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THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

Pages 9 to 12

TWENTIETH YEAR. OMAHA, SATURDAY MAY 9, 1891—TWELVE PAGES. NUMBER 320.

EXPLANATION.

Cassell's Magazine.

So you're jealous, sir, I find—oh, oh!
That's an awkward state of mind, you know;
For when a man is jealous
Of all the other fellows
He isn't true himself—no, no.

You would like to have me give in—oh, oh!
But it's early to begin you know;
And you'll understand, I pray you,
I'm not going to obey you,
Till I've promised to obey—no, no!

So you'll watch me like a cat—oh, oh!
You will not get much by that, you know;
For when a maid's not trusted
She is very soon disgusted,
And love can't thrive on that—no, no.

Will I make up again?—oh, oh!
That's a much more humble strain, you know;
It would serve you right to tease you,
Yet I'll make it up to please you,
But—don't try it on again—no, no.

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LOOKING FORWARD.

An Answer to Looking Backward.

By Richard Michaelis.

CHAPTER III.

My studies had never been directed to questions of national economy. I had never thought of comparing the merits of competition with those of communism. When Dr Leete had explained in his positive and fascinating manner the new order of things I had hardly noticed that it was based on communistic principles. I thought humanity had reached at last the millenium, and when Dr. Leete stated that his easy and even luxurious way of living represented the average style of the people of the twentieth century, I had no doubt that everybody was satisfied with the new order of things.

My cool reception by the students and my conversation with Mr. Forest had convinced me that not every inhabitant of the United States in the 2000th year of our Lord considered the present order of things the millenium and I must say that I noticed the dissatisfaction with sincere sorrow. For a sweet peace, a tranquility never felt before, had filled my heart, when Dr. Leete spoke of the absolute happiness of the men of the twentieth century.

My new profession imposed upon me the duty of studying national economy. Of course I could have pictured solely the social and political circumstances in which the people of the United States had lived 113 years ago, but this would not have satisfied me. I desired to learn how the civilization of the two centuries, if impartially judged, would compare. Therefore I cultivated my acquaintance with Mr. Forest, to hear from him the arguments against the theories set forth by Dr. Leete, although a feeling of discomfort always overwhelmed me, whenever the thought came to me that Forest's ideas might prove victorious over the principals advanced by Dr. Leete. For a victory won by Forest could mean nothing else but a return to a state of affairs which I thoroughly disliked, and which I knew to be full of cares and discomforts.

I confined my next lecture to an accurate discription of the state of the labor market of Boston in 1887. Avoiding carefully all exaggerations, I drew only indisputable conclusions from the facts given, showing how capital and labor had lost equally by the numerous strikes in those days, and complimenting the present order of things, for making such irrational economical conflicts impossible.

After my lectures I always conversed with Mr. Forest, who was quite as willing to discuss the new order of society as Dr. Leete.

"The friends of the administration are calling me a fault-finder," said Mr. Forest, "and they are right, although they might express their opinion with more civility, if they said, that I am critically disposed. I would criticise every administration under which it chanced to be my destiny to live, however good or bad that administration might be. I do not harbor any animosity against the men, who rule the United States today. I even admit that they exercise a little more wisdom, energy and tolerence, than did the members of the government which ruled twelve years ago. But the fundamental principle of their system is decidedly wrong and so the consequences must be bad—whatever the members of the administration may do to patch up the shortcomings of their system."

"So you think that the present system is absolutely wrong?" I queried.

"Can you entertain any doubts?" answered Forest. "Look around! Is the leading principle in creation equality or variety? You find sometimes similitude but never conformity. Botanists have carefully compared thousands of leaves, which looked exactly alike at the first glance, but which after close examination were found to possess striking dissimilarities. Inequality is the law of nature and the attempt to establish equality is therefore unnatural and absurd. Wherever such experiments have been made, they have ended in unqualified failure. Even some of the first Christians, moved by brotherly love and charity, failed in their efforts to establish communism permanently. And the lamented Procustes used two bedsteads in which he placed his victims. He could not get along with one size for everybody. We may just as well try to make every man six feet long, forty-two inches around his chest, with a Grecian nose, blue eyes, light hair and a lyric tenor voice, as to attempt to equalize all lives and reduce them to a communistic state. Now consider, in connection with the difference in the mental and physical powers of men, their different inclinations and tastes, the variety of their occupations, and then say, whether the establishment of society on the basis of communism, of absolute equality, is possible."

"If I have formed a just appreciation of the organization of your society, you have recognized the right of all men to a living by giving everybody an equal share of the products of labor," I objected; "but at the same time you give everybody the chance to select the profession or trade most to his taste and you have graded the men, belonging to a guild, thus inciting the ambition of the worker to reach a higher grade and creating a diversity of positions, adapted to that disimilarity of men, you were just speaking of."

"Yes," said Forest, "we first established the principle of equality and then proceeded to arrange our system upon a basis of inequality, thus avoiding an open avowal that the new organization of society was a failure in both theory and practice. The question before us is a very plain one: 'Are we all alike?' If we are, then communism is the proper form of society and everybody should have an equal share of the products of labor. If we are not alike, if we differ in mental power and physical ability, if the results of the labor of men are different, then there is no reason why the wealth of the nation should be equally divided. But we first proclaim equality and pretend that we divide the products of labor among all; and then we divide the workers into first, second and third grades, according to ability, and these grades are subdivided into first and second classes.[*] Here we see the workers subdivided into six classes for the reason, expressly stated, that their ability differs. That their diligence also differs is not admitted, but it is nevertheless a fact. The inequality of men is thus distinctly recognized, but the products of labor are equally divided in the name of equality. Now, everybody has a natural right to products of his activity, but we are taking a large share of the results of the labor of a clever worker of class A of the first grade to give it to a lazy fellow of class B of the third grade. This is downright robbery, not even hidden beneath the shabby cloak of the leading principle governing all the acts of the administration; and all those who cannot admire this stealing are denounced as enemies of the best organization of society ever known in the history of mankind."

"You are to a certain extent the admirer of the civilization of the nineteenth century," I answered; "and yet in our times the employers were accused by some of the labor agitators of 'stealing' a large amount of the products of work by reaping very large profits and paying small wages. I would rather favor an equal division of all properties than a system, by which a comparatively small number of employers can enrich themselves at the expense of the masses of the laboring people."

"I am not an admirer of the civilization of the nineteenth century, Mr. West," Forest exclaimed. "I simply maintain that the principles of competition under which society existed a hundred years ago was far superior to the communism under which we are now laboring. The unjust profits of the employers, of which you complain, could have been easily done away with, if your workmen had organized themselves into co-partnerships or associations. There was no law a hundred years ago preventing a dozen shoemakers renting a loft with steam power, purchasing a few sewing and other machines and making boots and shoes at their own risk. There was no law to prevent all the other workingmen buying their boots and shoes at the shop of the co-operative association, thus securing for the members of the latter the profits of the manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer and workman. The laborers of all the different trades had a perfect right to organize such co-operative societies and thus secure all the profits that was in their labor. If the workmen preferred not to make use of this chance, if they did not care to assume the cares and risks of conducting a business for themselves, if they would rather work for an employer, leaving the cares and risks of the management entirely to him, they had certainly no reason to complain of the profit of the employer. And if they were not satisfied with their treatment they could at any time seek other employment—a thing that the workmen of our days can not do, for there is only one employer, the national administration. The principle, that a man has a right to what he produces, was not questioned under your form of production. But we have in the name of equality and justice established the 'right' to rob an industrious man of a part of the product of his labor and give this booty to his lazy comrade. If the workingmen of the nineteenth century, instead of sacrificing enormous sums in strikes, had organized one trade after another into co-operative associations, they would have solved what they styled the social questions with comparatively little trouble. And they would have saved us from the present outrageous form of society."

"The strikes were an effect merely of the concentration of capital in greater masses than had ever been known before," I said, repeating the views of Dr. Leete on this question. "Before this concentration began * * * the individual workmen was relatively important and independent in his relations to his employers. Moreover, when a little capital or a new idea was enough to start a man in business for himself, workingmen were constantly becoming employers and there was no hard or fast line between the two classes. Labor unions were needless then and general strikes out of the question."[†]

"In your place, Mr. West, I would not endorse those sentences of Dr. Leete," said Forest with a smile, "for the doctor has had frequent occasions to change his mind on this subject and persists in repeating erroneous statements, although I and others have disproved them until further repetitions of our arguments became tedious. Strikes, are not, as Dr. Leete pretends to believe, comparatively late appearances on the battle field of national economy. One of the biggest strikes that ever occurred, the "secessio in montem sacrum," took place in Rome as early as 494 before Christ, and during the centuries of the middle ages, strikes for higher wages frequently occurred, although in those days labor was much better organized (in trades unions, guilds and "Zuenfte") and more powerful than capital. And as for the impossibility of laborers ever becoming employers, I can show you in the college library a copy of the German paper, the "Freie Presse," published in the city of Chicago anno 1888, where the editor, in contradicting similar statements of the communists of those days, points to the fact that in 1888 there were 12,000 German house owners, manufacturers and well to do or rich business men in Chicago, who all had come to the city poor. When these Germans came to Chicago only a very few of them spoke English, still they were able to accumulate fortunes. This disproves the statement that the people at the end of the last century were in the clutches of capital and unable to free themselves. It is the easiest thing in the world to make wild statements, but it is sometimes difficult to substantiate them. And Dr. Leete is an adapt at making statements."

"But are you not getting along in good style?" I asked, hoping to stop Forest's complaints, by pointing to an indisputable fact. "Are you not enjoying an unprecedented prosperity and is not this general result, the definite annihilation of poverty, an achievement worth small sacrifices?"

"We are not getting along in good style. We are not enjoying an unprecedented prosperity. You will discover very soon, that you are overestimating the character and the fruits of our civilization. And so far as the annihilation of poverty is concerned, it amounts practically to nothing but the enrichment of the awkward, stupid and lazy people, with the proceeds of the work of the clever and industrious women and men. You could have done that 113 years ago, but you were not foolish or unjust enough to commit such a robbery."

"If the people don't like the present organization of society, why do they not change it?" I asked. "From your remarks, I have drawn the conclusion that you have no opposition party worth speaking of, for you said, there are only a few opposition papers published in the country. This seems to prove that the people are satisfied with the present state of affairs."

Forest looked very severe as he answered: "You are of course under the impression that we are acting with the same liberty you were enjoying 113 years ago. But everything in political life has changed since those days. With the exception of a limited number of government officials and a few contractors, your citizens were perfectly independent of the administration; today the administration rules everything, and everybody is more or less dependent upon the good will of our rulers. Whoever dares to openly oppose the ruling spirits may be sure that all the wrath and all the unpleasantness at the command of the administration, will be piled upon him and his relatives and friends. Therefore the number of men who are daring enough to challenge the ire of the government is very small, although a great many are discontented with the present state of affairs."

"But why don't people elect men to congress who would pass laws that would change a state of things so unsatisfactory to the masses?" I asked, satisfied, that Forest, in his fault-finding mood, was using his dark paint altogether to freely.

"Congress has very little influence nowadays," Forest answered. "The power rests almost entirely with the president and the chiefs of the ten great departments. They have well nigh absolute power and resemble somewhat the council of ten in Venice, when that aristocratic republic was at the height of its power. As it lies within their discretion to assign each and every person to a good or a poor position for twenty-four years and even to order a draft from the ranks of the men over forty-five years of age, thus being able to get disliked men back under the direct discipline of the industrial army, they have a power over all the people that no tyrant of your times ever dreamed of establishing."

"You know of course," Mr. Forest continued, "that all recruits belong for the first three years of their service to the class of unskilled or common laborers. It is not until after this period, during which he is assignable to any work at the discretion of his superiors, that the young man is allowed to select a special avocation."[‡] You can readily see that the young man is during these three years at the absolute mercy of his superiors. They may assign him to easy and clean work, or they may send him to do a dirty and unhealthy job. He has to obey orders. For a 'man able to do duty and persistently refusing, is sentenced to solitary imprisonment on bread and water until he consents.'[**]

"You know furthermore that 'individual records are kept and that excellence receives distinction, corresponding with the penalties that negligence incurs.' Dr. Leete has undoubtedly told you this and furthermore that 'it is not policy with us to permit youthful recklessness or indiscretion, when not deeply culpable, to handicap the future careers of young men and that all who have passed the unclassified grade without serious disgrace, have an equal opportunity to choose the life employment they have the most liking for. * * * Now not only are the individual records of these apprentices for ability and industry strictly kept and excellency distinguished by suitable distinctions, but upon the average of his record during his apprenticeship the standing given the apprentice among the full workmen depends * * *.' While the internal organizations of the various industries, mechanical and agricultural, differ according to their peculiar conditions, they agree in a general division of their workers into first, second and third grades, according to ability, and these grades are in many cases subdivided into first and second classes. According to his standing as an apprentice, a young man is assigned his place as a first, second or third grade worker. Regradings take place in each industry at intervals, corresponding with the length of the apprenticeship. One of the notable advantages of a high grading is the privilege it gives the worker to select which of the various branches or processes of his industry he will follow as his specialty.[†] Dr. Leete has of course further informed you "that so far as possible, the preferences of the poorest workman are considered in assigning him his line of work. While, however, the wish of the lower grade man is consulted so far as the exigencies of the service permit, he is considered only after the upper grade men are provided for, and often he has to put up with second or third choice or even with an arbitrary assignment when help is needed. This privilege of selection attends every regrading, and when a man loses his grade he also risks having to exchange the the sort of work he likes best for some other less to his taste. * * * High places in the nation are open only to the highest class of men."[‡]

These regulations bear out what I just said in regard to the power of the administration. The lieutenants, captains and colonels are appointed by the generals of the guild, who in turn are under the command of the ten chiefs of the ten great departments. These officers may give their young friends who enter the industrial army as apprentices easy jobs and good records and enable their friends on the strength of their records, as soon as they have passed the first three years of service, to enter the first class of the first grade of a trade. And such a favorite who, backed by influential friends, has passed an easy time as an apprentice and who has received at once the first class of the first grade of his trade is immediately appointable to a lieutenantship and he can run up to the higher honors in a few years. You cannot deny Mr. West, that our regulations permit such a favoritism."

I had to admit that such things were possible.

Mr. Forest continued: "On the other hand, the young men who are not the sons and friends of our leaders, are fortunate if they can secure a second grade position, with a record, that does not exclude all hopes of further promotion. Relatives of outspoken opponents of the administration, can be placed in the second class of the third grade of their trade and their record can be so kept that they can never hope to secure a higher position. And such a favoritism is not only possible, but it absolutely does exist. The sons and relatives of men, who are known as opponents of the administration, have practically to live as slaves and are sometimes treated like foot balls."

"Is there no court of appeals?" I asked.

"Yes, such an abused man or woman can go to a judge," Mr. Forest answered. "But, the minor judges are merely men who have passed the forty-fifth year of their age and have been appointed to such a position for five years by the president. They—as Dr. Leete of course told you—adjudicate all cases where a member of the industrial army makes a complaint of unfairness against an officer. All such complaints are heard and settled without appeal by a single judge, three judges being required only in graver cases. The efficiency of industry requires the strictest discipline in the army of labor.[*] The men appointed by the president are of course trustworthy friends of the administration and not expected to decide in such cases against the officers of the government and in favor of the 'kickers.' And as such cases are settled without appeal, the ill-used member of the industrial army has to go back to his old position, where the superior, whom he has accused, will certainly not treat him better than before. On the contrary, such an officer has a first-class chance to "get even" with his dissatisfied subordinate, especially at the next regrading, when he can put him into the last class and grade, if the unfortunate fellow is not already there. If such is the case, the offended officer can at least assign the "kicker" to the most objectionable work."

The picture thus drawn by Mr. Forest, appeared so dreadful, especially when compared by me with the descriptions of Dr. Leete, that I could not recollect myself sufficiently to try an argument against the conclusions of my predecessor in the professorship of the history of the nineteenth century.

After a short pause the present janitor continued: "Now consider in connection with all these facts and institutions that I have mentioned, that "the workers have no suffrage to exercise or anything to say about the choice" of their superiors.[§§§]—"The general of the guild appoints to the rank under him but he himself is not appointed, but chosen by suffrage among the superintendents by vote of the honorary members of the guilds, that is by those who have served their time in the guild and received their discharge.")—So my dear Mr. West, the members of the industrial army are twenty-four years absolutely at the mercy of their superiors. If they desire to have a good time they must blindly obey orders and seek favor by all means in their power. They must influence their friends who have votes, not only to stand by the administration, but to do it in a demonstrative manner. Occasional presents of wines and cigars may secure the friendship of some of the officers. Otherwise the members of the industrial army may lead for twenty-four years a life, compared with which the lot of a plantation slave or the poorest coal digger 150 years ago would be called an enviable fate. For a plantation slave was considered a valuable piece of property and not recklessly destroyed, while the poorest coal digger could leave his job and go to some other place, until he found more suitable employment. A member of our industrial army, who has drawn upon himself the ire of the officers of the administration or who is placed on the list of the enemies of society on account of the opposition of his voting relatives, leads a life that may be termed as "twenty-four years of hell on earth!" I have demonstrated to you now, Mr. West, why congress has no influence. The vast majority of its members are continually trying to please the administration, for the purpose of securing favors for themselves, their relatives and their friends," said Mr. Forest in conclusion. "And this is the equality of the best organization society ever had; this is what Dr. Leete calls the millenium."

[To be Continued.]

*) Page 52.
†Page 70.
**Page 128.
** Page 124.
‡ Page 125.
*** pages 125 and 126.
§§§ Page 277.

Oldest House in Washington.

Down at the foot of Seventeenth street, away from the usual route of the guide book sightseer, stands the oldest house in Washington, says the Star. The moss had grown thick upon its humble roof long before quarreling congress wrangled and disputed over the location of the "federal city," and when at last the dispute was ended, and a definite site selected, it was found that the unpretentious home and paternal acres of a sturdy old Scotchman, David Burns by name, occupied a large portion of the proposed situation.

The homestead itself was located almost upon the immediate bank of the Potomac, here a mile or more in width, and only a little distance away from the beautiful hill upon which the observatory now stands—the hill upon which, it is related, Braddock's forces camped on their first night out from Alexandria, in that ill-starred march into the wilderness.

Atchison Globe: The great difference between a man and a woman is that one can't be perfect and the other won't.

WANING THEATRICAL SEASON

Chit Chat About the Men and Women in the Dramatic Profession.

BERNHARDT'S ADHERENCE TO REALISM.

Nat Brigham's Clever Managerial Work---New Plays on the Road Next Year – Kendal's Excellent School.

The American Musician has dropped out of the line of New York weeklies.

Mrs. Langtry has sent to New York for all her furniture and protests that she will remain in London for a long time.

Marie Decca, who appears this week in "Mignon" at the Chicago Auditorium, will sing in the operatic festival in Boston on June 16.

Grace Hawthorne has been declared a bankrupt in London to the tune of $78,915 and no assets. W. W. Kelly has done well this time.

Mary Shaw, Ben Rogers, John A. Lane and Otis Skinner as leading man, all good people, are engaged for Mme. Modjeska for next season's tour.

George H. Murray, who has been for many seasons business manager for W. J. Gilmore's road companies, will sever his connection with Mr. Gilmore June 1 next.

Edward Grieg, the Norwegion composer, is now occupied with the composition of what is termed an "Oratorio of Peace," the words being supplied by Bjornsterne Bjornson.

A son of Ole Bull, said to have inherited his father's talent as a violinist, will pay America a visit in September, and will probably be heard in a number of concerts.

Mr. Kendal commenced acting thirty years ago when he was eighteen years old. He had a first-class drilling in his profession, having such actors as Charles Fechter, the younger Kean, E. A. Sothern, Helen Faucit, and Mrs. Scott Siddons to set the example.

Wilton Lackaye will not appear with James O'Neill in "The Envoy," at the Star theatre, New York. He was too late for rehearsals, and as Mr. O'Neill is not used to that sort of treatment, Mr. Louis James was engaged. Mr. James will be starred equally with Mr. O'Neill.

Old play-goers who are groaning over the popular craze for farce comedy may derive consolation from the fact that Jefferson and Florence in "The Rivals" and Stuart Robson in the "Stoop to Conquer" have made more money than any legitimate comedians known to the English speaking stage.

David Henderson will keep his theaters in Chicago and Pittsburg opened throughout the summer. The Chicago opera house will have another spectacular production during the warm weather, and a good opera company will drive dull care away at the Duquesne theater in Pittsburgh.

The oldest theaters now in use in Germany are those of Meiz, built in 1739; Bayreuth, the Markgravian opera house, built in 1748; Cassell, 1766; Hanau, 1769; Manheim, 1775; Potsdam, 1794; Fransfort, 1782; Dessau, 1798. The oldest theaters in Austria are Klagenfurt, 1730, and Salzburg, 1731.

"Wilkinson's Widows," Gillette's latest work, which is at present being presented by Chas. Froman's Comedy company at the Twenty-third street theater, New York, is conceded to be the greatest financial success New York has had this season, and is doing a phenomenal business at that theater.

"Maid Marian," which was done in Omaha this season under the title of "Robin Hood," by Reginald DeKoven and Harry B. Smith, enjoyed a three months' run in London, the same length of time as Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe;" and will now start out for a three months' tour of the provinces. No American opera has ever before enjoyed such a success in England.

Miss Floy Brundage, a charming girl of Des Moines, is creating a pleasing sensation in Iowa with her whistle. Recently the Grand opera house of her own city was crowded for three consecutive nights to listen to her art, which many claim to equal that of Alice Shaw, the world's famous whistler. Strange that Omaha has not heard a whistling artiste, although Mrs. Shaw, previous to her departure for the continent, whistled in Kansas City, Denver and St. Louis, but Omaha got left.

Mr. Smalley writes to the New York Tribune anent Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has again essayed Hamlet: "I wish for my part, that I could think him a good actor, but I cannot. To me it seems that he has still much of the alphabet of his art to learn; elocution first of all, or perhaps even before that to modify his conception of the function of the play actor profoundly. But it is a democratic age, and from the verdict of a majority any given evening in any one theater there is no appeal, or none till next morning. The crowd which witnessed Mr. Barrett's performance applauded it; what more would you have? He has, at least, one good quality; he has ambition."

Few York Sun: There are plenty of veteran minstrel performers left, but one can count on one's fingers the remnants of the real pioneer bands of burnt-cork players. Cool White, who died in Chicago the other day, was at the time of his death about the oldest of all the early minstrels. He was seventy years old, and he had been half a century before the public. He was, indeed, a veteran among the veterans of minstrelsy, and there are probably not half a dozen men left who were his contemporaries. He antedated "Uncle Dick" Hooley, Billy Birch, Sam Sanford, Frank Moran, John Savori, and Eugene, all of whom are alive to contemplate sadly their rapidly thinning ranks. Cool White was a sable wit as far back as 1843, and back of that time minstrelsy did not extend very far.

Mr. Nat M. Brigham has finally yielded to the "footlight fever" and has appeared in concert at Salt Lake City, notwithstanding his avowed purpose of giving up up singing entirely when he left Omaha. The Herald, speaking of the concert, said: "He performed the (here) almost unheard of feat of drawing a $700 audience to hear a simple ballad concert, when many a musical entertainment twice as pretentious has had to be content with one-third the receipts. His manner of 'working the act' is in itself a lesson in the art of managerial diplomacy. When he came to Salt Lake to settle in business he was eagerly sought after by half a dozen musical circles, but to all he returned a firm but polite denial—music would interfere with business, and neither love for the art, benefits, charities, or even the demands of the church in which he had a leading part could tempt him to swerve from the straight and narrow tank line he had laid down. By and by, when the musical procession had almost passed him by—it began to be whispered about that Mr. Brigham showed signs of relenting. At a very select library concert in Ogden it was announced that he would sing if all intimations of his appearance were suppressed in the Salt Lake press; this was agreed to, the Herald's Ogden man was muzzled, the concert came off, Mr. Brigham was excitedly smuggled in, he sang his song, raised his furore and came quietly back to Salt Lake and the few who heard of the event here served us just enough fuel to feed the flame of curiosity. Then a dim rumor arose—untraceable at first to any tangible source—that Mr. Brigham might some time appear with the new Apollo club, then just forming; then came the news that he was negotiating with the theater for a date for "A Ballad Concert;" next society learned that the date had been fixed—but it was still in the dim, uncertain distance; then the newspapers began to receive delicately tinted little notes for their Sunday issues conveying stray bits of intelligence regarding the approaching event—all of which were cheerfully printed without the advertising mark because of the good feeling entertained for Mr. Brigham and the interest felt in his re-entry upon the boards. Then came the master stroke—a reception by the Apollo club in the swell hotel of the town and the appearance of Mr. Brigham before a most select and invited circle of the elite. This, with the efforts of some business friends who sold a large stack of tickets a long way in advance, and the continued bits of information in the papers—which continued to be doled out to an expectant public, roused the general fever to the highest. It only remained to open the doors and victory was assured.

I believe that to wield the inherent moving power of the drama by a mere perfunctory simulation of the emotions is impossible and that the highest effects, both emotional and artistic, depend upon the depth of conviction with which the actor feels his part. The theory that the whole effect of a scene or situation depends upon the care and precision with which it is planned is controverted in a thousand instances where the most wonderful triumphs have been scored in moments when actors had passed the limits of mere volition and had surrendered themselves to their emotions solely. If there is nothing in stage art save planning and preparing, why do we talk of inspiration? And if only the planners are to succeed genius is no better off than mediocrity. Not, however, do I wish to decry study and preparation. They are the necessary guides to artistic preception and become the ladder on which genius may mount to the empyrean of inspiration. As for myself I feel my parts just in proportion to the strength of my depiction of them, and though I play them a thousand times I feel them still.—Sarah Bernhardt.

Henry N. Pitt, Actor and Stage Manager.—When Mme. Bernhardt was in Boston somebody spoke of the earnest fervor with which the great actress impersonated the tragic character of her part. It reminded me of the fact that nearly all the great actors and actresses whom I have met have been remarkable for that same apparent earnestness; and my experience convinces me that the great people of the stage do not merely simulate the emotions of the parts that they act. It is said of Edwin Booth that on the nights that he has played Othello he has been, even for him, unusually morose and abrupt, and on the night that he has acted Iago he has adopted some of that clever gentleman's cordiality of demeanor. I, myself, have seen Mrs. Kendall, and that only recently, so affected in the scene of the reconciliation with her husband, before the duel, in "The Ironmaster," that real tears, tears that were unmistakably genuine, furrowed her fair cheeks. Rose Coghlan has said that in Peg Woffington she felt intensely indignant or deeply grief-stricken in certain of the scenes. I remember little Wallie Edinger, who played Lord Fauntleroy to My Lord Dorincourt, actually rebuking me for a certain exhibition that I made of myself in one of the pathetic scenes. I believe that lots of real tears are shed on the stage and lots of genuine laughter is indulged in by performers. Nat Goodwin used to always come to his dressing-room from a certain scene in "The Nominee" with a real laugh overspreading his jolly features.

THOUGHTS IN A LIGHTER VEIN.

Senator Blair.

Chicago Tribune.

Ah, there,
Senator Blair,
Stay there!
Or, if you choose, repair
Elsewhere.
But don't you dare
To come to China. The air
Will not agree with you. Beware!
I have no room to spare
For such as you. Take care!
You needn't swear,
Or stare,
Or glare.
This goes. You couldn't bear
A Chinaman. Turnabout is fair,
And now I've got you by the hair.
Ah, there,
Mr. Blair,
We're square.

Too High-Toned to Taint.

That humorous little "original package" of wit and humor, Marshall P. Wilder, undertook to have some fun at the expense of a waiter who was attending to his wants at a local hotel during a recent visit to this city, says the Philadelphia Record. Holding up a glass of water to the light he examined it critically and said: "Sam, this water appears to be very impure. How do you account for it?" "Dat yere Skookill water," said the waiter, "am kinder mukdy, I 'low, but hit's powahful good watah jes de same." "But," Wilder rejoined, "I understand it flows through a cemetery before we get it." Sam thought for a minute and replied: "O! yes, sah, it do flow frough Laurel Hill cem'tary, but dat yere's a mighty high-toned cem'tary, sah."

A Hopscotch Harmony.

Hopscotch is now fashionable among outdoor English girls, and Sir Arthur Sullivan has been requested to compose a Hopscotch Harmony somewhat in this style:

A merry maiden hops and shows
The silky sheen of sable hose;
Mid rhythmic swing of skirt you see
Her shapely legs from foot to knee.
With short staccato step you note
The playful pout of petticoat,
And frills that play at hide and seek,
Peep slyly with an elfish freak,
While tripping joyously along
She sings a gleeful hopscotch song.

Got a Roast Instead of Toast.

Texas Siftings.

After the bridal party partook of a sumptuous banquet a younger brother of the bride got up and said solemnly, raising his glass:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to propose a toast, which must, however, be drunk standing. Please take your glasses and rise up."

The guests, although somewhat bewildered, did so.

"Now," said the young scapegrace, "if you will remain standing for a few minutes I'll find out who has been sitting on my new stove-pipe hat."

Only Flirting.

Kate Field's Washington.

Her dainty envelope is square—
I think the while its seal I tear—
So like herself, both sweet and fair;
The note inside it, too, I'll swear,
Light and diverting.

What though her heart be free from care,
And blue her eyes and soft her hair,
Her voice like southern breezes rare—
There's not one touch of feeling there;
She's only flirting.

Not True to Ethel's Art.

New York Sun: "Henderson," sobbed Ethel, after they had been married a few weeks, "I have been all th-through the house today."

"Yes, darling—don't you think it's a dear little house?"

"Ye-yes, Henderson. But, Henderson, where are all those plaques I painted for you while we were engaged?"

Is Marriage a Failure?

New York Herald.

Act I.—The belle poses.
Act II.—The beau proposes.
Act III.—The father disposes.
Act.—IV.—The wife imposes.
Act V.—The mother-in-law interposes.
Act VI.—The husband opposes.
Act VII.—The divorce court exposes.
(Curtain.)

Careful with Words.

Will Carleton.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
'Careful of fire' is good advice, we know,
'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so."

An Early Start.

Macon, Ga., has a ten-year-old stenographer and typewriter who has started in business for herself in a prominent hotel at that place.

What Was It?

St. Nicholas.

It happened one morning a wee baby girl
Discovered what seemed like a cunning, white pearl.
But when her friends hastened to see the fine sight,
She closed its small casket and locked it up tight.

Talked too Much.

There is a story going around which is applied to our Mr. Ingalls, says the Atchison Globe. A parrot saw a bull dog on the streets one day, whereupon the parrot called out: "Sickem, sickem." The bull dog rushed into the house, pulled down the cage, and nearly killed the parrot. The parrot lay bleeding on the floor when his master came in, and in explanation muttered: "I always did talk too dam much."

Friend and Lover.

Century.

When Psyche's friend becomes here lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend.
But O, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become her friend!

SOME LITTLE SMILES.

Ram's Horn: One reason why the world seems to move so slow is because there are so many people who want to sit on the fence and whittle.

Atchison Globe: There are some things worse in the world than wearing a dress that is not in style but the number of people is growing lamentably small who believe so.

Milwaukee Herald: "I'll never get onto that bay with my frail bark," remarked the poodle as he listened to the distant hounds.

Kate Field's Washington: "These High land Scots are most sarcastic fellows."

"They are?"

"Yes, they must have their fling."

New York Recorder: It is explained that one reason why more women do not get into the habit of smoking cigars is because they begin smoking cigars that they buy themselves.

Denver Sun: A Colorado editor thinks there are a great many people in insane asylums who ought not to be. But does he think of the large number of people out of insane asylums who ought to be in.

Kansas City Star: A Cleveland paper deplores the fact that the percentage of spoiled vegetables on the eastern market is increasing, and is at a loss to account for it. There is no mystery about the matter. James Owen O'Connor is not starring this spring.

St. Joe News: May—How are you feeling tonight, Frank?

Frank—Oh, I am holding my own.

Denver Sun: Mr. Younghusband who invades the kitchen now-a-days and sees his wife washing the lettuce with soap and hears her order the butcher to send up a pound of liver with the bone taken out, and the grocer to send up a pound of Oolong coffee, begins to get a glimpse of the far off shining infinitudes of happiness that he has so longed to reach.

Exchange: "I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?"

Somerville Journal: It is a very indolent girl who will reject a kneeling lover because she is too lazy to talk any more than she can help and "No" is shorter than "Yes."

Washington Star: The young fellow in his mad struggle with an incipient mustache raises a terrible fuzz.

Texas Siftings: It costs $10,000 to gild the dome of the state house in Boston, while you can paint the whole town red for $30.

Ex-Mayor Creiger freely and frankly admits that he is out of politics.—Chicago Post.

Mr. Creiger is out of politics in the same way that the Dutchman said his wife was resigned to death. "Vy, tam it, man, she haf to pe."

New York News: A lawn fence company claims to put up an absolutely dog proof article. If this is the case, the dog must bow-wow to the inevitable.

Puck: Mr. Tabb—That woman coming up the street has Mrs. Babb's eyes.

Mrs. Tabb—Resembles her in that respect, you mean.

Tabb—No, it is Mrs. Babb herself.

Life: Mr. Sawdorf—I never go skating. I am awfully afraid of falling.

Mr. O'Queer—Faith, thin, ye wouldn't hev far to fall.

WHERE HE FAILS.

Buffalo Express.

He had chased a rubber football
Over many a gory field;
He could stand behind a batsman
And the mask and mittens wield.
In a pugilistic contest
He was held among the best,
He could mingle in a riot,
And enjoy it, too, with zest;
But his fine physique was ruined—
Crushed in a most brutal way,
When his wife took him out shopping
On a ladies' bargain day.

That Naughty Boy.

Looking over an old box the other day, I came upon a handful of Tony's buttons, writes Florence Alden. I call them Tony's buttons, for they are relics of past shirt waists and little pants long since worn out or laid aside that Tony used to wear. Reverently I picked them out from the collection in the box, and holding them in my hand, looked long and earnestly at those simple reminders of my little curly headed boy. Nearly every button was pulled out with a piece of the garment from which it came sewed fast to it. Well I remember how annoyed I often felt with Tony because his buttons were always off.

One waist in particular I recall, a dark blue with Kate Greenaway figures. Several buttons in my hand brought vividly to mind the last time Tony wore that waist. The image of my pretty little boy came back to me as I looked at those well worn buttons, his bright, animated face, eyes sparkling in anticipation of the fun he would have at the picnic he was going to attend; his long, beautiful curls floating around a face as sweet as God ever gave a child. The little blue pants and waist, broad collar, finished at the neck with blue and white tie. Surely Tony was sweet that day.

As I kissed him good-bye I said (what made me do so?): "Now, Tony, don't pull off your buttons."

"No, mamma," and he was gone.

He didn't mean to. I knew it then. I know it better now, but the unreliable buttons came off in spite of boyish resolutions, and at night Tony came home looking quite demoralized. I did not scold him. I am glad I didn't. I only said, "Naughty boy, your buttons are gone."

"No, mamma, I have got them all." And out from the little pocket came the rebellious buttons, with unfortunate Kate Greenaway figures hanging to them in doleful tatters.

I sighed as I looked at the wreck, and Tony said, "Mamma, I can't help it, they will come off, but some day I'll grow big and shan't wear shirt waists. Then you won't have to sew on the buttons. Won't that be nice?"

Nice! O Tony, Tony, if you could only come back and pull off the buttons once more. I would not ask for greater happiness. Mothers, don't scold the little ones because they get the buttons off and bits of garment with them. At best the time is short that you will have the privilege of sewing them on, for our little boys soon grow up and go away from us; then some one besides mamma has the buttons to sew on.

And some, ah! some only use the buttons a few years. Then the Father who gave their sweet faces to us for a little time takes them back again, and we—we only wait, hoping some day to see them once more.

New Monte Carlo.

The little province of Andorra, which has perched in content and obscurity upon the southern slope of the Pyranees for 1,100 years, ever since Charlemagne's very last shake-up, bade fair but a month ago to rub along another 1,100 with its rustic population of 12,000 drawing its sustenance from the soil in the good old way. But now M. Blanc, who runs the gambling hell at Monte Carlo and pays the local prince 160,000 a year besides keeping up his police and street departments, having been refused a renewal of his license talks of buying Andorra in the same fashion. The climate is colder than that of Monte Carlo, but Blanc thinks it will do.

SATURDAY'S SPORTING SALAD

Breezy Gossip from All Quarters of the Globe.

BILLY CATTON AND THE DRUMMER.

The National Regatta—Movements in Fistiana—Along the Home Stretch—Shooting, Fishing, Baseball, Tennis and a Mixed Budget.

"Did you ever hear that story about a New York's drummer's little game of billiards with Billy Catton?" asked a well-known amateur who was seated among a group of expert billiard players at Slosson's the other evening," says the Chicago News.

"No," chorused the crowd, who have more or less respect for the amateur's abilities as a raconteur.

"Well," said the amateur, lighting a fresh cigar and settling himself comfortably in his leather-covered chair, "you all know that old Billy likes his joke pretty well. One afternoon he strolled into Shaefer's place, lounged up to where the 'Wizard' was standing, passed the time of day with him, and cast his eye around to see what was going on. His glance rested on a gay specimen of the genus travelling man, gotten up regardless of expense in the shiniest of silk hats and a suit of the most vociferous plaids, cut a month or two ahead of the latest style. This brilliant creature was knocking the balls about on a table near by, and from the way he fingered his cue Billy could see that he knew a thing or two about the game and wanted other people to know it, too.

"'Say, Jake,' finally exclaimed the drummer, resting one hand on the table so as to display to advantage a huge diamond ring, do you know anybody who'd like to join me? Don't trot up any superannuated mugs. I play a pretty stiff game of billiards, you know.'

"The Wizard winked expressively at Billy and replied: 'Here's a gentleman who'll accommodate you, I think. He may be a little out of form just now, but I guess he can play a fair game.'

"The drummer nodded superciliously to Catton and inquired: 'How steep d'ye want to go?'

"'O, I don't know,' replied Billy with amiable coyness.

"'I'll play you $200 to $100, 200 points up, straight rail,' remarked the man with the flashing diamonds.

"'Isn't that a little steep?' demurred Billy.

"'Not for a man who strikes the gait I do,' responded the drummer, emphatically.

"'Well, I'll go you,' returned the Illinois expert.

"They chalked their cues meditatively and proceeded to bank. Catton soon made his first shot, then gathered the balls and deftly worked them along the rail, round and round the table, scoring the 200 points without a miss, while the drummer stood staring at him with wide open eyes and drooping jaw.

"'I reckon you do play a pretty fairish game,' drawled Catton, as he stuffed the drummer's $200 into his pocket. 'Don't you want to wash your hands? This is an awfully dusty table.'"

The Lion of the Ring.

Slavin is, of course, the lion of the hour in ring circles, but it must not be overlooked that he has not yet been put to the crucial test. Kilrain will be the only genuine first-rater he has met, and the result of that battle will decide whether he has any claim to the championship or not. By comparison with Kilrain, Slavin has the advantage in height and reach. Much will depend on the outcome of the mill. In the natural order of things the winner of the Jackson-Corbett fight in San Francisco will challenge the winner of the Slavin-Kilrain match. If Slavin should be the lucky man in the latter, complications may arise; for, according to his programme, he will remain here only ten weeks, and it is hardly probable that he would be in condition to engage in another fight between the Hoboken affair and the time of his departure. In such an event the winner of the Jackson-Corbett mill would probably have to go to London and meet Slavin at the Pelican club. This would take up a great deal of time, and meanwhile John L. would be telling the Australians what a good fellow Slavin was and giving them points on "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." Thus, if Slavin showed a clear title to the championship by defeating Kilrain and Jackson or Corbett, as the case may be, Sullivan would have to give him battle or take a back seat. As John has never been known to indulge in the latter occupation, he would probably prepare for the fray, and the battle would be just as likely to come off in Australia as anywhere else.

On the other hand, if Kilrain defeats Slavin, which I hope he will, the complexion of the whole matter will be changed to a picturesquely domestic hue, with John L. still shining over all like an April rainbow

The National Regatta.

Oarsmen at Washington are already making preparations for the national regatta, which is to take place there next August. Secretary Gibson of the National association of Amateur oarsmen says the prospects for a successful regatta could not be better. Every mail nowadays brings applications and entries from prominent clubs. Toronto and Ottawa Canadian clubs will be on hand. The New York and Manhattan athletic clubs and the Metropolitans of that city will participate. Providence, Worcester, Newark, Albany, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Galveston, Minneapolis and even Salt Lake and Manitoba will send single or double four-oared or eight-oared crews. In fact all the leading clubs of the country will be represented, and boatmen anticipate one of the greatest events of the kind that ever enlivened the waters of the Potomac.

Baseball Small Talk.

Meekin appears to be St. Paul's star pitcher.

They call Herman Long "The Flying Dutchman" in Boston.

The Davenport club has signed Catcher Harry Sage, late of Toledo.

Donovan has made a great hit in Louisville by his brilliant fielding and successful hitting.

Tom Brown is running bases as if he meant to lead the association record this season.

Stricker and Radford have been batting well. Here, too, are a great pair of sacrifice hitters.

It was remarkable that all the home clubs of the league should have been beat on the opening day.

The Louisville team has elected Taylor captain in place of Beard, who has refused to continue in position.

Elmer Smith so far has not shown up well for Kansas City, and the "fans" on the Kaw fear that he has another one of his "off years."

All of the Philadelphia papers highly commended Tim Hurst's umpiring in the Philadelphia-Brooklyn series. His success is assured.

New Yorkers are still counting upon the Giants as sure pennant winners. Four straight defeats did not dishearten the cranks there.

Macullar has returned to his home in Baltimore. His wife is ill, and her failing health was the principal cause of his resignation from the staff of umpires.

The New Yorks have a man in Captain Buck Ewing who will get more out of the umpires than any other captain, and particularly in New York will get most anything he asks for.

Ward's order to his pitchers is: Put the ball over the plate as often as you can, and trust to the rest of the team to help you out. John M. evidently has a wholesome dread of those fatal bases on balls.

Nothing delights Kelley more than to have