanding her edifying willingness to put us under bonds to keep the peace, she is still the same old England, ready to fight for what she wants if it is not to be had in any other way, and what she wants is owned by a feeble people.

Three the Boers have seen the flag of England hoisted on a stick, and always white. It is time to prove we have a colored flag. Unfortunately for the Boers, there is no Monroe doctrine to stand between them and the piratical aggressions of Christian England—no great republic hard by to hold up a staying hand, as in the case of Venezuela. If there were the eagerness of Christian England to arbitrate with that republic would move the Quakers thereof to ecstasies of sentimental joy at the incoming of the era when universal peace is to reign and war shall be no more. Christian England has as many faces as she has possible enemies. Contrast the ferocious one she turns toward the Boers with the mild, benignant and truly pious countenance she presents to us.

The liberal theologians who aim to placate science and come to terms with what they respect as modern thought, are not made happy by such proof of the vitality of the traditional faith as the celebration of Easter affords. This great Christian festival has a hold upon the popular heart and mind that all Dr. Lyman Abbott's disquisitions on the higher criticism loosens not one perceptible particle. Easter remains the great holy day on which Christendom forgets its separating differences. The risen Lord is still the Lord of all. It is the day when all churches that believe Jesus to be more than man unite in declaring by their rejoicings that Christianity rests upon the supernatural. It is the churches' formal annual renewal of their attestation of belief in miracles, since the resurrection of the dead is surely the most stupendous of miracles. It is not strange, therefore, that the churches are inhospitable to the Abbotts, the Briggses and all the theologians who would read the supernatural out of the Gospels and retain only the ethical part of them. This hostility against rationalism is natural, instinctive. It is the impulse of defence against an enemy who comes in the guise of a friend, but comes to destroy, as surely as if his banner were that of the infidel instead of the flag of the faithful.

What the future has in store no man may say. In view of the rationalizing movement of which there are so many manifestations within as well as without the fold; but today the mass of Christian men and women hold to Easter, and all that Easter implies, convinced that to relinquish faith in the verity of the fact which the festival commemorates would be equivalent to giving up their religion itself.

Here is a chance for some rich man who, realizing that his end is approaching and that his shroud will be made without pockets, would like to alleviate the pangs of dissolution by disappointing some of his next of kin. Let him purchase the Metropolitan Opera House and endow it with a fortune ample to provide for an opera and concert season of four months a year at moderate prices. There are so many people in America who understand and love music for its own sake that the projector of such an enterprise could safely count upon good-sized audiences the whole season, provided the prices were as low as those charged at other places of amusement. Indeed, there are so many people of limited means who thoroughly enjoy high class music that it is not improbable that the opera house could be run on purely artistic principles, and without recourse to the degrading custom of datalogging the people in the boxes and featuring them as a most interesting part of the show. A regular season of this description would attract an enormous number of people to New York every winter and bestow upon the community an infinite deal of pleasure of the highest sort. Moreover, with solid financial backing the opera manager would be able to pay his artists regularly, and thus do away with a great deal of conversation on their part and prevent the spread of the various throat troubles and phases of influenza which are so prevalent among them, especially during the dull weeks.

With an established commercial rating, it is not unlikely moreover that before long it would be possible to secure singers for this country at prices not largely in excess of those paid in Paris and London. But the greatest blessing that such an innovation as a permanent and richly endowed opera house would bring us would be that of benign peace in place of the usual Spring worry and anxiety about the future of New York opera. There would be no more solemn farewells of the singers, no more lamentations on the part of Mr. Grau, no more rumors that "New York will lose Signor Screechallina next year, and without him grand opera will be impossible."

The appointment of a colored lad from Ohio to the Annapolis Naval Academy has caused a flutter in that institution. Also it is giving occasion for a good deal of mindless criticism of the disturbed cadets and the frowning navy. If a negro lad be qualified mentally, physically and in acquirements for admission to the Academy, and the Government service when graduated, what reason is there in justice to discriminate against him because of the color of his skin? The answer must be, none. The objection to him is founded in a social prejudice which is stronger in this republic than in most other countries. That prejudice is no deeper in the Annapolis Academy than in other colleges. Do Yale and Harvard welcome colored students? At the bar and in the ministry are colored men received as equals? Do white workmen like to toil side by side with negroes, especially in the North?

The navy in its disposition to draw the color line is not exceptional, and rightly no more open to criticism than the remainder of white society. Cadet Richard C. Bundy, colored, of Ohio, if a young man of ability and sensibility, is to be pitied. Entitled by law to every right and privilege of the American citizen, in going to the Naval Academy he is entering upon a war against caste and volunteering for martyrdom. The prompt trial and conviction of Murderer Gordy atones in a large measure for many of the strange proceedings that have taken place under Delaware's remarkable laws. There is further cause for congratulation in the fact that there will not be a long, Durrant-like delay before the day of his execution.

Democrats who are not particularly pleased with the antics of the minority in the House of Representatives may possibly be able to tone down and forget their displeasure by contemplating the course of the Republicans in the Kentucky Legislature. Hon. Warner Miller is finding fault with the high tariff on lumber the Dingieleys propose to impose. Mr. Miller has reached that portion of his political career where he is able to get almost everything he doesn't want.

That was a surprising shot Senator Vest fired across the bow of the Dingieley bill. It was in the nature of an overture to the bombardment that may be looked for in the Senate. Mr. Reed is not in effect in the Senate. It will be noticed the Administration doesn't send for Mr. Joe Manley every time it has an important matter under consideration.

A Moment with the Chappies.

Working with a Duke may be a fine thing to contemplate, but when a chappie gets right down to it he is likely to find it quite as tedious as working with any one else, especially if the Duke doesn't do any too much work himself. At least, that is the way it appears to Henry Melville, the young Englishman who came over here last summer with letters of introduction from a lot of titled personages to all our best people, and has gone in with the little Duc de Morny to boom some sort of a patent thing that is warranted to make your clothes as waterproof as a Delmonico's duck's stomach. Melville is vastly popular with the Delmonico set, and is in the habit of contributing to their amusement by participating in their pastimes. At last, that was his habit until he became associated in business with the Duc de Morny.

But now Melville can't answer to his name when the afternoon game is called, and that is where the kick comes in. The sports boys almost burn up the telephone wires in their frantic efforts to induce Melville to come uptown and take a hand, but he petit Duc is obdurate and won't let him off. He has to per away at his desk while his favorite game becomes dull, stale and unprofitable through his absence.

John W. Mackay's enterprise and public-spiritedness are again demonstrated in his subscription of \$10,000 to insure grand opera in New York in 1898. The only other man who subscribed as much are Robert Dunlap and Henry Daxian, neither of whom is without personal interest, for Mr. Dunlap was one of the heaviest backers of the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, and Mr. Daxian is the customer of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mackay likes opera and wants to see it in New York. In addition to this, he is very fond of Maurice Grau. These are reasons enough for him to put out his money with customary liberality. That we are to have opera again is due to the generosity of the rich men of Gotham, and of these none is more open-handed or keener to note the needs of the hour than John W. Mackay.

The racing chappie is beginning to look up his racing togs and read what the ponies are doing in their work for the racing season is almost on us. Of the regular thing we take no stock until the opening at Morris Park, but when it comes to cross-country and pony racing we are all there.

That is why we are making ready for the steeplechase meeting to be held on the Hempstead Plains property of William C. Willmet May 1. If promises made for that meeting are kept, it will be one of the most interesting we have had in many years.

Not only are we to see all the local amateur talent in the saddle, but it is expected that the force of gentlemen jockeys will be strengthened by J. McK. Merriman and W. C. Enstis, of the Elkridge Hunt, Maryland; Colonel E. de V. Morrell and Leander Riddle, of Philadelphia; R. G. Shaw and F. Seabury, of the Myopia Hunt, Boston, and H. Seymour Perse, of Ireland. Fozie Keene will return from England, Morton Smith will come over from Staten Island, and all the star riders of the Rockaway and Meadowbrook Hunts will be on hand.

All in all, the outlook is unusually encouraging, and Ralph Ellis, C. Albert Stevens and Oliver Bird, the committee in charge of the meeting, are to be congratulated.

Theodore Havemeyer, the "Granddaddy of Golf" in America, sounds a note of alarm when he declares that in the multiplicity of clubs that are springing up all over the country there is danger that golf may be overdone.

He also deplores the tendency to build and equip fine clubhouses at the expense of the links, and very properly says that to the real golfer the condition of the links is always the first thing to be considered. Golf players would do well to heed the words of this Nestor. This game has made greater strides within two years than any other form of amusement ever adopted by the chappies and chappiettes, but the craze that grows quickest does not usually last longest, and that is what the "Granddaddy of Golf" is afraid may happen to the "Old man's game."

A friend of mine just returned from Paris has this to say concerning a cause celebre, in which two old friends of ours are conspicuous actors.

All the talk about the Czar of Russia being infatuated with Sibiyl Sanderson, the opetic prima donna, may or may not be true. Of that I know nothing. But you may bet your last dollar that the fair Sibiyl is not infatuated with the Czar. There is but one man in the world for her, and that is Tony Terry. I never saw such a case of mash as there is between those two. It was a case of captivation at first sight. Tony Terry always was a dence of a fellow with the girls. When he went from New York to live in Paris he left behind him quite a collection of bric-a-brac in the shape of broken hearts, and much of it has never been mended.

Some talk is being made about Mrs. Henry E. Abbey having no share in the big benefit that is to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House next Tuesday night for her stepdaughter, Kitty Abbey. Mrs. Abbey, who is now in this country for a brief stay, refused to share the proceeds of Tuesday night's performance, saying that the child should have it all. Mrs. Abbey has many close and loyal friends in New York, and it is not improbable that they may arrange a benefit for her if they can gain her consent to do so.

Next to the joy of wearing new clothes, the chief delight of this Easter-time is the great number of weddings it brings with it. There is a bride for every day until the first of May, and for some days there are two or three brides. To give a list of all the weddings would take up more space than I can spare, but I must make special mention of one—that of Miss Mary Howland Pell and Mr. Samuel Cornell Hopkins, which will be solemnized at 3 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon in the Church of the Transfiguration.

"Sam" Hopkins is one of the most popular members of the University Club, and is just about as true-blue and manly a chap as one can find. He was a member of the Yale University baseball team fifteen years ago, and the sons of Eli have seldom had a better representative on the diamond. He hasn't been in any particular hurry to get married, and his good fortune in winning so charming a bride as Miss Pell proves that in matrimony it is not always unwise to wait.

THE WIND rose until it was a hurricane and

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. Academy of Music, A Naval Cadet, Hoyt's, The Man from Mexico, American Theatre, Two Little Virgins, Robert's 14th St. Museum, Vandellville Bijou, Courted Into County, Keith's, Continuous performance, Broadway Theatre, Wizard of the Nile, Knickerbocker, The Serenade, Columbia Theatre, The Wedding Day, Koster & Bittinger, Barnum Manhattan, Daly's, Shakespeare's Tempest, Murray Hill, In Great New York, Empire Theatre, Under the Red Lobes, Olympia Music Hall, Vandellville, Fifth Ave. Theatre, The World of Wags, Pastor's Theatre, Chimmie Padden, Germania Theatre, Three Pairs of Shoes, Madison Square Garden, P. M., Grand Opera House, Palmer Cox's Brownies, Proctor's 23 St., Continuous, Noon to 11, Garden Theatre, New Apollo, Star Theatre, Chimmie Padden, Herald Square, The Girl from Paris, Weber & Fields', Under the Red Lobes, Harlan Opera House, An Evening of the King, 14TH ST. THEATRE, Sweet Lullabies.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Fair in the morning; increasing cloudiness in the afternoon; warmer; high southeasterly winds.



RUSHER, April seventeenth—here I am in Rusher an' me an' d' Zar is boss an' boss, he wants me t' stay here an' he'll run de empyre, he don't want much, does he? no Zar, I replide I ain't got no ambition to run no empyre till d' boss had sezehn is over den we'll talk bizness. I wuz presentid at kourt yestredy an' all d' nobility wuz dere, wuz de dey get all dose moddiss I askt d' Zar? dey geddum from me an' me ansestirs he replide, wel say, I sed, if ye got anny pull wid yo ansestirs I wuzt ye'd get me wun, I ed chuck a grand bluf wid wun o' dose d'ings wen I got bac t' chery street. den d' Zar infurmd me dat his ansestirs were mostly dead but he sed he'd giv me a meddl wid de order w' d' roll carviere, but say, if yo'd order carviere at bestfoaste Jon's ye'd get a meddl in de l. I gess d' Zar wuz only stringin' me but no Mickey he sed, I hope t' die if I wuz giv' ye a steer. D' hole push look ortly ellight. Hoore dat googlie ide yap wot looks like his fase wuz givn' him a pane, I askt dat, sed d' Zar hautilly, is d' grandook me unkle, (wuzn't dat an ortel bracke) no no majesty I eride I didn't meen him, I meent dat bloke wot's tankin' t' dat drug-staur blood in d' corner. o sed d' Zar, dat's me kuzzin tankin' t' me ant. I wuz paritized, Zarry ole spaurt I sed, I didn't meen t' holt ye ferlus but is all d' pebbils on dis bestel, relativs yo yoors? O no, sed d' Zar, dat bloke wid d' pink smah an' no relativ yo mine, d' ye meen dat stueker wid de upper cotve neck? yes replide d' Zar, dat's me never make no possonal remarks aggen w'en I go t' kourt. Dere wuz wun ole lady wot got ded stuck on me, she had a reglar joolry staur wid er, o you cunnin' little boy she sed, wot's yure name, Mickey Dugan I replide wid pride, an' wot's yoors? I'm d' grandutchless olga she sed, y' don't say! are ye enny relashun t' misus cinacy wot lvs at 22 Chery? no she sed, dat's strain' I remarkt, ye look jest like er. den she sed how old are you, Mickey, I wisperd me aje in her ear an' den I askt how old are you, Olga? say she neerly hide laffin, but I didn't cum dere t' be gide so I sed, you may be older dan me but you ain't so waarm, so I shook de ole lady an' wuzt over an' tanked to a little chippy, say, she wuz a grandutchess too but she wuz nice, she took all d' jolly of herself an' wuz givn' it t' me w'en her mudder cum along an' swiped her over de ear, I had t' cauf up. I'm not ded stuck on bein' presentid at kourt, dere ain't no fun, I tride t' geddum a gain w' prizner's base but d' Zar wudn't play an' d' grandutchesses wuz too stiff t' run, so I chased meself away from d' pallis an' went to d' grand konvension uv d' Russhin flossifiers.



dey recognized me rite ort an' under me cum up an' sit rite in d' push, wun mug goddum an' sed a long artik on wate d' wold 'ausgespleit' cumm from. Dat wuz ortly interest' an' I linned a lot, dey askt me t' goddum an' giv enny a few hoid wids witch I did, jents I sed I wil tel you sum few breef facts about de ortlin w' d' wold 'nit', in d' fofst plase, jents, wate d' ye s'pose it cumm cum? It cumm from d' jounin, sed wun mug wid wiskers like 2 bunches uv ylxax. Nit I replide jently, it cumm from de Irish, den w'en I haddem all fazed, I sed, it wuz a long time cummin' but it has got her at last, an' now jents I sed if sum w' ye'll lend me a gold koin I'll sho ye a few trix wot d' late mister Herrmann louned me, say, dat paritized 'em. MICKEY DUGAN.

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

"Mamma, don't you think hens ought to deople Easter?" "Why, little daughter?" "Because they lay all the eggs, and the rabbits get all the credit."—Chicago Record. "What is your occupation?" asked the lawyer. The witness his reply was slow in giving. "I'm a poet, sir," at last he answered. "You see? What do you follow for a living?"—Chicago Tribune. She had carried the deception too far. "Alas!" she sighed. She had carried the deception so far that the stuffing had all jotted down into the lower part of the same. She would never again attempt to ride a century, at least, on ordinary roads. In the meanwhile she wondered where she might borrow a mackintosh.—Detroit Journal. Customer—But the shirt and collar don't harmonize. Haberdasher—Oh, that's all right. It's the fashion to wear shirt and collar in different keys.—Detroit Journal. "Poor old Todgers, I always feared that he was a little weak up above, and now the worst has come." "He's dead!" "No, he's not dead, he's just a little weak up above, and now the worst has come."—Cleveland Leader. "Julia, you said you weren't going to wear any more dead blis in your hats." "I know; but this redbird died a natural death."—Chicago Record. "It's such an old-fashioned business! They still use single-entry bookkeeping there." "You don't say so?" "Yes, they are satisfied to get into people once."—Detroit Journal. Visitor—How do you maintain order among so many convicts? Warden of Women's Prison—Oh, that's easy. Good behavior is rewarded with permission to wear such ribbons and trinkets as the poor creatures possess.—Detroit News. "Of course," remarked the Womanly Woman, indignantly, "we all know why it is that my husband has so often to go out between acts to see a man." The Other Woman smiled wryly. "He lacks ingredients," she rejoined, with a cunning look of insinuation in her eyes, "of the thalidion of the sex."—Detroit Journal. The wind rose until it was a hurricane and

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

They are tearing down the old Goelet house at the corner of Nineteenth street and Broadway, and very soon a tall, modern building will stand on the site of the last of the private residences on Broadway. There is probably not a man, woman or child in New York who has not heard the story of how that old house came to outlive its neighbors for so many years, and there are very few citizens beyond middle age who do not distinctly recall the domestic menagerie of cows, peacocks and other pets that used to roam around the grounds during the lifetime of the late Mr. Goelet. The latter who immortalized himself by buying the highest priced ticket for the first Jenny Lind concert in Castle Garden always advertised his store as "opposite the peacocks." And so the old landmarks are passing away one by one. But, nevertheless, there is some balm in Gilead for the old-timers who love to dwell upon the memory of the iron railing steeple around Union square, and Jennie Hughes had just moved into Bond street—Miss Minnie Schult has come out of the depths for another Spring season of song at Huber's Museum, bringing with her the fragrance of lavender, of rosemary and of the cedar chest.

And so Jacquin's Knickerbocker Cottage is to come into the possession of the Monqu family. The Knickerbocker was for many years kept by Captain Fowler, and it was there that the Thirteen Club had its origin and enjoyed its first dinners. About the same time Jacquin was establishing the fifty-cent table d'hotel business on solid foundations on Twenty-fifth street west of Sixth avenue, a region which has since been given over largely to similar places of refreshment and the class that patronize them. Jacquin was one of the first in the business, and for a long time held the supremacy of Twenty-fifth street in spite of the attractions of his rival across the way, who had a restaurant called the "Boeuf a la Mode," known to a generation of light-hearted bohemians as the "All Over Mud." At Jacquin's scores of writers, actors and artists, some of whom are well known today, while others have long since dropped out of the ranks, used to eat and drink and be merry at moderate cost. H. C. Bunner, Frank Salmus, George E. Montgomery, Julian Hawthorne, George P. Lathrop, Maurice Barrymore, Jim Wales, Fred Oppen, Selma Delare, James Whitcomb Riley and George H. Jessup are a few among the many that used to gather about Jacquin's plus tables and succeeded on fastening on the place the name of the "Fried Cat," by which it was known for a dozen or more years. Jacquin had many rivals, and finally the public began to tire of all fifty-cent table d'hotel dinners, and for that reason he has sold out to Monqu, who will conduct an a la carte restaurant on the premises and put his trust in Providence and good cookery.

A great many clever, well-educated women of the class that formerly did nothing but drink tea, gossip and try to be intellectual are now earnestly looking for some sort of remunerative employment. Many of these have gone into business of one sort or another, and a few have succeeded, while others are waiting for opportunity to turn up, and in some cases, trying to make something turn up by dint of lifting and pulling. Now there is a vacant field in New York which might be occupied by some woman of this type or by some able man, either, and that is the field of literary agency. There is a man in London who has been very successful as an agent for literary men and women, and there is just as good an opening here for a literary agent as there was for a dramatic go-between when Miss Marbury went into the business. The London man has recently published a pamphlet about himself, which consists largely of commendatory letters from such prominent literary lights as Lord Lytton, White Collins, Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Stanley J. Weyman, W. H. Mallock, Conan Doyle, Frank Stockton and hosts of others for whom he has acted as adviser and man of business. By keeping closely in touch with the different publishers and magazine editors he always knows exactly what sort of literary matter is in demand, so that when an author who has been completely out of the world for a year working on his new novel brings the manuscript to this agent, he knows at once where to place it, and in two weeks, perhaps, accomplishes what would occupy the author's time and attention for six months. Moreover, he knows the financial standing of every buyer of manuscript, and is thus able to save the literary man—who is usually credulous enough to be dazzled by big offers and a fur overcoat—from extortion and swindling. On the whole, the literary agent is by no means a parasite, but fairly and honestly earns the commissions that authors are only too glad to pay him for his services.

I think that a literary agent in this country would enjoy something like a picnic for a year or two, at least, for there are not only plenty of authors who are willing to pay to have their manuscript accepted, besides innumerable young publishers who will pay a commission for promising manuscript, but there are also a vast number of ignoramus acting as buyers of manuscript in different houses, and the agent who could succeed in winning the confidence of these imbeciles would find it an easy matter to unload upon them hundreds of literary gold bricks upon whom before he was found out. There is no difficulty in getting the books, either. They are marketed enough of them in New York every season to build an Old Editors' Home with. Just now the output of good literary matter is very small in this country, while the number of magazines and publishing houses is greater than ever before. A great many young writers believe that the editors and publishers are trying to "down budding genius," but the real truth of the matter is that they are on the anxious lookout for it the whole time. It is for this reason that there is a most promising opening here for a literary agent with brains enough to keep in touch with both sides of the market and take instant advantage of the opportunities that it offers.

Discussing Roosevelt. (Washington Times.) "Why do you suppose they appointed Roosevelt Secretary of the Navy? asked one New York politician of another. "Best if I know," said No. 2, "unless they thought he could get behind the seal and talk if the ship wuz in a dead calm."

Gradually Getting Into Jail. (Washington Post.) All the people who appeared before the Lexow committee when the groundwork of New York's present reform administration was being laid are gradually getting into jail.

Rare. (Atlantic Globe.) It is a rare husband and wife who can look at each other without feeling ashamed about something.