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162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1897.

Many correspondents of the Journal, some from Virginia, some from Wyoming and many from the States between, have given silent expression to their thoroughly justifiable condemnation of an egregious abuse of official power by mailing to this office copies of a pamphlet entitled "The Farmers' Interest in Finance," issued under the authority of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, has manifested a very nice sense of humor, as well as a very earnest devotion to Jeffersonian Democracy, in his caustic comments on the methods which he found in vogue in his department. The discovery that the Agricultural Department furnished seeds to farmers aroused him to a degree of fury which is only partially assuaged by his discovery that economy in the distribution of vegetable seeds leaves him money to expend in preaching his own theories of finance to the farmers.

In a most self-assertive Administration this man Morton has been the most egotistically self-assertive of all. Time and again he has described with magnificent blasts of his own horn the assiduity with which he has hunted down extravagant fads in his department and abolished them. When scientists study harmful bugs—provided they be not gold bugs—Morton ridicules their efforts and discredits their bills.

The letters from Cuba which Mr. Richard Harding Davis is sending to the Journal afford new evidence of the progress made by the "new journalism" in a distinctively literary direction. When the Czar was crowned Mr. Davis attended the ceremony on an exclusive commission from the Journal.

STIRRING NEWS FROM CUBA.

When the Czar was crowned Mr. Davis attended the ceremony on an exclusive commission from the Journal. He wrote of that historic event—as he always writes—entertainingly, and with careful attention to literary form, though his letters had to be dispatched over thousands of miles of telegraph wires and submarine cables.

Perhaps the fact that a progressive journal is thus talking the best of the capital of the magazines may account for something of the bitterness against the new journalism in certain monthly publications.

ART AND IDIOCY.

Discussion of the reciprocal relations of art and dress ought to receive new impetus from the latest rulings of D. W. Kellogg, whom we find described as an "austere old man" who keeps the gate of the Metropolitan Museum, and Dr. William R. Arnold, the curator of that institution.

No single article could cover the field of inquiry which this remarkable ruling suggests. A man, it seems, may enter the museum in knickerbockers, but not in shirt sleeves—why this discrimination between undraped legs and uncovered arms? "A poor woman with a shawl over her head" is barred. Suppose she were rich, with nothing on her head, or the shawl was from India? And people must be "properly dressed"—Doortendert Kellogg being the judge of propriety.

It is not possible for the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to eliminate absolute idiocy from its management?

THE FAILURE OF NOVEL-PLAYS.

Recently two plays dramatized from novels have utterly failed in New York, although both were produced by competent actors and with the best of accessories. Those who observe the current of dramatic events and who call the success of both "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," not long ago, are wondering why "Doctor Claudius" and "The Seats of the Mighty" proved devoid of any sort of interest when placed upon the stage.

and loved the stage and the art of acting as few men of his time did, could never write a successful play nor dramatic one of his own novels, and this fact was a source of continual and bitter regret to the novelist who, above all his contemporaries, had enchained the hearts of the English-speaking public.

It is not difficult to account for most of the failures of this sort. Sometimes it is due to the way in which the work of dramatization has been done, and this is usually the case when the novelist attempts the work himself without the assistance of a collaborator.

But the one great important fact to be borne in mind by the novelist with dramatic intent is that the rules that govern the construction of a successful play are the reverse of those by which a novel is made. In writing a story of incident, for example, it is the aim of the writer to keep his readers in the dark in regard to what is about to happen as long as possible.

But this will not do in a novel, and nine-tenths of the dramatized stories that fail do so because their authors are ignorant of this fundamental principle of play writing.

BLACK AND PAYN.

The young man who for the past thirty-three days has been Governor of New York has performed a valuable service to the State in appointing Lou Payn Insurance Commissioner—a service that gains in value, if that be possible, by the promptness with which it follows Governor Black's inauguration.

How valuable this service is may be discovered by supposing either that the Governor had not performed it at all, or that he had postponed it to a day late in his term of office. If he had not performed it at all there is a possibility that the people would never have known what kind of a man they have permitted to crawl into the Chief Executive office of the State government.

But as it is, the Governor has revealed himself at the very beginning of his administration, and there is no longer any chance for misconception in regard to him. For nearly twenty-three of the twenty-four months he will remain in the public eye he will be appraised at his true value, known as he is and not as his friends would have made him appear if he himself had not rendered such deception out of the question, set down without recourse as the brainless and conscienceless tool of the most corrupt, cynical and infamous political machine that curses the country.

Once more the World has been caught in a disgraceful attempt to misinform and delude the public. On Monday morning this discredited sheet published in hand bill fashion what purported to be an interview with Lyman J. Gage, Major McKinley's choice for Secretary of the Treasury.

There is only one kind of new journalism—the Journal's. It gets the news first and fullest, and presents it the most attractively. There are two kinds of old journalism. The World's kind invents news and lies about it. The Sun's neither gets nor invents news, but devotes its time and energy to sneering at the Journal. Both kinds are moribund; both are held in universal scorn by the public.

Now the majority of the gentlemen whose names were mentioned in connection with Cabinet positions will join in the scramble for Assistant Secretaryships and berths in the Consular service. This is what is known as the "something-equally-as-good" brigade.

Every time a national bank fails Comptroller Eckels selects for its receiver one of the bolting gold Democrats. At the present rate of banking disaster it looks as if the boy financier might be able to place all the Palmer and Ducker voters in Government jobs before the end of his term.

Mr. McKimley's Western man for Secretary of the Treasury turns up in the person of a national banker, Mr. McKimley's concession to the West is as novel as his desire to have the financial question settled by pushing up the tariff taxes.

It will require considerable hard work for Mr. Lou Payn to give an imitation of an office-sought man, but he can be depended upon to throw his whole soul into the effort.

Whitecapping in Tennessee is losing its popularity. This is largely due to the fact that shooting at whitecappers is legal all the year in that State.

Hon. Tom Reed recognizes, and is seeking to prevent, some of the mistakes of the Fifty-first Congress. The members who are trying to raid the Treasury with their public-building bills realize this fact.

Mr. Peffer's defeat is said to be a severe blow to him. But a man with such a profusion of whiskers as Peffer has ought not to complain of the severity of the blow.

Mr. Adieck's Senatorial claim is beginning to flicker. It is doubtless afflicted with a severe case of water in the pipes.

There is enough of Lou Payn to skeletonize every closet Mr. Black's Administration will have at its disposal.

Senator Thurston is still favorable to the free coinage of law partners for judicial positions.

A Moment with the Chappies.

Mrs. Ogden Mills was shocked. Some people who have watched the social career of Mrs. Ogden Mills and have studied her assumption of sublimated superiority, will doubt the truth of this assertion, but it is a fact that Mrs. Ogden Mills was shocked.



There are other pebbles on the beach.

For a long time Mrs. Ogden Mills has cherished the belief that she is the only pebble on the beach, and so persistently has she obtained this opinion that many of us had come to agree with her.

But there are others. Even Mrs. Ogden Mills had to acknowledge this the other night at a fashionable function, when she swept up to Mrs. Oliver H. Belmont and offered her friendly greeting.

Then it was that the shock came. Mrs. Belmont simply tipped her tiny nose to its greatest altitude and turned her back on Mrs. Mills.

The latter couldn't believe her eyes. It is said that she even placed herself to see if she were awake. It was no dream. The back and the nose were both in evidence against her, and both belonged to Mrs. Belmont.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Belmont?" asked Mrs. Mills of her hostess subsequently.

"Did you invite her to your ball?" was the answer.

"How could I?" responded Mrs. Mills, with marked naivete. "Does not my husband have business relations with Mr. Willis K. Vanderbilt?" Mrs. Belmont is unreasonable.

"Sitting Bull," at whose approach we are wont to tremble as though it were the crack of doom, is going to the Bradley Martin ball as an Indian Princess of the seventeenth century.

Other women may go as European queens in Sedan chairs, but she wants none of that in hers. The grim grandeur of the red American Indian is the only thing that can satisfy her simple taste and gentle nature.

Therefore she will don her beaded moccasins, stick a feather in her hair, draw her blanket close about her, mount her lodge poles, and with her trusty tomahawk grasped firmly in her good right hand, direct Mr. "Sitting Bull" to draw her into the inner heart of the Bradley Martin ball.

Will anybody make a greater sensation? Well, scarcely.

W. Astor Chanler and S. Melly Brice were chaffed a lot yesterday over the fact that they had been initiated into the Tammany Society on Monday night.

They bore themselves quite bravely, however, and seemed as proud of their new distinction as a couple of young bucks in their first waltz dance.

Perry Belmont was to have been initiated at the same time, but for some reason not made clear in his case was postponed.

Possibly a special initiation will be ordered for Mr. Belmont's benefit. Perry doesn't like a crowd.

I am sorry to hear that Mrs. James P. Kernochan has been so put out by the fact that the newspapers printed pictures of her son Jimmie's new bearskin coat that she has entirely abandoned her purpose of attending the Bradley Martin ball as Marie Antoinette.

THE GROUNDHOG'S SONG. (Candlemas.) The groundhog from his hole popped swiftly yesterday.

And sat upon a stump the heavens to survey. He warbled, "It is dull, which means an early Spring. And soon the merry birds upon the bough will sing; The goat will lightly skim the lilled leafy state, And in his rapture make the ean disintegrate."

Though you may never doubt The wisdom of the hog, Don't let the furnace out Nor shed an undertop.

I saw him round the stump in coy abandon frisk; He cocked his eyes and gave his tail a whisky whisk Then with a jump of joy he cntely looked around.

And felt he was a first-class hoggie of the ground, And chirped, "Full soon the Spring the myrtle steer will kiss, And waft the butterfly on wanton wings, I wis."

Though you may never doubt The wisdom of the hog, Don't let the furnace out Nor shed an undertop.

He capered round all day, and then he sought his hole, Into a ball of sleep and happy dreams to roll.

But ere he dropped from sight he sang, "The Spring is near— In six weeks more be sure and call me, mother dear.

That I may see the sun the crocus cup adorn, And not the vendor wind, for cash, his laurelled horn."

Though you may never doubt The wisdom of the hog, Don't let the furnace out Nor shed an undertop.

When Mame returned with the medicine the baby was asleep and Nell was clad in the clinging folds of her wedding gown. For a lonely instant the two women gazed each at the other and did not speak.

Mame drew a long breath when Mickle took her to the beauty of her friend.

"Nell, you de best lookin' chp I ever saw. Der aint a chp in Fifth avenue as kin

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Table listing various theaters and their performances, including Academy of Music, Broadway Theatre, and others.

THE WEATHER—Threatening, with probably heavy snow.

MICKIE FINNEGAN'S WIDOW.

HALF an hour before little Mickle Finnegan made his unexpected exit from this curious world he called for his wife.

"I want ter tell yer dat I'm a goner," gasped Mickle, "an' dat I know it. Somethin' has busted in me head an' I'm a bleedin'."

"Never yer mind, Mickle," replied Mickle, "de cops have nabbed him an' he'll sit in de chair fur dis night's work, hang him. Wot I wants of youse is ter promise ter be good an' take care of de kid."

"After the funeral Nell had seven dollars in money and the sympathy of every other woman in the big tenement. A month later both money and sympathy had disappeared.

"Nell," answered Mame, "youse guys know dat Nell's got de most votes an' dat she's got a right to 'em. Jest look at her. Aint she's pretty as a picture?"

And the girl spoke the plain, unvarnished truth. Nell was more than pretty that night, she was beautiful.

"Dere's goin' ter be a beauty show next week," fire was out and the baby was crying. Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and shivered. She was cold, hungry and desperate.

"My God," moaned Nell, "an' I promised Mickle dat I'd take good care of de baby, an' dis is de way I'm doin' it. Oh, Mickle, Mickle, me heart's breakin' and we're starvin'."

Just then Mame Murphy opened the door and entered the room. Mame lived with her mother in the rooms across the hall. All the other women in the house talked about Mame. All save Nell.

"Say, Nell," said Mame, "how's youse an' der baby foelin' dis aft? Yer both 'bout as cheerful lookin' as a funeral. If youse keeps worrin' over little things, yer'll lose yer complexion an' yer looks an' den yer'll know wot real trouble is. Now, don't get cranky, dear, 'cause I've come ter tell youse some good news. I am here to tell yer how yer kin make fifteen plunks an' have a chance ter win a diamond ring wot is de real ting an' worth a hundred dollars. See?"

"How?" inquired Nell.

"De guy as runs de museum over on de Bowery," answered Mame, "is a friend of my steady. See? Well, dere's a guy ter be a beauty show' over dere next week an' youse an' me's agoin' ter be in it. All we's got ter do is ter set on a platform an' let de suckers as come in vote on whos de best looker. De prize is a real ring an' de museum gives us \$15 for de week besides. Dere's only ten chips entered an' elder youse or me will win de sparkler sure, 'cause we are de best lookers in de lot. See?"

"Naw, Mame, it wouldn't be right," responded Nell. "Tink of me jest buryin' poor Mickle, an' here's de baby sick. Besides, wot'd yer tink I could wear? Naw, Mame, it wouldn't be right."

"Seems ter me," remarked Mame, "dat if youse want ter keep dat baby yer had better hustle an' buy some medicine and odder 'tings for it. Wuzn't dat wot de guy at de dispensary said? Youse aint doin' right by Mickle's child if yer don't accept der chance of makin' clean money. Madder will tend it durin' de evins, an' youse'll only be away a few hours at a time. An' dere aint no use of talkin' 'bout not havin' any decent rag ter wear. Youse know yer dot dat white watered silk hangin' in de closet. You knows youse said yer wouldn't hock dat 'cause it was der thing youse wore when Mickle took yer ter der church. Gawd, I can't sit here an' hear dat poor 'ting bawl like dat. Give me dat perscription an' I'll run down an' get de medicine. Dat guy in de drug store is sweet on me, an' I know I kin make him give me de medicine fur nothin'. But, say, when I comes back I want ter see yer in dat white silk an' ready fer go ter rehearsal. Remember, Nell, youse promised Mickle yer'd take good care of de baby. If youse keep dat promise youse got ter keep it from dyin'. I'll be back in just ten minutes."

"Mickle, dear," she moaned, as she buried her head among the pillows; "Mickle, I tried me best, but it wa'n't no go. I s'nt no good now, Mickle, secin' dat I lost both of de tings I loved. De baby's gone ter youse, Mickle. For God's sake take better care of it den I did. I'm goin' crazy, Mickle, I'm crazy now."

"Go over to Ward's Island and give one of the keepers a liberal tip. He will take care of a woman—a young woman with black hair and a face as white as chalk. Question the keeper and this is what he will tell you."

"Nell's a queer lot. Give her a red rose or show her a baby and she's happy as a queen. Show her a diamond ring or a roll of money and she will try to scratch your eyes out. We think she's the prettiest woman on the island."

And she is. JACK TANNER.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

While the blizzard raged yesterday afternoon two thoughtful and highly intelligent Italian apple agents stood near the Franklin statue in Park row, bundled in the cars in heavy ulsters. Each had of apple cart paved with rosy plippins exposed to gaze of passers by and to the rigors of the storm.



How to prevent the fruit from taking on a covering of snow worried the pedlers. The idea of spreading sacks or cloths over the layout did not occur to the industrious sons of Italy, but the less laborious plan of sweeping each individual apple struck them as an easy way out of the difficulty.

So there they stood hour after hour, one armed with a small whisk broom and the other using a feather duster, battling with the problem that threatened to swamp the apple business.

First they tried to do a wholesale sweeping job, but the snow packed into the crevices between the plippins and ruined the artistic effect of the exhibits, so the intelligent Italians set patiently to work sweeping the apples one at a time.

When darkness came the man with the broom had brushed the skin from most of his apples, yet the sweeping went bravely on.

The production of "Dr. Claudius" has served to bring back to the local dramatic field that once well-known character, Mr. Harry St. Maur.

During the period when the pavement in front of the Metropolitan House was the centre of dramatic art, he was a sort of theatrical "Handy Andy," who was always willing to take a hand in anything connected with the dramatic profession, whether it was acting or playwrighting or inspiring confidence, but his strong forte was collaboration.

Whenever any one prepared to make a first plunge into the troubled dramatic sea he was met high up upon the shore by Mr. St. Maur, who wore a cape overcoat and carried with him an air of combined poverty and enthusiasm which somehow seemed appropriate to that garment.

Mr. St. Maur was always willing to "collaborate" or act or shove scenes or make himself useful in any way, and so it happened that he enjoyed frequent and, in some cases, remunerative engagement. When the late Selma Dolore determined to try her fortunes at the Bijou Opera House, Mr. St. Maur loomed up on the horizon of her dreams clad in his cape overcoat and wearing upon his face his old-time smile of genial enthusiasm.

He was promptly engaged by the astute actress and at once proceeded to "collaborate" and "stage-manage" and do everything else that could be thought of, and, incidentally, to appropriate to himself one of the best roles. He played it very well, too, as his chief motive was combined poverty and enthusiasm.

Soon after the close of the Dolore season, Mr. St. Maur departed from his familiar haunts and betook himself to the Antipodes, where he is reputed to have found steady work in the kindred trades of collaboration and stage management. It was supposed that he had settled permanently in Australia, and, perhaps, he would never have returned to New York had not Mrs. Scott-Siddons conceived the idea, about five years ago, of returning to the stage.

She had no sooner broached the subject to a select circle of her intimates than the door opened, and Mr. Harry St. Maur, with his cape overcoat hanging from his shoulders, the air of hope in his eyes and the old, genial smile on his face, hurried into the room, breathless from his rapid flight from the uttermost parts of the earth and took charge of the enterprise. He had a play, he said, an adaptation from a brilliant French drama. It would take the town by storm, and there was a part in it that must have been written expressly to suit the peculiar abilities of Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

The friends of Mrs. Siddons sometimes speak with tender regret of her appearance in what proved to be simply a very bad version of the original of "Robertson's Home." After the final fall of the curtain, Mr. St. Maur faded gently from sight, after the manner of a fairy who has just pronounced a mystic curse, and for a long while New York knew him no more. But, no sooner did Mr. Marlon Crawford determine to put one of his novels on the stage, than he was met by Mr. St. Maur, of the flapping smile and genial overcoat, who took him by the hand and led him gently down into the deep, still waters of collaboration. He is still floundering about in them, with small hope of rescue.

He will stay at home. [St. Louis Globe-Telegraph.]

"Henry!" "Yes, Your Excellency?" "See by the report of the proceedings of the Congress that Senator Turpie calls Captain-General Woyler 'the Hero of Havana,' and an 'indiscreetly dimittive renegade.'"

"Yes, sire," said Henry, and it indicates that Senator Turpie is not about to imitate Senator-elect Money, and make a visit to Cuba."

Considerable Distance. [Kansas City Times.]

The fact that Mr. Cleveland lides from Congressman and Senators should not be too severely censured. It requires considerable distance to lend enchantment to our corpulent anger-statement.

Sherman's Fitness. [St. Louis Globe-Telegraph.]

Sherman's fitness for the office of Secretary of State is well attested by the fact that the Senate has kept him at the head of its Committee on Foreign Relations for many years.

Fair Exchange. [St. Louis Republic.]

Senator Sherman is certainly no more lacking in fitness for the Secretaryship of State than Hannan is in fitness for the Senatorship. The exchange seems fair.