MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Manager Todd has booked for the Metropolitan Theater in this city for the season of 1896-97 the following attractions, thirty-five in number, or enough to give, if averaged, one entertainment each week from this date to June next. In the meanwhile, however, there will be additions to the list: T. A. Kennedy, mesmerist; Steve Brodie, "On the Bowery"; Sans Gene Company, "Prisoner of Zenda," Corinne Extravaganza Company, "Town Topics," Frawley Company, "Darkest Russia," Della Fox Opera Company, "Fabio Romani," "Sowing the Wind," Grau Opera Company, "Old Homestead," "Black Sheep," Salvini, "Humanity," Coxe's Brownies, Joe Murphy, "Devil's Auction," "Prodigal Father," Robert Hilliard, Louis James, "Chimmie Fadden," Fanny Rice, Maggie Cline, Nellie McHenry, James A. Herne in "Shore Acres." "Parlor Match," Georgia Cayvan, Cootc and Long, Otis Skinner, "Fair Virginio," Primrose and West, E. M. and Joseph Holland, Liliputians.

* * *

To-morrow night there comes to the Metropolitan Theater for one week Professor Kennedy, the Australasian hynotist, mesmerizer and humorist.

PROFESSOR KENNEDY.

Kennedy is admitted on all sides to be king in his art. He creates mirth where others would have tears; he evokes the laugh where soberness forbids. He is withal said to be the foremost adept of the world in hypnotism.

* * *

Martha Morton, who is the most industrious playwright in the world and author of more popular plays than any other writer, thus speaks to an Eastern reporter:

"When summer, real summer, comes I shall repair to the Adirondack Mountain country and open up a tiny workshop in a cosy little cabin under the shade of the primitive woods, where labors of my sort should be easily met in the cool breezes and restful peace of the forest. There I hope to finish the plays for Mr. Russell and Mr. Crane. Next year I look forward to a true rest, promising myself a trip to Europe and a few quiet months in Germany. How did I fall to playwriting? A love for the art of the stage was, in a great measure, hereditary, and when I was at school the little plays of the scholars were often of my contriving. It seemed a natural drift, and my first play written for public presentation was encouragingly successful.

"This piece was called 'Helene,' and was brought out in New York about seven years ago by Minnie Seligman. Since then it has served several stars, among whom are Clara Morris and Cora Tanner, and it is now being given by some kind players out on the Pacific Coast. I almost could wish that they would consent to shelve it, for it does not now seem to me so great an achievement as once it appeared. But so long as the public approve it, I should be satisfied, for, after all, the esteem and approval of the playgoers is the thing that we wish to gain.

"During the six or seven years that have elapsed between the production of 'Helene' and the present time I have put forth an average of one play a year, and have yet to meet with a failure. But pray do not fancy that I am become overly confident because I happen to be looked upon as a successful playwright. I regard the whole matter as a case of luck, and am only heartily grateful that fortune has been so constantly kind to me. As there are currents of air and water, so there seems to be currents of good luck and sore adversity, quite as plainly distinguishable, and the secret of success appears to be but the happy chance of falling into the current of good fortune, and exercising one's own talents only to keep in the winning tide. Many there are who never catch the current, and the shipwrecks that strew the rugged shores of chance number the skeletons of many worthy craft, gone to pieces through no pilot's fault, but by the strange, irresistible bent of the river of fortune. I am happy, as I should be, to feel that luck is with me, and I could almost be happy in my work even were it otherwise.

"Character drawing is the especial province that I find most congenial, and every personage in my plays is the embodiment of some type known to me in real life. As for my situations, they are all original, only one of the plays which have borne my name being an adaptation, and that was most liberally adapted. A close and faithful study of the art of statecraft enables me to direct the rehearsal of each of my plays and, I believe, to devise business that is fresher and more lifelike than the conventional arrangements of professional stage managers, whose long acquaintance with theatrical machinery often tends, in my mind, to suggest business and tableaux as unnatural as they are stereotyped.

"Outside of playwriting, I have done practically no literary work, and it is my belief that the making of books and the making of plays are widely different fields of art. That which reads well enough upon the printed page—even prose which passes for most excellent dialogue—frequently proves utterly unavailable for the usage of the theater, and the playwright's chiefest care must be to put into the mouths of the performers words that, when spoken, shall sound like the unpremeditated utterance of real folk in the circumstances of actual life. When this much is religiously done, and combined with reverent consideration of the recognized laws and rubrics of stagecraft, it remains only for the inherent merit of the material at hand to assert itself, and to live upon its own worth.

"Every moment that is mine to give is spent now upon my work, and I am compelled to have an assistant to care for my correspondence, as well as the minor details of business negotiations. For gentle art, in these rushing days, goes hand in hand with roughshod commercial interest, and one may barely live without the other."

* * *

E. F. Coward in the New York "World" thus writes: Until Paul Potter made an effective play out of "Trilby" but few novels had stood the test of dramatization. With the popularity of this piece every story and romance became the subject of theatrical consideration. The success of Edward E. Rose's adaptation of Anthony Hope's exciting adventures of a red-haired Rassendyll further strengthened expectations from literary quarters, while "Chimmie Fadden," "A Social Highwayman" and "The Story of Rodion the Student" clinched the belief that there was a new vein of dramatic inspiration to be tapped. This season, therefore, will probably see dramatizations of "Under the Red Robe," "A Daughter of the Tenements," "A Tragic Idyll," "Mr. Witt's Widow," "Tom Grogan," "Seats of the Mighty" and "When Greek Meets Greek."

How successful these works will be remains to be seen. Books have supplied ideas for many good plays, but of the numerous direct dramatizations that have been put forward "Camille," "East Lynne" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are about the only ones that have stood the test of time. "Trilby" as a play owed a large share of its success to the widespread popularity of the novel. What the dramtist failed to provide the spectator out of his knowledge mentally supplied. In the long list just quoted, there are few books that are any ways near as widely known as Du Maurier's celebrated study of Parisian student life.

If the public really wants romantic plays and melodramas it is certainly going to get its fill this season. Several will come from England, but the native writer has shown such a superiority in this line of work—"Under the Polar Star" is worth a score of "Sporting Duchesses," "Burmahs" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer"—that local managers are looking to the home market for their supply. Here is only a partial list of some of them that will have metropolitan playhouses shake with their melodramatic detail: "An Enemy to the King," "Sue," "Roaring Dick & Co.," "Flower Moyne," "Secret Service," "In the Heart of the Storm," "The Great Northwest," "The Cotton Spinner," "The Hand of Destiny," "Boys Together," "When London Sleeps," "House of Mystery," "An Innocent Sinner," "A Lion's Heart," "A Soldier of Fortune," a new frontier drama by Henry Guy Carleton and a new Cuban melodrama by J. W. Harkins.

To offset this influx of action, blood and stage mechanism, the theater-going public is promised a revival of the Robertsonian comedies and a new comedy by Pinero, "Rosemary," "The Liar," "The Sign of the Cross," "Mary Pennington, Spinster," "Richard Savage," "Treadway of Yale," "My Lady Virtue," "The Wife of Scarli" and "The Rogues' Comedy." The senses, not the intellectual, faculties are what the managers with singular and regretable unanimity will cater to during the coming year.

* * *

The musical critic of the London "Sunday Times," who was over here some time ago, hs been telling English opera-goers some interesting things about the New York theaters, including the following:

"I heard a splendid performance of 'Lohengrin' under Herr Seidl. The subdued and refined playing of the orchestra constituted a revelation for ears accustomed to the ordinary interpretation of Wagner's familiar score. Herr Seidl's men were neither out of sight nor sunk deep below the level of the stalls; they had been taught the art of self-subordination, that was all. Really we must hear no more excuses on this subject when our Covent Garden orchestra takes Wagner in hand. M. Jean de Reszke was the unapproachable Lohengrin of old, and so fresh was his voice, so pure and clear in its tone, that one would never have imagined how much hard and continuous work the famous tenor had gone through since last November."

* * *

"Shakespeare and Music" is the title of a book just published by E. W. Naylor. The author thinks that Shakespeare wrote with a special reagrd to musical accompaniments to his plays. The book contains a graphic and picturesque account of the musical life of the sixteenth century—from the drunken tinkers sitting by the ale house fire, with the pot of ale between their legs, to Queen Elizabeth herself whiling away a weary hour at the virginals.

* * *

Mr. Tree seems to have spared no pains nor expense in his revival of "Henry IV." in the London Haymarket Theater. The costume and scenic effects are praised highly. His Falstaff is commended, but not enthusiastically. It is regarded, apparently, as an experiment more curious than convincing. The great hit of the performance was the Hotspur of Lewis Waller.

* * *

Jefferson De Angelis, who is happily blessed with a comedian's face, a nimble pair of feet and a long career as a New York favorite in comic opera, will make his first appearance at the head of his very own company at the Broadway Theater, Thursday evening, September 3d, the production being the first of the numerous presentations of comic opera engineered for the ensuing season.

* * *

A new ballet by Franchi, entitled "The Mulatto," was given with success at Naples two weeks ago. The papers claim that not since the days of "Excelsior" was there seen such a wonderful spectacle on the stage of the San Carlo Theater. A bolero, two Moorish dances, a Spanish waltz and a cancan had to be repeated to satisfy the public.

* * *

Edward Compton, who has reaped a considerable measure of renown and reward by his productions of legitimate comedy in the English provinces, has just played a remarkably successful engagement in Dublin. He is the son of the famous old comedian of the London Haymarket Theater of the Buckstone period.

* * *

William Gillette's play, "Secret Service," will receive its first New York production at the Garrick Theater on October 5th. The cast has not yet been completed, but the four principal parts will be filled by Amy Busby, Odette Tyler, Campbell Gollan and Mr. Gillette.

* * *

Blanche Bates has given her many friends on the coast genuine pleasure by reconsidering her determination to join the company of W. H. Crane and concluding to remain with the Frawley Company as leading lady, says the San Francisco "Music and Drama."

* * *

E. M. and Joseph Holland entertained Henry Guy Carleton at Quisett, Cape Cod, recently, where they listened to "Two New Men of Business," the new play which Mr. Carleton has written for them.

* * *

San Francisco "Music and Drama" says: The theater-goers of the United States have evidently incurred the deadly enmity of some disgruntled dramatist, as a depressing report from the East states that a new Swedish play is shortly to be launched before the public.

* * *

A Scottish authority has recently informed the Gaelic Society that bagpipes can be heard eight miles. Here is a chance for the funny paragrapher.

* * *

M. Levenston will produce "The Rightful Heir," a musical satire on conventional comic opera, at an early matinee at the Duke of York's Theater in London. Its authors are also engaged on a new version of "The Water Babes."

* * *

Felix Weingartner's latest symphonic poem, "King Lear," will be performed for the first time on October 20th, at Cologne. Performances will follow at Bremen and Mannheim.

* * *

When a patriotic Frenchman asked Calve with a falling inflection, if it were possible she meant to return to America again this year, she returned: "They pet me there; you scold me here; why shouldn't I?"

* * *

Emma Calve says that "Carmen" is her favorite opera, and "La Navarraise" her favorite of those she sang last winter.

* * *

Victor Herbert is engaged on a new opera for the Bostonians to be delivered by the 1st of October. Harry B. Smith will furnish the libretto.

* * *

Mme. Melba will arrive in New York November 1st. She will not make a concert tour.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

M. P. S., Knight's Landing, asks, to settle contention among some of his friends:

1. Did Congress pass a uniform or Australian ballot law?

2. Is it the law in every State in the Union?

3. Has Congress the power to pass such a law?

4. Do all the States now vote under the Australian system or something similar to it?

5. How many States have not adopted that system?

The questions are synopsized from S. P. M.'s letter. The "Record-Union" replies: 1. No. 2. No. 4. No. 5. Have not the data to give you accurate information, but fully half the States have not the law, we think. Some of them have something approaching it—similar to it. Probably half the States have the law much as we have it, with some modifications, however, more or less radical. 3. No, not as to States. Probably Congress has the power to prescribe how elections shall be conducted so far as electing men to fill Federal places is concerned—Congressmen. Congress has exercised supervision over such elections, but has never yet sought to set aside or invade the State laws under which such elections are held, so Congress has never prescribed the form of ballot, etc., for elections in States.

* * *

Eds. "Record-Union": Did Major McKinley in Congress favor use of silver money freely? C. J. P.

Yes, he did, and does now. He has frequently spoken in favor of the largest possible safe use of silver money.

* * *

Eds. "Record-Union": Explain, please, what is meant by reciprocity, so much talked of by you. CHAS. C. L.

Lincoln.

The doctrine of free reciprocal exchange of articles we produce to best advantage and that another produces to least advantage, with that other country for articles we produce to least and that country to best advantage.

* * *

Eds. "Record-Union": Will you be able to give me the fact as to the proportion of silver to gold production between 1800 and 1840 as compared with the production between 1873 and 1892. We are in a dispute here over the actual comparative fact. Can you settle it? J. AND S. AND W.

Woodland.

The production of silver in proportion to gold was greater between 1873 and 1892 than before 1873 for twenty-one years. Coin's book denies this, but the statistics contradict him. Twenty-one years before 1873 the gold production was $2,510,575,000; silver, coinage value, $989,265,000, or 150 per cent. more of gold. After 1873 for twenty-one years, gold, $2,157,197,000; silver, $2,246,519,000, or 5 per cent. more. Comparison between 1800 and 1840 with the period after 1873 cannot be fairly made, the time terms are not equal for one thing; the later conditions are not such as to permit fair comparison with the earlier. From 1800 to 1840 silver was the chief money of Europe and other countries, but discovery of gold fields and the greatly enlarged character of commercial transactions brought on a decided monetary change, so that fair and useful comparison as to the proportions of metal production as related to our monetary system cannot be made.

* * *

Eds. "Record-Union": Can you give me the facts as to wages paid in most labor lines in Mexico, Peru, Russia, Japan and China. I have seen a half dozen lists, all different, and don't know what to believe. MARION.

Sacramento.

The best among many authorities give us this list of weekly wages, and it is well sustained by the publications of the Bureau of American Republics:

	Russia.	Japan.	China.	Mexico.	Peru.
Bricklayers	$1 32	$2 04	$1 60	$10 00	$9 00
Masons	6 72	2 18	1 60	10 80	14 76
Plasterers	4 00	1 56	1 70	4 25	9 00
Roofers	3 75	1 60	1 60	8 40	.....
Carpenters	3 30	1 56	2 15	10 00	9 00
Blacksmiths	3 72	1 85	1 25	8 00	9 30
Teamsters	3 60	1 20	.....	3 60	3 50
Printers	5 76	1 75	3 25	8 40	.....
Tinsmiths	3 96	.....	1 10	7 50	7 50
Coopers	3 60	1 20	1 63	7 25	7 50
Laborers	2 88	1 14	1 00	2 90	3 50
Cabinetworkers	5 76	1 12	2 25	10 00	9 00

What Amount.

"I will tell you honestly, the mother of the young woman is said to be terribly cross. But the father is good!"

"For how much?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

OUTING OF THE TRALALOOS.

A Sacramento River Idyl.

(Written for the "Record-Union" by Harold Francis.)

One warm evening last month a number of members of the Tralaloo Club met on the lawn of Capitol Park, and during the course of the conversation a picnic was suggested. Chawley Greeneye, who is known among the boys as "a good old soul," informed those present that he had a standing invitation from Farmer Jones, down the river, and suggested hiring a steam launch, starting Saturday evening and returning on Sunday night. At this prospect of a stag party far from "the maddening crowd," the boys grew enthusiastic, and in less time than it would take Stuttering Tom to say "Spondulicks" the preliminary arrangements had been made and the different duties assigned to each member in order to make the affair a "howling" secess.

Not in this generation, and hardly in the next, will the members of the Tralaloo Club cease to tell their friends of the glories of their great outing, which was by common consent pronounced the "greatest ever." Incidentally, they discovered the river serpent, not to mention some few hundred other reptiles of variety unknown to the world and found neither on sea nor land.

The party, consisting of some fifteen members, among whom John Brownly, Bill Blue, Len Whitby, Fred Blackney and Charley Greeneye were most popular, met at the residence of George Fishbone on the Yolo side, where the steam launch awaited its precious freight. They were all arrayed in sedate outing costumes, as it was strictly understood that the thing was not to be formal. All were on deck at the appointed time but Frank Gray. Some wanted to start immediately, and others, who were afraid of having to pay more than their just share toward hiring the launch, advised waiting. Presently he hove in sight, and exclamations of "Get on to the agony!" were heard on all sides. He was "togged" up in a light gray golf suit, with cap and socks to match, a pink neglige shirt and a tie that could almost talk. Cries of "Hurry up!" and "Get a wiggle on!" greeted him as he descended the levee in true Beau Brummel style. As he neared the launch and had to "trip the trolley," or rather gangplank, he got rattled, swayed gracefully to and fro and flopped over. Chaos reigned for a few minutes until he was hooked. George Fishbone supplied him with a change, and when he emerged from behind the trees he looked more like his companions. All was now ready for the start, and amid cheers they departed, with the moon playing peek-a-boo behind the lofty poplar trees which lined the bank.

At first the party was quiet, but after they had begun to be overburdened with assorted drinks they set up a racket such as would have done justice to a Democratic or Republican convention. They sang so effectively on the voyage as to give rise to a general rumor along the river that Cleopatra in her stately barge was once more sailing down the Sacramento River.

At about 9:30 the launch blew its shrill thrice, and as the boat pushed up on the sandy, shallow shore the tired men jumped off, thanking the gods that they had at last again reached terra firma. Some swore that they were sick from the rolling of the boat, not the drinks, and thought a black coffee would quiet the severe mental strain under which they had been held.

Farmer Jones was at the landing to greet his guests and when he saw the crowd he almost fainted. He had accommodations for three and was at a loss as to how the others were to be provided for.

"Where on earth can I put you all," he cried, wringing his hands.

"Oh, any place will do," said Chawley Greeneye. "A bed's good enough for me. The rest can sleep on the roof."

Fortunately the night was warm. Straw was plentiful and improvised hammocks were swung among the oak trees. After a sip of coffee to still the nerves and ensure a good night's rest, the boys repaired to their respective bunks, begging one another not to let them oversleep themselves as they wanted to go dove-hunting before old Sol got in his hot work. Presently winged things of the night came and had fun with them. Probably the sum of sleeping that the whole aggregation did collectively wouldn't amount to a good night's rest for one able-bodied man. Too many other things were going on for slumber to have any chance. Len Whitby, who had a sawmill concealed in his thorax, let it loose in the very beginning of what might otherwise have been a peaceful nap. By way of intimation that snoring was not in order, his friends cut the hammock ropes and his snorts were quickly changed into muffled groans, which gradually grew into melodramatic screams of "Wait till I get the bloke who did it." Everyone was awakened, and on reaching the spot found poor Bill Blue trying to extricate himself upon the tattered hammock. He had not only been cut down but tied in. Peace was again restored and all went well till the first gray streaks of morning announced the coming day. Then a number of roosters began to crow and the noise was considerably augmented by the ill-advised action of a Plymouth Rock hen, which attracted by the bald head of John Brownly, essayed to roost upon it and slipped up and hurt herself. In a moment John was after her and all the boys helped him in the chase.

Peace being again finally restored by the capture of the hen, whose feathers were divided as trophies, the party settled into comparative quiet, but not for long. Chawley Greeneye, who had a room inside the house, and had indulged in a real nap, despite his advantage of snatching another, felt sleepless, so he cast about him for means of amusement. A number of the boys had hammocks strung up about the house just under Greeneye's window. It may have been, as he alleges, merely an accident that caused the overturning of a pitcher of water out of that window. Those underneath the window didn't see it that way. They arose from their hammocks with immense enthusiasm and proceeded to show Chawley the error of his ways. He remonstrated but promised to recite a piece for them from the window if they would disperse. He told of a sweet girl stolen by tramps and imitated her cries for assistance. "Save me, oh, God, save me," he shrieked with dramatic intensity.

At this juncture Farmer Jones in his nightgown appeared in the threshold with candle in hand and demanded of them who needed assistance. The boys all gave him the ha-ha's and Chawley Greeneye assured him it was only a piece of poetry. Farmer Jones essayed to interject a few remarks on the nature of a protest against "carrying on in this here way," but the boys punctuated his speech with pillows, and he slammed the door shut lest something worse might happen. Dark green curses oozed from the keyhole, and the boys, ashamed of their rude treatment of their host, made one last attempt to enjoy a few moments of much-needed repose. But the fates willed it otherwise. The mosquitoes danced quadrilles on their pates, played tag and kept up an incessant chorus. It was about a quarter to five when the blue ribbon rooster in Farmer Jones' barnyard awoke to a realization of his duties and sent out a shrill intimation that morning was at hand. The boys all joined in the chorus, and snatches of "Down in Poverty Row" and "The New Bully" were wafted on the breeze. Sleep after this was an impossibility, and after a hasty toilet the boys made a survey of the place, thereby collecting huge appetites which threatened to produce a famine in the poor old farmer's home.

A fish breakfast had been promised but the Tralaloos got in ham and eggs and watermelons. For reasons connected with race and religion, ham is not popular with a number of the organization, but they tackled the eggs with such good will that ere long there wasn't one in sight. The watermelons proved popular, too, and the cows and pigs and fowls feasted on the leavings of the generous Tralaloos.

Dove hunting was now in order, but a number who had heard the little fishes whistling for bait proceeded to satisfy them. Carp and catfish readily grabbed the tempting offerings and were pulled in high and dry amid the cheerings of the idle boys. A game of ball was then started, and it seemed a shame to see such playing "wasted on the desert air." At noon the party adjourned for a nap, as the sun was up in all its glory and playing havoc with their pores. About 3 o'clock swimming became the fad and after measuring Trilbys and the like, the boys dove and swam like mermaids. Poor Ikey Guggenheim, who could not swim, was towed out over his head and left to paddle his own canoe. After the spectators had their fun he was hauled in and rolled over a beer barrel and relieved of considerable water which he immediately replaced with beer. When the swimmers finally cried "quits" they were so sunburned, having gone in garbed in the "altogether," that they looked like boiled lobsters.

It was decided to leave for home about this time so that those who liked could attend the concert, but when all was in readiness for departure the plan was changed. There on the top of the levee stood the beautiful Jersey cow of Farmer Jones with the tears trickling down her eyes and her tail wagging nervously. She was tired of her monotonous life, and when this lively party appeared on the horizon she was loth to part with them. Even the mule brayed at the thought of losing them. Accordingly the crowd again repaired to the house and passed the evening, waiting for the moon to rise, and telling stories and imbibing liquor. The impatient owner of the vessel suggested a start when the man in the moon put in an appearance, and when the boys made a dart for the launch he breathed more freely. But presently the air rang with heart-rending cries of the appearance of a river serpent. They poured all the whisky and beer on board into the river and under this treatment the river serpent disappeared. It is a curious scientific fact that the whole fifteen saw the monster, but in no two cases is the description alike. There is some reason, therefore, to believe that a school of river serpents in disporting itself in that part of the Sacramento River. Many of the members of the Tralaloos who were cultivating a most promising jag were scared into sobriety. For a while the launch ploughed majestically through the waters, but under the effects of the soft silvery moon and frequent glances in the remaining "tea" bottles the boys again became hilarious. They shouted to the hobos along the river and rang the bell and blew the whistle until the people along the river thought that the Captain of the Apache or some other river craft had gone crazy and was tooting his fog horn. The next specific diversion was caused by Fred Blackney, who wanted to sing. Every one tried to dissuade him, but it was useless. His voice was so strong, he said, that he couldn't hold it, a proposition he straightway backed up with illustrations of "Down Went McGinty" and "Just Tell Them That You Saw Us." His example proved contagious. Presently all the Tralaloos had lifted their voices and pandemonium reigned.

It was about midnight Sunday when they reached the foot of Market and they were feeling fine. But it was different the day after. Some were unable to appear at their respective places of work, and not a few alleged that they could not get rid of the vision of the river serpent, and most of the others had indistinct reptilian reminiscences besides fits of seeing double. Moreover, they were so sunburned that they did not dare to laugh for fear of cracking their countenances.

It is rumored all over town that the fishermen intend bringing a bill before the Legislature when it meets to prevent these orgies, as they solemnly swear that the fish have been so thoroughly scared that they have forsaken their old haunts and are nowhere to be found. Of course the Tralaloos are denying all this, but the truth of the matter has at least been brought to light and unless they want a watery grave they better steer clear of the Sacramento River in the future.

AT SUNSET.

So much there was in my thought to do
When this fairest of summer days begun;
So much is of labor in vain, to rue
Now that the beautiful day is done,
I lift my eyes to the glowing west
As the sunset splendor fades away.
Can I give to the One who loves me best
Account for this wasted and broken day?
I falter and words on my lips are few;
I, with no record of victories won;
I, whose transgressions are ever new,
Scarce can I pray at the set of sun.
But lo, there cometh a wave of rest;
I am fain in my weariness to lay
My aching head on the tender breast
Of the One who accepts my broken day.
—Harper's Bazar.

Too Much to Expect.

Toy Jobber—Seems to me your charge for 'liquor for customers' is enormous.

Traveling Salesman—You sent me on the road with a great lot of Christmas toys and Christmas tree ornaments?

"Certainly."

"Well, you don't suppose a drummer can sell people Christmas things in July without getting them drunk, do you?"—New York Weekly.

A Traitor Among Them.

Swipsey—Soy, Chimmie, did youse know dat Freckled Faced Dick was a traitor to de Messenger Boys' Union and Pertective Association?

Chimmie—How's dat?

Swipsey—Me and six more fellers seen him passin' a given point in less den five minutes yesterday.—Cleveland Leader.

What Artist Could?

If I were an artist, I would paint her face
Just as I saw it last night;
Its perfect contour I would trace,
With its delicate pink and white.
But ah!—What artist could paint her face
As she painted it last night?

Not Deft.

Perhaps it's for the reason that
Their effort is not deft;
They agitate for woman's rights,
And still poor woman's left.

TALKS TO WORKINGMEN.

Terrence V. Powderly's Address in New York City.

He Points Out Clearly Where the Interest of the Wage-Earner Lies.

A mass meeting was held in Cooper Union, New York, on Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Campaign Committee of the McKinley League. Terrence V. Powderly, late Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, was the chief speaker, and was followed by ex-Senator Warner Miller. The meeting was planned for wage earners and a very large audience was present early, and when the speaking began the large hall was crowded. Several Bryan men were present and made their presence known by loud cheers for their candidate. This interruption was speedily stopped by the police after which the programme of the evening was carried out. Mr. Powderly said in brief:

"Did I believe an apology for my presence on this platform necessary I would say that I am here because I believe the right of the American wage earner to receive the highest rate of compensation for service rendered and the right to claim and receive the best kind of money in exchange for his labor should not be interfered with." Mr. Powderly then took up the Chicago platform and compared it with previous platforms of the Democratic party, saying: "The Democratic platform of four years ago pledged the party entering into power to overthrow the American system of protection; and with all his and their power, with all the force and influence at his and their command, the man and party upon which the power was conferred labored to place the foreign workingmen on a higher plane than his American competitor, and that platform was anything but meaningless. Four years ago the pivotal point around which the Democratic platform swung was free trade.

"When that Congress assembled there was no deficit; the revenue was amply sufficient and their was no income tax law upon the statutes of this nation. The income tax law was an after consideration; it was no part of the platform of 1892, and was only thought of when it became manifest to its originators that they had sawed off the revenue limb on which they had been sitting in their mad attempt to undo what their Republican predecessors had so well planned and so faithfully executed. To make amends for a blunder they would perpetrate a crime, and the income tax law was no less than a crime. I may be charged with opposing one of the cardinal principles of the Knights of Labor, which demanded that a graduated income tax be levied. That section was adopted by the Knights of Labor in opposition to my earnest and emphatic protest. I never believed in it and have always opposed it.

"When Congress assembled in 1893 there was no income tax law upon the statute books. Under the provisions of such a law no revenue accrued to the Government, and it is unfair as well as dishonest to charge a falling revenue to something which had no existence when the agitation for a change in our economic law begun. Does it not appear inconsistent to the defenders of the Chicago platform to assert that they are opposed to English rule in America on the financial question after they have opened our ports to the product of the English factory and mill? Our chief competitor in the domain of manufacture is England; and he must be an ignorant man, indeed, who will demand the abolition of our tariff laws and not know that the gainer by the abolition of these laws will be England. They tell us that the manufacturers are robber barons, and that the tariff which protects them and those who work for them is a robber tariff. Well, what of it? If workingmen will not organize, as the window-glass trade and railroad workmen are organizing, to unite with employers in protecting their trades and callings, they have themselves to blame for not securing all the advantages of protection.

"The fact that $350,000,000 worth of agricultural products was imported to this country in one year and that it was bought and consumed by Americans proves most conclusively that to that extent, at least, the agriculturalists of this country were the losers, and had they been protected in their industry by a judicious tariff law, the consumers of the land would have bought that product off their hands instead of that which came from foreign hands, and that vast sum of money would be circulating among the people of the United States, paying taxes and debts in the United States instead of enriching the producers of foreign lands—the robber barons of Europe. The farmer is told that the cause of his ills is because he has not been blessed with free silver. But whoever tells him that deceives him to his injury. Those who advocated free silver tell the farmer that 'the crime of 1873' is responsible for the ills he bears. Since 1873 farming in the United States has undergone a radical, an almost total change, and causes other than the demonetization of silver have combined to cheapen his product."

Powderly then compared the work possible to be done with modern agricultural implements with that under the old methods, and said: "Is it any wonder, then, that the prices of wheat, corn and other grains have fallen, and does it not seem plain to the observing man that the emergencies which I have pointed out have been far more potent in leveling prices than the demonetization of silver? The farmer needs a market, and should have a market in which to sell at a fair, reasonable price. Unfortunately, he has been taught that he should buy in a cheap market and sell in a dear one, but if he wishes for high prices for himself he should interest himself in maintaining high prices for others."

He then told of how improved machinery had displaced hand labor in cities as well, and called attention to the great influx of immigrants who settle in the cities and work cheaply, and continued: "Here, then, are two causes—the introduction of improved machinery and immigration combine together to lower the prices of products. What remedy does the Chicago platform offer for this condition of affairs? That it recognizes such a condition is true, for it contains a plank calculated to lead the unthinking into the belief that they would abolish one of these evils. It reads: 'We hold that the most efficient way of protecting American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign pauper labor to compete with it in the home market,' etc. There is a sample of statesmanship for you. They pitch their tents where the Knights of Labor extinguished their campfires twelve years ago. In those days we demanded that the importation of foreign labor under contract—not pauper labor, mark you—should be abolished. Those laws were passed in 1885, and to-day such a thing as the importation of labor is hardly known. Had these patriots who affect to talk in the name of labor been sincere, they would have had inserted immigration where they flaunt the word importation."

Taking up the money question proper, Mr. Powderly said: "They tell us that we lack money, that there is not enough in circulation, and that the Mints should be started to coin silver in unlimited quantities for the good of labor. But just how the man who has no silver to be coined has been benefited has not been clear to us yet, and I will believe it will do the country more good to open our mines, mills and factories to the unemployed than to open our Mints to the unrestricted coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. That there is not enough money in circulation may be so, but it is because labor has not been employed; it is because we have been importing rather than exporting. The per capita circulation is greater than it ever was in the United States, but so long as it lies idle through a lack of confidence, so long as it is reduced each time a steamer lands its cargo of immigrants on these shores, the idle workmen can have no share in it. The money in circulation is what labor looks to, and not the idle dollars which do not circulate."

Passing to the Chicago strike, he said the lawless element of the city and not the strikers rioted, and added: "I do not approve of government by any other power than the will of the American people, but if we will have government by truckling, time-serving officials who fear to do their sworn duty, then we invite government by injunction. It was a gratuitous act on the part of the Chicago Convention to indorse the inactivity of the Mayor of Chicago and Governor of Illinois, but, having done so, its members should be reminded that honest labor in no way feels complimented by such doubtful recognition. Government by injunction would never be known in the United States had government by incompetency not preceded it."

Mr. Powderly then entered into a lengthy analysis of the free coinage of silver, declaring that it would drive gold from the country and enhance the value of silver at the expense of the people. "The proposition that the silver dollar is the poor man's dollar is pure gush," he said. "The workingman is entitled to the best in the market; the gold dollar is as much his dollar as the dollar of the millionaire, and instead of joining in the shout for a cheap dollar, for free and unlimited coinage, he should inscribe on his banner: 'The best is none too good for me.'"

Warner Miller was next introduced, and was greeted with great applause that lasted several minutes. In his speech Mr. Miller asserted that the depression in business and industrial circles was a natural result of the Wilson tariff Act and the free silver agitation. In an extended argument he endeavored to show that the free coinage of silver would result disastrously to the laboring classes. Before adjournment the following resolutions were adopted:

"The wage earners of New York, in mass meeting assembled under the auspices of the McKinley League, utterly repudiate the teachings of the platform adopted by the Democratic-Populistic National Convention at Chicago. We hold its doctrines to be dishonest, unpatriotic and injurious to the best interests of the Nation and the workingmen of the United States. The national honor and the Nation's prosperity are involved and depend upon the election of Republican candidates, and we therefore call upon wage workers everywhere to support McKinley and Hobart."

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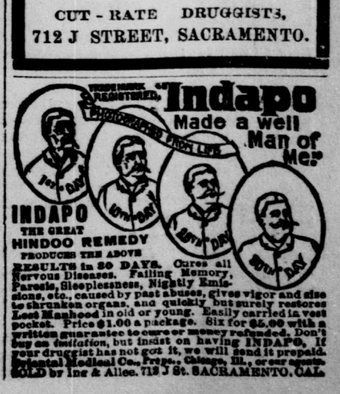
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