FIVE-CENT COTTON.

A RECOIL FROM OVERPRODUCTION.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION IN GALVESTON—GROUNDS FOR EXPECTING A REDUCED ACREAGE THIS SEASON—DIVERSIFICATION OF CROPS THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

The overproduction of cotton has caused the most disastrous crisis with which Southern agriculture has been confronted since the war. The planters of Texas are largely responsible for the low prices which have rendered the chief industry of ten States unprofitable. The vast increase of their crop was the main factor in Mr. Neill's original estimate of 10,250,000 bales for the season of 1894, which operators even more bearish than himself have raised 200,000 bales or more. An ambition to convert Texas into the greatest cotton State in the Union has degenerated into a mania for planting cotton without reference to the adaptability of the soil or the probable margin of profit. The crop east of the Mississippi has not been abnormally large, but through overproduction west of the river, and especially in Texas, the price is the lowest ever known, and below the level of remunerative industry.

Julius Runge, president of the Galveston Cotton Exchange, declares that the South is impoverished by unprofitable agriculture. Texas had a crop of 3,000,000 bales in 1894, the largest ever raised, but there was never poorer trade in the State, never less merchandise sold. The general decline of business in the State is regarded by this competent expert as an unerring indication that cotton at 5 cents has no purchasing power, and that there is no profit in it for the planter. He asserts that cotton cost 10 cents in 1874, 8 cents in 1878, 6 cents in 1887, and cannot be produced profitably for less than 6 cents to-day. When I quoted the opinion of cotton brokers in the Carolinas and other Atlantic States, that the cost of production was 4½ cents, he explained that it was an estimate obtained from plantations of 1,200 acres, where cotton was raised on a large scale, under the most favorable conditions. No rate as low as 4½ cents could be obtained on any system of averages for the planters of a large section. Cotton could not be raised ordinarily for 5 cents, not even in Texas, where fertilizers were not required. "Our crop here," said Mr. Runge, "was worth $35,000,000 in 1892, and not more than $67,000,000 in 1894. The fact that mercantile business is poor, and that there is comparatively little general merchandise bought in the State, proves that it is an unprofitable crop at present prices."

This estimate of 6 cents as the average cost of production was obtained in a section of the cotton belt where the most fertile land is to be found and where the agrarian conditions are most favorable for economic farming. Taxes are light in Texas; good land is cheap; the majority of planters own their own farms; the tenant class is much smaller than in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas, and merchants do not advance as much money to planters as in other portions of the cotton belt. With the soil rich enough to yield a good crop without the use of commercial fertilizers, and with the farming population released to a large degree from dependence upon the merchants, the cost of cotton ought to be and undoubtedly is lower in Texas than in the other Southern States. Yet Mr. Runge and his colleagues of the Galveston Cotton Exchange are most emphatic in declaring that cotton-planting is unprofitable under existing conditions and that the cost of production cannot be materially lowered. They have strongly recommended a reduction of cotton acreage and systematic diversification of crops; but they seem to have little confidence in the capacity of the Texas farmers for following good advice. Mr. Runge frankly admitted that the next season's crop in that State would probably be as large as that of the last year, if the weather were equally favorable. While many planters would lessen their production, there was a great immigration movement, and the newcomers would be certain to raise cotton. While nothing could be plainer than the urgent necessity of placing less dependence upon cotton-planting, the lessons of experience were slowly learned, and the superior advantages of the Texas planters offered a strong temptation for the maintenance of the industry on a large scale to the disadvantage of less favored sections of the cotton belt.

While there may not be any material reduction of cotton-planting in Texas as the immediate effect of exceptionally low prices, there will undoubtedly be a shrinkage of production in the cotton belt east of the Mississippi. That is the opinion of a majority of merchants in the exchanges of Charleston, Atlanta, Savannah, Montgomery, Memphis, New-Orleans and Galveston, as I have ascertained by painstaking investigation. This judgment is not affected by the continuance of the bear raids in the New-York Cotton Exchange, nor by the elastic calculations of Mr. Neill in New-Orleans, nor by the Liverpool quotations of cotton futures tending to force down prices for October, 1895, to 3 or 3½ cents to planters in interior parts of the South on the basis of a new crop equal to that of last season. Southern merchants and planters do not believe that the next season's crop will be as large as that of 1894, and consequently they expect that the price will rise. Their reasons may be briefly summarized:

1. Experience has shown that an exceptionally large crop with a fall in price is invariably followed by a smaller crop the next year. This is the natural result of overproduction. An agricultural business that is overdone one year is underdone the next season. The effect of overproduction ought to be more noticeable when the decline in price has been sharper than has ever before been known. The production of cotton was doubled between 1850 and 1860, yet the price of the staple declined only 1 cent a pound. During the last decade there has been a drop of 8 or 10 cents. The fall in price during the last year can hardly fail to reduce cotton acreage on a large scale.

2. Production will be curtailed through less intensive cultivation of the cotton fields. The use of phosphates and commercial fertilizers will be discontinued by thousands of tenant farmers, who are not in a position to contract guano debts and who will try to make a crop with a scant supply of farm manures. This process of "skinning the land" will not be adopted by educated planters, but it will be the last resource of "poor white trash" farmers and shiftless negro tenants. The purchase of fertilizers has been one of the largest elements of the cost of producing cotton. Under existing conditions of unprofitable agriculture retrenchment will begin with disuse of phosphates. Already a falling off of 40 per cent in the sale of commercial fertilizers is reported from South Carolina, where planters who have usually purchased ten carloads are now buying three. Competent judges in that State affirm that the new crop will be raised with less fertilizer than has been employed at any time in twenty years. With the same "skinning process" in other cotton States, the crop can hardly fail to be materially reduced.

3. There will be an inevitable readjustment and curtailment of credits in the cotton belt. A large proportion of the tenant farmers and planters owning their own land has been dependent upon the merchants, who have made advances early in the season with a lien upon the crop. With cotton averaging 4½ cents to the producer, there has been no margin of profit in the last season's operations. Rents are unpaid and bad debts have been incurred; and the planters have not the same resources for borrowing money which they had a year ago. The losses have fallen mainly upon the producers, for the merchants' liens were liquidated when the cotton was marketed. But the merchants will not make advances on the same terms another season, and they will be more careful in lending money than they have been for many years. The shiftless planter will find out that his credit is exhausted, and there will be a general shrinkage of credits tending materially to reduce the acreage of cotton planting. While there may not be many mercantile failures as the result of an unprofitable cotton crop, the volume of bad debts has been increased, and many planters will find it impracticable to borrow money on any terms. The continuance of these conditions will reduce cotton planting to an economic struggle, culminating in the survival of the fittest. These opinions, which are held by the most influential members of the cotton exchanges of New-Orleans, Savannah and other Southern cities, point to a reduction of the next season's crop.

4. Systematic efforts are making in various Southern States to reduce the production of cotton, as the only means of restoring prices to a compensating basis. Conventions of cotton-growers have been held in Jackson, Miss.; Shreveport, La., and other cities, and resolutions have been adopted recommending a curtailment of 25 per cent in the acreage of cotton for 1895. While it is impracticable for planters' associations to enforce this policy, they have established a rule of practice which will be generally followed in many localities. With the co-operation of the cotton exchanges it may be feasible to organize public opinion throughout the Southern States, and not only to diminish cotton production, but also to establish a national planters' association which will provide some satisfactory method of estimating the crop. Agents of Liverpool houses now undertake to forecast the crop before a bale has been sent to market, and it is upon reckless guesswork of this kind in the interest of English purchasers that bear movements are systematically conducted. If the planters can not only reduce the acreage, but also supply some effective means of ascertaining approximately the volume of the crop, and thereby of diminishing gambling in this great staple, they will adopt important measures of self-defence.

5. The diversification of crops is generally recognized as the chief remedy for the evils of overproduction of cotton. A reduction of 25 per cent of the cotton acreage implies the substitution of other crops and the production of home supplies. This has not been the merchants' policy in prosperous cotton years. They have refused to advance money to planters on any crop except cotton, and they have sold most of the supplies required for the maintenance of life. When cotton was bringing 12 cents a pound the planter was willing to buy corn for his mules and meat for his laborers; and the merchant made money alike out of the crop and out of the plantation supplies. Low prices for cotton have rendered it impracticable for the planter to produce selling crops alone and to buy his supplies. Hay, corn, oats, bacon and meat, which were formerly sold by the merchant, are now raised by every planter, who has learned the philosophy of 5-cent cotton. The development of these industries, now regarded as indispensable, tends to reduce cotton-planting at present prices.

It was not until 1880 that the cotton crop of the Southern States exceeded that of 1860, but in 1890 the gain over the highwater mark of slavery times was over 2,000,000 bales and in the next year the production ran up to 9,035,000 bales, another gain of over 1,600,000. But the planters were already diversifying their crops with astonishing results. They had increased their corn crop nearly 200,000,000 bushels since 1860; their oat crop over 50,000,000 bushels; their butter product over 15,000,000 hundred weight, and their hay crop over 5,000,000 tons. Every year's decline in the price of cotton has forced Southern planters to depend more closely upon their own resources for food supplies. There was an increase of 48,000,000 bushels of corn in the Southern States last year, and unless all signs fail, the cotton belt will be almost wholly dependent upon its own supplies of food this year.

Apart from these farm industries, Southern planters are diversifying their crops and displaying remarkable flexibility and practical sagacity. They sell their cottonseed to the oil mills to the extent of 1,100,000 tons a year and obtain $9,000,000 a year for what was once a waste product. In Texas 500,000 steers are fed on cottonseed hulls and meal, and fattened in less than a hundred days; and this stock industry is now carried on wherever the oil factories supply waste products. There was an increase of nearly 28,000,000 pounds in the Southern wool clip between 1880 and 1890, and the injury done to the industry through the pernicious activity of Democratic tariff-makers has nowhere been more bitterly resented than in Texas, where a Republican has been elected to Congress from a wool-growing district. Between Houston and Galveston, as on the reaches of the Mississippi below New-Orleans, and on the sandy plateau of Mobile, are trucking industries rivalling in prosperity those of Norfolk. Great progress has been made in many Southern States in the cultivation of fibre and forage plants, and tobacco is raised in sections formerly devoted exclusively to cotton. Last year 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco were produced in Darlington County, South Carolina, where the industry was unknown ten years ago. This year 5,000,000 pounds will be raised in the same county, and the industry will be introduced in adjoining counties. That is an example of what is going on all through the cotton belt in diversification of industries.

Southern planters will not continue to raise cotton or any other crop at a loss. The men who at the close of a disastrous war had nothing but their land to fall back upon, yet succeeded in the course of fifteen years in restoring the prosperity of the cotton belt in the face of destructive competition from India and Egypt, are not of a stock that is easily crushed. The splendid recuperative powers shown by the planters during that agricultural crisis are an earnest of even greater adaptability to circumstances in the new emergency which has arisen. I. N. F.

New-York, Jan. 30, 1895.

A STATE POLICE BUREAU FAVORED.

GENERAL MARTIN RECOMMENDS THE CONSOLIDATION OF ALL MASSACHUSETTS'S DEPARTMENTS.

Boston, Jan. 31.—General Augustus P. Martin, chairman of the Board of Police, has written Governor Greenhalge favoring the formation into one large organization of the Police Departments of every city and town throughout the State, similar to that of the State militia. The scheme contemplates the abolition of local boards of police and the establishment of a police bureau or department at the State House.

THE WHISKEY TRUST RECEIVERSHIP.

JUDGE GROSSCUP TO HEAR ARGUMENT TO-MORROW ON THE MOTION FOR DISSOLVING IT.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Judge Grosscup this morning named Saturday for hearing counsel on both sides of the Whiskey Trust controversy on the motion made on behalf of the majority stockholders for a dissolution of the receivership instituted on Monday evening at the Judge's house. Judge Grosscup, in announcing the date, said:

The bill filed in this case was on behalf of stockholders. It was very voluminous, but the gist of it was that the Distilling and Cattle Feeding Company had assets throughout the United States and was practically insolvent. It was further set forth that, unless all the administration of this company was put into the hands of receivers, injury would result. The situation set forth in the bill was such that it was necessary that an order should be entered and action taken immediately. To publish this to the world would be to bring on the attacks which the bill sought to avoid. It was necessary that the company should be brought into the shelter of a court of equity. A petition has now been brought by other stockholders, who claim that the parties who made application for the receivership represented but a small portion of the stockholders. They ask that, under these circumstances, the Court hear them on an application to dissolve the receivership. It will therefore appoint Saturday morning as the date to hear this case, and I will require Mr. Greenhut and Mr. Lawrence, the two receivers, to be in court in person.

Mr. Mayer asked if matters were to be permitted to remain in statu quo. To this Judge Grosscup replied:

"I shall expect no move whatever to be taken by these receivers before this time."

Permission was asked for the Shufeldt distillery to discount certain papers, on the ground that the firm actually needed the money; but Judge Grosscup refused to permit this. "You must understand, gentlemen," he said, "that under the circumstances I can allow no move to be made in this matter until I settle the question of the receivership." Mr. Runnels protested, but to no effect. Subpoenas will be issued for all the officers of the Whiskey Trust to appear in court on Saturday morning.

Attorneys for the majority stockholders have no doubt that Judge Grosscup will dissolve the receivership, after hearing both sides of the case. Among those present in court this morning was Nelson Morris, the millionaire packer. He was personally represented by counsel, who, however, took no part in the proceedings.

Deputy Sheriff Henning yesterday received another attachment against the Distilling and Cattle Feeding Company (Whiskey Trust) in favor of the American Distributing Company, for $8,917, for rebates on spirits. The attachment was served on the Central Trust Company and on Laurence H. Quinn, to attach the Whiskey Trust's interest in any rebate vouchers which they may hold.

WHEN IT IS NOT TEMPERED.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"We mustn't complain of the weather, Johnny," said his father. "The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb."

"But when it snows Friday night," grumbled Johnny, looking disconsolately out of the window, "and covers all the sidewalks a foot deep and they've got to be cleaned off Saturday, and the snowscoop's broke, and the rest of the family's all girls, it ain't tempered to the feller that's only got one holiday in the week."

POULTRY SHOW ATTRACTIONS

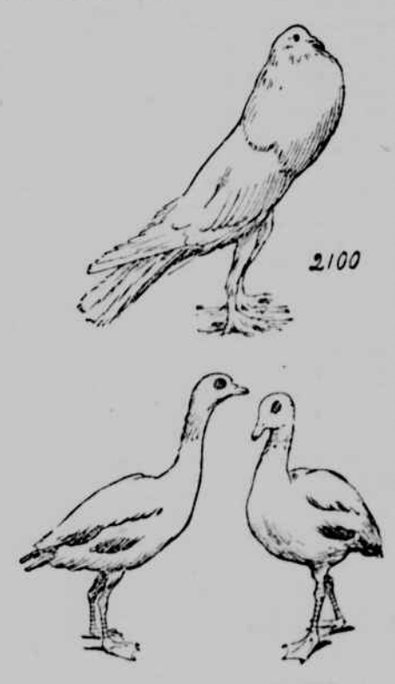
CROWDS OF PLEASED VISITORS IN THE BIG GARDEN.

FEATURES OF THE EXHIBITION WHICH PARTICULARLY INTEREST THE PEOPLE.

The Poultry and Pigeon Show is booming. From the time that the Madison Square Garden was opened yesterday until the doors were closed, at 11 p. m., visitors poured in, and, individually and collectively, they were delighted with the display. And

JUDGING PIGEONS.

they had much to be delighted with. The Garden is kept scrupulously clean, the aisles between the cages are broad, so that there is no crowding, and the fowls are affable to the last degree. The parrot which is stationed at the front entrance, although not a legitimate entry, is getting so much attention that his head is slightly turned. The pheasants are getting more than their share of admiration. They are viewed both from aesthetic and gastronomic points of view. But the pheasants don't care. They are having a pretty good time, all things considered, and all they want to eat. What more can any pheasant ask for? The roosters divide popular attention with the game birds. A



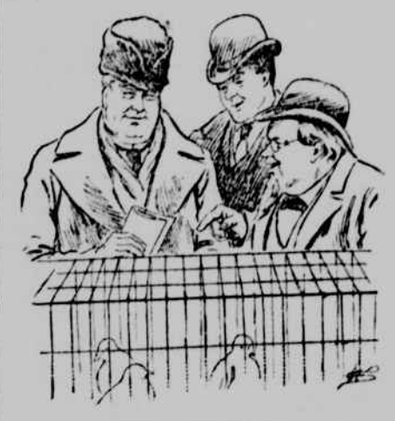
2100. POUTER (FIRST PREMIUM). EGYPTIAN GANDERS.

rooster, both in public and private life, is independent to the last degree, and resents any familiarity.

"Do you think he would bite?" asked a young woman of her escort yesterday, "if I tried to pat his head. He is so 'cute.'"

"Try it," said the young man, unwisely.

She did. There was a flutter of feathers, two squawks (one by the girl) and, judged from the conversation which ensued, a marriage engagement has been ruined. One great source of amusement for the visitors at the show are the methods employed by the custodians of the fowls to keep their charges in "good shape." The custodian takes a chair and, sitting in it, bares his right arm, thrusts it into the cage, "grabs" the indignant and surprised bird by the legs and "lugs" it out. Then, still retaining a firm hold on the legs of the struggling fowl, the custodian leisurely inspects the bird, and



PIGEON FANCIERS.

carefully removes from its plumage every speck of sawdust or dirt. This completed, the irritated bird is put back in its cage to "cool off."

The incubators continue to be a great attraction. One woman yesterday, when looking at the little chicks, said: "Well, I never knew that canary birds were classified as poultry before this," and then looked surprised when the crowd laughed. In the evening the Garden was crowded. The turning on of the electric lights is a signal for all the roosters in the place to "tune up," and they do, and make the welkin ring. But the gentle doves and pigeons put their little heads under their wings and go to sleep, standing on one leg, with the other apparently drawn inside of their rotund little bodies. There is one fact about the show which is worthy of mention, and that is that the big turkeys have not yet once uttered their "gobble-gobble-gobble" cry. They really are too busy eating to bother themselves with vocal exercises. The show will be continued to-day, and a large attendance is looked for. Charles Chamberlain, the press agent for the exhibition, is indefatigable in his efforts to see that no piece of news escapes the newspaper men, and the birds in the Garden seem instinctively to know him. He was engaged yesterday in trying to make the silent parrot talk, and has promised that the intelligent bird will deliver a speech to-day. A large number of awards were made yesterday.

FAILED TO GET HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

From The Chicago Record.

I found a millionaire member of Congress sitting in his hotel the other day surrounded by gloom so dense that it could have been shovelled away like snow from the sidewalk, and asked him what had happened. "I was just thinking," he said, "what a fool I was to come to Congress. It cost me $12,000 cash to pay my campaign expenses, in addition to two months' neglect of my business. When I am home about two-thirds of my time is taken up by people who come in to ask for offices. I have had candidates for foreign missions, consulates, department bureaus, United States Marshalships, United States Attorneys, pension agents, about forty postoffices and no end of Indian agents and land offices, and all I've succeeded in getting since Cleveland was inaugurated is one assistant keeper of a lighthouse, a place for which there was no candidate, and they asked me to hunt up a man. I scarcely dare go home. I am being cursed all over my district by people who think I'm indifferent to their interests and ungrateful to my friends. It will take six weeks' steady talking to explain why I haven't been able to get all the Republican officeholders in the district turned out and Democrats put in, and not half the people who hear the explanation will believe me. Until now I have never sought anything that couldn't be bought, but I've spent $10,000 worth of my time trying to get a $1,200 Consular appointment for the son of one of my constituents, and can't make it. My business is going to ruin for want of attention, and there is a basket of letters on my desk at home that I have never had time to read."

STREETS FEEL THE REFORM.

EVERYBODY HAPPY OVER THE WAY THEY HAVE BEEN CLEANED.

SPLENDID WORK DONE BY THE DEPARTMENT—THE RESERVE FORCE PAID OFF—AN ECHO OF ANDREWS AND TAMMANY METHODS THAT MIGHT HAVE COST THE CITY ABOUT $1,000.

Over 2,000 men of the reserve force in the Street Cleaning Department yesterday received their pay for their work in the streets since the latest snowstorm. The snow had been removed from so many of the principal streets in the lower part of the city that the services of the men were not needed yesterday. Each man of the reserve force receives $2 50 for ten hours' work. The men will respond to a call when there is another snowstorm, and as they have been registered at the department stables they will not be required to undergo examination before being set to work. It is believed that over 5,000 men could be set to work within a few hours after a severe storm. About 1,000 men were kept at work scraping snow into piles in uptown streets yesterday, and the snow was removed from those thoroughfares by about 800 carts last night.

The weather remained so cold yesterday that comparatively little snow melted in the streets which had not been cleaned since the storm, although the sun shone brightly in the city all day. Reports from the Weather Bureau indicated clear and cold weather for to-day also.

Commissioner Waring yesterday learned that an objection had been made at a meeting of the Board of City Record to a requisition for forty-two reams of typewriter paper for the Street Cleaning Department. The paper described in the requisition costs $1 a pound. As Colonel Waring had made a requisition for only two reams of a different kind of paper, he knew there must have been some mistake. It was discovered that the requisition for the forty-two reams of expensive paper had been made in the time of Commissioner Andrews. If that requisition had been filled it would have cost the city about $1,000.

Colonel Waring yesterday had a consultation with President Wilson and Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the Health Board, regarding co-operation between the Street Cleaning Department and the Health Department in the work of cleaning the streets and removal of ashes and garbage. The Health Board may formulate amendments to the Sanitary Code by which the separation of ashes and garbage and the use of receptacles for each will be defined clearly.

Commissioner Waring announced last night that Cornelius Furgueson, the shore inspector at Fort Hamilton, had laid an embargo on the city scows. Furgueson issues permits to all outgoing scows, and they cannot pass without them. A man named Peter Byrnes is Furgueson's agent in New-York. He issues the orders when the fleets are ready to start, and draws $1,080 for his labors.

Colonel Waring decided that his services could be dispensed with, and yesterday endeavored to secure permits direct from Furgueson at Fort Hamilton. He did not succeed. Furgueson said all permits should be issued by his man Byrnes. Colonel Waring then laid the matter before Corporation Counsel Clark, who decided in Furgueson's favor. Byrnes issued the permits last night and the scows will go out to-day.

The new snow-melting machine has proved itself to be more expensive than the employment of men. It costs $109 50 a day to operate it, while a force of men can remove a like amount of snow for $106 50.

A careful comparison of figures also shows that the Street Cleaning Department is able to clean the streets with its own men cheaper than by giving the work out to contractors. A test was made during the snowfall in the middle of January.

The success of the last battle with the snow has been most gratifying to all the people in the department. Colonel Waring said he felt it was chiefly due to the experience and hard work of Superintendent Robbins, who has spent day and night directing the forces.

SHE DIED WITH HER BABIES.

A MOTHER'S HEROIC ATTEMPT TO RESCUE TWO CHILDREN FROM FLAMES.

Philadelphia, Jan. 31.—Three lives were lost early this morning by a fire caused by the upsetting of a lamp by a cat. The victims are Mrs. Christiana Singlinger and her one-year-old twins, Margherita and Christian.

The members of the family of Conrad Singlinger were asleep in their home, No. 2,629 Kansas-st., shortly after 1 o'clock this morning, when the cat jumped upon a table and knocked over a lighted lamp. The blazing oil ran all over the room and the interior of the dwelling was soon ablaze. Singlinger's family consisted of himself, his wife and six children, and when the parents and four of the children had escaped to the street in their nightclothes, the mother suddenly discovered that her twins had been left in the burning house. Although efforts were made to restrain her, she rushed into the flames and succeeded in reaching an upper room where the children were. This was the last seen of her, and when firemen fought their way to the upper floor they found the mother and babes suffocated. The heroic woman had reached the bedside of her infants, but then she was overcome by smoke and the three died together.

FOR THE BIG DOG SHOW.

A long list of prizes has been offered for competition at the coming nineteenth annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club. Here are a few of the principal ones: The American Mastiff Club offers the Westminster Challenge Cup, value $300, and the club diploma for best mastiff under three years, owned by a member, and the club's silver challenge cup, value $150, and club diploma for the best American-bred mastiff; the Old English Mastiff Club offers its challenge cup, value forty guineas, for best mastiff owned by member, and challenge cup, value twenty guineas, for best mastiff opposite in sex to winner of the forty-guinea cup; the Westminster Challenge Cup, value $500, for best American-bred St. Bernard, born on or after March 1, 1890; "The American Field" silver vase, value $100, for best Gordon setter, property of member of Gordon Setter Club of America, the vase to be won three times before becoming absolute property of winner; the Smith trophy, value $150, for best cocker spaniel, to be won five times; the President's cup, value $300, for best collie exhibited by member of Collie Club; Grand Annual Collie Sweepstakes, entrance fee $5; the Grand Trophy, value $250, for best bulldog or bitch owned by member of Bulldog Club of America. Besides these there is an almost endless list of prizes for bloodhounds, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, retrievers, pointers, setters, spaniels, collies, beagles, dachshunds and the rest of the members of the canine world.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW THE HOST.

Chauncey M. Depew caught cold in the course of his visit to Albany on Monday, and did not spend much time in his office at the Grand Central Station yesterday, but he entertained a party of friends at dinner last evening. The list of his guests was as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. H. Walter Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lenox Belknap, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rathbone Bacon, Mrs. Henry Draper, Miss Collins, Miss Paulding, James V. Parker and G. Creighton Webb.

VALUABLE FINDS IN CAPITOL RUBBISH.

From The Chicago Record.

In the file-room and document-rooms at the Capitol, secreted under piles of useless Government publications and the accumulated dust of years, lie many precious papers and books whose existence is forgotten, or at least is unknown. Not long ago one of the file clerks of the House of Representatives found eight autograph letters of Washington in the midst of a pile of old records which his superior officer thought he "might just as well get rid of."

At another time he discovered in a pigeonhole the original of the letter Martha Washington wrote in response to a resolution declaring it to be the sense of Congress that the Father of His Country should be buried in the crypt of the Capitol, in which she gives her objections to that plan. Last summer the assistant librarian of the Senate discovered on the top of a bookcase in a dark storeroom a dozen volumes of official reports that could not be duplicated for love or money, and were supposed to be out of existence. There are doubtless other books and manuscripts of equal value in the dust and dark that should be carefully preserved. It would be a good thing for Congress to employ some man who knows about such things to go through the files and select the chaff from the wheat. The rubbish can go to the papermill, but the important records should be arranged for preservation. As it is now every new clerk who comes in, and changes are made frequently, overhauls the files and makes the room he needs by throwing out what he considers useless.

YIELDED TO NECESSITY.

From The Detroit Free Press.

The foxy boy applied for a job.

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him, cap in hand.

"Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate, eyeing him sharply.

"Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nowise abashed.

"Nobody needs a boy," came the discouraging reply.

The boy stuck his cap on the back of his head.

"Well say, mister" he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"

The magnate collapsed.

"I'm sorry to say we do," he said, "and I guess you're about what we want."

TO MARK JOHN LOCKE'S GRAVE.

From The London Telegraph.

High Laver Church, Essex, the last resting place of John Locke, has fallen into a dilapidated condition, and an effort is being made to raise a fund for its restoration. The tomb and monument to the philosopher will be restored at the same time.

MR. IRVING'S "KING ARTHUR."

OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS ON THE NEW PRODUCTION.

MALORY'S STORY EFFECTIVELY SET FORTH BY COMYNS CARR AND BURNE-JONES—MR. IRVING'S PART SUBORDINATED TO THOSE OF MISS TERRY AND MR. ROBERTSON.

The press opinions as to Mr. Irving's production of "King Arthur," which was accomplished at the London Lyceum on January 12, will be read with interest.

"The Times" says:

A mine of wealth for the poet, the Arthurian Legend offers but little material to the dramatist, who works in a medium unfavorable to the exhibition of the loftier virtues. The twilight of romance and of the supernatural, in which King Arthur and his knights loom up so imposingly, accords ill with the glare of the footlights. . . . As far as he can go with assured footing in the path of the supernatural and the heroic, Mr. Irving goes, employing to that end the highest scenic art of the Lyceum and the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Of necessity, however, the action is mainly confined to that portion of the legend most susceptible of dramatic illustration—the love interest. The "quest of the Holy Grail" is a passing episode, a pretext for filling the stage with a brave array of armed men in glittering mail and for an impressive passage in Sir Arthur Sullivan's score. . . . The guilty loves of Guinevere and Lancelot, in contrast with the nobility of the unsuspecting Arthur, whose peace is further assailed by the treason of Sir Mordred, hold the stage; so that the play may be said to resolve itself into another version of the eternal trilogy of la femme, le mari, et l'amant, in an ornate setting. . . . "King Arthur," which held a vast audience enthralled for the space of four hours, is a fine play, ranking not only in point of costume, scenic accessories and musical treatment, but also in a literary sense, with the best of Mr. Irving's productions. The difficulties of the task of carving a compact and workable play out of the mass of legendary lore associated with the name of Arthur are known only to the few. It is only the few who will miss the romantic glamor which poets and chroniclers have cast around the theme, or note how much the author has discarded. . . . The knightly and valorous character of Arthur is insisted upon mainly in the prologue, where the magic mere is revealed, in a dim spectral light, through which the lake maidens are perceived, disporting themselves in the bosom of the waters. They guard the sword Excalibur which it is Arthur's destiny to possess himself of, thereby to rule the kingdom. . . . Arthur has dreamt of sovereignty, but he has seen also in his dreams a beautiful face, touching which he questions Merlin. The wizard answers him by showing a vision of Guinevere, against a springlike background of flowers and may-blossom. "In that gift of beauty lurks thy doom," adds the oracular Merlin; and so it proves. For the misfortune that the fair Guinevere brings to her lord through her passion for Lancelot, is the motive of the play. . . . The story is told with a rare elevation and a beautiful nobility of sentiment. It is the finger of Fate, all through, that moves these puppets, the lovers being governed by a passion which is stronger than they, while the King is irresistibly borne along by events over which he has no control, to the doom foretold by Merlin. The chivalry and the valorous deeds which one associates with the famous Round Table have no place in the play, though the assembled knights in their shining armor occasionally make a brave show. . . . King Arthur is not one of Mr. Irving's great parts, and it requires an actor of his commanding personality to keep it in the centre of the picture. In weaker hands it would inevitably sink to the level of triviality. . . . The burden of the acting falls upon Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Forbes Robertson, and it is rare, indeed, that a passion is played with so fine a propriety, with so seductive a grace on the one side and so virile and true a touch on the other. It is to the combined tenderness and magnanimity of this love that the absorbing interest of the play is really due—a circumstance all the more remarkable in that the relations of Guinevere and Lancelot have not hitherto, we believe, been turned to account in any notable stage adaptation of the Arthurian romance.

"The Telegraph" says:

The first act is by far the most interesting and impressive. It is arranged with rare dramatic skill; it is varied, full of color, and lively with incident. The act might be called the temptation of Lancelot. He is a deeply religious man, tormented with an unholy love. Longing to go in quest of the Holy Grail, this saintly minded and stainless man is held back by the chains of a lawless passion. He loves the Queen, the wife of his friend and King. . . . Mr. Comyns Carr has designed the mental complication here with rare dramatic skill. Shall Lancelot go or not in quest of the Holy Grail? His conscience says "Go"; his inclination says "Stay." If he goes he will save his soul; if he stays he will win the most beautiful woman on earth. The Queen is undecided, for she has a conscience also; but the arrival of sweet Elaine, with her piteous, pleading love for Lancelot, sets the elder woman's heart on fire . . . The second act is an exquisite episode,—Mr. Hawes Craven's triumphant bit of nature as painted in an English woodland glade. The winding forest ways, the peeps of sky-line through the old trees, the masses of May and hawthorn blossom that seem to scent the air, make an enchanting picture. . . . Never did Mr. Irving move his audience more than in his delivery of by far the most beautiful speech in the play, the gem of Mr. Comyns Carr's most creditable and scholarly work.

Ay; would Death's marble finger had been laid
On those sweet lips when first they hallowed mine!
For, locked in Death's white arms Love lies secure,
In changeless sleep that knows no dream of change.
'Tis Life not Death, that is Love's sepulchre;
Where each day tells of passionate hearts grown strange,
And perjured vows chime with the answering bell
That tells Love's funeral. If thou would'st boast
Of this new sway a woman's wile hath won,
Go tell the world thy heart hath slain a heart
That once had been a King's! Yet that's not all.
Thou, too, hast been a Queen whose soul shone clear,
A star for all men's worship, and a lamp
Set high in Heaven, whereby all hearts
Should steer their course towards God; then, 'tis not I
Whose life lies broken here, for at thy fall
A shattered kingdom bleeds.

The last act deals with the usurpation of the kingdom by Mordred, the charge of treason against the Queen, her public condemnation, her deliverance by an unknown vizored knight and champion, who turns out to be King Arthur, and the death of the King, as predicted by fate, at the hands of Mordred, "born in May." Incidentally we hear of the slaughter of Mordred by Lancelot; but that scene is "played off." . . . The apotheosis of the dead King in the dusky barge with the three crowned Queens fitly ends a beautiful drama. . . . The pictures of Mr. Henry Irving standing defiant with the sword Excalibur, accepting his doom with stubborn resignation, breaking his heart-strings at the ruin of all his faith and trust, and dying almost in loneliness at the command of inexorable fate, will be treasured by all who admire his versatility and genius. So, also, will be the gentle and graceful touches of womanhood shown by Miss Ellen Terry, a picture in many a lovely scene. If the note of passion was sometimes thin and faint, if the fierce fire of love burned a little low, still the accent of gentleness and tenderness was as true as ever. . . . The Lancelot of Mr. Forbes Robertson is a performance that cannot be praised too highly, delighting everybody and the champions of every school. . . . The value of Miss Genevieve Ward as Morgan Le Fay cannot be overrated. It was a most difficult character admirably played. One trembles to think what would have become of such a character in inartistic hands. But Miss Ward was as firm as a rock, and was at her very best in the last act, where her assistance was most urgently required. Handsome always, dignified ever, strong but never shrewish, alternately determined and suave, this Morgan Le Fay was even better than Miss Genevieve Ward's Queen Eleanor. The author owes much to her invaluable assistance.

"The Standard" says:

Mr. Carr has made no effort to dramatize Tennyson's loosely linked Idylls. He has gone to Malory, and followed one who was also in so great a measure the late Laureate's guide. . . . Many personages of the Idylls are of necessity missing, their connection with the main lines of the legend being too remote; but Mr. Carr's verse, always smooth and effective, and often instinct with true poetic spirit, suggests a careful study of Tennyson's work. . . . It is hardly too much to say that, as regards the dresses and scenery—for which Sir Edward Burne-Jones is mainly responsible—perfection is attained. The music, which Sir Arthur Sullivan has written in such entire sympathy with the poem, contributes greatly to the effect of the drama. The interpretation of the chief characters—the King, the Queen, and the Lancelot of Mr. Forbes Robertson—rises to the full dignity of the subject. Finally, and this is no small matter, in the management of the whole the master hand of Mr. Irving is always visible. . . . The poem follows the mystic course of the sword Excalibur, to the securing of which by the King the Prologue is devoted. The scene is the Magic Mere, and the suave melody of the Lake Spirits, whose waving arms appear above the surface, is heard as the view is disclosed. Arthur comes down a rocky path to the shore of the lake, accompanied by Merlin; and here the action was interrupted whilst again and again long continued volleys of cheers greeted the return of Mr. Irving as soon as his mail-clad form was recognized. . . . The Great Hall at Camelot, its walls inlaid with gold, its marble pillars, and a view of the hills beyond, is the second picture. "The Queen's Maying" is given as the title of the second act—a charming peep of forest, the slope of a hill, in spring time, studded with banks of whitethorn; and here falls out what the mystic words of Merlin and the Lake Spirits have foretold. A most melodious chorus, the "May Song," opens the act.

Ere upon its snowy bed
Lies the firstborn of the Spring,
Ere the crocus lifts its head,
Or the swallow finds its wing,
Love is here;
Say ye then Earth's flowers shall fade?
We shall tell ye nay;
Love, the first of all flowers made,
Lives from May to May.

As a continuation of the tragedy, the meeting of Lancelot and Guinevere in a leafy bower takes place, and is watched by Mordred and Morgan, the latter of whom has already stolen the scabbard of Excalibur from the sleeping King; and, in the next act, the scene of which is laid in a vaulted chamber of massive stone constructed to withstand a siege and opening on to the river, Mordred lets Lancelot know that his secret is discovered. . . . Lancelot denies, but the Queen admits, their guilt, and, gliding to Arthur's feet, lies there, in silent agony. At this moment the hall fills with knights, who cry that Caerleon is besieged, and the King, called to action, puts himself at their head, but, first pointing to the prostrate form of Guinevere, bids them, with infinitely mournful tenderness in his voice, to "use her well." The curtain falls on a most stirring spectacle. . . . So comes the last scene, the Great Hall of Camelot once more; Mordred on the throne, surrounded by knights; Guinevere, bound, awaiting her sentence—death at the stake, unless some champion comes forward to confront her accuser. The trumpet sounds, a knight, with vizor down, enters the hall, and when at length his vizor is raised, Arthur stands revealed. He and Mordred fight, the King falls, fulfilling the prophecy, and a most pathetic death scene follows. Gawaine arrives to tell the dying King that Mordred has been struck down, and by Lancelot, at which tidings a faint smile plays on Arthur's face, as he falters:

Lancelot. Ah!
So life's long night is breaking at the last.

Then comes the Queen, dimly discernible to Arthur's filling eyes.

Arth.—Who's face was there? I pray you, some one say.
For all grows dark: I know not where I am.
Guin.—Her name was Guinevere.
Arth.— What, sirs? why then,
This should be Camelliard.
(Rousing himself with sudden energy
See, 'tis the Spring!
Down in the vale the blossoms of the May
Are swinging in the sun! and there she stands
That shall be England's Queen!
Far up I hear
The ceaseless beating of Death's restless wing
And round mine eyes the circling veil of night
Grows deeper as it falls. Henceforth my sword
Rests in its scabbard. What remains is peace.
(He falls back dead
Guin.—He's gone, the light of all the world lies dead.

Merlin has silently entered, and he speaks:

Not so, he doth but pass who cannot die,
The King that was, the King that yet shall be;
Whose spirit, borne along from age to age,
Is England's to the end. Look where the dawn
Sweeps through a wider heaven, and on its wings
By those three Queens of night his barge is borne
To that sweet Isle of Avalon whose sleep
Can heal all earthly wounds.

A vision grows out of the darkening stage. Arthur's body, watched by the Three Queens, passes in the barge