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THE WEATHER—Official forecast for to-day indicate increasing cloudiness; warmer; westerly winds.

DISADVANTAGE OF PROTECTION.

The protective system is subject to one peculiar disadvantage. Its beneficial effects are cut off at both ends, while by a malign perversity of nature the damning results of free trade extend themselves far and aft, miraculously antedating their cause and persisting long after that cause has disappeared.

The McKinley law was passed in October, 1890. The next month the people rose up and smote it, under a misapprehension, as its friends explained, caused by the fact that it had not yet had time to produce its intended effects. In 1891 these effects had still failed to arrive to a sufficient extent to mollify the popular resentment, and in 1892 the country was so far from recognizing their presence that it elected the celebrated Grover Cleveland, then a statesman of much eminence as a tariff smasher, to clear the protective incumbrance out of the way.

It was about this time, according to the theories of the high tariff school, that the McKinley law should have been getting fairly to work, but the mere threat of its repeal in the future, involved in the election of a hostile President and Congress, paralyzed its delicate mechanism. For more than twenty-one months after the Presidential election the McKinley law remained in full force, but its usefulness was gone. The people continued to pay the mountainous duties, but their magical power to compel prosperity had disappeared. The vague shadow of a possible but unknown low tariff in the distant future was more potent than the actual workings of a high tariff in the present. Thus it resulted that, although the McKinley law was in force for nearly four years, it never once got a chance, according to its friends, to show what it could really do. It went to its grave, a mute, inglorious Milton, with all its brilliant possibilities buried under the clouds of adverse circumstance.

The Wilson tariff experienced no such delay in getting under way. It began its deadly work, as the McKinley professors of economics have frequently explained, more than a year before it was born, and it has continued its baleful activity ever since.

And now there is to be a new and more stringently protective tariff, but it has none of the preliminary effects that protectionists credited to the Wilson bill when it was still without form and void. Mr. Dingley explains that his tariff cannot be expected to bring good times before it is passed, or even immediately after. He thinks that it will take about a year after its passage to get it into good running order. And if by that time we have a series of Democratic victories, the melancholy history of the McKinley law may be repeated. The Advance Agent of Prosperity works only by sample, and there is no assurance that he can deliver his goods in cloudy weather.

It really seems hardly worth while to try to build up a protective system in this country. The vicissitudes of politics are so frequent here that a policy whose usefulness is killed by an adverse verdict at the polls, and which can never begin to produce its promised effects until after the people have had time to blast it at the next election, is a fabric too delicate to be of any practical use. We might as well try to raise palm trees out of doors in a Canadian winter.

THE SEWING-CIRCLE WARRIORS.

It is said that, in consideration of his long service and good war record, Captain Romeyn will be spared dismissal from the army by President McKinley. And really Captain Romeyn is not the most objectionable figure in the Fort McPherson scandal. He is old and peppery, and he believed that his daughter's fiancé was being lured away by a married woman. That, at least, is to be said in palliation of his evil speaking of Mrs. O'Brien and of his assault upon her protesting husband. But if the President intervenes to protect Captain Romeyn's retiring pension, it is to be hoped that there will be no tenderness shown in dealing with the officers who went on the witness stand and repeated garrison tales about a brother officer's wife. Usage and the law forbid Lieutenant O'Brien to invite the critics of his domestic concerns to face his pistol, and he has refrained from using his fists upon them. His self-restraint is remarkable enough to excite the admiration of the Peace Society. But though he has treated them with marvellous forbearance, there is no reason why the military authorities should imitate him. Every one of them ought to be assigned to duty wherever the generality of army officers hate to go. The more unpleasant the stations found for them the better it will be for the army. Perhaps hard work and rough living would cure them of that ladylike fondness for tittle-tattle which has earned them the scorn of everybody who holds to the old-fashioned idea that no man is justified under any circumstances in helping to damage a woman's good name.

AN EXPERT ON THE CHARTER.

If Dr. Alber. Shaw had been a member of the Greater New York Commission, as he should have been, his trenchant exposition of the defects of the new charter would have been of more service than it can be now. For better or worse, the charter has been completed and adopted, and all that remains is to put it into operation under the best possible conditions, and then to see whether the defects that now seem apparent in it prove as serious in its practical working as they appear to be in advance. If they do, we can try to cure them by amendments. Meanwhile it is a disheartening picture that Dr. Shaw draws, and, as far as can be seen, an accurate one. He shows that when the charter has been "so printed as to embrace all the statutes which it includes by reference, it will fill several thousand octavo pages"—a bulk greater than that of all the constitutions of all the original colonies of this country, or than that of all the charters of all the cities lying between Scotland and the Bosphorus.

The result of all this elaboration, according to Dr. Shaw, is that we shall have a government by commissioners—"as irresponsible a bureaucracy as could be found in Russia." There will be no concentration of responsibility, except through bosses, and, in fact, no responsibility to concentrate. There will be no home rule, for the inevitable tendency will be to take the short cut to Albany for all needed changes, instead of employing the complicated legislative machinery of the city.

The charter makers fell into the same mistake that has ruined the work of so many other bodies of the kind in other cities. They did not know where to stop; they could not trust the people; they could not be content to lay out a scheme of government on broad, simple lines, but felt bound to provide by their own wisdom, which they knew might not be available again, for every possible contingency of the future. The result is complication carried to an extent little short of chaos.

However, in this welter of all possible ideas, there are many features that may be of service to the new metropolis. It is the duty of like Dr. Shaw to point

out the good results that may be extracted from the charter as it stands if we go to work in the right way, and when we have exhausted the possibilities in that direction we may be able to cut out those features that prove hopelessly bad.

MR. CROKER, OF LONDON.

Mr. Richard Croker, of London, is far too modest in defining his plan for the government of Greater New York. He declines to say whether he will do the Democratic party, and the city, the honor of being a candidate for Mayor, but bashfully admits that he will come home in September to take charge of the municipal campaign.

Mr. Richard Croker, of London, ought not to rest content with half-way measures. If he intends to honor New York with his efforts for good government, he ought to willingly accept the duty of standing forward himself as the champion and defender of that system of municipal government which has made the name of Croker illustrious.

Mr. Richard Croker, of London, is anxious to make it clear that only a serious sense of public duty calls him back to help New Yorkers in the task—hopeless without his presence—of securing honest municipal government. He would rather stay abroad, where he has attained the honor of having had the Prince of Wales "rush up and shake him by both hands." His favorite mare, Rhoda B., won the Exning Stakes at Newmarket, which caused this dramatic exhibition of the friendship of the heir apparent to the British throne for the heir pretendent to the Mayoralty of Greater New York. Wales and Croker! What a glorious slogan that will be for the Democracy in the campaign this Fall.

Mr. Richard Croker, of London, is described by some of his associates in Tammany as a poltroon and a political coward. The description given of him by some of his political adversaries the Journal will not repeat, contenting itself with saying that it suggests curious reflections as to the means by which he secured money enough to win Newmarket races and have his prize-rings hands shaken by the Prince of Wales. But if he is not a poltroon, if he is thoroughly convinced of his own high standing before the voters of New York, he should signalize his return from the English turf, whether he fled when he thought Tammany was likely to suffer for his misdeeds, by offering himself as a candidate.

Mr. Richard Croker, of London, should be made to understand that his candidacy on the Democratic ticket would be not a whit more perilous to the success of that ticket than his reappearance as manager of the Tammany campaign. There are people, even Democrats, who would prefer to read of his shaking hands with Wales to seeing him conducting a Democratic canvass in New York City. Perhaps they are vulgar folk, some disliking the notion of running Greater New York from the paddock at Newmarket, others wondering why a city which has been once laid under tribute to the Croker stable should be so looted again.

THE MARTYR AT WASHINGTON.

Broker Chapman, patiently suffering the horrors of jail life in Washington without champagne, and facing the harrowing possibility of a resort to water as a "chaser" for the quinine that forms the staple article of diet on the flats of the Potomac, is a pathetic figure, but Broker Chapman as a moralist, a seer, and a martyr to a great cause, is a grand and inspiring one. Mr. Chapman holds and frankly avows the opinion that the fate of civilization rests on his shoulders. "If the law under which I am convicted is to stand," he says, "then the whole financial fabric of the nation must fall, sooner or later."

The West, which has nothing to conceal because it has so little of a large financial nature at stake, can afford the publication of everything. Not so here. The priest must protect the penitent in the confessional; the physician must protect the statement of the patient; the lawyer must protect the admissions of the client; the newspaper man must protect his informant, and while the Supreme Court of the nation has held against me, my moral nature tells me that the broker must protect his client. I repeat, if he does not, the financial fabric of the nation will fall, and civilization will be in chaos.

In this age of flippant cynicism it is a joy to encounter a man who takes himself and his mission so seriously as Mr. Chapman does. In ranging the broker engaged in shady stock deals with the priest protecting the penitent and the physician guarding the privacy of a patient, he did not mean, of course, to be exhaustive. Otherwise he would have added the "fence" honorably protecting the confidence of the thieves from whom he buys stolen goods; the firebug refusing to betray the merchant who has hired him, and the ballot-box stuffer who nobly goes to jail rather than "give away" the boss who has laid out his programme. These analogies might be more appropriate than those of the priest and the physician.

If Mr. Chapman be correct in his opinion that keeping him in jail will destroy the civilization of the world, the case is certainly serious. There is one thing, however, that inclines us to believe that the danger may not be beyond remedy. If civilization could be disentangled from the proceedings of the Havemeyers, Searles and Rockefeller, it is obvious that the law might lay violent hands upon the agents of those gentlemen, and even upon the sacred persons of the financiers themselves, without producing a general cataclysm. As a start in this direction, Senators might refrain from speculating in the stocks of trusts upon which they are about to legislate, and reputable brokers might refrain from accepting business that would incriminate themselves and their clients if explained upon the witness stand. Then the financial fabric of the United States would be undisturbed by Senatorial investigations, Mr. Chapman and his associates could keep out of jail, and there would be at least a fighting chance for civilization to survive.

President McKinley is said to be ambitious to restore peace and prosperity to Cuba. The country will wish him success in the undertaking, even though he did make a failure of that job of prosperity restoring at home.

Cupid appears to be engaging in the trust business. He has brought about the amalgamation of the families of Milwaukee and St. Louis brewers, and a pooling of the business interests will be sure to follow.

That impulsive Kentucky youth who shot himself because a young woman didn't choose to marry him was not a subscriber to that theory about the matrimonial sea containing other fish.

Weyler will be sure to object to that plan of sending supplies to Cuba. It will render his work of starving the people down there all the more difficult.

Possibly Broker Chapman believes that by occupying two cells in that Washington jail he will be able to cut his sentence in two.

Hon. Carl Schurz now knows just how it feels to be struck square in the face by a gubernatorial memorandum.

It seems that there are not many Wall Street operators falling into that Gould-Sage falling out pitfall.

The Sick Man of Europe appears to be able to take up his bed and walk whenever he feels so disposed.

There will always be a disposition to search Mr. Tom Platt's fears for the future of this city.

Plaints of Poet and Playwright.

They arrived on the same day. The poet called in person with his; the playwright sent hers through the mails. Having stated their several grievances, both asked for information. As a very large percentage of the population is made up of playwrights and poets, honored or unhonored, sung or unsung, and all presumably interested in whatever interests one, I take this means of reporting the result of my investigations respecting the complaints in question.

Said the poet (on second thought this poet does not fairly represent his class, being shrewd, fat, prosperous and bald headed): "I came pretty near making my debut on the stage the other day. I had always wanted to. Everybody had told me that there was five times as much money in it as in writing for publication. So when I got a letter from a theatrical manager asking me to call with a view to doing business I answered in person at once. "The manager wanted me to write four songs for a farce comedy production he was about to make. "Very well," said I; "what will be my share of the receipts?"

"I noticed that the manager's jaw dropped a few inches when I asked this question. He merely remarked, however, that royalties were rarely paid on unpublished songs. I said I was trying to make it easy for him. If the songs made a hit they would help out the piece, and the larger royalties I received the larger his financial returns would be; and on the contrary, if the piece did not succeed my royalties would be so small that he would never miss 'em. I thought that any one would see the advantage of this sort of an arrangement; but the manager shook his head and said that he would have to insist on adhering to the usage in such matters. "All right," said I; "since you insist, I'll do the songs for a lump sum."

"How much?" asked the manager. "Two hundred dollars for the four," said I; "that is \$50 each—but don't let any one hear about it, as I usually get twice as much." "But the manager had risen while I was speaking. There was a pitying look on his face. "The usual way," said he, "is for the author to donate his songs for the stage production and get his money out of their sale in sheet form. Song writers come to me every day for the privilege of having my actors sing their songs on account of the boom it will give 'em. Now there is Tottie Footlights. Let one of your songs be for her. You can publish the song with her photograph on the front cover, and it ought to sell like hot cakes. Why I could tell you of songs published in this way that have made \$10,000 for their authors in royalties."

"At this point I was the one that interrupted. I told the manager that my conscience would not allow me to make so much money at his expense. By rights the \$10,000 and the publishing scheme should belong to him. I wouldn't bear of accepting such generosity. He could pay me the \$200 for the four songs and make as much money out of their sale in sheet form as he could, and I would go on in my modest, humble way writing C. O. D. "But the manager simply sighed, and said he was sorry we couldn't understand each other. Now I want to know why he neglected this fine opportunity to make \$10,000?"

I have spent a large amount of time in original researches designed to solve such problems as this, and this one in particular. It appears that several considerations go to make up the true solution. In the first place managers shrink the moral responsibility of placing lump sums of money in the hands of poets. They argue that the poet is a delicate organism which, if it is to fulfill its destiny, must be protected from nervous shocks. At the same time they are so solicitous for his welfare that they yearn to place him in the way of spreading the fame of his name over the music shelves of the land, and the cottage organ racks in Missouri and Nebraska homes.

And they do not care to publish songs themselves; first, because they have no money, and, second, because they can't bear the smell of printer's ink. The complaint of the playwright is less complicated in its ramifications. "Where, and from whom," she writes, "can I get the best satisfaction for reading a play?" Most people understand that there is no satisfaction in having a play read unless that reading has regard to a prospective production. If my correspondent will come to New York with her manuscript in one hand and \$1,000 in the other she can obtain satisfaction without delay. The thousand dollars will pay for a production, in case only stock scenery is required, and with a production assured the author will be spared the pain of cooling her heels in the ante-rooms of the big managers. The big managers have bank accounts. They go abroad every year and sign large checks in payment for the American rights of the works of European dramatists of reputation. When they want something from a native author they draw another check and send it to the one who has the biggest name. This is business, and the big managers are business men. They have no time to read the manuscripts of unknown writers, and no mission to discover latent genius. As for the managers who are not so big, there is nothing they dread so much as the reading of a new play. They might like it. And if they liked it they would be tempted to produce it. And if they produced it perhaps it would fail. And if it failed—well, managers are very like poets in some respects; they are easily shocked. It shocks a manager even to tempt failure. Therefore, gentle author, I prithee do not tempt the managers to their undoing. Have the courage of thy convictions. Hire the actors and the theatre and let the public, which never errs, be thy judge. And if thou have not the \$1,000, then tie up thy manuscript with pale blue ribbon, hide it carefully away, and go toll in thy vineyard. CURTIS DUNHAM.

Wonderment Increasing. (Detroit News.) Every day increases President McKinley's wonderment that a nice, lively man like Mr. Platt should ever get the reputation of being a bad, despising politician.

The Mugwump Press. (Washington Post.) Some of the newspaper supporters of the last Administration are so thoroughly inflamed over the present situation that there is grave danger of their biting themselves.

HETTY GREEN'S DAUGHTER. Her Timidity Is Touching and Her Gowns Lack Style, but She Is Pretty.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

MONEY, rather than the eccentricity of her mamma, has focussed the attention of the chappies on Sylvia Green, the daughter of "America's richest woman." Hetty Green. Mother Hetty's recent declaration that the nobility of Europe was pursuing Sylvia with matrimonial intent has brought the young lady into the public eye, and we may now expect all sorts of wild stories about the heiress to Hetty Green's millions. The first libel against the young woman found its way into the columns of an afternoon paper yesterday, when she was represented in an alleged picture as being uncertain of age, sharp of feature, aggressive of countenance and speckled.

Now, it happens that I saw Miss Sylvia Green at the reception of the Knickerbocker Bowling Club yesterday afternoon, and I am quite free to say that if she hadn't a dollar in the world I should still call her a pretty girl. She is about five feet six inches in height and of sufficient plumpness to escape the charge of angularity. Her complexion is blonde, her eyes are blue, her features are regular and she doesn't wear glasses. Moreover, she is yet too young to resent an allusion to her age, which I should fix at twenty-four years as the maximum.

She is not a stylish girl, but that is more the fault of her dressmaker than of herself. Her figure is decidedly good—so good, indeed, that it almost overcomes the shortcomings of her modiste. If Mme. Hetty Green would only send her daughter to an artist in zoning, the appearance of Miss Sylvia would be improved a hundred per cent. Fine feathers make fine birds at the end of the nineteenth century, just as Russell Sage cannot blind us to the fit of his four-dollar "pants," so the great fortune of Mrs. Hetty Green cannot hide the incompetence of Miss Sylvia Green's dressmaker.

More striking, however, than either her face or her clothing, is a certain timidity in her bearing. She is naturally modest, but there is something in her face that suggests fear. I have been told that this expression, which rests upon her naturally sweet face as a cloud mars a Summer sky, is due to the fact that she has actually been followed in the streets by cranks, matrimonial and otherwise, until she dreads to go into the street alone. This statement would seem incredible to me if it were not that I have it from close friends of the young lady, who are not only serious, but truthful people.

Certainly when Miss Green came to the Knickerbocker Bowling Club yesterday afternoon there was a timidity in her bearing that was absolutely painful. She was in search of her friend, Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, who was her sponsor for membership in the club, and who has undertaken to introduce her into New York society, a task that would appear to be easy of accomplishment in view of Miss Green's personal charms and prospective dollars. And yet there was opposition to this heiress's admission to the Knickerbocker Bowling Club, an institution of which I shall have more to say presently. The opposition was not very definite or pronounced, but it made itself felt to the extent that Mrs. Lawrence declared that she would get out of the club unless Miss Green got into it. Then J. Hooker Hamersley came out quite boldly for Mrs. Lawrence's protégée. Opposition vanished and she was elected.

When Miss Green discovered yesterday that Mrs. Lawrence was not at the Knickerbocker Bowling Club's reception she seemed quite put out. Still she lingered about the place and chatted with a few friends, apparently dreading to go into the street again. The chappies of the club did not seem to realize their opportunity, for they were as shy of her as she was of them. But then a Knickerbocker Bowling Club dude's game is only ten pins. If it were the Knickerbocker without the bowls somebody would make a matrimonial ten strike or know the reason why.

The occasion that attracted Miss Green to the Knickerbocker Bowling Club was the last reception of the season by that illustrious institution. Frank B. Keech, who married the heiress of the Chemical Bank, had won the championship trophy, and celebrated the victory by filling the cup with champagne punch. To chappies of the Knickerbocker Bowling Club "champagne punch" has an alluring sound. At least it did have until it was discovered that Mr. Keech's punch was made of American champagne.

Great Scott! Just think of a champion celebrating his victory in American champagne! Even the waiter turned up his nose as he served it. Some of the members of the club were so unaccustomed to fizzy wine that they didn't know the difference and therefore drank punch and ate the sponge cake that was served with it. But others present declared that Keech would have done much better by ordering sandwiches and a keg of beer.

The reason that Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, whose absence was such a disappointment to Miss Green, and who is the best man in the Knickerbocker Bowling Club, did not attend the reception was probably due to a rivalry between herself and Champion Keech as bowlers. Mrs. Lawrence had won the trophy twice by beating Keech and all other contestants. Then arose a question of handicapping. Keech demanded a heavier handicap from Mrs. Lawrence than the latter would accede to, and a wrangle ensued that resulted in Mrs. Lawrence's withdrawal from the championship contest. There are those in the club, however, that insist that she can lick Keech, and that she is the real champion of the institution.

Perhaps this great question may be decided by a match during the coming season. If it is I shall be ready to make two bets. The first is that Mrs. Lawrence will win. The second is that if she does win she won't celebrate her victory with domestic "dizzy" and sponge cake.

Certain of our younger chappies are grieved to know that Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, the wife of the Chicago millionaire, is going back to the Windy City next Tuesday, to be gone some three months or more. Mrs. Yerkes's residence, No. 864 Fifth avenue, has been a popular visiting place for these young gentlemen. Mrs. Yerkes is a charming hostess. Her home is a palace and her hospitality is unbounded. She has one of the finest picture galleries in this country. Her collection of the works of the masters is not exceeded by that of any fashionable woman in New York.

Possibly it was a knowledge of this fact, and a desire to encourage a love of art that induced her to have a piano placed in her picture gallery, and there to hold her delightful soirees. Just imagine the joy of slipping champagne in a room whose walls were hung with the works of Bouguereau, Corot, Rembrandt, Meissonier, Valazquez, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Van Dyck, Correggio, Greuze, Teniers, Fortuny, Schreyer, Daubigny, Gerome, Knauts, Hogarth, Gainsborough!

What wonder is it that the chappies were moved to pound the piano and sing in chorus such inspiring ditties as "Dar's a New Coon in Town," "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," and "Crappy Dan"? Of course Mrs. Yerkes did not select this musical programme. She had to consider the repertoire of her visitors. Furthermore, ebullient youth is rarely classic. If she had chosen the music it would have matched the pictures.

"Those were royal evenings," said one of the chappies, in speaking of Mrs. Yerkes's hospitality yesterday. "I never really knew the taste of a glass of wine until I had wiped my mouth with one of her \$200 doilies! It will seem a long time until Mrs. Yerkes returns to New York and reopens her mansion."

Everybody seems to be making plans for Dr. Depew these idle days. The latest is that "Our Chaucery" is going to be sent as a special envoy of the United States to the Queen's Jubilee. While the United States Government would honor itself in such a choice for such a position, Chaucery isn't shaping his plans on any such assumption. He will sail for Europe on June 2, and will remain abroad six weeks. He will be due at Newport August 2 to open his social campaign in the city by the sea. While in London he will meet his former ward, the Countess Czaykowski, who as Edith Collins was picked out by the know-it-alls for Dr. Depew's bride.

Three important things have happened. First—Albert Edward, dear boy, has shaken both the heads of Richard Croker. If this doesn't bring an accession of dues to Tammany Hall I am mistaken in the prevalence of a desire to shake the hand that shook the hand of Wales.

Second—Howard Gould has again expressed his devotion to Miss Katherine Clemmons on the end of a pier. Omission was not as publicly lavish as when Mr. Gould met Miss Clemmons on her return to America some time ago, but the picture of the young millionaire frantically waving his cane with his hat on the end of it, while the cause of his gymnastics and the object of his affections flew a shower of kisses at him over a garden or American Beauty roses, is sufficiently reassuring that Miss Clemmons may yet become the sister-in-law of the Countess de Castelfrane.

Third—Center Hitcheck has sailed away to foreign lands. What will the Knickerbocker Club do now? Will not Ned Bulkeley dissolve utterly in a Nobe-like flood of tears? What will become of the Newport clans? These and a thousand other similar question rush to the tip of the tongue, only to be lost in the numbing of inarticulate grief. Chappiedom without Center Hitcheck is like a rose without odor, a bird without song, a "high ball" without the ball. Hours will be days until his ample shadow again shuts out the light from the window of the Knickerbocker Club.

The Jester's Chorus.

"I sometimes hear the United States Senate eluded to as an aggregation of old grannies," remarked the Horse Editor to the Snake Editor. "So do I." "That term cannot be correct, for at present a good many maiden speeches are being delivered in the Senate."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Mrs. Watts—My husband won about \$100 at poker night; how do you know? Mrs. Pettis—How do you know? "Because he said he won \$25, and he gave me \$15."—Indianapolis Journal. "Love laughs at locksmiths, they say." "Yes; but you never hear of Love laughing at goldsmiths."—Chicago Record. "I am glad to hear that Tom and Alice have settled their difference—a mere lovers' quarrel," supposed? "Well, hardly as trivial as that; but she finally admitted the possibility that in the matter of men's wheels the unquestioned superiority of the drop-frame machines."—Chicago Journal. Caller—By the way, McSwat, if you would like to invest a little money in something that will pay big it can put you in the way of doing it. A friend of mine has invented and patented a most ingenious typewriter attachment— Mrs. McSwat (firing up at once)—Don't you touch it, Billiger! That's what broke the Globe Savings Bank—Chicago Tribune. At the moment that Telesp Tenderfoot raised and a pair of cusses, the good fairy appeared and with a wave of her wand rendered him invisible. "Enlighten again!" cried Rinaldo the Road Agent, who held a full house and was about to see his highly adversary and go him three blue chips better.—Detroit Journal. "He offered me a dollar for a kiss." "Yes?" "Then he demanded a sample." "I see." "Then he said he didn't like the sample."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Did your new reform club elect a president last night, madam?" "No; we're in a deadlock." "How does the vote stand?" "One for each member."—Detroit Free Press.

Snap Shots at Theatre Folk.

Joseph Murphy, who has played the lusty young hero of "Kerry Gow" ever since the present generation of lovers of lusty young stage heroes were in bliss—and for how long before that I'm sure I don't know, as I hope I'm still in the present generation—had an altercation with Edward E. Rice the other evening which might have resulted in blows, but didn't. "Mr. but it's a warm evening," said Mr. Murphy, removing his hat and running his fingers through his plentiful black hair. "No, it isn't," said Mr. Rice; "on the contrary it's rather chilly. What's the matter with you, Joe? I think I'd taper off if I were you."

"You're wrong, Ed. It isn't drink. Perhaps it's my dinner, though. I've just been eating rather heartily. I had boiled lobster and cold stew, a sirloin steak with hashed browned potatoes, a broiled partridge, a quart bottle of Wurzburger, a German pan cake with Rhine wine and strawberry shortcake, Camembert cheese, coffee and cognac."

"Is that all, Joe?" "Oh, I can't remember the eceteras, Ed."

"Well, when I get to be your age I hope I'll know better."

Thereupon began a spirited wrangle as to the propriety of Mr. Rice's last remark. Mr. Murphy declared that the perpetrator of "Evangeline" ought to be the last man in the world to refer to the infamities of age in others, and Mr. Rice said that his earliest recollection was hearing his grandfather tell about Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow."

With this Mr. Murphy began to exhibit pride in his gastronomic ability, and, counting on his fingers, recollected, with much satisfaction that he had considered himself a finished actor in San Francisco ten years before the beginning of the "Kerry Gow" era, and that still some years prior to that he had been one of the pillars of the Boston Athenaeum. "Thirty-four years in the harness, Ed, and still ready for anything."

Just then a Herald Square Theatre stage hand entered hurriedly and whispered in Mr. Rice's ear, and the two departed hastily together. "Thank heaven, I never had to ruin my constitution trying to keep chorus girls from flying at each other's throat," said the hero of "Kerry Gow," as he beckoned to a waiter and ordered a dessert of frankfurters and sauerkraut.

There are few actors and actresses now in the city who did not volunteer their services for the benefit of James W. Collier at the testimonial performance to be given to-day at the Herald Square Theatre. So numerous were these volunteers, in fact, that a programme had been prepared by a process of elimination—only what the management considered popular attractions being accepted. The result is one of the finest bills ever arranged, as well as one of the longest. Those who attend will enjoy for the price of one admission the choicest tidbits sifted out of the combined attractions of the local play-houses. And "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge will chaperon a bevy of flower girls whose beauty is in keeping with the other attractions.

Ten years ago "Jim" Collier, as he was familiarly called, was manager, and, with Sheridan Spook, part owner of the Union Square Theatre, which was then the focus of the "Rialto." Mr. Collier was born in Madison street, this city, July 25, 1838. As a manager he was progressive and most liberal in his expenditures. And his generosity to members of the theatrical profession is proverbial throughout the country. Mr. Collier has been seriously ill for some months, and the probability is that he will never be able to resume his old occupation. He is not only a worthy benefactor, but one whose members of his profession are eager to aid.

Managers Adolph Philip and Leo von Raven, of the Terrace Garden, probably will not recover for some time from the exhilaration induced by the public's recognition of their opening last night. The spacious auditorium was packed, partly on account of its general attractiveness as a place of warm weather entertainment, and partly because of the novelty of the stage programme—a German version of "The Wizard of the Nile," with Angela Verach as the Cleopatra. This version is by Al Neumann, and is the same as was presented with much success in Vienna and the principal cities of Germany not long since. Adolph Philip appeared in the part with which Frank Daglele has been so successfully associated. The other roles were well taken, and considering last night's reception, it is probable that "The Wizard of the Nile" in its German dress will be a principal attraction at the Terrace Garden for several weeks. An agreeable promenade concert programme was furnished.

Last night the scholastic precincts of New Haven were invaded by the hundred and odd people who will give "A Bound of Pleasure" its first public hearing in that town to-night. This production is supposed to be the top notch of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's efforts in the way of extravaganzas. By placing your ear to the ground at about 10 p. m. you will probably get advance advice concerning its reception in case the Yale boys don't approve of it.

Time Changes Men. (Washington Star.) There is no doubt that time changes a man's opinions. No man can tell exactly what a lapse of four years may do to his sentiments on the subject of civil service.

Would Give Proxies. (Washington Star.) It is understood that there are a number of gentlemen ready to give Mr. Chapman their proxies in the business which he is to transact with the District.

Probably Not. (Washington Star.) There may or not be significance in the fact that Mr. Reed has not appeared on a wheel since Jerry Simpson made his debut in bicycle clothes.

The Real Thing in Politeness. (Attention Globe.) Our idea of a real polite man is one who can look at a girl on a bicycle and keep his eyes off her feet.

A Wise Woman. (Attention Globe.) A certain Atchison woman is a great kicker at the grocery stores, but she has good things to eat at her house, all right.

Bright Prospects. (St. Louis Republic.) St. Louis is to have a convention of cripples next Fall, and the indications now are that Colonel Von der Ahe's ball team will be entitled to a full representation at the gathering.

Woe for Humorists. (Washington Post.) What is to become of the old reliable Brooklyn baby cab joke when that consolidation takes place?