

THE MIMIC WORLD

[By the Saunterer.]

Mr. Richard Mansfield is known to be a man wholly averse to publicity, and his arrest for riding a bicycle in front of the Casino, in the Central Park, and declining to get off his wheel when warned by the particularly good-natured and benevolent policeman with a white beard who rules that district and is loved by all the children who play there, must be deeply painful to Mr. Mansfield's sweet and sensitive nature. The officer seems to have been impressed by the fact that the distinguished lecturer told him that it was his—the policeman's—duty to get down on his knees when he spoke to him—lecturer Mansfield. But, in Mr. Mansfield's opinion, this attitude of genuflection is one which all the world, from policemen to potentates, should assume when venturing to approach him. Surely, even under our system of democratic-republican self-government, genius ought to be allowed to enjoy certain privileges and immunities; and if anybody doubts that Mr. Mansfield is a genius, just ask him. I think, too, that the captain or sergeant at the arsenal ought to have inquired if Mr. Mansfield's wheels did not move unconsciously, irresistibly, in spite of itself or themselves or himself. Besides, it should be remembered that, in addition to being a native of England, an illustrious lecturer, actor, and Admiral Crichton, Mr. Mansfield used to be a dry-goods clerk in Boston, and therefore has a double extra right to be double extra haughty.

I wish to make an appeal to Mr. Reginald De Koven, not as a musician and a composer, but as a man and a friend of man. It appears that he has completed, and is prepared to rehearse, his new opera, "The Mandarin," a work surcharged with Chinese noises and full of all the tumult of Pekin and Pell street. It is creditable to Mr. De Koven that he should still pursue, even if he never catches up with, the study of music. He has saturated his mind with the study of European composers. He has produced popular and successful works, and has won a right, by the eminence which he has attained as a joiner and composer and decomposer of sound, to that high critical station which he occupies upon the largest Yiddish paper in New York. Honors and dollars pour upon him in full streams. His fame is great in the world of music and fashion; he is loved alike by St. Cecilia and Mrs. Grundy; his cravats are the wonder and the despair of artists. Having, at a comparatively early age, made so much noise in the world—having roamed like a troubadour with a notebook and a score through Europe and America, culling their choicest flowers—it is natural enough that he should look for new worlds to conquer, and should wish to ransack the riches of the gorgeous east. But this year the country has much to suffer. The populists, whether of Chicago or St. Louis, have a hundred thousand voices apiece, and use them remorselessly twenty-four hours a day. Think of all those voices and of all the banging of drums and tooting of fifes and clangor of innumerable bands! Is this a year for Mr. De Koven to spring a battery of Chinese gongs upon a public that has made him rich and famous? As he is great, he should be merciful. If he must produce a Chinese opera, why can't he go to the treaty ports, or into the heart of China, and make the gentlemen who wear their eyes tilted up happy by the familiar sounds of their own music? Dedicate the thing to Li Hung Chang. He is not feeling very well.

Thousands of persons who are in the habit of going to bed early made exceptions last night. They waited with sleepless and eager eyes for the hour when the deep dense plumes of night are thinned. Surely with glimmering of the winnowing wind. Whose feet are fledged with morning. When the printer takes to his butter-cakes or his Raines refection and the elevated cars are laden with newspapers instead of passengers. All over the United States as well as here, there was a flame of excitement, a fever of expectation. At the Court theatre, London, last night, Mr. Robert Hilliard produced his immortal dramatization of one of Mr. Richard Harding Davis' immortal stories, and appeared himself as Van Bibber. Never before were so many papers sold in the United States as were sold this morning. I have not seen any of them, but I am certain that if the inventor of that natural and powerful character, Van Bibber, was in the theatre, the production was a rapturous success, and London today is in a state of intellectual fermentation not far removed from actual drunkenness. I am sorry to learn that Miss Yohe, the most athletic and portentous of modern basses, had no part in this sweet little pastoral play. With no

disrespect to Mr. Hilliard, I may be allowed to say that Miss Yohe might have made a more impressive Van Bibber. Still, the man whom any intelligent manager would select as the fittest person to assume the responsibilities is Dr. Davis himself. He created; he could best portray. Nobody but him ever saw or heard of an actual Van Bibber; indeed, an actual Van Bibber would be likely to get his head punched, on account of his kindly interest in the affairs of his neighbors. Nobody but Mr. Davis can understand Van Bibber. Miss Yohe could give the character voice. Mr. Hilliard may give it intelligence, but if he does he is wrong, for Van Bibber is neither intelligent nor intelligible. Only Mr. Davis is capable of letting the world know what this remarkable person is and what he is for. I have said that if Mr. Davis was in the theatre, last night, the play must have been a success. At the same time I must confess that I do not understand how the audience and Mr. Davis could have got into the theatre at the same time.

WHAT "16 TO 1" WOULD MEAN.

Amid all the demagogism of the day there is nothing at once more foolish and more wicked than the talk about "poor men's money" or the "money of the people" as distinguished from the "money of the rich." Men of the Altgeld-Bryan-John Most stripe are trying to persuade voters that a currency of fifty-cent silver dollars, while it might lessen the income of "gold bug millionaires" and Wall street sharks, would greatly benefit farmers, wage-earners and the common people generally. Now, apart from the palpable wickedness of a proposition thus to set class against class, and to enrich one part of the nation by robbing another, a little reflection will show it to be equally false and delusive, and that these demagogues, in preaching plunder of the rich, are really plotting for the further impoverishment of the poor.

There cannot practically be two kinds of money in circulation. The money of the rich and the money of the poor must be the same. The same money that the millionaire receives from his dividends or coupons he must pay out again to his employes and to tradesmen. If it be gold, or currency at par with gold, then the gold is the money of the poor man as well as of the rich. If it be depreciated currency of silver or paper, it is the poor man's and the rich man's alike. If by any chance there be in existence two kinds of money, only one of them, and that the poorer, will be in actual circulation. That is a law as inexorable as the law of gravitation itself. The one-hundred-cent gold dollars would be hoarded by every man fortunate enough to possess them, whether the rich man, with a million of them, or the poor man, with a hundred; and the fifty-cent silver dollars would alone be in circulation.

What then? Depreciated currency being universal, who would suffer most from it? Not, we may be sure, the rich men, against whom these populist-anarchists declaim so vehemently. The man whose income is \$100,000 a year might find it inconvenient to have it cut down to \$50,000. But how about the man whose income is only \$1,000? Would he not find it much more inconvenient to have to get along on \$500? And the laborer who is now getting \$2 a day, how would he fare on only \$1? And the farmer, when he got only \$1 for the same amount of produce for which he now gets \$2, what would he think of "cheap money?"

For be sure that is exactly what it would mean. The free coinage of silver at the 16 to 1 ratio would instantly drive gold and its equivalent out of circulation, and would leave in circulation nothing but silver dollars and their equivalents, worth only fifty cents each. The laborer would have to accept them for his wages, and the farmer as the price of his produce. Each man might receive as many dollars, so called, for his labor or his goods, as before, but they would have only half the old purchasing power. The market value of the farmer's grain and cattle would thus be reduced one-half. The laboring man's wages would be reduced one-half. That is exactly what the adoption of the Chicago platform would mean. It would rob the rich. It would ruin the poor.

But, its advocates contend, there would immediately be a readjustment of prices. Wages would go up. Market values of products would go up. No matter if dollars were cut in two; men would get twice as many of them. That is the argument. But who will be convinced by it? Is any rational man going to vote to have every dollar he gets reduced in value one-half, in hope that he will then be able to get twice as many of them and so be as

well off as now? That would be a performance fit only for a desperate gambler. It is throwing away a certainty for an uncertainty, with the assurance that the uncertainty, if realized, would, after all, be not a bit better than the present certainty; and with the odds, as universal experience has proved, overwhelmingly against the uncertainty ever being realized. No by such vain devices are prudent and intelligent American citizens to be fooled.

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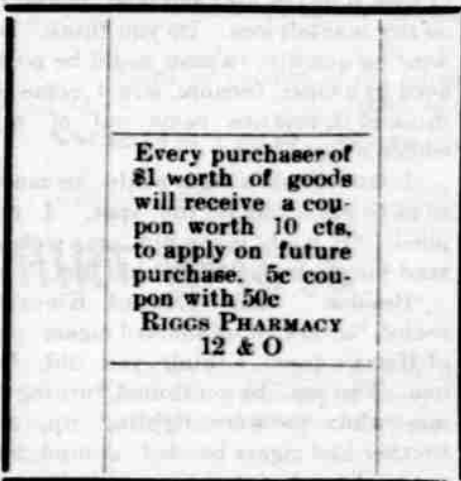
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