

PAIN.

I am a Mystery that walks the earth
Since man began to be;
Sorrow and Sin stood sponsor at my birth,
And Terror christened me.

More pitiless than Death, who gathereth
His victims day by day,
I doom man daily to desire Death,
And still forbear to slay.

More merciless than Time, leave man Youth,
And suck Life's sweetness out;
More cruel than Despair, I show man Truth,
And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle hand;
I blanch the boldest cheek;
I hold the hearts of poets in my hand,
And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed;
I shape each as I go
To something different. I drop the seed
Whence grapes or thistles grow.

—Grace Denio Litchfield in the Independent.

DOMESTIC STRIFE. The domiciliary infelicities of the family of Douglas county republicans are intense and infectious. Since the election the cutlery and fire-arms which had been concealed by the Rosewater and Webster factions have been brandished with much show of savage wrath. Each chieftain attributes the recent disaster to candidates of the McKinley brand to the treachery of the other; and the general public is awe-stricken by the depravity, hatred and revengefulness depicted by the general inventory of charges now exposed to view in the separate wigwams of these great warriors.

The scalps of truth, of fair dealing and common honesty are said to dangle from the belts of braves on both sides.

The proposition to lay a telegraphic cable from the United States to the Philippines by way of Alaska and Japan seems at first sight to imply going a long way out of the road; at least probably ninety-nine out of a hundred would so consider. And yet it is the shortest possible route, as any one who has access to a globe can satisfy himself at a glance. From Seattle a perfectly straight line leads along the southern edge of the Aleutian Islands and the east coast of Japan to the city of Manila. To go by way of Hawaii is to describe almost a right angle.

Resting from the patriotic labor of trying to make "the plain people" believe that their best interests can be promoted by a debased currency, it is hoped that Colonel Bryan will resume his gatekeepership as the only St. Peter with keys to the democratic Heaven, Bryan and Croker sole proprietors.

One Mr. Archer, explaining concerning us Americans and our peculiar speech in the Pall Mall Magazine, is good enough to consider that we have permanently enriched the English language by adding to it the verb "to rubberneck."

CONSERVATISMS.

Traditionalism is a living lie.

The has-been can never be true.

Science is the endeavor to know self.

Traditionalism is dead and erroneous science.

Truth always is and has neither past nor future.

Traditionalism is the shadow of a dead substance.

Traditionalism is fetishism and knows naught of religion.

McKinleyism is sorely afflicted with chronic aural pronation.

McKinleyism is bribery, robbery, usurpation, tyranny, treason.

McKinleyism is acephalic, Bryanism multi-cephalic, Crokerism mono-cephalic.

Crokerism is safe so long as the boss can control the machine and throttle the stokers.

Truth is self-knowledge. For this reason ignorance prevaieth and maketh much noise.

Bryanism is dangerous because it promises much which it either cannot or does not intend to fulfill.

McKinleyism represents a ship's figurehead, the captain being out of sight in the wheel-house.

McKinleyism is the political monstrosity of the nineteenth century; all body, no head, and no backbone.

Traditionalism is the blind leading the blind into the slough of despond filled with the moulding and decaying weeds of error.

Bryanism is like a Hindoo fetish having numerous heads looking in all directions and no head fixed in any one direction.

McKinleyism is a constant menace because it lives on and by bribery, corruption and usurpation. When the funds fail then political decapitation.

Crokerism is absolute despotism, while Bryanism is to be compared to Barnum's "What is it?" which so successfully fooled the dollars out of the dear people.

Crooked is the gate and broad is the way of traditionalism along the pathway of aborted misconceptions, while straight is the gate and narrow the way of truth.

Traditionalism builds on the shifting sands of error, while truth is founded on the rock of eternity against which the storming of traditionalism is as naught.

Traditionalism is the machine of the ecclesiastical and political boss, the guillotine in which the "sons of God" are tortured and crushed by the children of the devil.

McKinleyism may be likened to the government of England, the president

being the king (in name), the ministry doing the work, while an unseen privy council runs things.

Should Bryanism become mono-cephalic instead of poly-cephalic then look out for Robespierreism and the guillotine of anarchistic communism in the United States.

When the people again become sovereign and assert their constitutional rights McKinley will be known as the Casabianca of American politics. Somebody will be seeking the fragments of republicanism.

FRANK S. BILLINGS.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Charles Morton, "the father of the music hall," was recently given an extraordinary testimonial benefit at the Palace theater in London on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. It is said every person of note in the theatrical world of London participated.

In an interview with a correspondent of the New York Times the veteran gave a brief outline of the origin and development of the music hall as follows:

"The germ of the music hall might be found in the old-fashioned bar parlor, wherein 'mine host,' possessed of a good voice, would add to the merriment of his guests and fill his own money bags by troling forth a rollicking song after supper. Sometimes he would accept outside assistance, and would welcome a proffered song, even if it were arranged on the terms of 'no song, no supper.' Gradually we find that music became so desirable a digestive that 'song-and-supper' rooms were quite an institution 50 or 60 years ago, constituting themselves unwittingly the first precursors of the modern music hall.

"The variety saloon was the next development. These places of entertainment stood in mid-distance between the concert rooms and the theaters. Their programme—not that they had one—comprised all sorts of turns; drama, farce, everything, in fact, except Shakespearean drama; but the turning point in their history came on the passing of the theaters registration act in 1843, when they had to elect whether they would class themselves as theatres or regular music halls, with drinking license, but without the right of producing stage plays.

"The Grapes, under the more pretentious title of the Surrey Music Hall, and afterward rechristened the Winchester, was among the first of the tavern concert rooms to blossom out as a music hall, as we now understand the term."

American methods are followed in building the Siberian railroad, and American tools and track-laying appliances employed.